

56th ANNIVERSARY EDITION

VARIETY

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MEGATONS AND MOODY MIRTH

Longest Run in Show Biz?—'Hamlet'; Many Performers Active Over 50 Yrs.

By SAM STARK

San Francisco. The longest run in show business is "Hamlet." It had its first performance in New York at the Chapel St. Theatre (southwest corner of Nassau & Chapel St., later Beekman St.) on Nov. 26, 1761 with Lewis Hallam in the role. From 1797 to 1925 there was at least one production a year of "Hamlet" in New York City, to say nothing of the repertory and stock companies giving performances throughout U.S. and Canada.

"Hamlet" has been played behind a net (to protect the actors); without scenery; in modern dress; on horseback by equestrian teams; and with females playing the title role.

In 1864 at the Winter Garden, Edwin Booth played "Hamlet" for 100 consecutive nights, a record for those days that was not equaled until John Barrymore's 101 performances at the Sam H. Harris Theatre commencing Nov. 16, 1922.

In 1809, there was a boy "Hamlet" by name John Howard Payne (1791-1852), who was also the first American-born actor to undertake the role. Payne is best known, however, as the composer of "Home Sweet Home."

The greatest "Hamlet" was James E. Murdoch (1812-1893) with Edward L. Davenport (1815-1877) second and Edwin Booth (1833-1893) third. Edwin Forrest (1806-1892) fourth. (Continued on page 50)

Pain's Gone From Those Sug'ay 'n-Philly Jokes But the Quips Linger On

By ABE S. ROSEN
(Deputy City Representative)

Philadelphia. At precisely 1 p.m. on Sunday, June 18, 1961, the ancient vaudeville gag: "I was in Philadelphia on Sunday and it was closed," was placed in its final resting place. For it was on that date that Pennsylvania's modified Blue Laws went into effect, permitting hotels in Philadelphia to serve liquor between the hours of 1 to 10 p.m.

Between the termination of Dry Sunday and a persistent campaign against comedians' use of the old epithets about Philadelphia, a once unproud era in the history of the City of Brotherly Love came to an end—we hope!

As most historians know, Philadelphia had the unique reputation in the East, under the height of vaudeville, of being "closed on Sunday" because no legit, movie or sports events was permissible. In 1934, the first of a series of Blue Laws modifications permitted baseball and later included movies, other sports, etc. But Philly's position remained unaltered in the old comics' notebooks.

In 1952, a new tide swept into (Continued on page 78)

Critics A La Carte

Paris. Polish and Czech critics who attended a recent convention of the International Association of Drama Critics were astonished to learn that there seems to be no course in drama criticism at the Sorbonne or in other universities in France, England, the U.S., etc. In Communist countries, they explained, drama criticism is taught in universities and graduates of the courses are automatically given jobs as critics on various papers or magazines.

"But what if there are no jobs available after one graduates?" a French critic asked. The Pole shrugged: "There are not always seats available on a train after one buys a ticket."

Berlin Niteries Up Against 'Wall' In Coin Shortage

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin. Berlin's situation of a divided city has contributed to make Berliners more home-conscious; and besides, this city hasn't really benefited from the much cited W-German "Wirtschaftswunder" (economic miracle). There is still a notorious coin shortage among many Berliners.

It has been often said before and can be said again that the average Berliner is a rare specimen in his city's night spots. Latter are more frequented by foreigners, W-German tourists or businessmen or a certain type of local customers to whom we count the newly rich and such people who want to be seen. Normally, a regular Berlin night-clubber must be very well heeled. The average Berliner is more fond of private parties and if he goes out, he prefers more the intimate places. His home usually has a tv set and is mostly well furnished. Living (Continued on page 57)

George Washington Play Eyed for Williamsburg

Greensboro, N. C.

Paul Green's outdoor drama, "The Common Glory," will run for one more year at Williamsburg, Va. After that it will be replaced or will run alternately with another drama.

Under consideration at the moment is a manuscript based on Gen. George Washington at Yorktown, written by Larry Watkins.

SHOW BIZ IN SICK YEAR 1961

By ABEL GREEN

Amusement, which always perseveres no matter the conditions, were possibly the sickly cerebral and nervous. The Twist perhaps was one answer. Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, Newhart, et al., built a defense against the sick, sick, sick world of Russian bombs, the Berlin fence of shame, the nightmare recall in the Eichmann testimony. Add, too, that 1961 was the year of the "adult" films which many adults didn't want and against which they sought to construct new censorship.

The very slogans and symbols were grim—"troika," fallout shelters, megatons, Castro, skyjackings, freedom riders, "better Red than dead." But against that, entertainment scored with many a boff film, many a smash play, many a big-selling disk, and plenty of television action despite the anvil chorus in the wasteland.

To paraphrase John Cameron Swayze, what kind of a show biz year had 1961 been? Never a dull moment. Headliners and newsmakers, from politics to sports, have had their reflexes on the passing show of life.

Whether it was Chubby Checker and The Twist, Jack & Jackie, schoolroom payola, Dick Gregory, MM (Maris & Mantle, not Monroe), (Continued on page 52)

Formula For A Paris Idyll

By TED HARTMAN

Paris. Memo from an expatriate on his 10th anniversary abroad: When we shuttered the New York flackery to board a freighter for the Mediterranean, "they" all said: "You can't just run away from it all."

The answer is: Yes, you can. "You'll be dead in a year." Answer: Or maybe you'll slowly come alive again. "They'll forget you in six months."

Answer: "They" don't. Their letters still arrive regularly, and the words are all about the same: "The ratrace gets worse every (Continued on page 49)

Early Press Time

This 56th Anniversary Number went to press several days ahead of the normal Tuesday deadline, due to the size of the paper.

As result, certain news departments are combined, and certain other departments are omitted for this one week only.

Of the Kennedys (Joe and Jack), Prof. Baker, Benchley & Sherwood

By NEAL O'HARA

Mass Prod. 'Culture'

Moscow. The Western world frequently is astonished at the constant parade of first-rate pianists, violinists, et al. stemming from this hunk of the "cultural world." The reason is not hard to find. There are approximately 500 schools in the U.S.S.R. for beginners (in music) and anyone with the slightest inclination to study music is immediately enrolled, at government expense, and given a chance.

Courses are long and carefully planned, with an eye to push ahead every student who shows signs of talent.

Put Heat On 'Ice' As Means to Aid Legit's Economy

By MORRIS L. ERNST

The theatre was man's first means of mass communication. Ideas were conveyed by actors to then-very-illiterate people though much of the population of our planet is still illiterate and a high proportion of people exist without a written language. So no wonder that the theatre was historically subjected to precensorship, as is still the case in England under the kindly blue pencil of the Lord Chamberlain.

In our own history we did not stoop to precensorship and hence have seen the theatre grow with a freedom second only to that of (Continued on page 56)

No Hotel Improvement, France's Glamor Off

Paris. It is estimated that American tourism in Paris, and all over France, fell off about 15% in 1961. Political tensions, Algerian and other terrorist activities, and the lure of more lately discovered exotic climes for Yanks are considered responsible. However France reached its \$300,000,000 foreign traveler income via growing influxes from Italy, West Germany and Belgium.

President J. F. Kennedy's plea for cutting down the excessive currency flow out of U.S. may also have had something to do with it. But many hardheaded French travel people feel an influence is (a) antiquated French hotel system and (b) general French flippancy towards visitors may have reacted over the years to begin to put a dent in American stopovers in France.

Boston. This is a report from one who has read virtually every copy of VARIETY since 1910, when I was at a tender age



Neal O'Hara

and going to high school on Cape Cod, Mass., not far from Hyannis Port where President Kennedy maintains one of his temporary White Houses. (This was before touch football had been invented). I met our now President for the first time in the spring of 1937 when his grandfather, Honey Fitz (John F. Fitzgerald) phoned me at my suburban Boston home as follows:

"Now look, Neal, my young grandson—you know, he's Joe's boy—is chairman of the Harvard freshman beer night committee and he wants to make it a hell of a success. So you've got to go out there and give some of your humor. I know you'll do it for me." I informed my good friend, Boston's former mayor, that I could perhaps enchant the Harvard freshmen (one of whom I had myself) for only eight or 10 minutes. "Oh, hell," Honey Fitz informed (Continued on page 56)

Sir Michael Redgrave's Actress-Daughter Urges More Show Biz Politics

By VANESSA REDGRAVE

London. Many people, in and outside show business, say that "artists," whether singers, actors, entertainers, poets or painters, should not get mixed up in politics. They argue that if Beethoven had involved himself in the Napoleonic wars (he was a great admirer of Napoleon for a time) he would never have written a large number of his greatest compositions. Well, perhaps he wouldn't have, perhaps he would. But we no longer live in a world where a man or woman can cut themselves off from the troubles and problems of their fellow-men.

A kind of myth has been maintained, gladly by the public and by the artists themselves, that an entertainer is a sort of rare orchid. An actor is expected to reveal the emotions of his fellow-men and transitorily experience these for a few hours, "And all for nothing! For Hecuba!"

In wartime actors are conscripted into the Forces; we are expected to vote, and know exactly (Continued on page 42)

Why And How Recorded Junk Music Doesn't Truly Reflect U.S. Tastes

By BILL RANDLE

Cleveland.

The recent Federal Communications Commission orientation under Newton Minow and the implied criticisms of National Assn. of Broadcasters prexy, LeRoy Collins, has created a series of shock waves throughout the radio industry, with as yet unseen ramifications. There is now strong basis to assume that contemporary radio, while outwardly trumpeting its claims of economic well-being, stability and community contribution, is inwardly going through one of the most confusing and potentially turbulent periods in its history, beset on all sides by competitive problems, intra-trade hassles, the threat of imminent Government action on specific license renewal requirements, and a general public relations problem involving "junk music," "top 40" formats, over-commercialization, and the hangovers of the highly publicized payola investigations.

Radio is, of course, many things to many different people. But a large number of radio stations today are involved in the grinding out of a rigidly limited list of mediocre, currently popular songs, tightly interspersed with insistent and incessant commercials, superimposed on a blur of monomaniacal jingles, contests, weather reports, capsule news, meaningless salutes and gimmicks, and a hodgepodge of "public service" announcements.

How did radio get that way? Historically, the early experimental period of the Twenties rapidly developed into the era of complex networks dominating the industry with nationally originated programs and strategically located high-power stations.

Following World War II, with the advent of television and its tremendous impact on the radio industry, a radical change took place. While network radio slowly declined, independent stations gained power and influence. With a need for low-cost operation, an already available format of music and news became the new standard, and a new local star emerged in the disk jockey, the salesman-entertainer whose prototype was New York's Martin Block. Big name performers emerged in every city, with Ed McKenzie, Detroit's "Jack the Bellboy," probably the outstanding example of the new type local radio personality.

Personality Trend

The personality disk jockey trend rapidly accelerated in the late 1940s and early 1950s until there were dozens of well-paid performers in the field, many earning from \$50,000-\$250,000 a year. In almost all areas the dominant factor in successful local radio stations was the talent, imagination, personality, salesmanship, technical skill and charisma of disk jockey performers. Single performers in

(Continued on page 50)

No, Irving

Las Vegas.

Bob Crosby, now starring with his Bobcats in the New Frontier lounge, was trying his luck at the dice table. Hotel manager Norman Yoshpa asked him, "Would you like me to S.O.S. your brother for more money?"

Crosby answered, "You mean Everett?"

JFK Intent On Cultural Pitch

By LES CARPENTER

Washington.

President John F. Kennedy, a booster of the performing arts who hit the top, wants to make the White House a showplace of American culture and Washington a national center of it.

The President and his wife may well take a significant place in show biz history. Their interest in each of the performing arts is lifelong and sincere. Their desire to use their present places of high rank to advance interest in the arts is their own idea, and they are pursuing it in their own way.

During the first year the Kennedys have spent in the White House, they have used imagination and taste to vary the entertainment offered to their guests. For many years, a singer or musician who happened to be in the Washington area at the time and had a free evening was brought into the White House to perform

(Continued on page 58)



Season's Greetings
PAUL ANKA

Now in Paris, France, shooting additional scenes for DARRYL F. ZANUCKS' picture "THE LONGEST DAY."

Grandma's Sermon In the Valley For H'wood Faithful

By JOE HYAMS

Hollywood.

Every Friday night at 8:30 a group of Hollywood people wearing pedalpushers, slacks and bathing suits crowd into a home-made chapel in the San Fernando Valley for spirited Bible discussions with one of the most unusual ministers in the world at the lectern.

Minister of the PanAmerican Fellowship Church is "Mother" Russell, grandmother of 20, widowed mother of five including

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SHOW BIZ: JFK PLUS ONE

The passing show of life, year after year, gives accent anew to the Shakespearean adage. Excepting that now the world can be staged in one's home if occasion warrants. "Runaway" Hollywood film productions are as nothing compared to the mobility of politicians and publicans, sages and savants, who are "produced" at instant notice for all to see, appraise and evaluate, accept or reject.

JFK's cultural accent coupled with Minow's "wasteland" barbs have sharpened the focus on global events. While all of it may not be entertainment, in the mass acceptance orbit, some class values have been given prime time, both in the White House and on the airwaves. Television has made vox pop as hip to pundits as to pratfalls.

From Ed Sullivan's bylined story in this issue, reprising how the world's variety entertainment has contributed over the past 13 years to his "r-r-really big 'shew'", to the annual VARIETY lead-story on the year's show biz highlights, it is increasingly evident that the crossroads of the world converge on the telecamera.

In turn, when there is global reason for utilizing authentic backgrounds for Hollywood production (and that goes for the French, British, German, Italian, Japanese and other filmmakers as well), they don't do a Mahomet—they go to the terrain for natural sets. If Hollywood has suffered because "runaway" production raises the spectre of a possible "ghost-town" for the film capital, that has its roots in something else. It is the inflated U.S. economy and the American tax structure versus the foreign subsidies, among other things.

There is no gainsaying one thing—these tenuous and troubled times make Show Business a necessity, not a luxury.

For itself, VARIETY will continue reporting, assessing and appraising show business with the same dispassionate objectivity as it has for the past 56 years. It is to be hoped that the immediate years ahead will mark a new milestone free from megatons and fallout shelters and global tensions, and that the rest of the 20th century will avail itself of less inhibited and more carefree entertainment. This will truly—and more sincerely—bring the peoples of the world together than the politically-loaded "cultural exchanges."

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'Golden Age' Of Opera Roasted By Critics Then

By RICHARD TUCKER

Today's operatic art, it seems to me, must match very satisfactorily what was accomplished earlier in the century. To back up my theory,



Richard Tucker

I recently read up in the N. Y. Public Library's Music Division on old reviews from those operatic days of yore. New York's musical press was keen and uncompromising in the '20s (when the Golden Age was supposedly rounding out its years of glory) and I checked the New York Sun's redoubtable William J. Henderson for evidence concerning what was happening at 39th St. & Broadway. Random quotes from Henderson's pen read like an indictment of some of the period's greatest opera stars. Gigli was called "a very matter-of-fact tenor indeed" for his "unpoetical" characterizations; Chaliapin was lambasted as "a mediocre singer so far as the techniques of the art are concerned — throughout no small portion of every opera he is talking instead of singing." Rosa Ponselle was once told she "did not know how to produce her upper tones . . . her art is naive, unfinished, uncertain in purpose" while Gaili-Curel "sings out of tune pretty often and her tone is often very shaky."

Even Enrico Caruso, back at the time of his Met debut in 1903, came in for his share of journalistic sharpshooting from the New York Tribune's Henry Krehbiel, who underscored his "tiresome Italian vocal affectations" in "Rigoletto." The Times' Richard Aldrich found "deplorable lack of characterization" in Caruso's acting with Emma Eames in "Tosca," noted in a review of "Les Huguenots" that "he

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IMAGINATION BEATS MONEY

Competition & 'Runaway' as Twins In Hollywood, Once a 'Company Town'

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Hollywood.

Jack Dales of the Screen Actors Guild has sought "unemotional" discussion of the production "runaway" problem. Such a conference would embrace management, talent guilds, the unions and the agents. It might well be more productive in the long run than any Congressional "investigation."

There are many factors involved which require expert and reasoned knowledge of political, economic and artistic considerations, not to overlook a complex assortment of purely personal interests.

How many more pictures can Hollywood, once the world's leading production center, afford to lose?

The answer to that question concerns every man and woman who makes his or her living in the Coast studios—and it concerns their children as well. Indeed, the employment level at motion picture and television film studios concerns to a considerable degree the economy of the whole Los Angeles community.

Ironically, the future of the Screen Actors Guild's own hardwon pension plan is threatened by the foreign filming buildup. And the more pictures that are produced outside the country the more insecure the pension will become. SAG has influence. It has earned the respect of management over the years because it has generally used its power judiciously. However rightly or wrongly, there is a strong feeling, even among many of its own members, that SAG has not done all it might have done up to now to help put a damper on "runaway" production.

Whenever the question is raised, "who's responsible for runaway production?" the answer inevitably is "the stars."

There is considerable truth in this, for it is common knowledge that the destiny of the American film business rests today as it never has before in the hands of less than two dozen top actors and actresses. Not all of them want to work abroad. Several have declined offers. The point is that those who no longer will work in Hollywood have been sufficient to upset the whole works.

Reasons why stars desire to work abroad are numerous and they do not always involve artistic considerations. Opportunity to make a savings in personal income taxes is an important factor. Equally attractive is the chance to live high on the hog for months on end with living costs being absorbed in the production budget.

Production Follows Stars; Biggest Fact of 'Runaway'

Stars, however, are not the only ones to be thus lured abroad. This applies as well to certain producers and directors. But it has become pretty much a fact of life in Hollywood that stars are leading the industry today and that pictures will go wherever the stars desire to go.

Hollywood's ability to "recreate the world" on a studio stage or backlot has been one of its strongest assets. George Stevens expertly interwove backgrounds of Holland with studio built sets for "The Diary of Anne Frank," and as a current example of mixing the real with the studio recreation there is Stanley Kramer's latest, "Judgment at Nuremberg."

Many people, including a number of high placed executives, are frankly worried about the future of Hollywood as they look upon idle stages here while their so-called independent producer groups keep stages going in Europe.

From the point of national interest, a strong Hollywood is important. Hollywood's pix have been recognized as ambassadors not only for democratic ideals, but for the general commerce of this country's varied industries, from bathtubs to refrigerators. True, our pictures have not always transported the best "image" of the U. S., but that does not in any way minimize their importance to the nation at large. In fact, the importance of entertainment films to this country was emphasized anew in the recent plea made by Edward R. Murrow, United States Information Agency director, to present a more uplifting image.

Thus "runaway" production involves a lot more than simply running away from Hollywood.

Problem Just 'Talked About'; Now Its Acute Angles Show

Emphasis must be upon the long neglect. The "runaway" production problem has been growing under the noses of management, talent guilds and unions for almost a decade. On several occasions the AFL Film Council has issued protests, and at one time there had been some talk about a possible boycott by projectionists of "runaway" pix.

Richard F. Walsh, prexy of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees, discussed the situation, at least on one occasion, with studio heads. Walsh upon examining the facts recognized that there is justification for making some pictures abroad. There appears to be no argument against going anywhere in the world that artistic requirements demand.

Indeed, there is no denying either that it is most desirable—even necessary—from the standpoint of international trade relations to reinvest abroad through production activities some percentage of the revenues earned by Hollywood pictures in foreign countries. International trade is a two-way street, as has been said more than once by Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Assn. of America, and without the foreign boxoffice Hollywood might not survive.

Much loose talk accusations of income tax dodging ignores truth that studios and independent producers have played perhaps even a more important role in shunting production abroad in order to take advantage of financial subsidies offered by foreign governments.

This last temptation, according to several sources, will increase, if anything, with the entry of Britain into the European Common Market and the prospect of obtaining government subsidy benefits through co-production deals involving Britain, France, Italy and West Germany on a single picture. How, people are asking, could Hollywood compete cost-wise against that kind of a setup?

Meanwhile, the production slowdown in Hollywood is being accentuated as the result of another comparatively new development. This is the financing, wholly or in part, by American companies of foreign producers to make films which qualify for various forms of assistance by foreign countries. As the head of one guild put it, "this is the most insidious form of runaway from Hollywood."

High labor costs in Hollywood—starting with the stars and going down the line of production workers—are said by some to be responsible for driving filming out of town. More than one producer has said:

"You have a 35 to one chance to win at roulette. In Hollywood the

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NO MAGIC LURKS IN BANKROLL

By JERRY WALD

Hollywood.

Certain—and too many—modern film showmen have decided that "special" means BIG. Money has been equated with excellence, for it is much easier to spend money than to think creatively. Too many producers, directors, writers and stars seem to feel that if enough money is spent on a film, and this expenditure is highly publicized, the public will go out of curiosity to see how the money was used, if for no other reason.

Isn't it about time we learned that elaborate sets and costumes cannot be substituted for the intent and content of films?

This fact is currently being hit home with a vengeance by the immense international success of European films. Those hitting the headlines, and getting talked about, as well as seen, have been produced with a new, fresh and realistic outlook. The success of these films should be disturbing, and stimulating, to us in Hollywood. How have these films, which cost "peanuts" to make by Hollywood standards, become hits? What do they contain that we haven't been putting into our films?

At the crossroads of the present, we must look at these films and learn from them the valuable lesson which lies at the base of their success: that they substitute imagination for money. The answer is as simple, and complex, as that. They don't make the error of substituting money for mood; happy endings for truth; vulgarity for sensitivity, and hugeness for beauty.

In plain language, they don't "play down" to an "ignorant" public. Like all creative artists... novelists, playwrights, musicians or sculptors... European filmmakers have something to say and say it in an honest and uncompromising fashion as they can, displaying a respect for the intelligence of the public—and the public responds to this and has shown real appreciation for what they are doing.

Hollywood and glamour have always been synonymous. In the dictionary glamour is defined as "a delusive fascination"; in other words, glamour is illusionary and artificial. In trying to stick to the old concept of "giving the public what it wants," by putting on the screen a phoney, make-believe, illusorily idealistic world, Hollywood has failed to grow with its audience. The best efforts of the best minds seem to be devoted to putting last year's crop of hits in new packages and to try constantly to duplicate last year's hits, instead of striking out in new, untrammeled directions.

Too many of us in Hollywood have failed to recognize that today's audiences are ahead of us in their concept of what they want in entertainment. The success of a number of overseas films proves this. Each is strikingly original, fresh and imaginative; each varies in theme and content. Their only common denominator is originality and imagination.

This is perhaps confusing to many of us who are accustomed to thinking in stereotypes and are forever latching on to a bandwagon somebody else started, or is driving. Just as there is no room for look-alikes among personalities on the screen, so it is with motion pictures. Each must have a uniqueness, an individuality which is in a large measure responsible for its success. The same applies to stars, otherwise they would be lost among the thousands of hopefuls who annually make their bids for stardom.

Personally, we feel Hollywood has regarded itself as a factory for too long. Even a "dream factory," as a prominent sociologist once referred to Hollywood, cannot survive without depth of imagination and honesty. The manufacture of dreams is a far more precarious

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What to Do With the Lively Arts? Leave 'Em Alone, Lick 'Em, or Lead 'Em

By JOHN E. FITZGERALD

(The author writes on cinema for The Critic and was recipient of the Directors Guild of America "Best Critic" Award for his weekly column in Our Sunday Visitor.)

Hollywood.

I suppose that when it comes right down to the problem of the arts in a democracy, there are really only three things you can do about them. (1) Wipe 'em out, (2) leave 'em alone or (3) regulate them. All have been tried at one time or another.

Wipe 'em out? Plato, for one, wouldn't have them around in his ideal state. He was suspicious that the artists might upset the applecart and disturb the peace. And, both before and after his day, politicians have been wary of the arts—for they might be seditious. Moralists, too, have been wary of them—for they might be suggestive. Patriotic groups have the same feelings—for they might be subversive. Educators and members of society have also been wary—the arts might be salacious, seductive or worse.

And, throughout history, many have moved to wipe 'em out completely.

Leave 'em alone? That's a possibility too. Right now two schools are working busily: one to throw up a fence before it becomes illegal to do so (those who want governmental censorship); and the others to tear down all fences and make it legally impossible for them to be rebuilt (those who don't want censorship).

Somehow, for some reason, some feel that the death of censorship will mean the resurrection of the boxoffice and a renaissance of art. Yet, were censorship removed tomorrow, it's a safe bet that few ushers would be crushed by cheering crowds pouring into the theatres.

The industry as a whole persists in sending out battle cries to unite and fight censorship rather than taking the trouble to find out why audiences are crying for it or channeling industry energy into making better films in such skilled good taste that practically nobody would protest.

Before we get to the third alternative—namely regulating the arts, let's pause a second and see what's the big problem anyway. Why should we work hard to stifle the arts or to remove all restrictions on them or to place some restrictions on them? What's so important about the arts in our society? Maybe it's because most of us feel that the arts can influence us.

Regulate 'em? Motion pictures, for example, get a lot of this care. Recently the Motion Picture Assn. of America took a censorship survey. They checked some 63 countries. Only three of these (Japan, West Germany and Nicaragua) had intra-industry self-regulation similar to the USA's Production Code. In the other 60 countries the censorship systems were government-operated; and all but a half-dozen of these were on a national basis. The others functioned on a provincial or municipal level (and in certain cases local censorship supplemented national censorship).

Censors in 43 countries can classify films in such a way as to limit their showings to certain age groups. And in all instances but two, the censors can prohibit a film from being shown or require that cuts be made.

What's the answer to the question: How to Be a Censor? To coin a phrase "the best censorship is self-censorship."

If those who produce, present and patronize entertainment would adopt a little more self-regulation and a little less serious indignation maybe we could eventually eliminate boards of unqualified, untrained, uninformed, and uninterested political appointees who operate according to purely personal and subjective standards of what is permissible or not.

Maybe we're not looking at the

whole problem or looking deep enough.

If you produce entertainment... why not consider being more an artist and less a businessman? Few really fine films flop. Too many consider their work as being product, starting to call it art only when the law intervenes and they plead that it is protected under amendments that equate it with journalism. Shock is no substitute for skill. Take care of the art and the morals will take care of themselves.

If you present entertainment... why not consider more carefully what you choose to show. You're not merely a popcorn merchant but a dispenser of ideas and images that can perhaps help or hurt the fellow members of your community. A theatremen and the theatre he runs soon get a reputation. What's yours? "He gave the public what it wanted" is a fitting epitaph only for pushers and pimps. Theatregoers will never understand why they see offensive previews at kiddie shows or have adult and family films shown on the same double feature.

If you patronize entertainment... why not consider more carefully what you're going to buy or let your children buy. Know what's playing, what the reputable critics think of its values, where it's playing and with whom your children are attending it.

Hawaiian Clashes With Mainlanders

By WALT CHRISTIE

Honolulu.

Certain indications to the contrary, Honolulu's newsmen do like Hollywood celebrities. It's only the infrequent clash of temperament between interviewer and interviewee that has sparked rumors that Alohaland's reporters are as merciless as London's perspicacious, possibly pernicious, pressmen in their treatment of visiting film stars.

Heaven, to coin an expression, hath no fury like a newsmen scorned. If a reporter gets the go-away-don't-bother-me treatment, especially as an ulcerous deadline nears, a little pique is apt to creep into the copy. But there's no prejudice against Hollywood *per se*. Visiting diplomats, generals, governors, and such characters are equally vulnerable targets for a "you-can't-do-that-to-me" newsmen.

A prime example of all-but-declared war involved, of all people, the unlikely Groucho Marx a few months back. Just as the comic was sitting down to breakfast in the dining room of an arriving ship, a reporter who had just boarded offport via tugboat barged in on the surprised Marx. According to Groucho, who was soured throughout his entire stay by the article that followed, the reporter ordered him "Say Something Funny!" Groucho ad libbed in earnest that he's never funny until after he's had his orange juice. ("If you don't believe that's true, just ask my wife," he told this scribe a day or so later.) The reporter came up, with an article that quoted ship personnel and passengers as saving the name Groucho should have a "y" instead of an "o" as the last letter. And so on.

Groucho was smarting from the typewriter-ribbon-in-the-back treatment when he and this writer were brought together on neutral ground by producer Irwin Allen, who had been with Groucho on the breakfast-table battleground. Groucho allowed it was a lousy way to treat anybody and that Hawaii's tourist

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PLEASE PASS THE COCAINE

Humorist Waxes Wroth Over Wraithful Authors (Ghost Byliners) in His Latest Omnibus, 'How To Write Without Knowing Nothing' (Little, Brown)

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Back in the pre-Jurassic period when I was a young man (playing me a waiting game), I had an assortment of ridiculous ambitions. The wildest of these was the yearning to become the author of a book. I knew it was impossible, but I put my shoulder to the wheel (invented during the preceding year) and worked for two decades and finally made it.

My first two books were quite modest in their scope and less than that in their acceptance by the public, but they were books and they had my name on their covers. By the time I had written them I already knew that the only way to learn to write is to write, and then write some more, and keep on writing with a steadfast fury year after year after year. And to spend an hour or two every day studying—reading classics and biographies and histories, because history properly written covers the whole scope of human life, including human folly, in which I am a devout believer.

I am congenitally slothful, and I've always been inclined to steady merrymaking, so it was a rough job for me to do all this. Still, I did it. I kept on writing in my spare time and finally turned out a book that attracted a lot of attention, and leaped to the top of the bestseller lists, and even brought me soul-stirring compliments from such heroic characters as Damon Runyon and H. L. Mencken and Gene Fowler.

In the days when I first took down with *cacoethes scribendi*—the irresistible itch to write—the people who were turning out successful books were, of all things, writers. They were pros. The aforementioned H. L. Mencken, and Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, H. G. Wells, Booth Tarkington, Somerset Maugham—these were the glittering stars who dominated the bestseller lists, along with people like Zane Grey and Mary Roberts Rinehart and Rex Beach and Harold Bell Wright and Kathleen Norris. All professional writers, no matter how great or how small their talent.

Then the non-writers began to take over the business of writing. Henry Ford didn't write his autobiography, "My Life and Work," which he wrote in 1922. Trader Horn wrote his bestselling book in 1927, and it was written by Ethelreda Lewis. Lindbergh turned out "We" the same year without touching a pencil. A fine upstanding American character named Gaston Means wrote a scandalous book in 1930, although he didn't write it. From then on things began to snowball. Influential men and women in various prominent callings got out of bed in the morning, yawned, scratched their navels, and said, "Say, I wonder how it would be to be a writer. Think I'd like it. Guess I'll try it." So they shopped around and found a real writer in need of rent and gin money and they secretly hired that writer to write them a book. After a while the tiniest bit of demi-integrity got into the game, and the "as-told-to" books began rolling off the presses. There are plenty of them today, but there are also plenty of books by non-writers whose publishers put forward strong claims that they were actually written, sentence after sentence, by the celebrity. The louder they make these claims, the more positive it becomes that a professional writer had a hand in production of the book. One movie actor's autobiography, recently a bestseller, was issued with such a claim, iterated and reiterated. He actually wrote it, cried the publisher. With his own hot little hands. Every last word of it. They kept yelling and kept yelling and then somebody quietly did a bit of investigation and found out that the actor's own hot little hands were in his pants pockets, or around assorted broads. The book was written by a talented hack.

Unholy Alliance

I remember a few years back when a minor-league lady author sued a leading comedian, charging that he engaged her to write a novel under his name so he could acquire a reputation as a literary man. The judge threw the case out, saying that the transaction between author and comedian was not actionable because, basically, it was a fraud on the public. Just recently this same comedian's name appeared as coauthor of a novel. He and all of his show biz friends, who are legion, appeared on dozens of television and radio shows boosting his book, rarely ever mentioning the professional writer who was his "collaborator" and who, I'm bound to believe, really did the writing.

I know about another top actor-comedian who, some years back, became the author of a bestseller. His book was written in the publisher's office with very little contact between principal and ghost, and then was submitted to the comedian for approval. His verdict was: "My God, what a swell book I've written!" I used to be friendly with a wealthy show business personality who one day decided that he wanted to be a writer. He went out and hired a whole stable of boys, capable but hungry writers, and put them to work, and before long my friend was being quoted wide and far as a great wit and humorist. This gave me a slow burn, which in time became a fast burn, and one day I said to him, "You may not realize it, but you are taking dollars out of my pocket. I have a humor book in the stores and you have a humor book in the stores, but you are a wealthy man and you are laying out large sums of your own money to boost the advertising budget on your book. Why the hell can't you be satisfied with being what you are? Why do you have to buy yourself a reputation as an author? He asked me to leave his baronial premises and our relations came to an end.

I may, at last, be approaching the point of this whole discussion. I have spent something like 35 years trying to learn to be a competent writer. Some people believe I

have achieved my aim. Yet today I find myself, along with many other writers whose careers match my own, being pushed off the bestseller lists by a lot of writers who are not writers. Any comic who enjoys public favor automatically writes a book which he is incapable of writing. These boys are horrible hams, but they are also skilled practitioners of the hard sell. They race from one tv show to the next, thrusting a copy of their fraudulent book into the eye of the camera. One publisher admitted recently that the jackets of his books are now designed with eye-catching type, the better to be seen when rammed down the public's throat on television shows. And I actually heard one comedian, shoving his book forward, say on a tv show: "Folks, I want you to know that this is a real swell book. All my friends say so, and it is a best-seller like crazy, and you're bound to get a real charge out of it. So go out and buy a copy because you will never have so much fun in your life."

One night somebody on a television show asked Dody Goodman, the girl who undertakes the role of amiable idiot, if she had started writing a book yet. "No," she said. "They asked me to write a book but all the subjects have been used up."

Assorted Themes

There are up-from-degradation books, some by gutter-drunk actresses who have taken the veil, others by ex-hop-heads, whether they be boxers or radio announcers or mildewed beatniks. There are books by fat lady parasites living off the soft underbelly of big-ess Society whether in Washington or New York or Europe. There are books by rapists occupying death cells, and by junkies who play bop music, and by countless semiliterate politicians who draw upon the huge pool of ghost writers operating in Washington in order that they, the politicians, may become eloquent and graceful in their prose.

There are books by preachers who know the solutions to all human problems but who couldn't locate their collarbones with both hands, by guys who tell how they made \$40,000,000 with one arm tied behind their backs, by drunken fliers and by lawyers whose ethics would offend the sensitive soul of Frank Costello, and by arrogant tennis players and by advertising executives seeking to establish some justification for their hum-buggery and by doctors who want the human race to cure its ills by dosing itself with a mixture of goat's milk and persimmon juice.

There are books galore by television personalities famous for their petulance or their insolence toward their guests, hence national heroes. There are books by celebrated keepers of bawdyhouses and by whiny crack-note singers not old enough to work up a sweat in the armpits. Please remember that when the former truckdriver, Elvis Presley, arrived home from service in the army, he was asked about his plans, and his first response, delivered in all seriousness, was: "I'm a-gonna write a book." He was inspired, no doubt, by the tremendous literary success of another singer in the seedtime of life, one Pat Boone, philosopher. Either that or by the fact that a successful book in recent years was written by Lassie, the dog. As told to a man named Rudd Weatherwax. Honest to God.

As I say, all of this has been somewhat depressing to me. Well, not exactly depressing. Infuriating. In a recent book for children a lady author included a chapter, "How to Write a Book." She said: "You can write a book about anything . . . If you can't write yet, you could just draw. Then the book could be for someone who can't read yet. Or you could write a book for someone who can read only one word."

I think it's coming to that. I used to believe that book publishers were people in a very special sort of business governed by a very special set of ethics. They held themselves aloof from the toils and stratagems and outright buccaneering of the business community. But today I suspect that some of them are interested in . . . well, in m-o-n-e-y. They will publish any book. A semiliterate tv performer submits a book to them and they give no thought to the quality of its contents—their interest is solely in the size of his audience and his willingness to plug himself blue in the face.

Such being the case, it is understandable why more and more non-writers are busy writing into taperecorders. I am continually astounded at the calibre of people I meet who think they can write. They are multitude and it never occurs to them that a certain amount of training would be helpful as preliminary to a writing career.

In this connection I would like to digress for a moment. I have become convinced that I have the physical appearance and the conversational ability of John J. Kallikak. Perhaps a few cuts below him. Week after week I meet new people, some in the country, some in the city, and I note that they study me curiously, and later I find out that they have gone home and started writing. It is quite clear what inspired them. They looked at me and they said to themselves, "Well, if that funny-looking kook can make a living as a writer, then I ought to become a millionaire as a writer." They come back to me eventually, of course, with their grubby out-of-kilter manuscripts, singlespaced and smudged and aswarm with misspellings and grammatical atrocities, and they offer me a percentage of the take if I'll dress the stuff up and get it published. I strangle them.

All of this leads me to say that I believe, logical or not, that if a man is incapable of writing a book, he should not be permitted to set himself up as a writer, to pass himself off as an author. There is such a thing as too much freedom of the press. I believe that, with a handful of exceptions, nobody ever said, out of a clear sky or even a cloudy one, "I guess I'll be a writer," and became one immediately.

What can I do about it?

Nothing.

Except, perhaps, I could inaugurate a whole new career—as a drug addict. I hear it makes you feel good.

Runaway Or Progress?

By JOHN HUSTON

Vienna.

It's a very strange anomaly that in America, where the "right to work" is so vigorously defended, we should find factions in the film industry seriously involved in an effort to restrict that principle. For that reason, I cannot help but feel that he legislative approach to the problem of so-called "runaway production" is wrong. The growing swing to global production is not running away. Rather, it is a sign of progress. And you can't stop progress by legislation.

I'm against anybody who tries to force somebody into doing anything, a fact which has sometimes caused my viewpoints to be misunderstood.

If we believe in the Right to Work, then we should believe that anyone has the right to work any place in the world. We aren't being consistent if we insist that all Hollywood films must be made in Hollywood and only with Hollywood technicians. No one can convince me, for example, that it is either equitable or profitable for the industry to refuse permission to work in Hollywood to such a brilliant cameraman as Mexico's Gabriel Figueroa.

Every Hollywood-based picture, whether it's made in Hawaii or Hindustan, helps our motion picture industry. The dollars it produces help to replenish the Hollywood coffers so that other pictures can be made by Hollywood companies.

And every Hollywood-based picture made abroad provides jobs for Hollywood technicians, jobs which, in many cases, would not have been available to them otherwise.

I think my current picture, "Freud," might be cited as a case in point. During the four years it was in preparation, I know of three instances when European producers were prepared to make it if I abandoned the idea. But because Universal and I agreed that we should make it and that it would be a better picture if filmed on authentic locales, it was made in Austria and Germany. As a result, a considerable number of Hollywood technicians and three Hollywood stars were engaged in its production. If it had been abandoned, a European producer would have made it entirely with European talent.

Hollywood Technicians

As a matter of fact, I would not consider making a picture away from Hollywood without having a certain number of key men from Hollywood around me. Hollywood technical standards still are the highest in the world, but I have discovered that good men work extremely well together anywhere. While technicians of other countries learn much from Hollywood experts and their advanced know-how, the Hollywood technicians invariably learn something from their foreign co-workers too.

During the production of "Freud" our Hollywood actors and the English, French, German and Austrian members of the cast worked together without any signs of antagonism or jealousy. The German electricians had no trouble in lighting the sets quickly and efficiently for our English camera crew. Assistant director Ray Gosnell, from Hollywood, and Laci Von Ronay, our Austrian-German assistant, worked smoothly as a team. The various production departments at the Bavaria Studios in Munich and at the Rosenhugel Studios in Vienna provided us with everything needed—and without delay.

Figures on "runaway production" have a habit of refuting themselves. One set of statistics points out that employment is down. Another reveals that Hollywood production workers' payrolls are at an all-time high. As I write this I have before me a trade paper article which says: "Indicative that so-called runaway production and studio and other economies have not seriously affected payrolls to any visible extent is the fact that there hasn't been a month this year (1961) where salary payments dropped below the \$20 million mark." I know from experience, that when trying to secure Hollywood filmmakers and technicians for a film unit abroad, good Hollywood men are very hard to find.

No matter how heavy a barrage of propaganda is loosed on "runaway production," three important facts cannot be denied. First, filming will go wherever the big stars want to go. Secondly, it's impossible to refute the argument of the creative personnel that pictures should be made where the artistic requirements of the subjects can best be realized. And thirdly, major interest of the people who finance pictures is to go where the best value for the invested dollar is received.

In the first instance, I cannot speak for the personal desires of any star, neither can I support their attempts to evade the payment of American taxes. I am proud to be an American citizen and I pay my proper taxes to Uncle Sam in the usual way.

As a director and writer, I must support the artistic advantages of true-locale filming.

From the third standpoint, my loyalty to the industry I believe in so strongly leaves me no other choice but to support the men who make its existence possible.

While decrying the legislative approach to the problem, I heartily support the statement recently attributed to George Stevens in which he suggested that all people in the industry—individuals, guilds, unions and artists—should carefully consider the situation and try to figure out a way in which Hollywood can regain the initiative it once held in world-wide filmmaking.

A greater emphasis on the choice of American subjects for big pictures would certainly help. The greatest money-making picture of all time is "Gone With the Wind." An American story, it was made in America. Perhaps every studio might profitably set up an American story for one of its summit projects, such as MGM has done with "How the West Was Won."

Perhaps a greater flexibility is needed in the contracts between unions and producers, as has been said.

Perhaps, too, a clearer understanding of the problem on the part of Washington might help. I can't say, however, that I am in accord with the suggestion that the American Government grant subsidies to filmmakers as a number of European companies are doing. Such subsidies doubtless would invite artistic control, something that every creative artist abhors.

And perhaps my viewpoints only serve to substantiate the fact that I am what the late James Agee liked to call me—"a natural-born antiauthoritarian individualistic libertarian, without portfolio."

Hollywood Versus Other Places

Films Shot There in 1961, On U.S. Location, or Overseas

By WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

Hollywood.

Approximately 150 features were produced or in production in the U. S. in 1961 and about 90 films were made in foreign countries aided and abetted by American film enterprises. Both categories embrace major as well as indie operations. In latter group some loners are attached to fiscal major ties, others finding resources from other channels. In total, tallies sum up to a hefty 254 which, it will be pointed out, is as close to the end result as one can gather from official records.

How do these computations stand along side of 1960 and 1959?

For the two previous years, the Assn. of Motion Picture Producers, through PCA Code Administrator Geoffrey Shurlock's office, limned it this way:

DOMESTIC	1960	1959
Produced and released by members	29	31
Produced by non-members and released by members	85	97
Produced and released by non-members	6	22
Totals	120	150

FOREIGN	1960	1959
Produced and released by members	5	6
Produced by non-members and released by members	82	55
Produced and released by non-members	4	12
Totals	91	72
Combined totals	211	223

The report further noted that of the 91 shot abroad in 1960, 31 were by American companies, remaining 60 by foreign production organizations. It was also pointed out 222 scripts were submitted to PCA during 1960, 32 less than 1959. Reason: Prolonged writers' strike.

It should be mentioned that the Assn. of Motion Picture Producers and Production Code Office lack full data on films made in Hollywood or anywhere else during 1961. The same holds true for the AFL-CIO Film Council, International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees, Screen Actors Guild, Directors Guild of America, Screen Producers Guild or any other union or guild in Hollywood.

Sizing up the three years, it would appear that 1961 was a healthy one for Hollywood pix. United Artists with its many associated producers and 20th-Fox with

its affinity to Robert Lippert respectively came through with 27 and 24 pix in this country. Third largest domestic producer was Columbia with 16. Likewise, same company was the mostest with pix made outside of U.S. with 15.

Paramount took fourth spot in U.S. tallies at 15 with Metro in fifth place and Warner Bros. sixth. With the exception of American International, which scored next to Columbia on the foreign boards, Metro and United Artists evened accounts with 10 each. American, it should be pointed out, did not actively engage in producing or financing most of the non-Ameri-

can pix on its sked. The extent of company's participation was hazy in most instances, on checking. Pathe America financed nine in U.S., eight overseas. Warners accounted for five on the foreign side, which is almost half what was produced on the Burbank lot.

In the complete run-down of titles, producers, etc., some may never appear on screen. Changes continue to be made during production, sometimes even after canning when test engagements or other reasons prove a more solid b.o. seller is needed. It's happened time and again and 1961 was no exception. For the most part, however, the titles should hold up as the pix fan out to key situations.

There also may be some changes on indie outlets with majors. During past few months three different companies were mentioned for "Lolita." First it was 20th-Fox, then Warners and lately MGM. As another for instance, take three properties like "Chapman Report," "Greatest Story" and "Days of Wine and Roses." All started out on the 20th gestation grounds, first and last winding at WB, George Stevens and his "Greatest" now funneling through UA.

Each moved off the Westwood lot because of story trouble with 20th's board of directors. MGM had its headache with "Lady L" with \$2,000,000 sunk into it. Although it was stated project will be revived this year, there's still a big question mark in certain quarters.

Restless to Move

At 20th particularly, producers like Jerry Wald and Henry T. Weinstein want to be more active, as are other men on the lot, but production head Peter G. Levathes just won't give them free wheeling. He's set his sights on 15 big ones for 1962 and he's laddling out one here, another there for greater representation for all than concentration by a few.

Other lots and front offices have had their problems in the same direction. And, in all instances, it's "Wall St." that's responsible for tightening the fiscal ropes. Hence many producers impatiently wait a change in lights.

The important stars—and some count up to 15—who are in great demand are blamed for holding up any number of productions. Availability is one of the most powerful words in Hollywood today. Everything hinges on it. You can get all the studio space you want, but not the stars or important players, all of whom have more work than ever, most preferring to take it easier than they have, while producers wrangle with their agents with little or no success.

That's been one of the big problems in 1961: Availability of stars and important players. Then there's the writers situation. The rewriting that goes on before a script finally sees words being acted has become more and more pronounced. Luckily Screen Writers Guild takes care of the final credits because in some cases the list of scribblers has almost amounted to a baseball team, and acting that way.

It was also noted during past year that more preparatory work has gone into pix than ever before in concerted efforts to cut down production costs. In some cases it worked, others it was wasted energy. Yet, despite this and other measures taken to whittle expenses, a great deal of preliminary and post filming goes on day after day at the studios after pix are reported fini.

Crews: \$5,000 a Day

This is probably done because of expense of technical crews. In some instances crews cost \$5,000 a day. Today, unit managers have the daily cost down to a science before a pic gets moving before cameras. And \$5,000 a day for a major studio is cheap, they say.

Some studios classified a film that started in November and lapped into the new year as a 1960 pic. The same will hold true with a number of pix destined for stages toward the end of the current year. With these factors more or less balancing themselves, the numbers

U.S. vs. Foreign Production

(By American Companies)

	UNITED STATES	FOREIGN
Allied Artists	8	2
American International	4	14
Columbia	16	15
Disney	4	3
Metro	14	10
Paramount	15	1
20th-Fox	24	9
United Artists	27	10
Universal	8	1
Warner Bros.	10	5
Independents	27	20
Indie Cartoons	5	0
Totals	164	90

cited for various companies, both in U.S. and abroad, will hold up in the final analysis.

It should be pointed out six features were made, or started, in New York City, per "Miracle Worker," "Requiem for a Heavyweight," "The Hustler," "Hey, the Twist," "Young Doctors" and "Long Day's Journey Into the Night." These are included in the accompanying charts.

However, what has not been included in this Report from Hollywood are several projected cartoon features. Since UPA has spent more than six months on "Gay Purr-ee," it has been added to the Warner count. For a while it appeared UA would handle it internationally, but the deal between cartoonery head Henry Saperstein and the Mirisch boys fell through, even after it had been announced by freres from Milwaukee.

Not included are "Yogi Bear" feature in works by Hanna-Barbara, a Jack Kinney story, 2/3 animation, rest live, on the U.S. Constitution, and finished script by Dave Di-tege awaiting financing. These plus

several other cartoon head men have talked about may be included this year. At this point there's no telling who will make what and what will make who. Walt Disney, for some time, has had "Sword and the Stone" in work and it most likely will come out as a 1962 release. Again, it all depends.

UPA prexy Saperstein stated when making his deal with Jack Warner for "Gay Purr-ee," latter wanted him to start at once on a second feature, but it was no dice. One at a time, said Saperstein. Meanwhile, when he gets through with "G.P." his company has to get busy on an hour cartoon for a network.

It seems the cartoon factories were enjoying their best year during 1961, from all accounts. Telefilm plants didn't do too bad, either. Now, if . . . that's a big two letter word that's on the tongues of everybody that has anything to do with production in this part of the world . . . and it has an important echo in distribution and exhibition quarters all over the world. As for production budgets, who believe them? Those given out for publication, that is.

Features Made In Foreign Lands

(Wholly or Partly U.S.-Financed)

(The listing which follows is supplemental to the companion compilation, published herewith, of features whose principal photography was either in Hollywood or predominantly on American "location." This list of titles relates to their marketing by an American distributor. It should be stressed that all varieties of financing deals are involved. Some of these features might be describable as "runaway" but others would not, accurately, be so labelled.)

ALLIED ARTISTS

Big Wave	Japan	Ted Danielenski
Billy Budd	Spain	Ronald Lubin
	England	Peter Ustinov
El Cid	Spain	Samuel Bronston

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL

Alakazam the Great	Japan	Toei Animation
Atlantic Attack	Spain	Richard Bernstein
Beware the Children	England	Peter Rogers
Black Sunday	Italy	Galatea-Jolly Film
Conjure Wife	England	AIP-Anglo-Amalg
Guns of the Black Witch	Italy	Fortunato Misiano
The Hand	England	Wm. Luckwell
House of Fright	England	Hammer Film
Journey to the Seventh Planet	Denmark	Sid Pink
Konga	England	Herman Cohen
Lost Battalion	Philippines	Kane Lynn
Operation Camel	Denmark	Henrik Sandberg
Portrait of A Sinner	England	Minter-Siodmak
Warriors Three	Yugoslavia	Fulvio Lucisano

COLUMBIA

Barabbas	Italy	Dino Le Laurentiis
Best of Enemies	Israel	Dino Le Laurentiis
Carthage in Flames	Italy	Guido Luzzato
Cingo Vivo	Congo	Dino De Laurentiis
	England &	Irving Allen
The Hellions	So. Africa	Jamie Uys Film
	England &	G. W. Film
H.M.S. Defiant	Spain	John Brabourne
	England &	
Jason & Golden Fleece	Italy	Charles H. Schnee
Joseph Des	Italy	Ed Dmytryk-Sam Weiler
Lawrence of Arabia	Jordan	Sam Spiegel-Horizon
Only Two Can Play	England	Lauder-Gilliat
The Pirates of Blood River	England	Hammer
		Anthony Nelson Keys
Reach for Glory	England	Jud Kinberg-John Kohn
Senilita	Italy	Morris Ergas
These Are the Damned	England	Hammer- Anthony Hinas
War Lover	England	Arthur Hornblow

(Continued on page 59)

AMERICAN-MADE-IN-AMERICA

Hollywood.

The following features were made in the U.S. as "American" productions of major and independent producers and distributors, either directly or by co-production deals, during 1961 calendar year. Information culled by VARIETY is based on data from all major and independent companies where they are listed individually. Certain films listed below were, however, shot in part elsewhere.

Title	Where Made	Producer(s)
ALLIED ARTISTS		
Armored Car	Hollywood	Ron W. Alcorn
Confessions Of An Opium Eater	Hollywood	Albert Zugsmith
George Raft Story	Hollywood	Ben Schwab
Hitler	Hollywood	E. Charles Straus
King of the Roarin' 20's	Hollywood	Sam Bischoff
		David Diamond
Operation Eichmann	Hollywood	Sam Bischoff
		David Diamond
Reprieve	Hollywood	Ronald Lubin
Twenty Two Plus	Hollywood	Scott Dunlap
		Frank Gruber

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL

Master of the World	Hollywood	James H. Nicholson
Pit and the Pendulum	Hollywood	Roger Corman
Premature Burial	Hollywood	Roger Corman
Tales of Terror	Hollywood	Roger Corman

COLUMBIA

Advise & Consent	Hollywood, Wash., D.C., N.Y.C.	Alpha-Alpina
		Otto Preminger
Everything's Ducky	Hollywood	Barabaroo Prods.
		Red Doff
Experiment in Terror	Hollywood	Geoffrey-Kate
	San Francisco	Blake Edwards
Five Finger Exercise	Hollywood, Monterey	Sonnis-Fred Brisson
Interns	Hollywood	Robert Cohn
Mr. Sardonicus	Hollywood	Wm. Castle
Notorious Landlady	Hollywood, Monterey	Fred Kohlmar
		Richard Quine
Requiem for a Heavyweight	N. Y. C.	Panam-David Susskind
Sail A Crooked Ship	Hollywood	Philip Barry
Three Stooges Meet Hercules	Hollywood	Normandy
		Norman Maurer
Twist Around the Clock	Hollywood	Four Leaf
		Sam Katzman
Underwater City	Hollywood	Neptune-Alex Gordon
Valley of the Dragons	Hollywood	ZRB-Al Zimbalist
		Byron Roberts
Walk on the Wild Side	New Orleans, Hollywood	Famous Artists
		Charles Feldman
Zotz	Hollywood	William Castle
13 West St.	Hollywood	Ladd Ent.
		William Bloom

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NEVER, FORSOOTH, ON SUNDAY

A Fantasy of Ye Olde Censorship Weighing The Morality of a Writer Named Shakespeare

By ERIC JOHNSTON

(President, Motion Picture Assn. of America)



Eric Johnston

Washington. In the year 1606, shortly after the reign of Elizabeth I, a law was passed in England. It was called the Act to Restrain Abuses of Players. It was censorship — 17th century style. Scant information is in existence on how this Act worked — with one exception. A persevering British archivist recently unearthed a detailed account of a meeting of these merrie old censors in 1610. I now possess the original parchment of this report. And I've had it freely translated from the Middle English, because I think it tells us something. Perchance, the winter of our discontent began in the snows of yesteryear. In other words, times change, censors don't.

The meeting took place in the Office of the Master of Revels. The censor group numbered four persons: the Master or full-time staff director; Lady Upright-Chaste, an Elizabethan do-gooder; Lord Pure, a stare-struck Earl; and Mistress Clean, a good dame from Shoreditch who represented the kingdom's common folk.

All had volunteered to serve on the censoring body. One had even begged.

The purpose of the meeting was to classify the works of a widely-acclaimed playwright of the day. For there had been much clamoring in the kingdom of late. Some said the goings-on at the Globe had given rise to delinquency among the children and the serfs. Others said the Globe was a breeding ground for witchcraft. And others wailed that everybody was watching plays, and nobody was reading books anymore. Oulu a few felt that the evil influence came from the Italian and French plays being presented at the art amphitheatres near the Globe.

At any rate, "classification" was to rid England of all these ills.

Now, none of the censors had seen the plays they were about to classify. This, naturally, was a prerequisite for service on any local censoring group. Here's the way it went:

The Master of Revels opened the meeting with the explanation that an "A" rating meant "suitable for vassals and lackeys." "B" was "nobility only," and "X" signified "no public performance" or "stag night at the castle."

He picked up a copy of the first play to be classified and read the title aloud: "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

X Marks The Dirt

Mistress Clean at once gasped: "That sounds like a dirty play to us commoners!" All agreed with her, and the play was given an "X" rating without further discussion. Lady Upright-Chaste then asked for some information on the playwright. The Master replied that little was known about him, but that "all his plays are sick and decadent." If that was the case, Lord Pure ventured, the playwright must be from the south of England. Hearing this, Lady Upright-Chaste wanted to know if he had written "Bat on a Hot Stone Parapet" or "A Stratford Named Desire." The Master replied in the negative.

Next came a play entitled "Romeo and Juliet." The Master gave a brief description of the story line. "That'll give the kids some ideas, for sure!" bellowed Mistress Clean.

Lord Pure then stated that this kind of story was fairly acceptable on the continent, but he felt it could not be permitted in England where the concepts of morality were so different.

Mistress Clean muttered something about "them foreigners," and the play was given an "X" rating.

A Violent 'Caesar'

A play called "Julius Caesar"

followed. After the Master's synopsis, Lady Upright-Chaste commented: "Definitely, too much violence." And the others agreed heartily.

But the Master broke in: "Now look folks, we can't give them all an 'X'. If I get him to drop the stabbing bit, will you give it a 'B'?" They shouted him down and gave it an "X."

The Master apologized for not having a text of the next play—"Coriolanus." But he told them what he knew of it, adding: "It's an interesting play—not a great play—but an interesting one." After much discussion, the group decided the play must be suitable for all audiences, for, as Lady Upright-Chaste said: "If it were smutty, I'd have heard about it." They gave it an "A."

'Them Scotchmen'

Problems arose with the next play: "Macbeth." They concurred that there was an over-emphasis on violence. But they admired the playwright for drawing an accurate picture of Scotland. As Mistress Clean said: "That's how them Scotchmen are." Lord Pure, however, resolved the issue when he pointed out that the play could easily damage England's diplomatic relations with the Scots. They gave it an "X."

"Hamlet" came next on the agenda. After a great deal of talk, they approved a plan whereby they would give the play a kiddie rating if the playwright softened the

mother scene in the second act and dropped the ghost bit.

They, then, got to "Othello." Following the Master's synopsis, Lord Pure winced visibly and said: "The minority problem, again. It's always touch-and-go when that's in the plot." They debated for a long time, until suddenly Mistress Clean demanded of all: "Would you want your daughter to see that play?" They gave it an "X."

When "Measure for Measure" came up for consideration, Lord Pure was adamant. He barked: "It started out in the gutter and stayed there!" There was no question: an "X."

When they arrived at a play called "Twelfth Night," the Master said he had received a complaint from the meatpacking industry about a line in the play. A character named Sir Andrew states: "I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit." The industry contended there was a sales slump in every town where the strolling players performed this play. They gave it an "X."

The meeting was about to end when a clerk entered with a note for the Master. The Master explained: "My staff just came up with some background on the playwright. Seems his father, John, was fined in 1552 for keeping a dunghill in Henley Street. But I see here that he was later cleared of the charge. Turned out the dunghill belonged to a guy named Bacon."

HORACE LIVERIGHT

Publisher, Producer, Shining Star of the 20s and Great Lover and Great Friend—From the Forthcoming "The World of Horace Liveright"

By LESTER COHEN

He was the publisher of Theodore Dreiser, Eugene O'Neill (who hated him), the great historian Hendrik Willem Van Loon who loved him. And of Sherwood Anderson, Gertrude Atherton, Dorothy Parker and Anita Loos, on whose vast bestseller "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" he lost money because she was better at business than he.

Liveright never really cared for money; he had a mad fixation on having streams of it flowing about him, and flinging it away.

He was the first publisher of Hemingway and Faulkner, and among the Europeans he published Bertrand Russell, George Moore, Jakob Wasserman, Freud, and Roger Martin du Gard who won the Nobel Prize.

He published T. S. Eliot and Robinson Jeffers and Samuel Hoffenstein and Hart Crane. He published five Nobel Prizewinners, and the Modern Library and the Black and Gold Library, and Ben Hecht and Max Bodenheim (who fell down the stairs and sometimes disrobed at Liveright parties) . . . and he was, that is Horace Liveright, was the greatest partygiver of the 20s.

Now I know that is subject to argument, because Conde Nast and Jules Glazner gave fancy parties, and I was at a party given by Mr. Lasky on the stages at Paramount with all the stars of pictures, but still, Liveright's parties, in the old publishing house, where Lillian Hellman and Manuel Komroff and Bennett Cerf and Dick Simon worked for him, were the fanciest parties of all time. You might take or give a few celebrities, take or give a few bottles of champagne, but you could not match them for wit, the handsomeness of the men (W. E. Woodward, for instance, or Tom Wolfe) or the beauty and wit of the women, Elinor Wylie, Dorothy Parker, the Millay girls.

And his parties were sprinkled with people of the town, Jimmy Walker, Otto Kahn, Paul Robeson, Florence Mills and other celebrities of the stage.

Liveright projected in one play, "The Firebrand," by his friend, Edwin Justus Mayer (he gave Eddie the money to go to Capri and write

the play) and as producer he also projected in this play Joseph Schildkraut, Edward G. Robinson, Frank Morgan.

In The Spirit of The Times

Frank Morgan led a German band, a Hungry Five, picked up on the streets of New York into Horace's second wedding, which became the greatest wild party of all time.

The bride was Elise Bartlett, who had been the first Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut. She was also the second Mrs. Joseph Schildkraut, having married him twice. After that she married Horace, but with Horace once was enough.

She shot him.

She also died in the gutter, in Daytona Beach, under circumstances beclouded by the fate: alcoholism, that pursued Liveright and so many of his brilliant friends, authors, companions.

Hart Crane, published by Horace Liveright, died of drink, or, in alcoholic agony, flung himself over the side of a ship. Mr. Dreiser did not die of drink, but his last years and work were clouded by it. Max Bodenheim, as a drunken beggar, was killed on the Bowery.

The whole great gamut of brilliant people turned into a Beggars Opera. Horace himself, at the end, eluded his doctors and few friends, was found on the floor of a Brooklyn hotel, surrounded by empty gin bottles.

He is a symbol of the 20s, and I think will be the chief character of an opera of the 20s, because like the heroes of opera and the 20s, fortune favored them with good looks, many manly graces, the love of women and big bundles of money.

And Horace, in the spirit of 1929, had to throw it away. It became more exciting to him to live on the edge of disaster, and in the land of crazy possibility, like the time he staggered into his failing publishing house, crying:

"Boys, we're saved, I'm going to marry."

This was the heiress to \$65,000,000 who had agreed to marry him, but Horace got drunk, broke a date with her, her mother spirited her off to Europe and the engagement was broken.

I think Horace laughed.

FAITH

By JACK DOUGLAS

This morning while I was sitting at my cobbler's bench, working on a pair of high-heeled moccasins (a special order for a queer Indian) I started thinking about Mildred. Mildred, my daughter, and a very lovely girl, who at the moment is studying the marijuana habit by mail, said a profound thing in her sleep last night. She said, "In America you can be anything you want to be or do anything you want to do." And Mildred is so right.

For example, have you ever noticed that little one-legged, hunchbacked, albino newsboy at the corner of Broadway and 46th Street? You know—the one with the itch? Well, 20 years ago he told me that someday he was going to be a little one-legged, hunchbacked albino newsboy with an itch at the corner of Broadway and 46th Street—and by golly he made it. Only in America! Right?

You've got to have faith. Especially in yourself. For instance, Rudy Valle believed he was Rudy Vallee and after awhile he was. It's as simple as that. Of course, my next door neighbor Ralf Gleckle thought he was Rudy Vallee for a time there, but at the last minute he switched to thinking he was Mrs. Roosevelt and today he is very happy writing his column, lecturing and fighting for the underdog, of which, in case you are unaware, there are plenty. Just look in the Yellow pages of your phone book under "Underdogs" or "Dogs—Under."

Mort Sahl, the Patron Saint of Espresso, once said a very interesting thing about faith. He said that without faith there wouldn't be so darn many recording companies. I think Mort said that. Although it might have been Carl Sandburg (his latest comedy album "The Button-Down Mind Of John Wilkes Booth" didn't do so well).

All through history faith has carried men forward. At Plymouth in 1620 the Pilgrims had nothing but faith. Faith that was almost fanatical—for instance, when they jumped from the boat onto the rock—how did they know they had the right one?

History has many more magnificent examples of faith. When Columbus sailed—how did he know that he would miss America completely? He didn't—but he had faith. And what about the English and Joan of Arc? How could they be sure she was flammable?

One of the greatest incidents of a supreme faith was demonstrated by the first man to eat an oyster. A faith which in turn was emulated and even surpassed by the first oyster to eat a man. This happened only last week at Joe's Bar & Grill & Bar—some drunk teased one and it turned on him. Later the oyster was found to be rabid and they had to shoot it (a pity after that long trip from Chesapeake Bay).

But getting back to faith. Remember Faith Froomby? She was a fan-dancer at the Chicago World's Fair. She was very famous in her time. Mainly because she had three buttocks. When she sat down there was no doubt about it. Poor Faith Froomby. She isn't with us anymore. She took an overdose of wake-up pills one day and decided to spend the rest of her life seeing "Ben-Hur."

But let's forget the glorious past and think about the future. Your future. You're not going to get anywhere if you don't have faith. Without it you're nowhere. As Norman Vincent Peale so aptly put it—You've got to believe in something. So—if Buddha has failed you—try Susskind.

It's Good To Be Back

By CARL WINSTON

I always assume, and with ample reason, that other people are much smarter than myself. So when, a few hundred years ago, my friends counseled me to get out of newspaper work while there was still time, I got out. There's no money nor recognition in journalism is what they said.

I went to work on the staffs of several magazines that, happily or unhappily, are no longer extant. I dipped into the wonderful world of publicity, corporate, medical, personal and film. I even had a fling at public relations. And advertising.

Then I freelanced. I wrote a brace of funny books and several million articles of one kind or another.

A few months ago I fell back into newspapering. I feel like the Prodigal Son who has come home after years of profligacy and wandering. I don't imagine the President of the Publishers Association was waiting up with a dish of Fatted Calf, but I'm quite content with my daily salami on rye.

If anyone wants to charge me with suffering from an egregious case of Acidulous Grapitis, I won't even bother to deny it. Just let me tell you why I'm so glad to be back.

Item: there are no office parties in city rooms. No journalist worthy of the name needs an excuse to get drunk.

Item: You do not have to meet interesting people, or be nice to uninteresting people.

Item: You don't have to be nice to newspapermen or women.

Item: A conference in a city room is not called two weeks in advance, usually lasts one minute and is conducted between two persons, the boss and you.

Item: When you write a story that stinks, the city editor throws it back and says "This stinks. Do it again." He does not hold it six weeks, then send you a four-page note that says, in PART: "This doesn't seem to have quite the degree of reader identification

we require. It is the feeling of our editorial board that if you rewrite the . . ."

Item: When the day's work is done, you do not have to kid either the boss, yourself or your secretary by taking home a briefcase full of "work" that you know you'll never look at.

Item: Pressagents have to be nice to you, but you can be your own ugly self.

Item: If you happen to get a good idea, you don't have to worry that somebody will swipe it. In fact, nobody will ever use it.

Item: When a rewrite man has nothing to do, he sits with his feet on the desk and (a) reads a paper, (b) sneaks a snooze, (c) dopes the horses or (d) swaps lies with his neighbor. He does not deem it necessary to dictate a meaningless memo through a disinterested secretary to a scheming superior.

Item: When the last edition is put to press, the day's work is done.

All this is not to imply that life on a daily paper is one great big, loud long laugh, that all is sweetness and bright lights and working conditions a Utopian dream.

On the contrary. Most city rooms are blue, if not with four-letter words, with smoke. They're drafty and ingeniously sealed against the ingress of even a whiff of fresh air.

The food you're forced to send out for is unfit for human consumption. The coffee comes in four grades: too hot, too cold, too weak and too strong. Holidays are nonexistent: if you go to work on a paper, say goodbye to Santa Claus. You may never see him—or your kids on Christmas eve—ever again.

The pay? You may earn more than a busdriver, but less than an airline pilot. The hours are unconscionable. The copy boys are insolent and the desk men arrogant. In short, it's a hell of a place to work.

But I love it. And I'm glad I'm back.

Actors, Directors & 'Miscasting'

[Especially When Stars Run Show]

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

At a reputed \$1,000,000 fee, the screen's foremost exponent of light romantic comedy, Cary Grant, impersonated a grimly harassed artillery officer in "The Pride and The Passion." He supervised the heaving and hauling of a giant cannon across the face of Spain. Such employment of an urbane talent has since been cited as an example of that much-discussed-but-little-explained aspect of picturemaking, the intermittently recurring embarrassment of "miscasting."

As a general truism "miscasting" is noted in ratio to the prominence of the player although the also-frequently-cited case of "Saint Joan" was to the contrary. In that film the producer-director had dared to assign one of the weightiest roles in all dramatic literature to a then-inexperienced amateur, Jean Seberg.

Naturally nobody sets out to miscast himself or to be miscast. When casting against type or, in the phrase, against the script, the motive is to break new furrows, open new aesthetic possibilities. If successful, such daring draws congratulation. But there is the pitfall, made to seem worse when pictured as a boobytrap. Nor is there unanimity of judgment as to whether miscasting has actually occurred. Time Magazine thought Noel Coward "almost walks off with the show in 'Our Man in Havana'" but elsewhere Coward was castigated as "about as subtle as an aging interior decorator."

There are, obviously, shades and degrees in miscasting. Playing a Kiowa Indian maiden in "The Unforgiven," Audrey Hepburn was deemed "too polished, too fragile and civilized among such rough types as Burt Lancaster and Audie Murphy" (N.Y. Times). In "The Fugitive Kind," apart from some complaints that it presented a horrid image of life in this country to our fellow-nations, Joanne Woodward's makeup and assigned characterization was rapped as "grotesque."

How Bad Can a Bad Part Make a Competent Actor Seem?

Why do certain players in certain parts seem to draw unusually harsh comment? It does not imply that they are incompetent but rather that what they are asked to symbolize is too far off the target. Illusion will not stretch. Thus Ben Gazzara is described as having been "thoroughly demoralized" by the director in "The Young Doctors" and, another quote, "his secretively immobile face and brassy bearing do not project idealism and integrity." Yet Gazzara got off lightly compared to another actor in another release about the same time who was dismissed as "no longer capable of acting."

Suffice to remark of the actor "no longer capable of acting" that he gets about \$300,000 a picture!

A good deal of grumbling greeted Dean Martin as the governor of a state in "Ada." He was charged with doing "an imitation of Dean Martin imitating Bing Crosby." Miscast, in the first degree. Of Wilfred Hyde-White in the same film: Paul V. Beckley (N.Y. Herald Tribune) objected that the Englishman was "utterly and wildly wrong for his part" (as an American political boss) and yet, said Beckley, forgivingly, "suave and interesting."

'Miscasting' Even Characterized As Deliberately Bad Advice

Again and again the nub of criticism is that the actor did not or could not play the part, or that the part was beyond reasonableness. Thus Ava Gardner in "The Angel Wore Red" was credited for "an interesting try at a patently unplayable role" by the Times.

Hints are sometimes dropped that actors are being conned. Audie Murphy drew the observation that he was "allowing illwishers to convince him to play villains" and he might ruin his career that way. It points up, at least, the extreme seriousness with which "miscasting" is taken.

One reviewer wrote of Eleanor Parker a curious combination tribute and requiem: "She is beautiful, she is talented and she has integrity. She should have become a guest star. Instead she is so consistently miscast one suspects a cabal at work against her!"

Nobody forces bad roles upon Burt Lancaster. He may be the actor who most of all has sought and found provocative parts for himself, culminating with "Elmer Gantry" in which Bosley Crowther considered him "con man to the manner born."

Directors, who presumably ought to know more than anybody else about "miscasting," are usually not remarkable for their candor. Does Otto Preminger discuss Miss Seberg? No. Nor do other directors with a whopper or two to their credit. Directors seem to adopt the scriptural injunction, "let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Their delicacy on the subject is understandable. This writer is reminded of a famous Chicago surgeon, a bit of a prima donna and perhaps a genius in his way and day, who dared write a textbook, "The Blunders of Surgery." A confrere of the operating theatre quickly quipped, "Based, no doubt, on your own cases?"

It should be emphasized that directors do not always have the final decision. In the old days when every studio had its own stable of stars and featured players choice was dictated from on high and the director was the victim as often as the actor. Not long ago in the shooting of a film set in the Middle Ages the trade heard that (a) the director blamed his inappropriate cast upon the producer while (b) the producer blamed the director on the company president. Deep lie the roots of miscasting.

The present era of "independent" production does not mean necessarily that the director shares in that new freedom. To the contrary. Great stars always have been given enormous and often fatuous deference and many stars in the past, alongside some of the present, have not hesitated to direct the director. VARIETY in reviewing a British melodrama called "Ferry to Hong-Kong" pointed out an exaggerated instance of a star running wild. The star happened to be Orson Welles who is quite as often a director but in this instance was supposedly working for and under director Lewis Gilbert. The latter could not, or would not, discipline his star with the

result that this paper's London man, Dick Richards, decried a conspicuous example of "hammy overacting."

In his recent article for Parade, Lloyd Shearer (who advised fans to follow directors and not stars as a clue to quality) touched on the power of certain present day stars who hire their own directors. This is a modern twist on the casting problem, along with all other problems of production. Shearer quoted George Stevens as stating that it was "most difficult for a director to direct an actor who owns a piece of the film." Doubly difficult if the actor happens to be a millionaire. "Millionaires give direction easily, but they don't take direction easily."

Stevens, listed by Shearer as one of the world's 20 best directors, added this observation:

"I am not about to direct any actor who insists upon rewriting the script or laying down the conditions and hours of work, or casting the production with his pals or telling me how to direct."

It can be argued several ways, and is, as to whether the star system is the cause of "miscasting" or an answer to it. The stars will typically contend that they must have "script approval" to assure themselves not only fat but varied roles. The problem of miscasting is even brought into the debate over "runaway production." It is said, for example, that Anthony Quinn saved himself by going to Italy for "La Strada" some years ago and that a performer like Ernest Borgnine has a very pressing need for roles that will advance, not slow, his artistic momentum.

Meanwhile Frank Sinatra in late years has become the reigning symbol of the glorious Hollywood comeback via Fred Zinnemann's "From Here To Eternity." Prior thereto he couldn't get out of the sailor suit to which he had been "typed." Once established anew, and bigger than ever, Sinatra became a kind of rabbit's-foot for

'Party Girl' Films For Skid Row Playoff Blackballs Pix Biz

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Hollywood.

The film industry has developed its own midway in the last year or so—and Hollywood's face is flushed with embarrassment and anger. It's a case where most of the blame (at least in Los Angeles) for the rash of playgirl features has brushed off on the organized industry, which isn't even getting any of the boxoffice comforts to assuage its hurt feelings.

For months, in long winded huddles with Los Angeles city and county officials, the Hollywood industry has been trying to communicate its indignation at, and to shed responsibility for, but willingness to help stamp out, this new wave of "Nudie" product. But the public just can't seem to understand clearly where the dividing line falls, and so Hollywood has become linked with chest cinematics, too.

Anyway, there's a public for these girlie films, and it isn't only the public that surreptitiously pockets French postcard art. Patrons of these spools sometimes queue up unabashedly under brightly lighted marquees waiting for the spill of other devotees, although the black leather (and lumber) jacket fraternity are noticeable steadies.

While the spotlight was turned on L.A. as production center of playgirl pix, their producers are not confined to just this geographical area. Reports are that they got the travel urge last summer when the furor began here and the L.A. Police Dept. revealed a total of 35 had been shot in these precincts within a period of two to three months. The farseeing L.A. cops, whose hands were tied because the producers were careful in their filmic exposures not to expose themselves to violations of any local ordinances, noted that there was a "runaway" production problem here, too, with some pix being shot in Tahiti and Mexico.

How 'Lewd'

Question as to whether these playgirl epics are lewd or art is a debatable legal point. However, they are generally haphazardly put together in terms of technique and about the only noticeable directorial "touch" (in fact it would be impossible not to recognize) is focusing a camera for as much anatomy as the law will tolerate—and it's quite a rubbery law.

"The Immoral Mr. Teas," which had more of the old Minsky (before LaGuardia) spirit and production know-how, kicked up a bit of a storm (mostly of curiosity) when it came out two years ago and reportedly has grossed a million (almost all profit). This, of course, is a better track record than some of Hollywood's two-three million dollar enterprises can claim. Getting reliable boxoffice statistics on these pix isn't easy, but the L.A. police made a study which showed that "Not Tonight Henry," starring Hank Henry (who claimed scenes of nudies were cut in after his work was done) has grossed more than \$500,000 on the West Coast alone.

Whatever their earnings, there's no doubt that naughty nudes are easy profit ventures. Chief reason is that they are put together on budgets which wouldn't have kept Sally Rand in fans in her heyday. A particularly good female form will get its owner \$50 for a day in the raw, with a rare beauty pursing as much as \$100. Majority of the girls, whose regular trade involves prostitution (or so the police say) or burlesque peeling, average about \$25 for 500 feet of film. Some also are coaxed to work for nothing but the glory of possibly becoming another Hedy Lamarr ("Ecstasy").

Most of these pix are easy to spot—by their titles, if nothing else. Little is left to the imagination (which probably wouldn't be the smartest kind of exploitation) as witness this batch of marquee bait: "Bing Bang Detective," "Butterfly and the Canary," "Tom Peeping Bachelor," "The Ruined Bruin," "Party Girl," and "My Bare Lady."

Remember the Police Gazette? You can get it—and some more—now on the not-so-silver screen. All that's missing is the male sanctuary of the old, old barber shop.

many an on-the-make young producer who dreamed out loud, "If I can interest Sinatra, I'm in." The situation was amusingly underlined when one boy producer in a trade interview named five titles he had in mind and, somewhat naively, described four of the five as "ideal for Sinatra." What happened? Nothing! Sinatra was on his own do-it-yourself kick.

Over the decades Hollywood has perpetuated one production practice in which lurks the hazard of miscasting, namely dropping the age of the heroine 10-15-20 years.

This was, in times past, part of the studio buildup of, say, a Liz Taylor or a Wanda Hendrix and was justified as engineering a studio property. The habit is slow in changing even in the present time. Carol Lynley fell victim in "Return To Peyton Place" when a reviewer quipped, "she looks incapable of reading a book, not to mention writing one." There are, in short, disadvantages as well as advantages in being a pretty young thing.

It was not the feminine child-face alone against which critics sometimes rail. Males, too, draw objection as when Anthony Perkins was cast opposite Sophia Loren and Ingrid Bergman. In the Paris-made "Good-Bye Again" he elicited a range of significant comment from "overdone coltishness" (VARIETY), to "Salinger-like" (Saturday Review), to "a 25-year-old, semi-emasculated mama's boy" (Films in Review). Against which Bosley Crowther of the N.Y. Times considered Perkins "almost carried the picture by himself."

The dangers of trying something different have kicked back against many a player, as per Marilyn Monroe in "The Misfits." Although she drew some testimonials she was also called "blank and unfathomable," and exhibiting "inexplicable lassitude" and, again, burdened by "inappropriate Strasbergian mannerisms."

Of Schools & Techniques Deponent Knoweth Not

Plainly Sam Bronston and Nick Ray took a really drastic calculated risk in casting blue-eyed Jeffrey Hunter as Christ in "King of Kings," though the same picture had another almost equally surprising offbeat casting, Robert Ryan as John The Baptist. Did Hunter or did he not gain important stature as a thespian? Stacking the pros versus the cons it probably amounted to a case, as so often, of like me, like my picture, and the obverse. Interestingly a similar discussion raged—per the film history books—when Cecil B. DeMille cast H. B. Warner, a romantic lover type of 1927, as the Saviour in the silent "King of Kings."

The danger in trying to impersonate Christ need hardly be labored. Suffice that different centuries, different countries and different artists have all had fixed conceptions which no actor could fulfill to universal satisfaction. It is to be noted that some observers who accepted Hunter pictorially could not accept his modern speaking voice.

Writing in Films in Review, Henry Hart made a sharp commentary on the playing of Jesus and his Mother. He begins, "I was incapable of imagining Jeffrey Hunter cast as Christ." Then reports his "face made up and photographed so as to be, at least to my mind and heart, the kind of Christ image that stirs mankind. I grant Hunter's voice is inadequate." What of the Virgin Mary? Here, too, hovered the same hazards of preconception one must presume. Hart considered the Irish actress Siobhan McKenna's interpretation "creative acting of the profoundest sort. Her use of her face and voice, and her bodily postures seemed to me the result of considerable foresight, in order to satisfy the varied conceptions of the Virgin in audiences in all parts of the world." After other comments, Hart makes this startling point: the McKenna performance "should be excised from the film and run off each year in acting schools." (No room for doubt at the inn!)

How much acting schools influence screen acting will receive no definitive analysis in these present paragraphs. Those who see in "The Method" only a seedbed of beatnik stage business are approximately as violent as those who insist upon divine revelation through Stanislavski. The ostensible purpose of all instruction is to prepare the actor to master his pretense, or to make less than pathetic his inadequacy. Lurking in these misty implications are truisms which relate to "miscasting."

Perhaps because today's films tend to be more "adult" in subject-matter, critical comment on casting is commensurately more sophisticated than in former generations. The French film, "Breathless," drew a curious commentary in Films in Review which saw the film as "amoral" and discerned in Jean Seberg's "young Iowa face, beneath a boy's haircut, a fetish-image for the perverted of both sexes."

Another recent film to draw moral frowns, "Go Naked In The World," provoked many allusions to the "miscasting" of Gina Lollobrigida, Ernest Borgnine and Anthony Franciosa.

The danger of the actor in the wrong role is not a monopoly of the cinema. It is frequently noted on television. Legit, too, has its groans. In the case of a performance repeated night after night, "miscasting" may show tardily if the two minimum essentials, continued intelligible diction and sobriety, are invoked as criteria.

New York is far from the film studios of Hollywood and has very little production of its own. Here, too, there may be an important side-influence. Paris and London are happier in having both stage and screen opportunities within a taxi ride. It is sometimes remarked that the French and British films show rather fewer instances of outright "miscasting," but whether that impression could be documented is moot.

Another area about which scant evidence is in hand concerns bankers. They are the arbiters of loans based upon stars who they accept as "insurance" but which, on occasion, prove not to be. A definitive study of the whole casting and miscasting thing would want to probe the bankers, too. Will a daring genius one day write "The Blunders of Banking?" Don't think there haven't been plenty.

REQUIEM FOR NOSTALGIA

[What Was So Good About the Old Days?]

By JACKIE GLEASON

The old days sound better than they lived.

A remark for the ages. Credit a good and ageless crony with the observation: Jack Oakie.

And I quite agree!

The old days are just an antiquarian's dream. They're an echo.

For me—and for lots—they're just the last guffaw of a time when we were doing not too much laughter.

As long as it reminds me of things like goose grease, and hot whiskey and lemonade as a childhood cure-all, I have no rancor with the old days.

I object when it reminds me that on a clear day I used to be able to see the poorhouse.

The only "old days," reminiscently speaking, I enjoy now is when I can sit around with one or two pals, like the perennial juvenile Jack Haley. We become beautiful in retrospection. Like the old sled you remembered as a kid becomes beautiful, as the first peek under the tree Christmas morning becomes beautiful. If you have a good glow going, it helps. It helps make the talk come easier and the memories more amiable than they actually were.

It doesn't count that the atom was just a tiny speck in your spectrum, and not something out to destroy imagination. That the missile gap was only the area between throwing a stone from here to there. That the only Mad Russian was a guy on radio, and fall-out shelter was a rolled-up mattress you put under the baby's swing.

Of late, I have had some reason to be in wholehearted agreement with the observation that "the old days sound better than they lived." Somewhat nostalgically, but not too ruefully, I had a look-in at the old days. Being all prisoners of our own experience, I must tell you what I mean:

Still a Bum

In the last three motion pictures into which my undiminished shadow has pertinently loomed, I've had reasons to reflect on "the good old days." Not in depth, to be sure, but in the shallow, as it were.

To elucidate:

I dressed well enough—fresh carnation, pearl-gray homburg, well-tailored threads—in "The Hustler." But I worked out of dives! I plied my nefarious cue trade in dingy, smoky, spittoon-festooned pool parlors. When I was a kid—in the old days of my lavender legends—I hung out in joints like that. Just like that. I remember all too well.

Then in Paris this summer I made a movie, "Gigot." I play a mute, Gigot. Gigot is a lout. He wears a baggy old potato sack-style getup that is tied together with a rope for a belt, an hoary old Army great coat, ancient vintage, and a big blob of a hat to match.

Gigot sleeps in a dreary hovel on a bed of infested straw. He gets broomed by strangers and brushed by neighbors, has buckets of slop doused on him by irate landladies and intolerant innkeepers. His quarters he shares with such an assortment of cats and other stray creatures that, in comparison, he makes St. Francis of Assisi a case for the ASPCA.

Even this, too, gives me cause to remember.

Now I'm engaged against a school of skillful scene-stealers of the ilk of Anthony Quinn, Mickey Rooney and Julie Harris. Here again, in "Requiem For A Heavyweight," I'm back in memory of those murky yesterdays. I frequent dingy dressingrooms, tawdry back alleys, cheap fleabags and an assortment of the scummy byways of the prizing, environs I once knew as a worshipping boy.

This Is Type-Casting!

What I'm really getting at is: When do I get the present-day part to which I've been accustomed? The one that pits me in the upholstered amphitheatre of luxurious living with wine, women and wonderful music. That's type-casting of The Great Gleason mold!

Fee, fie, fo on the old days, say I. For me, no mo' of the old days.

Come to think of it, aside from it being that somewhere early before the womb and the tomb, just what are the old days? It's something nebulous, like being "middle-aged." I'm supposed to be middle-aged at 45. But that can only be if I've been assured I'll live to be 90 . . .

The instance I've cited, of course, are movie make-believe. Even so, brushing against it even in a remindful sort of way on a studio-made set, causes a fellow to look back in anger.

Of real life yesterdays, I honestly say there's nothing that makes me want to go back. Sure you get a nostalgic twinge and an I-wonder-what's-become-of-Sal mist—but I couldn't think today of knocking myself out doing a show on the floor of the Queen's Terrace in Astoria, then hop a cab into 52d St. to the 18 Club, sitting gingerly on the edge of the bucket so I wouldn't muss the crease in my trousers, dying little deaths with every click of the meter hoping that I had enough to make the fare, or if the customers would still be in the place when I arrived. Or staying up late at Slapsy Maxie's to entertain the different stratas of Hollywood, doing just one more routine because a new party of swells walked in, doing another funnybit even though you might be tired or sick, or just wanting to be alone. And there were the yesterdays where I spent time telling the tale of a torch to a glass of beer, and all I wanted was a crowd around. Oh, you can be alone anywhere.

Inter It for Aye

The old days envision a pretty picture for me of not so pretty surroundings, of climbing endless tenement stairs to a long succession of cheap railroad rooms, of idle hours hanging around the breadbox in front of the neighborhood store, of entertaining in joints along the Jersey shore for \$18 a week, drinking and eating as much as the chef would allow me, then picking up the valise and heading to the next resort town, then back to New York and the lobbies and the cafeterias.

Thomas Wolfe wrote "You Can't Go Home Again," but then Tom was a strange one and probably wanted to. As for me, try as I won't, I cannot reconcile the \$35 I got a week at the old Miami Club in Newark, say, for the \$35,-

000 for just a few minutes on a TV special, or the "You name it, Jackie" for a part in a movie in Spain.

What was so glorious anyhow about bringing back deposit bottles just to eat? Harkening to the good old days calls for a deprivation of a sense of humor and you set yourself adrift in a sea of depression. It's a jeep ride through East Berlin. It's cooking with coalstoves in the flats in the heat of the summer, and it's lunchpails and dumbwaiters, it's holes in the soles and itchy woolen underwear, and it's sitting on the stoop waiting for someone to come back from nowhere. And, usually, recollections of things past is merely a breeze that blows for one alone, only now you don't hear the screams and the hysteria and the weeping that were part of . . . the old days.

Jack Haley's Wheeze

My friend Jack Haley has an "old days" story to tell. It's about the two actors, cold, hungry, out-of-work, who pause as they walk huddled down the street to observe the goings-on on Christmas through the window of an average American home. The cute little darling of the house is still putting with the unwrappings from her gifts under the tree, delight in her eyes. Mother is wheeling in a succulent-looking turkey, plus trappings. Dad is just stirring snoozily from in front of the crackling fireplace where he's stretched out, slippers off. And one of the peeping actors turns to the others and says, "Squares!" . . .

I'll say no more. A long, cold and slushy Winter lies ahead, friends of mine. I'd just as soon spend it at my own comfortable fireside-in-the-round-up Peekskill way than in back of somebody's hallowed old haunt. One Christmas I wanted a red wagon. Santa passed us by that year. I have it now. I don't like it where I am. I can pick up in my red wagon and go. If he's any good at all someday I may even give my chauffeur one of my Academy Awards.

No more old days. Not for me. Alas.
Alas, poor old days.

WHO GETS THE BEEF?

By DON QUINN

Hollywood.

The world's two greatest point-killers, as everyone must know, are waiters and telephones. Most of us have experienced that shattering moment when, lunching with a select group of fun-loving grigs, we've crept up to the punchline of a joke:

US:—"and when the doctor opened the door and saw her lying there with the six new-born babies,"

WAITER:—"Who gets the eggs?"

We do. All over our faces. I would venture to say that anyone who opens a restaurant with waiters trained to wait for the laugh will probably go into receivership in six weeks. Because, however stiff his basic training, no waiter can maintain a resistance to stepping on a payoff, like this:

US:—"and when her husband beat the guy up and threw him downstairs, battered and bleeding, the guy looked up and said—"

WAITER:—"Telephone for Mr. Cliffmeyer."

The fact that Mr. Cliffmeyer is not known to anyone present is beside the point. It simply illustrates the double hazard of waiters and telephones. Singly they are appalling; in combinations they lead to such desperate measures as having your secretary get a coffee-machine and serve the bitter brew at your desk. And even then, such is the malefic nature of any kind of table service and so far-reaching its influence, that your secretary spills java all over the letter you were writing to good old Harry, with the gag about the golf-playing gorilla who—
SECRETARY:—"OOops! . . . sorry, Chief!"

It's no wonder comedy has gone to hell. How can the majors win pennants with cholera in the training camps? In the face of interruptions by waiters, telephones, sponsors, censors (if I may use a dirty word in a respectable publication) and other inferences, what is its life expectancy? Will the boffola vanish like the buffalo? It will if nobody is ever permitted to get past the straight line.

Ever try to outwit the telephone, on the theory that if you can't lick it you must join it, with this result?
YOU: (ON PHONE) "There was a young lady from Taos,
Who went on a mission to Laos,
But some dirty Red
Had bugged every bed,
SO SHE—"

HARRY:—"Can you hold it a minute, Pal? Got a call on the other line."

If any ham radio operator ever tries to CQ a joke by bouncing it off Venus, (CENSOR: Cut Venus. Make it Sirius) relaying it by Coast Guard shortwave, to be delivered by a native runner with a cleft stick, the recipient will, in all likelihood, decode it to read like this: "LAST LINE OF MESSAGE DELETED AS VIOLATION OF CONGRESSIONAL AMENDMENT MAKING LAUGHTER SUBVERSIVE."

Point-killing by telephones, waiters and other malign entities must have roots which go deep into the subconscious, finding release from laughter-phobia in interruptive processes. This is a matter deserving of intensive study by trauma critics and ambivalence-chasers. Laughter resists exact slide-rule analysis. Its causes are obscure, but the cure is at hand. Waiters and telephones, in well-spaced doses, working hand-in-hand and foot-in-mouth can halt the epidemic.

Humor in its more obvious aspects is essentially an exercise in perspective and proportion. (Quinn's Law). It un-stuffs shirts, deflates blimps, shrinks heads and generally raises hell with the pompous, the pontifical and the false fronts which disintegrate under derision. It is no wonder that it is avoided by bankers, producers, evangelists and far-right politicians (with the possible exception of Brother Barry Goldwater, whose rear-view-mirror contemplation of events seems to be tempered with a certain wry—or maybe Bourbon—smile). To such characters, sometimes called "pepole," waggery is somehow equated with left-wing deviation, as if any Commissariat would permit the extended existence of the light touch, even a satellite touch.

Have we agreed that the telephone is the focal point

MISERABLE MEANING OF MONEY

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

In order even to begin to think about money, it is necessary to understand that the very word is deceptive and has no real, usable, or acceptable meaning.

For instance, if not needed, money is the equivalent either of nothing or of all things of which there is a continuous supply: time, light, air, water and so on.

If needed, however, money means other things, all of them unavoidably personal.

Furthermore, if there is money but nothing to exchange it for, again its meaning is changed. A millionaire falling out of a window can't buy a repeal of the law of gravity.

On the other hand, a man on the sidewalk, in excellent health, with a good appetite, in possession of no money at all, has no choice but to think about the matter, and finally to agree about a course of action by means of which he may both eat and go on being who he is, or become who he must become, willingly or reluctantly.

In short, a price must be paid by every man for his relationship to the possession of money, the pursuit of money, the want of money, or the rejection of money.

It is not likely that anybody anywhere may be involved in a personal pattern of continuance on all planes of the human experience without at least an awareness of the existence of money.

What is it? What is it for?

Money is deeply tied in with all of the impulses, emotions, intentions, wishes, plans, dreams, desires, and thinking of every human being, from the beginning of memory and awareness to the end of them. It was so with his father and with his mother, and it will be so with his son and with his daughter. It is there. It is a fact of human being. Its effect on people is probably greater than the effect of anything else. Any notion of God, for instance, is connected in a profound way with having, not having, wanting, getting, trying to get, or trying to find out how not to need to try to get, money. In this light, Job is seen to have been something of a boulder about his God in that he loved God when he had plenty, but was sorely troubled by God when he didn't have plenty and when some of the commonplace vulnerability of the majority of the people finally reached him, in spite of his wealth, with an impact he apparently hadn't suspected was possible.

No Preventative

Wrong is always possible for any man, and for those he loves. The undesirable is always possible, and much of it is predictable and inevitable. To imagine that money will prevent the ultimate arrival of the undesirable is characteristic in one degree or another of everybody, but it is especially true of the intellectually and spiritually underdeveloped. Pain, in all of its varieties, cannot be bought off. Neither can deterioration and death. If the way out of the human experience is the same for all, the way through is not.

Without money, the way through is bound to be different from the way through, with money. He who has not, in the very fact of not having, has, and he who has, in that very fact, has not.

Already, as we have seen, there is clutter and confusion in, around, and about the whole matter: a great deal more that might have been said has not been said, or even implied. It simply is not easy to think accurately about this thing, and I suspect that it is impossible to reach any conclusion that means anything, other than the conclusion that we don't know anything about it.

Still, whole cultures, economic systems, societies, nations, and peoples have come and gone, are coming and going, on the basis of one or another theory about money, matter, possessions, and ownership. And about human will, energy, labor, ingenuity, invention, and the various skills of making, keeping, having, selling, exchanging, or destroying. All of which in turn act upon all human characteristics, both good and bad: avariciousness, generosity, exploitation, benefaction, and so on.

One clear fact appears to have persisted from the beginning of known human history: few have, many have not. This is bound to seem, on the face of it, an unfair, an unfortunate, an unjust imbalance. It seems so to many in our times. But the fact remains that, in terms of matter, in terms of money, the situation is not resolvable. To resolve it in other terms has been the impulse of all religionists and most philosophers. Still, there are few among the money-rich who do not affect one or another of the non-materialistic religions. Hence, we must recognize the reality of misunderstanding here: misconception, contradiction, ignorance, helplessness.

And the devil with it. Why should I solve the problem of money in *VARIETY*.

of humor-assassination? Shall we concentrate on it, and leave its accomplices, the waiters, to their flatfooted, and probably unwitting, fellow-travelling? All right, let's get to work.

Let's have a National Leave-The-Receiver-Off-The-Hook Week. Or better still, let's abolish the telephone entirely. And while we're at it, make it retroactive. A.T.&T. can convert to homing pigeons, semaphores, and a reactivated Pony Express. Get Congress to vote stingy little pensions for the Alexander Graham Bell and Don Ameche families, in perpetuity, meaning until the next Administration.

Think what removing millions of miles of wires and telephone poles would do for employment. Imagine the improvement in mental health for show business and advertising executives who would finally have a rational excuse for not returning calls.

And maybe the day will dawn when good old Harry can hear a complete joke. That is, if some waiter doesn't shuffle up and say: "A pigeon just hit the coop with a message for Mr. Cliffmeyer. He here?"



William Saroyan

Who's An Actor?

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

Back in the old days on the East Side of New York, every boy who sang in a choir thought that he was at least an incipient Caruso. So he expected to make Miner's on the Bowery, where, if he did not get the hook, he became a star. Miner's was a wonderful place for ambitious young people because they got a chance. Of course, if a few made good they got to Tony Pastor's on 14th Street.

The Adler clan avoided vaudeville and went straight into the legitimate theatre. Old Jacob P. Adler was a remarkable tragedian who drove his audience to tears. He was a product of the Goldfaden theatre which started in Rumania and wandered through Southern Russia and finally landed in New York where it produced a Yiddish theatre which has had an enormous influence on Broadway. Stella and Luther Adler are but two of Jacob's children. He had many—so many in so many different countries, that he lost count of the mothers. But he was a great actor and his Shylock once seen was never forgotten. He even made Shakespeare human.

Few of the young boys and girls on the East Side wanted to star on the Yiddish stage. Their ambition was Keith's and Proctor's vaudeville houses or to be able to emulate David Warfield who really made it on Broadway.

Back in those days, dialects were amusing. Nobody took offense. So

a boy could speak like his father spoke English and if you understood him, it made everybody laugh. What could be funnier than to hear Harry Cooper sing in dialect. It came so naturally. Harry Cooper's father was the cantor in the Pike Street synagogue and was more respected than most cantors because he was a scholar and a man of refinement. His sons were actors, more or less successful, but Harry was the real hit. The Empire City Quartet, of which he was a member, got top billing in vaudeville.

Quite a number of cantor's sons and daughters aspired to vaudeville, and the best of them were recruited by Gus Edwards. His "School Days" and "Sun Bonnet Sue" always made a hit. It was in Gus Edwards' show that Eddie Cantor got his start. I am told that Jessel was also in this show but I do not recall him, but I vividly remember Fanny Brice.

Eddie Cantor was a beloved kid. He lived with his grandmother who was the janitor of a four story, cold water, walkup tenement. So who cared? Everybody was still poor. Eddie did not belong to Barber Shop chorus. He did not stand on the corner to mash girls. He belonged to the Camp Club of the Educational Alliance and that meant that he had intellectual aspirations. We were at the Surprise Lake Camp together and already he could make other boys laugh just by looking at them. Eddie had a big heart but no money and all the boys loved him but it never occurred to any of us that he would make such a success in life. He seemed to have nothing but good humor and laughter in his soul.

A Quotable Critic

By GERALD PRATLEY

Ottawa.

How do you become famous, as a film critic?

One way of course, is to be quoted in the advertisements; but to be quoted you have to write something quotable. There is an art to this. Take my old friend Claude Gilman as an example. He writes for the Cablegram, and he knows just what to say that will get him into the ads week after week. One of his favorite devices is to end a favorable review by saying, with all due solemnity: "I found this film so good I intend to see it again at the earliest opportunity."

Now we all know that critics have neither time nor inclination to see films twice, but this doesn't deter Claude. Sometimes he varies this and makes it even stronger by saying, "Although I have seen 'Sunday Night and Monday Morning' twice I intend to visit it again for the third time at the earliest opportunity." This sends the fellows in the advertising departments wild with joy and the next day the ads in the paper blossom forth with the announcement "worth seeing for the third time"—Gilman, Cablegram.

Underneath this will be the adjectives: "stunning"—Kirkleby, the Daily Moon... "magnificent"—Hank Potshot, Morning World and Post. We know from long experience of course that the critic has probably written "this is a miserable film, but Miss Diedre Morrow gives a stunning performance." Or, "there isn't much to admire about this film except its magnificent photography by Walter Slump Jr. who is marking his 80th year in Hollywood."

But my colleague Claude, a wise old bird, has so many other quotables which find their way into ads with regularity at certain fixed times of the year. For example, in January he is prone to write: "Although the year is yet young, I have no hesitation in saying that when the time comes to choose the ten best pictures of the year, Hitchcock's 'Drunko,' the story of an alcoholic, will be high on my list."

And sometime after the Academy Awards have been doled out, Claude will fall into musing in the following way: "Although Academy Award time is many months away, I have no hesitation in saying that Miss Diedre Morrow's performance in 'Angel, You're No Baby,' will win her an Oscar, or a nomination to say the least."

Over 210 Features In 1961: Italy's Unprecedented Boom

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

Rome.

Label it as you like, 1961 has been a great year for the Italian motion picture. Not only has it scored success after success on the home market, but its invasion of foreign marts has been a source of discussion—and statistics—throughout the year. Penetration in depth of the Yank market by such pix as "Dolce Vita," "Two Women," and "Rocco and his Brothers" are other signs of strength, as are the prizes Italo product won at almost every major festival during another busy festival year.

Though definitive figures are still being totted up, home-market statistics point to a slight drop in attendance and a rise (due to higher ticket tabs) in total gross. More than to tv, which only in November began 2nd channel telecasts, the lower admission figures are credited to a higher standard of living and the consequent lure of the outdoors, via increased circulation of cars, etc.

There is no doubt, however, that all previous production records have been topped by 1961's 210-odd feature total. Up also are the number of coproduced pix and of features made in Italy by Yank companies, either via combos with Italo producers or on an autonomous basis, as has been abundantly reported in these pages in recent months. Not surprising that more Yank thespians than ever before have gravitated into the local orbit.

For the record, therefore, list 210 features produced during 1961 (as against 194 for 1960), some 450 documentaries and 600-odd newsreels, 98 coproductions (vs. 83 for 1960), 745,000,000 admissions (com-

pared with 746,000,000 in 1960), and a total gross very roughly estimated in the vicinity of \$198,000,000 (\$193,000,000 for 1960). Imports are expected to have dropped some under last year's 337 feature total, while exports are surely up considerably over the 1960 figure of 3,661 licenses (half-year total already had topped the 2,000 mark).

Happy Surprises

The 1961 boxoffice race has been a sometimes unpredictable one— notable surprises were provided by several low-budget arty items by young Italian directors which grossed unexpectedly important figures—and final picture is not yet completely clear, also as totals on several important December releases have still to come in. As of December 1st, 16 features had topped the 100 Million Lire (\$160,000) mark in key city firstruns. Six of these were Italian, ten American.

In order, they are "Guns of Navarone" (Columbia), "Two Enemies" (DeLaurentiis), "Don Camillo, Monsignore Ma Non Troppo" (Cineriz), "Exodus" (UA), "Il Federale" (DDL), "Goodbye Again" (UA), "Spartacus" (U-I), "The Last Judgment" (DeLaurentiis), "Come September" (U-I), "World at Night No. 2" (Italian-Warner), "Two Rode Together" (Columbia), "The Naked Edge" (UA), "The Hustler" (20th), "La Viaccia" (Arco), "Two Loves" (Par), and "One-Eyed Jacks" (Par).

Distributors rankings, still based on key firstruns, sees Dear Films (UA product) leading, followed closely by Dino DeLaurentiis, Columbia, Cineriz, Paramount, Universal, Warner Bros., 20th, Metro, and

others. DeLaurentiis leads Dear and Universal in the gross-per-pic averages.

Don't Discount Beefcake

Production-wise, Italian companies are still going full tilt ahead. Beefcake items, despite reported "resistance" (mainly lower prices) in certain foreign areas, are still in big demand; there's been a recent resurgence of pirate pix and of items set in the Fascist days. Other strong contenders are the "World at Night" items and their imitations. Surprising strength, as noted, have been shown by offbeat prestige pix, such as "Accattone" (Arco), "La Viaccia" (Arco), "Il Posto" (Titanus), and others which in previous years might not have reached the general public, but whose current success has encouraged other productions of this kind.

Arco Films is a case in point. Alfredo Bini's new company probably constitutes the Italo success story of the year, having made its impact with only three features, all vastly successful both from critical and b.o. viewpoints: "Bell' Antonio," "La Viaccia," and "Accattone." Company has since wound "A Cavallo della Tigre," directed by Luigi Comencini, and "I Nuovi Angeli," directed by Ugo Gregoretti, and is about to start a Gina Lollobrigida starrer, "La Bellezza d'Ippolita," directed by Giancarlo Zagni. Also upcoming on the Arco roster are two Anna Magnani starrers, "Mamma Roma," which Pier Paolo Pasolini directs in March, and "Sagapo," to be directed by Roberto Rossellini in September. Finally, Arco will make "L'Armata Brancaleone," directed by Mario Monicelli, "Il Comissario," directed by Luigi Comencini, and "D'Amore si Muore," directed by Giorgio De Lullo, all during 1962.

Atlantica is currently setting up "Scipione Africano," slated as a Rossana Podesta starrer and to be shot on African locations, and is planning a "Divine Comedy." Cineriz will team with Royal on Gina Lollobrigida's upcoming "Imperial Venus," and has deals with Federico Fellini and Michelangelo Antonioni for their next features, other items to be announced later.

Other Rosters

Dino DeLaurentiis sports an impressive roster. "Barabbas," "The Best of Enemies," "The Last Judgment," "Black City," "Congo," "The Italian Brigands," "It's a Hard Life," "I Love, You Love," "The Mounted Policeman," "Maciste Vs. the Vampire," were all made in 1961 and are in current release. Upcoming on the DeLaurentiis slate are "Black Soul," directed by Roberto Rossellini; "A Summer Sunday," "The Stranger," from the novel by Albert Camus, to be directed by Mauro Bolognini; "The Trial of Ciano," to be directed by Carlo Lizzani; "Tommy the Gunrunner," with Jack Palance; "Metello" directed by Mauro Bolognini; "The Life of Chet Baker." Not forgetting, of course, DeLaurentiis' mammoth "The Bible" project, on which Christopher Fry is currently at work.

Cino Del Duca, currently handling foreign release for "Accattone," has still to announce upcoming projects, as does Dear Films, which last year completed "Jessica" and participated in "Lolita" and "El Cid."

Documento Film has just wound "The Prisoners of Devil's Island," with Guy Madison, and "Il Giustiziere dei Mari," with Richard Harrison, and has started "Black Soul." This Roberto Rossellini pic will be released, via a deal which includes other Documento pix, such as the aforementioned "Metello" and "The Life of Chet Baker," by Dino DeLaurentiis. Also on Documento's agenda: "La Banda Casaroli," directed by Florestano Vancini, with Tomas Milian starred.

Cineproduzioni Associate, which releases via FILMAR Export, has completed "The Colossus of Rhodes," "Goliath and the Giants," "The Conqueror of Maracaibo," "Sansone," and "The Wrath of Hercules," and is currently prepping: "Anno 79 Dopo Cristo," "The Valley of Swords," "The Giant of

(Continued on page 47)

FLATTERY IS GETTING US NOWHERE

[IMITATORS HAVE SURPASSED ORIGINATORS]

By ARTHUR MAYER

There is a current story about a man who when asked "How is your wife?" replied, "Compared to what?" He was, of course, right because how can you tell how anything is unless you have something with which to compare it? I cannot talk in comparative terms about wives—I have had the same one for some 49 years. I find no difficulty, however, comparing movies with other phenomena of American life. From coast to coast we use the same dentifrices, depilatories, detergents and deodorants—and we like the same movies. If "The Guns of Navarone" holds them out at the N. Y. Criterion, it is sure to do so also at the Star in Gopher Gulch. If "The Hustler" clicks at the Broadway Paramount, it will be equally popular at all the other Paramounts scattered across the countryside.

As for the basic principles on which all American industries operate, they are fundamentally so much alike that an outstanding movie executive like Barney Balaban could overnight become the successful president of a railroad or a steel corporation.

The manufacture of automobiles, for example, would seem to have little in common with the production of movies. For years, however, both industries have operated on the assumption that bigger and better were practically synonymous. The auto makers concentrated on ever-longer, wider and more powerful cars. We put our faith in blockbusters. When business dipped they resorted to gadgets like fishtail fins and two-tone jobs. We turned to widescreen processes and stereophonic sound. Observing the rising popularity of foreign cars, particularly among the status-minded, younger set, the automobile magnates unwillingly introduced compacts. Equally reluctantly the moviemakers, impressed by the demand particularly among the intellectuals for so-called adult foreign films (adult being a polite equivocation for sexual frankness) relaxed their Code requirements so that they, too, could deal with such intriguing subjects as homosexuality and lesbianism.

More and more American business is not only copying our methods of merchandising but excelling

us in our long-vaunted showmanship.

Everybody selling anything is now our competitor. Drugstores and bowling alleys open with more hoopla, searchlights and distinguished personalities than movie premieres. Shopping centres and new hotels engage in super-exploitation campaigns conducted by former movie exploiters. Cigarettes and painkillers are advertised with more superlatives and hyperbole than we ever dared to use, and ladies' bras, girdles and panties display the femme form divine with detail and decoletage that would probably land a picture publicist in the hoosegow. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery but it is more flattering than flattery when our sawdust circus tradition of sensational, eye-arresting advertising is stolen from us by a lot of Johnny-come-latelies.

In the field of spectacular production we are achieving miracles, moving on to ever-vaster and more impressive accomplishments; but advertisingwise we are resting on our laurels at the rear of the procession. Very frankly, our merchandising does not seem to me have changed fundamentally in any respect in the past 40 years.

The gifted pioneers established a formula and we have stuck with it while others first copied it and then surpassed it.

Need New Sales Methods

If our pictures are going to be more lavish and more stupendous, more imaginative than ever before dreamed of, we must sell them in a more lavish, more stupendous, more imaginative fashion than ever before. We cannot do this by decimating our advertising departments or replacing experienced men with lower salaried people. As our brilliant advertising chiefs such as Youngstein, Lazarus and Pickman, moved up to higher echelons, they have been replaced by younger men. These men have plenty of ability but they have to be backed up by their organizations.

If we are going to spend millions for stories, millions for sets, millions for actors, we must also spend millions for merchandising. We must think in new terms or at least in old terms greatly magnified, to meet our current needs and the

competition of other seekers of public approval: parades with stunning displays of coming attractions more sensational than the annual Macy parade; nationwide tours of actors, authors, directors and technicians; attractive, colored supplements in newspapers and magazines; television trailers that will make all previous tv commercials look tawdry and insignificant; campaigns to establish new stars so impressive and far-reaching that the Gables, Coopers and Bogarts of the future will arise to replace our beloved, lost favorites. Ask any good motion picture advertising man and he will have at his fingertips a dozen other things that we should do and that we could do if the necessary funds were made available—the things that would once more make motion pictures the favorite topic of public discussion as they still are the favorite entertainment of the American people.

And New Showcasings

We also need a new kind of theatre in which to show our new kind of pictures. To roadshow them in old legitimate theatres or even to open them in the decaying firstrun house of the early '30s is like displaying precious jewels in a 5-&10c store window.

When I visit a museum like the Guggenheim I am impressed by what architects, armed with imagination and modern building techniques, can accomplish.

Now that new, enclosed theatres are again being built we must revolutionize our ideas of what such theatres should be like. The day of the picture palaces is not over. It is only that we need a new kind of picture palace.

Who is going to stay home to watch formula tv shows, free or fee, on little screens in little living-rooms, with nothing on an impressive scale except the commercials, if they can see great new features on mammoth widescreens amid beautiful surroundings in superb comfort and with perfect sound reproduction, with cars parked beneath the auditorium and children cared for by trained nurses?

Once again we can and we must make moviegoing what it used to be—an exciting, memorable aspect of American family life.

BALLAD FOR BROADWAY

By MILTON BERLE

Now that I'm returning to the mazda-drenched Main Stem, which occupies carefully-preserved, precious chapters in memory's book, I must say, "Long time, no Broadway." (And everyone knows when something must be said, I'll say it!)

Yes, it's been a long, long time since 1943-44 when I was in "Ziegfeld Follies," and then played the Carnival in what used to be the Capitol Hotel. (Of course, sheer modesty compels me not to mention that my still-standing record-run-for-a-nite-club at the Carnival was so long. I probably could have outlasted the hotel itself and become "My Fair Laddie.")

Since those last nostalgic years on Broadway, much water has passed under the bridge. (In fact, they've since built new bridges, and tunnels, too, for water to pass under and over.) When I return in the spring in Harold Prince's musical, "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," I'll find many funny things have happened to Broadway during my absence. (And, incidentally, a funny thing happened to me in the intervening years on a new entertainment medium called television.)

Time, like it does with folks, has inflicted deep wrinkles in the once glamorous face of beloved, bewitching Broadway, but time, in all its relentless ruthlessness, has failed to dim its glittering stature as The Street of Streets. Though just a rhinestone version of yesteryear's bejeweled Broadway, it is still the mecca of out-of-towners on the town and where Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island meet up with Manhattan.

Though it still draws the crowds as it always did, Broadway has certainly changed. The thoroughfare Winchell labeled "The street of the soft shoe and the hard knock" has become the street of the soft drink and the hard pizza. There is almost as much juice coming out of Broadway's drink stands as its bright lights, and pizza palaces are vying with picture palaces. The new kind of dough on Broadway is now part of New York's Pieline.

Vaudeville has practically disappeared and its rooting galleries have given way to shooting galleries. (Remember when it was the performer who made his mark on Broadway instead of a guy in a shooting gallery?) The very wonderful Radio City Music Hall, with its stagshows, is gallantly and gloriously carrying the torch for vaudeville, which has regrettably faded into show business' past tense.

With the dazzling dream that was once Times Square turning into a nightmare of 42d-run Street movie houses, many of the theatrical agencies and offices have left the area. It looks like Broadway-and-42d St. has packed itself up and moved to 5th Ave. and 57th St. It was once said (in fact, more than a million times) that if you stood at Broadway and 42d St., the crossroads of the world, long enough, you would meet everyone you know. Nowadays, if you stand there just for a short time, you'll meet a lot of people you wouldn't care to know.

Fabulous Invalid

Sadly enough, most of the Broadway I knew and loved has gone. Only the stalwart legit theatre remains intact, and, like an aging wine, seems to grow better with the passing years. It was always Broadway's strongest lure and today more so than ever. It is the kind of tasty entertainment that is good to the last flop.

Funny thing (and I only use it to plug my upcoming "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum"), playgoers across the country and Canada rarely enjoy a Broadway show, even with the original cast, in their hometown as they would on its homegrounds. Unless the curtain is on Broadway, a curtain just isn't a curtain. (If I sound Gertrude Steinish, just remember she could have said the same thing better in a more redundant manner.)

Seeing a Broadway show on Broadway is the intangible something which sets Broadway above and beyond the ambitious Broadways of the world. (All of which should make me the first writer to use "Broadway" four times in the same sentence. Chalk it up as another record I set.)

If Shakespeare were alive today, he would have amended his time-honored quote to read: "The play's the thing, only if it's on Broadway." I'm certain the Bard would have said it this way. I really should know. After all, wasn't my first serious serious novel, "Earthquake," published on his birthday? Incidentally, my book sold like hot quakes—and did that keep the seismologists busy?)

The legit theatre is the last link between the old Broadway I knew professionally and the current version. When I worked the Big Boulevard it was, more or less, a street of individual talents. Today, it's one of individual units, mostly rhythm or rock-'n'-roll groups. (Con Edison knew what it was doing when it came out with "Dig We Must!")

The new show business on Broadway is the record industry. No longer are its phone booths the offices of agents. Today, the Broadway phone booths are the rehearsal halls for harmony teams. A common sight is seeing "Twisters" on the run (and they should be) rapidly rehearsing lyrics, which no one will be able to understand anyway.

Among other things, Broadway is also Spin Pan Alley, with record shops mushrooming on it. (I understand they have my favorite album, "Songs My Mother Loved," which, incidentally, I waxed.) The current complaint in the 7th Ave. garment district is that the needle business is better on Broadway.

Broadway was a colorful conglomeration of many things. It still is, but of many other things. And what it has is more interesting on Broadway than it is anywhere else. Even its parking lots. First of all, you can't get your car into them. Secondly, if you finally do sardine your way into one, you can't afford the rates. It's cheaper to buy a new car than to park it there more than an hour. It's also cheaper to pay the parking fine on the street than the parking fee.

To get back to Shakespeare, whom I brought into this article some paragraphs ago, he would have said: "Parking is such street sorrow." But I'm afraid Joe Miller said it first. There is one thing to be said for parking lots—Broadway lost so many buildings that way.

I have often been told that Broadway is getting to look more and more like Coney Island and all it needs is the ocean backdrop. In fact, the other day at Times Square,

I was stopped by some out-of-towners who asked me: "How many blocks to the ferris wheel?"

Let them call Broadway, Coney Island, which is synonymous with "Having Wonderful Time, Glad We're Here," it still has that hypnotic hold with its magic mazdas and fabled footlights. For me it is still Toney Island and I'm glad to be coming back to Broadway in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum."

European Viewpoint On What's Wrong With U.S. Pix

By CARL FOREMAN

London.

When I was in Brussels recently for the premiere of "The Guns of Navarone," I had (naturally) a press conference. Afterward, I got into a private chat with Marc Turfkruyer, who is one of the top Belgium critics and film journalists, and a familiar face on the juries of various of the European film festivals. Unlike many film critics, he is one who really likes the medium, and the business as well. (I separate the medium and the business deliberately.) I utilized this meeting with Turfkruyer to turn the tables by asking him a number of questions, which made a pleasant change. Man-bites-dog in Brussels.

I queried him about the European film festivals. Personally, I have mixed feelings about the festivals. I am in favor of the theory, but in practice I think there are far too many of them, and that they've got out of hand. I also think they are inclined to be snobbish, phoney-art, culturally hypocritical, and it wouldn't surprise me any if it turned out that many of them were fixed. I'm not going to name names, because there's an old family tradition against that, but if the shoe fits, they can put it on. Anyway, and despite all that, I'm still for the festival idea, and (parenthetically) I think both Edinburgh and San Francisco should be encouraged and helped.

But to get back. Here is the result of my interview with M. Turfkruyer, without comment, and the reader can draw his own conclusions. Perhaps I could have asked better questions; in fact, I'm sure I should have. I can only say in excuse that I wasn't prepared. Nevertheless, I want the right, from now on, to call myself an ex-VARIETY mugg:

FOREMAN: Isn't it a fact that most festival juries are prejudiced against U.S. films even before they view them?

TURFKRUYER: No, I am convinced that no conscientious jury member at whatever festival is prejudiced against the U.S. film, but that he keeps to ways of consideration that differ from those applied in America.

F: You won't deny that many good films come out of Hollywood. Then why don't we do better at the festivals?

T: It stands to reason that lots of good films are made by the U.S.A., but even in these pictures the mere commercial angle is too much stressed, and for this reason spectacular or sentimental effects play too big a role in them. Seen from this point of view, the cultural value of Hollywood pictures sinks considerably, and so much more, because there is a need to adapt things to the intellectual level of the average American patron, which generally remains beneath that of the normal adult in Europe.

F: I see. But don't you agree by and large that U.S. films are better made than films from anywhere else?

T: There is no necessity of sending highly spectacular pictures to a festival, whatever may be their technical value, because of their general lack of contact with true life. Those films may be excellent b.o., but this is another question, beyond every connection with festivals. The only really important thing is, that a film must fulfill the requirements of a festival film, and at the same time it should be suited for the mass public. If these two conditions are fulfilled, business will be served best.

F: Can you be more specific about what you think is culturally wrong with American films?

T: Too sweet and cheap romance, with a view to the classical and ever so easy happy end that carries on a sense of well-being for the onlooker—a very frequent ingredient in American pictures—contrasts totally with the spirit of our time. Add to this the moral restrictions, imposed on the American producer by organizations such as the Legion of Decency and the like, and which are completely contrary to the natural urge toward freedom of thought in modern man—and especially in European young people, the best of all patrons, who are sexually more precocious than their congeners in the U.S.A., because of our educational system without every shade of puritanism, and which prepares the European youth for life earlier than the young American.

F: What do you have to say about the choice or selection of American pictures to represent American films at the festivals?

T: The selection of pictures which have to represent the U.S.A. are very often rather pitiable.

F: That was short and sweet. Would you care to add anything to that last statement?

T: As they are not genuine, but inflated and stripped of all real life basis, it is natural that they cannot find any favor in the eyes of a serious jury. They are considered as mere entertainment, without any use for the real motion picture art.

F: Do you think that the so-called "New Wave" films represent anything important for the cinema?

T: Although I do not rave particularly about the so-called "New Wave," I am convinced that precisely by this new movement the cinematographic art has been established to score big new successes. Of course, there will come an evolution, but the way back will prove impossible.

F: Any further comments?

T: If we cast a look on the awards which Hollywood carried off in European festivals, we see that only those films which really had something to tell were classified at the top. At Cannes, for example:

1946—"The Lost Weekend."

1947—"Crossfire."

1955—"Marty."

1957—"Friendly Persuasion."

(Tape ran out, end of interview.)

'Monkey See...'

By GEORGE JESSEL

I was at the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem last summer, listening as best I could to the evidence, most of which I couldn't understand. But I certainly could tell even from the monotonous reading of the translation that Eichmann was not getting any Academy Award!



George Jessel

There was a recess, and I left the building.

There were a lot of people outside who were not able to get in, and quite a number of Americans who immediately gathered around me to ask questions.

Also leaving the courtroom with me was a newspaperman from Miami—McLemore by name—whose only comment was: "I wish this thing was over—I even miss the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach . . ." I had a bright

answer like: "I don't blame you . . ." or something, and stopped to light one of the last of my stylish cigars.

My Miami newspaper friend changed the trend of the conversation.

"How do you feel," he said "when you hear these newcomers do your old stuff on tv and in the night clubs, like calling your mother and all your old bits? Doesn't it get you sore?"

"No—," I answered (lying!) "I don't mind it at all as I can always think of something new."

By this time, a family from Brooklyn got into the conversation and, in typical Brooklynese, the mamma said: "I wanna tell you, Mr. Jessel, I've always enjoyed your work on the stage."

I haven't been on the stage in almost 20 years; nevertheless, I said, "Thank you very much, ma'am."

"And I agree," she went on, "with this young man who says that so many people are stealing your act. They hear you do it, so they do it themselves . . . Like my grandmother—may she rest in peace—used to say: '—monkey see—monkey do' . . ."

And strangely enough, this ancient saying: "—monkey see—monkey do . . ." struck a chord in my memory, and somehow connected itself with Eichmann, whose cage I had just left. And as I said goodbye to McLemore—who stepped into a bar to drink some Israeli beer—it suddenly occurred to me that Adolf Eichmann resembled so much another German, by the name of Hanzmann, of Hanzmann's Dogs & Monkeys. I remembered playing on the bill with that act at the Folly Theatre in Brooklyn way back in 1918! I even remember the date. It was March 6, 1918, the day my aunt Mary got married.

There were six acts on the bill. I was on fifth, and the closing act was 'Hanzmann's Dogs & Monkeys.' He had about 10 dogs and two monkeys—a large one, and a little one. The little one was being groomed to take the large one's place should anything happen to it.

Quite a Trouper

This large monkey was quite a trouper! He used to do absolutely everything that Hanzmann, the trainer, did. Hanzmann would put on a strawhat—so would the monkey. Hanzmann would put a pipe in his mouth—so would the monkey. Hanzmann would get on a bicycle and ride around the stage—so would the monkey. At the end of the act, Hanzmann would pick up an American flag for his exit—and so would the monkey.

However, once in a while, the monkey had trouble picking up the flag, and would drop it. And of course, when that happened, it affected the final applause—which infuriated Hanzmann. And so, when the curtain would come down, Hanzmann would take a miniature baseball bat, and beat the monkey on the head with it. He'd keep on doing this all the way from the stage to the dressing room, and the screams of the little animal were so loud that the audience could hear them over the silent film which had come on. So much so that the stage manager and myself and a couple of people from the other acts were gradually getting to hate that German, and we made up our minds that if he ever hit his monkey again, we would gang up on him.

Then, for a couple of shows, nothing happened. But one evening, the monkey dropped the flag again, and Hanzmann hit him with the bat once, and went upstairs to his dressing room, the monkey perched on his shoulder. The gang waited a few minutes expecting to hear the monkey scream again, but there was no sound; and since the next show didn't go on for about an hour and 45 minutes, we started playing poker until the picture was over, and the vaudeville came on.

Then, one by one, the acts went on stage. My turn came, and as I was closing my bit with "Hello—mamma . . .?" the stage manager signaled to me to keep on talking, as Hanzmann had not come down yet from the dressingroom.

I stalled as long as I could, and then, as Hanzmann still wasn't making an appearance, I joked about it to the audience, saying the animals had gone on strike as they wanted more money.

The audience accepted this bit pleasantly enough, and the picture went on again.

Backstage, we all rushed immediately upstairs to Hanzmann's dressingroom, knocked on the door, but got no answer. Finally we broke in and found Hanzmann's body on the chair in front of the dressing table, his head lying on the makeup shelf, oozing blood.

He was dead.

And what had happened was as easy to figure out as anything you have seen a flatfoot do on television. A stick of greasepaint was on the floor close to his limp arm. It had evidently slipped out of his hand as he was putting on his makeup—as the American flag so often slipped out of the monkey's hand on stage. And the monkey, who had been taught so diligently how to imitate him, picked up the miniature baseball bat and had beaten him to death. And now the monkey was standing in the corner, gleefully jumping up and down, with the bat still in his hand, an impish grin on his face, as if to say: "See . . .? See how well I did my trick?"

One of the stagehands went down to phone the police, and I suggested that we call Hanzmann's booking agent to come and take the monkey away. Then, while we all just stood there waiting, Mrs. Fennevesy, the wife of a Dutch comic who was also on the bill, turned to me and said: "Well, there you are . . . Just like my grandmother used to say . . . 'Monkey see—monkey do' . . ."

Sex Not Whammo
In 1961 Rentals;
Annual Chart

By GENE ARNEEL

Carl Foreman's "Guns of Navarone," made with Columbia, Isle of Rhodes located, and topbilled Gregory Peck, David Niven and Anthony Quinn, is first on the boxoffice bigtime list for 1961. (See adjoining chart).

Roster for 1961 includes some features which went into domestic release too late in 1960 for estimation last year. By the same token, certain productions which got to market too late in '61 are missing from present list.

Estimates as to "money in hand"—means rental revenues already on the distributors' books. Projections of money yet to be earned covers the full market payoff on a first-around. VARIETY's, obtains its data by a system of via check and cross check with responsible sources and its own data.

It must be stressed that foreign rentals are not included but the rule of thumb has it that in most cases a film will take about the same amount of revenue from overseas markets that it does at home—home being the United States and Canada; overseas every place else.

Foreman's World War II epic anent a Nazi big-gun stronghold overlooking the Mediterranean, according to this paper's check, has rentals so far of \$8,600,000 and looks on its way to an ultimate take of perhaps \$12,500,000. This represents robust success, placing "Navarone" second to "Bridge on the River Kwai" in Col's own list of tallest coin producers in this company's history.

No. 2 in 1961 wrapup is Otto Preminger's "Exodus," lensed in Israel in alignment with United Artists. Undertaking was given respectable treatment by critics and public alike. Release with Paul Newman, Eva Marie Saint, Sal Mineo and Peter Lawford, so far has registered \$7,350,000 in domestic rentals and the total anticipation is \$10,000,000.

A striking aspect of the rundown of 1961's b.o. leaders is the fact that those at the top were sans elements of offensiveness. Nobody had qualms about moralistic content during a year when the puritans were in unusually strong voice. The "righteous" doubtless will feel more fortified than ever with results showing there's not a single sexpot or hotsy expression of sex in any of the first six money winners.

From Walt Disney-Buena Vista came the pictures in third, fourth and sixth positions, these being respectively "Parent Trap," "Absent-Minded Professor" and "Swiss Family Robinson." The moppets, teenagers and Mom & Dad provided Disney and his Irving Ludwig-headed distribution company with boxoffice returns of orbital dimensions. These three "family" items are headed for a combined gross of \$26,300,000.

Large in the sweepstakes, in fifth spot, is John Wayne's "Alamo," also through UA, also devoid of deviation and such folderal. The anticipation is \$8,000,000.

Hasty conclusions as to sex going out of screen fashion are not to be drawn, because there was still room near the top for the boy-girl shenanigans in Universal's "Come September," "Paramount's "World of Suzie Wong," Warners' "Splendor in the Grass," etc.

WB has a couple of bigtimers in "Fanny" and "Sundowners" which seem to later become even bigger. Both were withdrawn from release before fully playing the market, with the idea of giving them a whirl in Academy Awards contention. They'll be returned to exhibition after the Oscar citations and, win or lose, it's a cinch that "Fanny" will go well above its present \$4,500,000 listing and "Sundowners" over its \$3,800,000.

Making more music at the b.o. was David O. Selznick's perennial repeater "Gone With the Wind," owned and operated by Metro. Coverage on "Wind" in

(Continued on page 58)

ALL-TIME TOP GROSS FILMS

[OVER \$4,000,000, U.S.-CANADA]

The titles listed below put the perspective of time and box-office upon the great rental-earners of the film industry. Though published annually in the Anniversary Edition, this list is not static but is revised regularly in the light of history and improved data. A film must reach \$4,000,000 to be included in this compilation. But a release which is included for the first time, on the basis of expected collections not yet in, may possibly be shrunken or enlarged a year or more later.

"Gone With The Wind," it will be noted, resumes No. 1 position this year, having been nosed out last year by "10 Commandments." Explanation of the comeback lies, of course, in another reissue of the Confederate drama.

The estimate of \$40,000,000 for Metro's "Ben Hur" is based on \$32,000,000 already taken in plus the anticipation of another \$8,000,000. In contrast, the leader, "Wind," already has reaped the \$41,200,000 as tallied herein.

To anticipate the usual question, there's no reliable information concerning the fiscalistics of D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" and as a consequence it is never listed, although trade legend fixes it over \$50,000,000, probable.

Perhaps the most necessary case of revision this time is 20th's release in 1960 of "Can-Can," which must be drastically reduced to an estimated \$4,200,000. This hard-ticket musical seemed headed for more than twice this figure but just fell apart after the initial runs. The list:

Gone With the Wind (Selznick-M-G) (1939)	41,200,000
Ben-Hur (M-G) (1959)	40,000,000
10 Commandments (DeMille-Par) (1957)	34,200,000
Around World in 80 Days (Todd-UA) (1957)	22,000,000
The Robe (20th) (1953)	17,500,000
South Pacific (Magna-20th) (1958)	16,300,000
Bridge on River Kwai (Col) (1958)	15,000,000
Greatest Show on Earth (DeMille-Par) (1952)	12,800,000
Guns of Navarone (Col) (1961)	12,500,000
This Is Cinerama (C'rama) (1952)	12,500,000
From Here to Eternity (Col) (1953)	12,200,000
White Christmas (Par) (1954)	12,000,000
Giant (WB) (1956)	12,000,000
Samson and Delilah (Par) (1950)	11,500,000
Duel in Sun (Selznick) (1947)	11,300,000
Best Years Our Lives (Goldwyn-RKO) (1947)	11,300,000
Peyton Place (20th) (1958)	11,000,000
Quo Vadis (M-G) (1952)	10,500,000
Sayonara (WB) (1958)	10,500,000
Cinerama Holiday (C'rama) (1955)	10,000,000
Exodus (UA) (1960)	10,000,000
Operation Petticoat (U) (1960)	9,300,000
The Apartment (UA) (1960)	9,300,000
Parent Trap (BV) (1961)	9,300,000
Seven Wonders of World (C'rama) (1956)	9,300,000
Absent-Minded Professor (BV) (1961)	9,100,000
Psycho (Par) (1960)	9,000,000
Auntie Mame (WB) (1959)	9,000,000
Caine Mutiny (Col) (1954)	8,700,000
King and I (20th) (1956)	8,500,000
Mr. Roberts (WB) (1955)	8,500,000
This Is the Army (WB) (1943)	8,500,000
Shaggy Dog (BV) (1959)	8,100,000
Alamo (UA) (1960)	8,000,000
Guys and Dolls (Goldwyn-M-G) (1956)	8,000,000
Battle Cry (WB) (1955)	8,000,000
Bells of St. Mary's (RKO) (1946)	8,000,000
Jolson Story (Col) (1947)	8,000,000
Shane (Par) (1953)	8,000,000
20,000 Leagues (BV) (1955)	8,000,000
Swiss Family Robinson (BV) (1960)	7,900,000
Cat on Tin Roof (M-G) (1958)	7,800,000
Snow White (Disney-RKO) (1937)	7,650,000
Pillow Talk (U) (1959)	7,500,000
Come September (U) (1961)	7,500,000
Trapeze (UA) (1956)	7,500,000
World of Suzie Wong (Par) (1961)	7,300,000
How Many Millions (20th) (1953)	7,300,000
No Time for Sergeants (WB) (1958)	7,200,000
Not As Stranger (UA) (1955)	7,100,000
David and Bathsheba (20th) (1951)	7,100,000
For Whom Bell Tolls (Par) (1943)	7,100,000
Oklahoma (Magna) (1957)	7,100,000
Gigi (M-G) (1957)	6,750,000
Search for Paradise (C'rama) (1953)	6,500,000
High Society (M-G) (1956)	6,500,000
I'll Cry Tomorrow (M-G) (1956)	6,500,000
Country Girl (Par) (1955)	6,500,000
Going My Way (Par) (1954)	6,500,000
Lady and Tramp (BV) (1955)	6,500,000
Snows of Killmanjaro (20th) (1952)	6,500,000
101 Dalmations (BV) (1961)	6,400,000
Imitation of Life (U) (1959)	6,400,000
Suddenly Last Summer (Col) (1960)	6,375,000
Nun's Story (WB) (1959)	6,300,000
Picnic (Col) (1956)	6,300,000
Cinderella (Disney-RKO-BV) (1950)	6,275,000
War and Peace (Par) (1956)	6,250,000
Welcome Stranger (Par) (1957)	6,100,000
Butterfield 8 (M-G) (1960)	6,000,000
La Dolce Vita (Astor) (1961)	6,000,000
North by Northwest (M-G) (1959)	6,000,000
Raintree County (M-G) (1958)	6,000,000
Vikings (UA) (1958)	6,000,000
Hans Chr. Anderson (Goldwyn-RKO) (1953)	6,000,000
Hell and Back (U) (1955)	6,000,000
High and Mighty (WB) (1954)	6,000,000
Ivanhoe (M-G) (1952)	6,000,000
Peter Pan (Disney-RKO) (1953)	6,000,000
Sea Chase (WB) (1955)	6,000,000
Sergeant York (WB) (1941)	6,000,000
Seven Year Itch (20th) (1955)	6,000,000
Star Is Born (WB) (1955)	6,000,000
Strategic Air Command (Par) (1955)	6,000,000
Tall Men (20th) (1955)	6,000,000
Life With Father (WB) (1947)	5,900,000
Old Yeller (BV) (1958)	5,900,000
Blue Skies (Par) (1946)	5,700,000
Seven Brides for 7 Bros. (M-G) (1954)	5,600,000

Teahouse of August Moon (M-G) (1957)	5,600,000
Splendor in Grass (WB) (1961)	5,500,000
Egg and I (U) (1947)	5,550,000
Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960)	5,500,000
Anatomy of Murder (Col) (1959)	5,500,000
Solomon and Sheba (UA) (1960)	5,500,000
Please Don't Eat Daisies (M-G) (1959)	5,500,000
Big Parade (M-G) (1925)	5,500,000
House of Wax (WB) (1953)	5,500,000
Sleeping Beauty (BV) (1959)	5,300,000
Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956)	5,300,000
Rear Window (Par) (1954)	5,300,000
Blackboard Jungle (M-G) (1955)	5,250,000
Unconquered (Par) (1947)	5,250,000
Yearling (M-G) (1947)	5,250,000
Elmer Gantry (UA) (1960)	5,200,000
Rio Bravo (WB) (1959)	5,200,000
Hole in the Head (UA) (1959)	5,200,000
Moby Dick (WB) (1956)	5,200,000
Magnificent Obsession (U) (1954)	5,200,000
Meet Me in St. Louis (M-G) (1954)	5,200,000
Mogambo (M-G) (1953)	5,200,000
Show Boat (M-G) (1951)	5,200,000
From the Terrace (20th) (1960)	5,200,000
Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (20th) (1953)	5,100,000
The Outlaw (RKO) (1946)	5,075,000
Forever Amber (20th) (1947)	5,050,000
Friendly Persuasion (AA) (1956)	5,050,000
On the Beach (UA) (1959)	5,000,000
Journey to Center of Earth (20th) (1960)	5,000,000
Anastasia (20th) (1957)	5,000,000
Island in Sun (20th) (1957)	5,000,000
North to Alaska (20th) (1960)	5,000,000
East of Eden (WB) (1955)	5,000,000
Green Dolphin Street (M-G) (1947)	5,000,000
Jolson Sings Again (Col) (1949)	5,000,000
Moulin Rouge (UA) (1953)	5,000,000
Mrs. Miniver (M-G) (1942)	5,000,000
No Biz Like Show Biz (20th) (1955)	5,000,000
Razor's Edge (20th) (1947)	5,000,000
Red Shoes (E-L) (1948)	5,000,000
Song of Bernadette (20th) (1943)	5,000,000
Three Coins in Fountain (20th) (1954)	5,000,000
Vera Cruz (UA) (1955)	5,000,000
Man Called Peter (20th) (1955)	5,000,000
Farewell to Arms (20th) (1958)	5,000,000
Spellbound (Selznick-UA) (1946)	4,975,000
Since You Went Away (Selznick-UA) (1944)	4,950,000
Pepe (Col) (1961)	4,800,000
King Solomon's Mines (M-G) (1950)	4,800,000
Searchers (WB) (1956)	4,800,000
Notorious (RKO) (1946)	4,800,000
Yankee Doodle Dandy (WB) (1942)	4,800,000
Streetcar Named Desire (WB) (1951)	4,750,000
Salome (Col) (1953)	4,750,000

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1961: Rentals & Potential

Again, as every year for decades, the Anniversary Edition of VARIETY presents, as an exclusive editorial feature, a roundup of rental revenues for the year just ended. Let it be emphasized that these estimated rentals are confined to the domestic (U.S.-Canada) market only and to releases with a minimum anticipation of \$1,000,000. Overseas rentals are not included under either the "Estimate to Date" or the "Anticipation" when playdates have been completed. In recent years the rule-of-thumb has been that overseas is about 50% of total distributor collections.

"Rentals" should be understood to mean the money which accrues to the distributor. Entirely different would be (but not here involved) the total sums taken in via admissions at theatre boxoffices. Typically rentals are a shared (varying) portion of total admissions.

It hardly seems necessary to reiterate that distributor rentals, of which a portion, in turn, flows back to the producer is the barometer of theatrical film health and the essential appeal to future banker or factor participation in production.

The data below refers to 1961 releases. In another exclusive VARIETY compilation, the All-Time Grossers, films which have accumulated \$4,000,000 or more in rentals, is re-checked and revised.

Title, Distributor, Month of Release	'Variety' Anticipation	
	Estimate To Date	(Overseas Excluded)
Guns of Navarone (Col) (July)	\$8,600,000	\$12,500,000
Exodus (UA) (Dec., '60)	7,350,000	10,000,000
Parent Trap (BV) (June)	8,000,000	9,300,000
Absent-Minded Professor (BV) (May)	8,200,000	9,100,000
Alamo (UA) (Oct., '60)	7,250,000	8,000,000
Swiss Family Robinson (BV) (Dec., '60)	7,500,000	7,900,000
Come September (U) (Sept.)	4,500,000	7,500,000
World of Suzie Wong (Par) (Feb.)	7,300,000	7,300,000
Gone With the Wind (M-G reissue) (April)	6,000,000	6,700,000
101 Dalmations (BV) (April)	5,800,000	6,400,000
La Dolce Vita (Astor) (April)	2,800,000	6,000,000
Splendor in the Grass (WB) (Oct.)	5,100,000	5,500,000
North to Alaska (20th) (Nov., '60)	4,500,000	5,000,000
Pepe (Col) (March)	4,300,000	4,800,000
Fanny (WB) (July)	4,500,000	4,500,000
Return Peyton Place (20th) (May)	3,000,000	4,500,000
One-Eyed Jacks (Par) (May)	4,300,000	4,300,000
Blue Hawaii (Par) (Nov.)	2,000,000	4,200,000
Parrish (WB) (July)	4,200,000	4,200,000
Misfits (UA) (Feb.)	3,900,000	4,100,000
Never on Sunday (Lopert) (Dec., '60)	3,300,000	4,000,000
Susan Slade (WB) (Oct.)	2,500,000	4,000,000
Sundowners (WB) (Dec., '60)	3,800,000	3,800,000
Devil at 4 O'Clock (Col) (Oct.)	1,100,000	3,600,000
Wackiest Ship in Army (Col) (Jan.)	3,300,000	3,600,000
Midnight Lace (U) (Nov., '60)	3,500,000	3,500,000
Where Boys Are (M-G) (Dec., '60)	3,300,000	3,500,000
Back Street (U) (Nov.)	1,750,000	3,500,000
Breakfast at Tiffany's (Par) (Oct.)	1,900,000	3,500,000
Facts of Life (UA) (Dec., '60)	3,200,000	3,200,000

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Broadway's 'Cheese Club'—Forerunner Of the Modern Celebrity 'Razz' Fests

Nothing Sacred to Uninhibited Bunch of Freeloaders—Everything Went In That Era When It Was a Cayer White Way

By HARRY HERSHFIELD



Harry Hershfield

By living in the past, you cannot be dispossessed. You are both landlord and tenant, in your own storehouse of memories. On one of the walls are photos of George Gershwin, Morrie Ryskind, Edwin Justus Mayer, Marc Connelly, Jack Donahue, Leon Errol, Fiorello La Guardia, Huey Long, Will Rogers and others; and the ears of the wall now unfold the tale of the fabulous and notorious Broadway Cheese Club. The laughs—the lies—the bizarre yarns and plots and plans; of as diversified a group of mental-highbinders as ever scuttled a dais.

One can readily picture its luncheons when the Club's slogans were: "Never knock a brother member till he's gone about an hour." And: "We do not give credit, where credit is dues." You couldn't become an officer of the organization, unless you were in arrears.

Never were there so many "freeloaders" in one room—and they in turn, invited others, as their guests. So long as the organization refused to "go over the books," we remained in business. Once, when we were dubbed a "total loss" Marc Connelly cried, "Oh, no—we're not that good!"

And yet, what rich hours they were. With enough highlights to make the Broadway of then one brilliant, and yet, warm glow. The only harsh note in the existence of the Broadway Cheese Club was our continually being forced to fold our tents and move to some other hall, where our dubious reputation hadn't preceded us. In the late '20s, we first huddled in the old Cadillac Hotel. Then to the Hermitage—chased to the basement of "Iceland"—kicked out of the roof, above Lindy's—and pretty sure, our last, was the tolerant Sardi's. We were "persona au gratin." Being the Broadway "Cheese" Club this was truly apt. Where to go and how long we would be allowed to stay was our paramount problem. We always hoped to be like the gypsy who inherited \$1,000,000 and immediately opened up 100 empty stores. But like the proverbial British, we "muddled through." There was no common ground for a coherent membership, purpose or performance. The Club actually worked on the theory: "We have absolutely no purpose—and whatever happens to us is velvet."

And what profit. Will Rogers, fooled by the Club's supposed fame, accepted to be the guest of honor. Never have we seen a star so badly "thrown" by a plan. Before he arrived, we decided not to laugh at his drawing quips. But to laugh, if he decided to play his talk "straight." On his first funny crack, came dead silence. His leg, next to mine, buckled. He tried another nifty, with the same result. Then Rogers tried to save himself, by saying: "Well, you boys have heard me so many times. I guess you'd like to hear me in a more serious vein." On his first serious statement, the guests roared with laughter. Again his leg buckled. Finally the immortal Will got the drift of the plot, and then we really had a hilarious afternoon.

Might mention, there were two parts to the luncheon. First half, a free-for-all "ribald" session. Soon as the air was clear, we went into the half honoring the guest of the day. And if he was a tough, "rough-and-tumble" gent such as Mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia, we got some pretty salty rebuttal. This was followed by the "question and answer" period. It was then said of that fighting La Guardia: "He asks you a question—answers it for you, and then says you're wrong!"

Most guests, however, "froze"

when it came their turns to speak. Somehow, they were awed by the playwrights, comedians, authors, newspapermen, actors and press-agents that made up the membership—not knowing that most of them were looking for jobs at the time. Even the highly-talented Connelly, down on his luck, asked us if we knew where he could connect. A few days later, we cheered when we got the news that his plays were being accepted and on the way to fame and fortune, climaxed by "Green Pastures." Shortly before this rise, Connelly joined the "Overall Parade" sponsored by this guerilla group of "Cheesers."

'Overall Parade'

With the "Depression" being on, the members in overalls paraded in protest against the high price of clothing. Never was there such national coverage, for a million people watching 39 people parading—the parade led by NTG, yclept Nils T. Granlund, top press-agent, leading an elephant, carrying an actress; and having nothing to do with the cause. Time and place had no special meaning for Granlund, so long as he could get publicity. But he was a good one.

In that gallant band of "overalls" were Rube Goldberg, Tom Oliphant, Morrie Ryskind, George Gershwin, Marc Connelly, Aaron Riche, Harry Reinchenbach (the sharpest of publicity men), Benny Holzman, Frank Hughes, Lawrence Weiner, Al Kayton (the latter representing the then powerful J. P. Muller theatrical advertisers), Julius Colby and many who do slip my memory at this moment. The parade ended with the elephant being stranded on Broadway. Granlund didn't remember the name of the keeper who brought the beast to him. That's just about as coherent as the "Cheesers" functioned.

Walter Winchell, ever alert, joined the group at their affairs, and gleaned many a juicy item. Winchell's plugs of the club kept

us in the limelight, making it easy for the "Cheesers" to get the top names in New York as guests of honor. One whom we feted and supported for months was hardly a celebrity. He was "Old Charley," the panhandler, who stopped us on our way to our luncheon, with this pitch: "Gentlemen, I've mislaid my key to my vault, putting me for the moment in financial embarrassment!" Anything for a laugh, we took "Old Charley" to our luncheon, and made the unkempt panhandler the guest of honor, pushing aside the one scheduled. Being Christmas week, the boys, filled with sentiment, got up a purse for Charlie—he walked out after the affair with over \$100 and walked right into a Bowery saloon, where he was clipped, then called the police and gave some of our names that he remembered as character witnesses. From then on, we had some time with the bum, finding out later, that he had spent the biggest part of his life in English jails. And worse, we borrowed money from each other to make up his purse—to this day, nobody remembers who owes who—and remember, a few touched the bartender, for the great gesture.

Jolson Gets 'Treatment'

The Broadway Cheese Club was the forerunner for most of the "razzing clubs" since. Al Jolson came to many of the sessions and would always leave with revenge in his heart. A few in the club, including yours truly, were known as "gag snipers"—that is giving the "punchline" before the yarn-spinner could finish. Jolie, who prided himself on being a great storyteller, was never able to finish a gag, to his great chagrin. On oath and count—in 30 tries of gags, at one sitting, Jolson was stopped cold by somebody knowing and spilling the punchline. From then on, Jolson only went into his "song and dance" for the

(Continued on page 57)

Tangier Yesterday and Today

By JIMMY CAMPBELL

Tangier.

April 1960 saw the end of Tangier as the free zone of Morocco. With it went the money exchange market, smuggling and the greater part of the international business population together with their assets.

A month before the official takeover date all foreign banks closed, personal and business accounts were mostly transferred to Gibraltar, and a vast hord of gold and securities were transported to Switzerland.

The swank Blvd. Pasteur shopping centre became a series of empty stores.

Most of the blame for the change was placed on political pressure by Casablanca big business which was always jealous of Tangier's freedoms.

The year 1961 saw a complete change of picture with a steady influx of a new type of resident, mostly British and American of the let's-get-away-from-it-all order. Its attractions include the climate, some of the finest beaches in the world, modern apartments at cheap rentals, no servant problems, low cost of living compared with the States and Europe, Income Tax escape, whisky, gin and such by the bottle way below State-side and British prices, the nearness of Gibraltar for money-changing and first class air transport to anywhere.

There are plenty of other facilities here including a modern food market, movie houses, a first class country club for golf, polo and tennis with plenty of fishing and sailing.

There is plenty of night life here, with the gambling casino doing a landoffice business with locals and tourists alike.

For dancing to live music there is the Rif Hotel, the Mayfair club, Cabaret Le Consulat whose floor-show includes strippers, and the Koutoubia Palace which has four European acts together with 10 Oriental dancers, a favorite come-on for tourists.

There are dozens of bars, closing time between 3 and 5 a.m. Several of these are owned by tired American and British businessmen who settled here and got too tired of doing nothing so bought themselves ginmills to keep busy.

One married couple of former

saloonkeepers from Brighton, England, took over a police-closed oversexed movie parlor which they now call "Charley's Bar." Englishman Max Farber owns the Mayfair club. Americans, Jay Hazlewood and Frank Mascarelli, both have popular drinking palaces; the former owns Jays Parade Bar and the latter the Bar Liaison.

Music is supplied in most saloons via live piano or disks. This year has brought a big tourist boom, mostly British, who come on a two-week basis, a travel agency package deal which includes air transport and hotel.

The principle beef is too many touts and beggars and that everything is too expensive. The probable truth is that some travel agent employees hook them into all kinds of side trips, cash down, the minute they get here and before they get the tipoff from tourists already here. There is plenty of profit in this side-trip money, to say nothing of the back-handers from saloons and other night spots where the tourist is so guided.

Residents agree that bar prices are way out of line with wholesale prices and the average tavern owner's overhead.

According to the influential Travel Trade Gazette, considered the "bible" of British travel agents, the demand for Tangier holidays for 1962 is way off. This view is confirmed by British European Airways and Britain's leading travel agents.

It is doubtful if all this will effect the yearly visit of Barbara Hutton or the tired business men and their families who come here to get away from it all.

Glum Prospects For German Pix

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

Of the different branches of German amusements, the film industry is still in a poor position. It's probably the branch that's worst off—especially financially. There has been a certain upbeat in foreign profits last year, but, within its home grounds, the business went further down in 1961. According to SPIO, the top organization of the W-German film industry, attendance registered a total of 93,300,000 in last year's first half in 48 W-German key cities, that's a decline of 12% if compared with the same period in the year before (1960).

A reason for the dip in business is, of course, the advance of television. Also the five-day week, which gives people the opportunity to spend weekends away from their home. Add new strong foreign product competition.

Result has been fewer films. While in previous years the annual output went as high as 130, the year of 1960 saw only the making of just about 100 films, while 1961 saw further decline. The downward trend will continue. This, consequently, goes for the box-office too. While the German share at the domestic b.o. still amounted to 47.7% in 1958, it was down to 41% in 1960.

"Why is the German film so bad?" is often heard, both in and outside the country. Berlin film critic Karl-Heinz Krueger wrote recently in Der Abend: "The question is wrongly put—it should be: Why is the German film getting worse and worse?" The critic opines that the German film is sick, both artistically and economically. He writes: "The unbearable arrogance of many German filmfests, combined with the stupid operetta pomp of official events, has scared off the few intellectuals who could have contributed their creative strength to the German film."

"The unholy situation is partly the German film's own fault," according to Helmut Kaetner, one of this country's top directors. Kaetner is not too unhappy about television. "Competition forces us to turn out better films. It is always good."



Photo by John Swope

JERRY WALD

Jerry Wald Productions, Releasing through 20th Century-Fox. 1961-1962.

Ernest Hemingway's ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG MAN, directed by Martin Ritt; screenplay by A. E. Hotchner—Edward Streeter's MR. HOBBS TAKES A VACATION, directed by Henry Koster; screenplay by Nunnally Johnson—William Inge's CELEBRATION, screenplay by Meade Roberts—Robert Kennedy's THE ENEMY WITHIN, screenplay by Budd Schulberg—D. H. Lawrence's THE LOST GIRL, screenplay by T. E. B. Clarke—James Joyce's ULYSSES, to be directed by Jack Cardiff—Richard Hughes' A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA, screenplay by T. E. B. Clarke—Norman Krasna's HIGH DIVE—Harold Lloyd's SLAPSTICK—Julie Styne's and Sammy Cahn's PINK TIGHTS—Somerset Maugham's OF HUMAN BONDAGE—Paul Bowles' LET IT COME DOWN, screenplay by Meade Roberts—THE BOHEMIANS, screenplay by Meade Roberts.

More Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

In Marlene Dietrich's A. B. C., a "philosophical dictionary" patterned after those of Ambrose Bierce and Voltaire, she says, "Whatever aging people say to the contrary, we all regret our youth once we have lost it." Another actress, Sarah Bernhardt, once put it another way when in her later years an old admirer came to visit her in her apartment high over Paris. Climbing all the stairs he asked her breathlessly, "Why do you live so high up?" To which she answered, "Dear friend, it's the only way I can still make the hearts of men beat faster."

Again, Wilde Said It First

In the French film, "Life Begins Tomorrow," Jean-Pierre Aumont says to Andre Gide, "May I ask you an indiscreet question?" To which Gide replies, "There are no indiscreet questions, there are only indiscreet answers." Very nice, only Oscar Wilde said it first. (Appropos Wilde, the idea of "Odorama" was presaged by him in his original stage directions for "Salome" which indicated "Braziers of perfume should take the place of an orchestra—a new perfume for each emotion.")

Precedentials

The "Marriage" sequence by Rene Clair in "The Frenchwoman and Love" was antedated by a short story, "Here We Are," by Dorothy Parker a generation ago (1931 to be exact). And the climactic scene of "The Virgin Spring" (the miraculous appearance of a spring on a site where virtue is crushed by violence, as a sign of divine recognition of the incident) was first used by, of all people, Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho" over 30 years ago.

The highly-touted Carnival in Rio scenes of *Black Orpheus* were not only antedated but far surpassed by those shot by Orson Welles for his unreleased film for Howard Hughes, "It's All True."

Grigori Kozintsov in the Soviet "Don Quixote" shows a little naked boy in a peaked sombrero running up a road between two men conversing, for no special reason save that it made for a charming touch. It would have been more charming if it did not recall its original use (far more enchantingly) by Sergei Eisenstein in that portion of his unfinished "Que Viva Mexico," salvaged by Marie Seton in "Time in the Sun" where he had an adorable shot of half a dozen little naked boys, all in peaked sombreros, running up a flight of street steps like a flock of birds suddenly taking off.

Jean-Luc Godard's "Breathless" has an exchange of dialogue: "You oughtn't to wear silk socks with tweeds." "No? I like the feel of it." "Then lay off tweeds." You will find it in Dashiell Hammett's "The Glass Key," written very much earlier.

The entire jewel robbery sequence in "Riffifi" was outlined in the novel, "Alexanderplatz, Berlin," by Alfred Döblin, published in 1929.

Von Stroheim and Zinnemann

In 1927, Erich von Stroheim wanted to release his Viennese epic, "The Wedding March," in two parts. It was denied him as being "uneconomic." Today, Fred Zinnemann, wanting to do the same thing with his Hawaiian epic, "Hawaii," from the vast Michener book, finds himself against the same impasse and for the same reason. (George Stevens justified the three-hour lengths of "Giant" and "The Diary of Anne Frank" by saying, "I believe in giving audiences something for their money. Then they'll tell their friends.") Stroheim used the same argument in 1923-24 for his masterwork, "Greed," and was called "crazy.")

The Sado-Masochistic Update

Aficionados of "Ben-Hur," new version, ought to see the old version by Fred Niblo with Ramon Novarro and Francis X. Bushman. No miniatures were used in the sea battles as in the current one, nor did it resort to the trickery of painted-glass "sets" as this one does. Nor have they been able to improve on the chariot race of the first one. They did leave out all the sex of the original version, however, and substituted for it brutality. O tempora, etc.!

If you have seen "Crack in the Mirror" with Orson Welles and Juliette Greco, read Somerset Maugham's story, "A Woman of 50," and be surprised. (And for that matter, with memories of Ingmar Bergman's "The Magician," if you still have them, recall or try to see again at some film society, Leni's "Cat and the Canary" and see how it was all done before and with better ambience too.)

Even so original a director as Chaplin couldn't always be 100% original as witness his wild party scene in "A Woman of Paris" (1921) where a girl is unpeeled of the drapery in which she is swathed till she is left nude. The same incident occurred in the late Paul Claudel's scenario for his ballet, "L'Homme et Son Desir" (music by Darius Milhaud) written in 1917. (Not to mention Chaplin's reworking of the conveyor-belt scene in Rene Clair's "A Nous la Liberte" for his "Modern Times" and the lottery-ticket chase into football scrimmage of Clair's "Le Million" for the "chicken-football" also in "Modern Times." But as Rene Clair said, he owed so much to Chaplin that he was flattered.)

Re Human Steeds

In one of "La Dolce Vita's" orgy scenes, Marcello Mastroianni is shown riding a girl on all fours on the floor, a reductio ad absurdum of Von Stroheim's drunken officers, also on all fours on the floor, being "ridden" by girls cracking whips in the bordello scene of his "Wedding March" 35 years ago. And Mastroianni flinging feathers from a pillow in the same scene was merely echoing what Roy D'Arcy and his drunken companions did in a wild party scene in Stroheim's "Merry Widow" in 1925. (Only Stroheim turned it into a quasi-poetic thing by having his debauchees fling the feathers out of the windows so that the street below looked in the gray dawn of the next day as if it had been snowing. Where, indeed, are the snows of yesteryear?)

Lawford's Reach-Back

And, before we leave the subject of remakes, shouldn't we mention that even the "granddaddy" of all films, "The Great Train Robbery," made by Edwin Porter (one-reel) around the turn of the century, has been announced for "remake" as a starring vehicle for Peter Lawford? With this one, the movies will surely come to a complete cycle.

After three screen versions of "Rain" (Phyllis Haver, Gloria Swanson and Joan Crawford) in which no spoken reference was made about the weather, it being taken for granted, comes a fourth, with Rita Hayworth, in which a soldier says to Sadie Thompson, "Let's go before it starts to rain"—the understatement of our time.

For the Record

There were two "Potemkins" before Eisenstein's (in France and England), a "Greed" (called *McTeague* with Fania Marinoff and Holbrook Blinn) before Stroheim's, and even an "Intolerance" before Griffith's—by Georges Melies in Paris, "La Civilization a Travers les Ages."

And, if only for the record, Murnau's "The Last Laugh" (1925) was not the first silent film which had no subtitles, as is generally supposed. Alex Taitov's "Death," from a novel by Camille Lemon-

(Continued on page 57)

Displaced Person

[a dark psalm for a bright year]

By SHIMON WINCEMBERG

By the Waters of Malibu,
He sat and mourned,
Dryeyed,
His lost, or mislaid, youth . . .

The willows within reach
Groan under their load of harps.
Tilebordered chlorinated waters
Caress the veined retina
Of his becoming anger.
If I forget thee, O Broadway . . .

O how to sing
On alien soil.
Where the hand you hold
Has too much cunning;
Where tongueconrye
Verily cleaves
To the roof of your mouth . . .

If I forget thee, O Malibu
O Culver City
O Burbank
O

Dutch Production Stays 'Occasional'

By HANS SAALTINK

Amsterdam.

Economically it is not possible to produce more than three Dutch feature films annually, each of which can lose 250,000 Dutch guilders (\$70,000), about half the cost of production. This loss is covered by a Production Fund, set up by the Dutch Cinema League and the government.

In 1961, however, only one film was released while another one was in production. "The Knife," directed by Fons Rademakers was a success with the critics, but got a cold eye when shown at the Cannes Film Festival, even when there was praise for the delicate handling of its subject matter, the maturing of a boy. Later "The Knife" was sent to the Edinburgh Film Festival in Scotland, and was bought for release in Britain, thanks to favorable reviews.

Another film of Fons Rademakers, "Fellers, Stop That Noise," a tragi-comedy around the Dutch Santa Claus festivities, was shown at the Berlin Film Festival. Dutch documentary, "The Low Countries" by George Sluizer, was awarded a Silver Bear at Berlin. Rademakers' directional debut "Village On The River" was released in Austria and got rave reviews.

In 1962 several films will be produced. Bert Haanstra is preparing his third feature film (after "Fanfare" and "The Case M.P."), a semi-documentary of the break-in into a German occupied prison where political prisoners are kept in custody. In March a new team starts on "Koen," another film on the problems of adolescence. Kees Brusse, like Rademakers actor-turned-director, has finished his debut, "Fair In The Rain," now awaiting release.

Among documentarists, Charles Huguenot van der Linden, director of "Dutch in Seven Lessons" (film debut of Audrey Hepburn) and "Interlude By Candlelight," has finished a 20 minute short, in wide-screen, "Big City Blues," which will be Dutch contribution to one of the European film festivals in 1962.

An old Dutch film, produced in the late 1930s, "Pygmalion," proved a hit when re-released, due to the interest in and success of the Dutch stage production of "My Fair Lady." "Pygmalion" was directed in Holland by Ludwig Berger with consent of Shaw, provided the film would not be shown outside of Holland, where it would clash with the English version, made about the same time.

A unit of 20th-Fox came to Holland to film exteriors for "The Inspector," adapted from Jan de Hartog's novel. At the same time U.I. was busy shooting in Surinam on "The Spiral Road," another De Hartog inspired film. Jan de Hartog, Holland's most known novelist and playwright, has never been popular with the Dutch critics, writes in English and only then gets translated and published into Dutch. In 1939 he wrote a film script, "Somewhere In Holland," in which he also appeared, but the film never got a wide release as its premiere nearly coincided with the occupation of Holland by the Germans.

If It's a Paramount Picture, It's The Best Show in Town—A Zukor Truism In the Heyday of Pioneer's Career

By FRANK SCULLY

Hollywood.

Twentyfive years ago the top h.o. names were Shirley Temple, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Astaire-Rogers, Charles Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Grace Moore, Laurel & Hardy and Robert Taylor. Except in the cases of Miss Moore and Messrs. Cooper, Gable and Hardy, all of whom have died, and Garbo and Chaplin who seem to have retired, the others are showing a durability that previously had only been associated with tungsten.

Though Laurel is not appearing in person he is working on a tv series of Larry Harmon's new product. Shirley Temple, top favorite around the world a generation ago, seems to be taking it easy this season, but she's had plenty of prime time tv exposure in the last three years, and while by no means the actress it looked that she might develop into when she was the child-wonder, she has replaced some of that brash showmanship with new grace and charm.

Some of the names which were not among the Top 10 in 1937 but were pretty close to it, are still in there pitching, such as James Cagney, Charles Laughton, Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Irene Dunne, Dick Powell, Jack Benny, Martha Raye and Fred MacMurray.

In that year Adolph Zukor celebrated his 25th anniversary as a producer of motion pictures, for it was in 1912 that he paid \$35,000 to bring "Queen Elizabeth" to the screen with Sarah Bernhardt as his star.

Another of the big ones in those early days was "The Squaw Man." The old Zukor-Lasky-DeMille combo made this one in the Lasky barn which later became NBC's studio at the corner of Sunset & Vine, Hollywood.

The first actor to star in a Zukor picture was James O'Neill, father of Eugene O'Neill and he did it in the "Count of Monte Cristo." Zukor even lured Minnie Maddern Fiske to play "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and topped that by signing the fiery Metropolitan opera star, Geraldine Farrar, in "Carmen." He also presented Mary Pickford in "A Good Little Devil," a play she had done previously on Broadway for David Belasco.

'Affairs of Anatol'—1961 Model

Zukor called his outfit Famous Players, and they certainly were. As early as 1919 a combination of Zukor, Lasky, Goldwyn and DeMille rolled into dough with Thomas Meighan and Lon Chaney in "The Miracle Man." That was the year also that DeMille starred Gloria Swanson in a Sir James M. Barrie play which Barrie called "The Admirable Crichton" but which DeMille thought would sell better as "Male and Female." And if you want to know how long it takes a show to reach Broadway, the Schwartz-Dietz musical now on Broadway was played in 1921 as a Zukor picture starring Wallace Reid.

By 1926—the Jazz Age—Zukor was starring Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik," though Paramount's best picture in that era was the daddy of all great westerns, Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon." That was the year, incidentally that DeMille first made "The 10 Commandments," a picture he was to do much better with on the second time out 30 years later.

Cooper All Over The Lot

In the midst of the bear market in 1927 Zukor spliced Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper in a bauble of sand-dune escapology called "Morocco" and another one called "Beau Geste." He had previously given Cooper his first starring vehicle, Owen Wister's "The Virginian." Zukor also brigaded Cooper with Clara Bow in "Wings" which went SRO from coast to coast. By now Zukor was accepted around the world as a vestpocket wonder.

He survived the great bull market and collapse of the economy in 1929 and by 1935 was unreeling such smasheroos as "The Smiling Lieutenant" starring the still smiling Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert. He had two more for Cooper, one with Franchot Tone called "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a motion picture which was all motion, and another with Helen Hayes, Hemingway's "A Farewell To Arms," a picture which certainly was not improved in a recent remake.

Fred MacMurray and Sylvia Sydney came out in a Zukor presentation in Technicolor that year. That was Henry Hathaway's version of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Where Laughton's Spiels Began

But the best picture of them all, or at least the best performance of them all of that era, was Charles Laughton as the butler in "Ruggles of Red Gap," the Harry Leon Wilson comedy which gave Laughton the chance to recite the Gettysburg Address and steal the picture, a recitative talent which was to take him far in cultural fields for years afterwards.

"The Big Broadcast of 1937," which was to celebrate Adolph Zukor's silver jubilee in motion pictures, exposed no blockbusters, but it did give Jack Benny, George Burns & Gracie Allen a chance to see how good they could be in pictures. The year before, Par under the Zukor banner, released Martha Raye, Bob Burns and Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the Range" and a great picture starring Gladys George called "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."

Thanks For The Memory

Of that Zukor era Jack Benny, George Burns, Martha Raye, Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray, Claudette Colbert, Bing Crosby, Irene Dunne, Shirley Ross, Randolph Scott, Dorothy Lamour, Bonita Granville, Charles Bickford, George Raft and Henry Wilcoxon are still very much around, and, though he didn't get much billing in those days, so is Bob Hope. About the first of his emcee bits was performed after the review at the Coconut Grove and left him as the best remembered name on the Par lot.

Of course a lot of one's success is being born at the right time in history. Zukor was born in Riese, Hungary, in 1873. He came to this country as an immigrant at 16 and like many of the early picture producers worked with furs long before he could afford to order them for a picture production. At the turn of the century he joined Marcus Loew, another furrier, in a penny-arcade venture. He was treasurer of Loew Enterprises until 1912 when he decided to form his Famous Players and won the good offices of Daniel Frohman, a legit producer who liked the quality Zukor was trying to inject in motion pictures.

Led With A Queen

That "Queen Elizabeth" thing starring Sarah Bernhardt was Zukor's first effort. He followed it with James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Both did all right. In 1916 Zukor's Famous Players and Jesse Lasky Feature Play Co. combined under the name of Famous Players-Lasky Corp., one of the most glamorous billings of the whole glamorous biz.

With Paramount as their releasing corporation, some of the most famous stars of all time were guided to their subsequent eminence by Adolph Zukor.

First On Wall Street

The stock of Zukor's company was the first to be traded on the N.Y. Stock Exchange and in all the name-changing until it got down to Paramount Pictures, Adolph Zukor always stayed up there on top. He is a rare combination of a good business man with an artistic sense of what was quality and would still sell.

A small man, he has great dignity and certainly proved in his time that if it were a Paramount picture it was the best show in town.

Unions' Fears Allayed, British Film Industry Now Going 'International'

By HAROLD MYERS

London. Internationalism is in the air. The motion picture industry in Britain will be taking giant strides in 1962 to achieve this objective. At the top of the agenda is the Anglo-French coproduction treaty which has been in the hopper for several years, but at long last is seeing the light of day. That will be the forerunner of a further agreement to be negotiated in the coming months with Italy and possibly other European film producing nations. It will represent a major advance for British producers in the European sphere and could have tremendous economic, cultural and political advantages.

On a strictly dollars analysis, such strides will enable filmmakers in London to get the best of both possible worlds. Firstly, the pictures that ensue will rank as British quota and will get their due share of the statutory Eady levy. Furthermore, they will also qualify for quotas and film aid in France, Italy and elsewhere. So, right away, they are sharing the load and have an obvious entree on either side of the channel, without loss of national benefits. Also on the positive side, it will give British performers the welcome opportunity of a wider audience in Europe, and Continental artists an equal chance of attracting a bigger public in Britain.

Two 'Home' Markets

On the face of it, nothing could be more sensible. Film production is, and will continue to be, a speculative business and, except in rare cases, calls for maximum dependence on home market earnings to keep out of the red. With coproduction there would technically be two home markets and the break-even and profit chances would be that much greater.

Yet it has taken several years to come to terms, mainly because of the ultra-cautious attitude of the unions, both here and on the continent of Europe. Their concern is understandable, though many producers consider they invent dangers. The main intention of the unions, of course, is to protect the interests of their members and the British fear that a spate of coproductions filmed outside this country could limit hiring in British studios. All their resistance has been based on this premise, and they are not easily to be convinced that in the long run coproduction can only be of universal advantage.

Now comes a new twist. Just a few months back the British Government stated its intention of seeking admission to the European Common Market, and the unions, once more, stepped in to urge caution. According to their interpretation of the Rome Treaty, the admission of Britain into the E.C.M. could well nullify all the protective legislation that has succored the British film industry for many years past. It could, they argue, mean the end of the screen quota, which guarantees minimum playing time for British films. It could mean the end of the statutory levy, which gives a bonus to British films based on their earnings in the British market; and, most important of all, it could mean the end of the National Film Finance Corp., the Government bank which has enabled many independent producers to go on the floor with projects that might otherwise have been abandoned.

Rome Treaty

Interpretation of the relevant clauses in the Rome Treaty has been the subject of considerable argy-bargy between the unions and producers during the past few weeks and neither side has succeeded in convincing the other. For the time being, the matter rests until the E.C.M. countries have had time to consider the British application and all that it involves. But if the UK becomes a part of the European economy, the British film industry could be profoundly affected. For one thing, it would lead almost immediately to the ending of all restrictions through Europe for the importation of British films and, in countries like Germany, France and Italy, this could be a matter of major importance.

It is obviously going to take some months before all the issues involved come to be resolved, but

there is little doubt that the Government initiative in this matter heralds the end of an insular attitude towards industry and commerce in general, and motion pictures automatically are part—albeit a small one—of the bargain.

As can be seen from the foregoing, the unions are concerned at the international trend in British films. It is, therefore, particularly interesting to record that one of the unions, the Association of Cinematograph and Television Technicians, has taken the initiative in campaigning for a British film festival. If producers and distributors from all parts of the world can forgather in Cannes, Berlin, San Sebastian, Venice, et al, ACTT sees no reason why they should not do likewise in Britain. The initiative came from their own producers and directors and now the union has thrown the ball to the producers and the Government, urging their support and co-operation.

Although strong arguments can be advanced for a British festival, such a maneuver could be an embarrassment to Arthur Watkins, who is not only president of the British Film Producers Assn., but is also prexy of the International Federation of Film Producers. In his latter capacity he has been agitating in a forthright way for limitation of festivals on the reasonable grounds that too many place an undue strain on the industry generally, its product and its personnel. Within the coming weeks he will have to speak for his own organization, as well as for the International Federation, on this project.

Aspects

All these international developments have come at a time when the industry is showing the first signs of stability since the peak days of 1948. Attendances are still on the downward glide, but the rate of decline is substantially smaller than in the past years and there is every hope that attendances will level off at around 500,000,000 a year within the foreseeable future. That total may compare most unfavorably with the peak 1,400,000,000 a year, but the industry has long since become reconciled to these new harsh facts of life.

The constant decline in paid admissions and the reduction in the volume of production, notably from Hollywood, have combined to upset the traditional booking pattern in Britain. It is virtually true to suggest that for the first time for many many years, there are only two national outlets of any significance. If a producer fails to get release, either on the

(Continued on page 56)



LESTER LANIN

New Film Spots Built During '61

By MORRY ROTH

Chicago.

With the fear of television competition considerably allayed by time, the supply of money available for picture house construction here has loosened. It's happened just at a time when the largest and most affluent group of picture goers has settled in the suburbs, and the result is the first upsurge in theatre construction in over a quarter of a century and all in the outlying areas. The current scoreboard shows seven hardtops planned or under construction in the suburbs and at least a half-dozen drive-ins.

Stanford Kohlberg, owner of a string of ozoners around Chicago, has selected only shopping centre sites for four new hardtops in the suburbs, all of which are expected to be completed within the next twelve months. "There's no doubt that the money men were waiting for teevee to level out before they invested in the hardtops," Kohlberg opines. "This has not been quite so true of drive-ins, since they've continued to increase steadily." He also said that he was looking for spots for a half-dozen new ozoners.

The exodus to the suburbs is indicated by the 1950-60 census statistics which show that in the past decade the Windy City popu-

(Continued on page 42)

... And I Quote:

By HAL KANTER

Hollywood.

You work with the right people in this business and you're bound to hear things worth repeating.

When, some years ago, it was my privilege to collaborate with the late John P. Medbury on the old Amos 'n' Andy radio series, I was astonished at the great amount of humor John tossed away in the course of a day. I remember one afternoon when we broke for lunch and, entering a Beverly Hills restaurant, were asked by the hostess, "May I show you a table?"

"You may this time," John replied fiercely, "but never again!"

While John was one of the wittiest men I ever knew, he once asserted his favorite wit had been Wilson Mizner. Monte Brice, a raconteur and aide-de-Bob Hope's camp, would seem to agree with John's estimation.

Years ago, Medbury and Mizner were standing on a New York street corner watching a lady of the evening prowling her beat, swinging her pocketbook as she churned her lips in front of the two men. At length, Mizner observed aloud: "That poor girl has worked up enough lather to shave every man in Kansas City."

Monte recalled Mizner's recital of a conversation with a young man who had approached him with a request that he be introduced to some of Mizner's shadier friends. The boy wanted to learn how to be a pickpocket! "And," Mizner added, "this kid was so nervous he couldn't dip his hand in the Hudson River without tipping the Palisades!"

In California, Medbury made his debut as a radio comedian, reading his own lines into a Hollywood microphone. He emerged from the studio after his initial broadcast and encountered Mizner on Vine Street.

"Johnny," the adventurer said, "I just heard you on the air."

"What'd you think?" John asked eagerly.

"If you don't get off it," Mizner replied, "I'm going to stop breathing it."

Medbury once quoted Mizner's description of a painfully thin and sickly mutual friend: "The man is a trellis for varicose veins."

Unhappily, I never knew Wilson Mizner. But, happily, I do have an entente cordiale with Ed Wynn and he, too, knew the fabulous Wilson. Ed once described an evening when a blind date had been arranged for Mizner, who was down on his luck at the time, a not unusual circumstance. The date was with a wealthy widow and he was to be presented to the lady in a fashionable New York restaurant.

When the widow arrived, Mizner was appalled at the enormous size of her outrageously blue-veined

nose. Because of her wealth, however, he was determined to be as gallant as possible. But his sense of humor put a ceiling on the possibility. Upon introduction, Mizner took her hand in his, gazed soulfully into her nose and asked in his reedy voice: "Madame, do you smell anything dead?"

The puzzled widow sniffed the air without delicacy and said no, she didn't smell anything dead.

"Ah, then!" Mizner exclaimed. "Then there cannot be anything dead for miles around!" He bent low to kiss the widow's hand but she had taken it with her as she swept indignantly from the premises.

Ed Wynn

One of the reasons I treasure my relationship with Ed Wynn is that his own conversation is invariably amusing. He is never dull; the magnificent comedy he has showered on American audiences "longer than Campbell's has been in the soup business", is a reflection and extension of his personal sense of humor. He sees fun everywhere and has arisen more than once from the floor of personal tragedy to deliver his gift of laughter.

We were walking to the theatre one afternoon a decade ago when Ed ran into a friend he hadn't seen in years. "Ed Wynn!" the oldtimer said warmly. "Good Lord, man it's wonderful to see you! You haven't changed a bit in 30 years!"

Ed turned to me and with a sigh remarked, "I must've been the oldest looking 35-year-old you ever saw!"

Another gentleman whose conversations I enjoy is not in the theatre; he is the now-retired publisher of Classics Illustrated magazine but whose energy and humor have projected him into a variety of commercial, civic and charitable activities that keep him in constant orbit around the world. His name is Albert L. Kanter and he is, I suspect, a frustrated actor—a theory which will doubtless bring a storm of paternal wrath on my head. Yet I support my contention by testifying that I have never known him to shirk an assignment as a toastmaster or after-dinner speaker. In fact, meals at his home are frequently accompanied by some brilliant during-dinner speaking.

At a recent family gathering, my father remarked that when he was a baby his mother hired a girl to wheel him about in his buggy. "And ever since," he said, "women have been pushing me for money."

Returning from a business trip that took him around the globe, Dad remarked last year, "The world is shrinking, son. Go see it before it disappears."

He summed up the town of London with the observation, "If they ever scrape the bird-droppings off their buildings, the British Empire will collapse."

When my parents lived in Tudor City, a few minutes' walk from the United Nations headquarters, Mother sat reading the newspapers one evening and expressed her disturbance at reports of international crisis. She wondered aloud what we, as private citizens, could do to help ease world tension. Dad looked up from his sports page and suggested, "Well, Honey, you might start by running over to the UN and cleaning the windows."

"Marriage," Dad once confided to his children, "is the second thing I had in mind when I met your mother."

Mother long ago learned to defend herself in conversations with Dad.

Describing a trip to Europe one spring, Dad said they took along five pieces of luggage: "A valise for me, three for your mother and her 100-pound box of pills."

"You weigh closer to 200-pounds," Mom shot back. He retreated behind the sports page.

Lilian Harvey's Comeback

Frankfurt.

German actress Lilian Harvey, who made many films in America and had a lengthy career with UFA, is hitting the comeback trail.

She has opened at the Zimmer Theatre in Heidelberg, for a month's run as the lead in the Terrence Rattigan comedy, "Olivia." Her co-star is Heinz Plate.



MGM

WISHES ONE

AND ALL A

HAPPY NEW

YEAR.....AND

ANNOUNCES

THAT THEY

ARE NOW

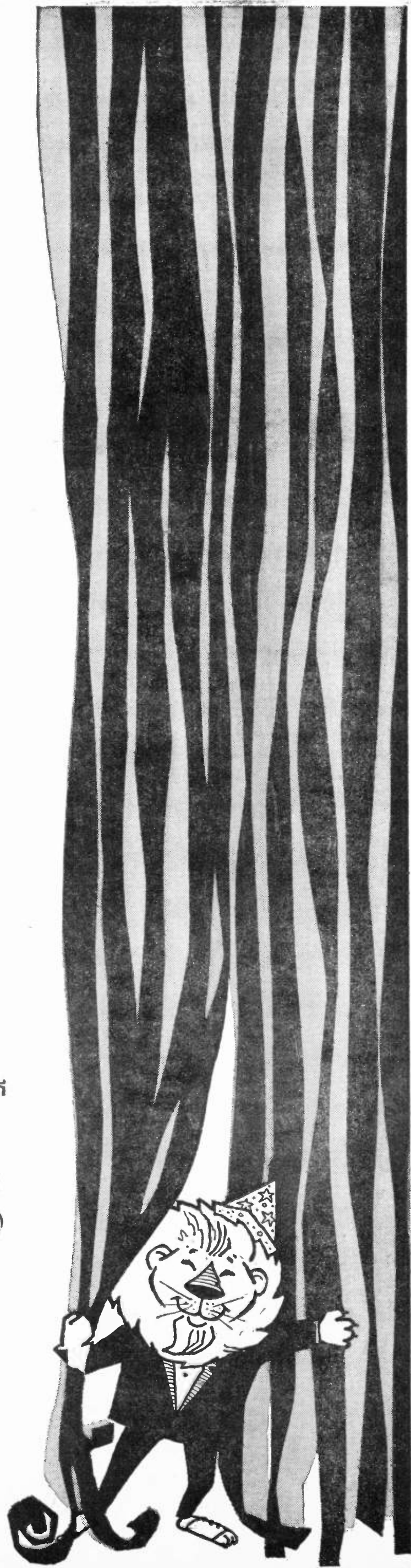
BOOKING

THESE GREAT

ATTRACTIONS

FROM FEB. 1ST

TO EASTER



METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER
presents
A JULIAN
BLAUSTEIN
Production
directed by
VINCENTE
MINNELLI



Paris, city of lovers... the day the clocks stopped turning and the world stood still...

THE 4 HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE

STARRING
GLENN FORD • INGRID THULIN • CHARLES BOYER • LEE J. COBB • PAUL HENREID
CO-STARRING PAUL LUKAS • YVETTE MIMIEUX • KARL BOEHM • ROBERT ARDREY and JOHN GAY • VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ
screen play by based on the novel by
in CINEMASCOPE and METROCOLOR

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

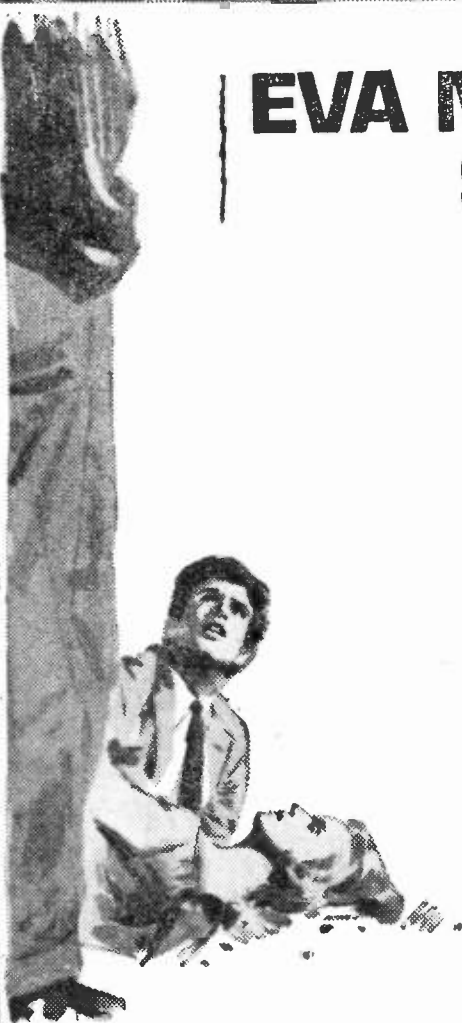
**EVA MARIE | WARREN | KARL
SAINT | BEATTY | MALDEN**

**ALL
FALL
DOWN**

Male
enough
for a
dozen
women...
not
man
enough
for
one!

CO-STARRING

**ANGELA | BRANDON
LANSBURY | deWILDE**



screenplay by based on the novel by directed by produced by music by
WILLIAM INGE • JAMES LEO HERLIHY • JOHN FRANKENHEIMER • JOHN HOUSEMAN • ALEX NORTH

METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER
PRESENTS AN
ARTHUR FREED
PRODUCTION

Light in the Piazza

A new love
An old love...
In the only city
in the world
where they
could have
happened!

starring OLIVIA
de HAVILLAND
ROSSANO
BRAZZI
YVETTE
MIMIEUX
GEORGE
HAMILTON
and co-starring BARRY
SULLIVAN

screenplay by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN based on a story by ELIZABETH SPENCER directed by GUY GREEN
in CINEMASCOPE and METROCOLOR

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
presents

PAUL NEWMAN **GERALDINE PAGE**

Based on the Play
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

**SWEET
BIRD
OF YOUTH**

In CINEMASCOPE
and METROCOLOR

CO-STARRING

SHIRLEY KNIGHT · ED BEGLEY · RIP TORN

MILDRED DUNNOCK · MADELEINE SHERWOOD

written for the screen and directed by RICHARD BROOKS produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
presents
A EUTERPE Production

HORIZONTAL LIEUTENANT

co-Starring

JIM HUTTON
PAULA PRENTISS
JACK CARTER

JIM BACKUS
CHARLES MCGRAW
and MYOSHI UMEKI

That hilarious comedy team is back where the fun is...and funnier than ever.



In CINEMASCOPE
and METROCOLOR

screenplay by GEORGE WELLS

based on the novel "The Bottletop Affair" by GORDON COTLER

directed by RICHARD THORPE produced by JOE PASTERNAK



ROD STEIGER
NADJA TILLER
IAN BANNEN
PETER VAN EYCK

directed by ALVIN RAKOFF produced by ALEXANDER GRUTER

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER release

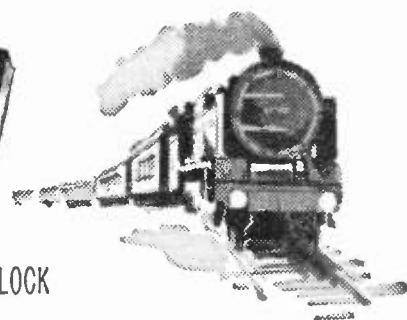
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
presents

AGATHA CHRISTIE's

"MURDER SHE SAID..."

STARRING
MARGARET RUTHERFORD · ARTHUR KENNEDY · MURIEL PAVLOW · Guest Star JAMES ROBERTSON-JUSTICE

screenplay by DAVID PURSALL and JACK SEDDON produced by GEORGE BROWN directed by GEORGE POLLOCK



GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

When you reach the age of 80, as I managed to do last October, you have a tendency to look back over the years and regrets pop up, not so much for what you have done as for what you have left undone. I, for instance, as I sit in my inglenook mumbling over my clay pipe, wish I had murdered more interviewers. How I hate their glassy eyes and pimpled faces. On Long Island, where I live, we have a species of bloodsucking tick which nestles in the grass and crawls up the trouser leg. I have seldom met an interviewer who could not have joined the troupe and no questions asked.

I was an interviewer myself once, and I know I must have impressed a number of people in just this way. There was a weekly paper in London 60 years ago which ran a page entitled "The Bravest Deed I Ever Saw," and I used to get a guinea for going around asking celebrities what was the b.d. they ever s. They were all quite nice to me except Winston Churchill, who very wisely refused to see me, but I must have ruined their day. "What was the bravest deed you ever saw?" I would say, and then sit gazing at them like a sheep looking over a hedge. And as hardly any of them had ever seen a brave deed and conversationally I had shot my bolt, rather long silences ensued, and they were relieved when I rose to go.

But at least they had the satisfaction of knowing that I was not going to write a stinker about them.

The mordant interview is a modern product. In the old days a celebrity could be sure that when any member of the Jukes family—as, for instance, myself—called for a chat, what appeared in whatever paper it was would be on the fulsome side. None of that thing you have today of making the fellow look like a piece of cheese. We were reverent then and treated celebrities as celebrities. We featured their noble brows and calm, steady eyes, and would not have dreamed of calling attention to their thinning hair and the bagginess of their trousers. If during our visit they were kind to the dog, we never failed to mention it.

But modern interviewers seem to look on a celebrity as if he were a book that had been sent to them for review. They criticize his appearance. If he bulges in the wrong places, they give his abdomen a couple of paragraphs. Chap who was here the other day called me "an aging Micawber" and talked about my "huge rumpling body." Bless my soul, what illegitimate offspring and sons of bachelors they are, to be sure. What hope is there, I wonder, that they will all choke on fishbones?

As for Those TV Kiddies

The only interviewers to whom, if they were drowning, I would not throw an anvil are the ones on television. The man from the daily paper traps you into unguarded remarks, and if you don't make unguarded remarks invents them and puts them into your mouth, but the television fellow, bless him, never lets you say anything. He is dynamic and effervescent, obviously the life of every party to which he lends his presence, and he is determined that in the half hour you are with him there shall not be a dull moment.

"... pleasure of introducing Mr. P. G. Wodehouse who, I am sure, will have a whole lot to tell us on the subject of humor ... what it is, how it differs from wit and all that sort of baloney. Mr. Wodehouse, as you all know, is the creator of those delightful characters ... of many delightful characters in such books as ... in many of his delightful books, and we can hardly wait to hear how he does it. Tell me, Mr. Wodehouse ... you don't mind if I call you Percy?"

"It isn't my ..."

"Fine. Splendid. Capital. Tell me, Percy, how would you describe the humorist? Sort of as a caricaturist?"

"Well, ..."

"I thought you would say that. There's always a comic side to life, isn't there? As a matter of fact, a funny thing happened to me on my way to the studio tonight. I was coming along, and this guy comes up to me ... but it wouldn't seem so funny unless you knew the fellow. Tell me, Percy, getting down to brass tacks, what do you feel has given your writing ... you do write, don't you? ... its particular shape?"

"Well, ..."

"Exactly. Right. Quite. Well, it's been most interesting. Percy, to get your views on this very interesting subject, thank you, thank you, thank you. And now an important announcement from our sponsor?"

That sort of thing is fine, and I am always willing to join in one of these cozy television get-togethers, but if any more New York correspondents of London newspapers come wriggling out from under their flat stones and invading my privacy, dogs—a Boxer and a dachshund—will be set on them. There is something about New York correspondents of London newspapers that makes one doubt that man can really be nature's last word. I have a theory that their editors send them over here just to get them out of the office, and I can understand how they feel. But it is a low trick to play on a friendly ally, who already has to put up with pigeons, Greenwich Village poets and The Twist.

Technicolor Coiff

The only time I ever enjoyed an interview with a New York correspondent of a London paper was one hot day last summer. My visitor was the usual subhuman type, and I think he must have been experimenting with some new form of hair lotion, for gradually, as we sat in the sunshine, his hair began to change color and when he left it was a bright green. Fascinating to watch. It made all the difference to an afternoon which otherwise would have been tedious.

But it is too much to expect this to happen again, and in future when these children of unmarried parents call up to suggest a meeting, I shall imitate the spirited behavior of the Kansas City Athletic baseball club. The director of sports at a Chicago broadcasting station wanted to interview these athletes and was informed by them that they would be charmed if he would do so, provided he first donated \$50 to each of them. No 50 fish, no interview. That is the line to take. Might as well make something out of it. We octogenarians have to look to the future.

Greedy Texas Tanktown Talks
Itself Out of Civic Venture

By MALCOLM STUART BOYLAN

Hollywood.

A motion picture company on location acts like a gang of juvenile delinquents. That used to be true. Box-lunches scattered over the lawn of the nice guy who lent his estate, for nothing. Hardwood floors dug up by the spikes of the camera tripod. An assistant director bawling at the hostess: "Listen, Fat Lady, get out of the way willya. This is a take."

Oddly enough this didn't hurt the industry. It was the image of Hollywood the public expected. Bad manners were good boxoffice.

Not any more. The beef is on the other hoof. Today at the first rustle of a script, or the wing of a camera's eye, any town in the country except New York and Los Angeles, is out to gyp any production company; to get a greedy little mitten into the till, or take reprisals. Poverty Row is no longer around Hollywood and Gower. It stretches across the country; and by stretch, I mean the outstretched hand, palm up.

Like Big Hat, Texas, for instance. The local grifters

didn't succeed in picking MGM's leather. But they did cost me my sale of a shooting script, the public a delightful chunk of entertainment and the boxoffice a probable boffo. It was a great piece of Americana. It still is. It is unlikely now that it will ever reach any screen. Unless the hatchmen and particularly the hatchwomen have killed themselves off. Which is wishful thinking.

It was a story newsworthy enough to hit the front page of the Los Angeles Times. Here's the gimmick:

The town of Big Hat adopted a London slum family, father, mother, five kids and brought them to Texas to start a new life.

I considered that springboard enough and gave it the working title of: "The London Cowboys." I took the idea to MGM and they sent me to Big Hat to tie it up. I took my wife.

That was the first mistake. We were miscast. We failed the yokels as Hollywood personalities. My wife is a gentle, soft spoken alumnus of St. Mary's Convent. She dresses in quiet good taste and says "thank you" when a waiter pours a glass of water. I'm a bust too, as representative of a Hollywood studio. I have no little plaid cap with a buckle in the back. No beard. My hair is greasless and close cropped and I don't snap my fingers for tempo. Renting a car in Big Hat I didn't have showmanship enough to hire a foreign car or hook MGM for a Rolls Royce and driver. I settled for a six cylinder job just short of a jalopy and drove myself. That was no way for a Hollywood writer to act. My wardrobe was all wrong too. A no more glamorous suit than that worn by a Certified Public Accountant. I did go to the best hotel, but I didn't take a suite or throw a cocktail party.

London Cowboys In Texas

No wonder the town was instantly suspicious. What were we up to? I told the committee which had brought the London Cowboys over, that MGM wanted clearance to make a motion picture of the venture, and that I was writing the script. Ah, hah! That was the confession. How much was I going to get for the script? I didn't know. Saying that was a haggle between my agent and the studio. So! The so-called writer from a so-called studio, had a conspirator, and the caper was to cash in on Big Hat's idea.

The town began freezing up. None of that old southern hospitality nonsense. It was obvious my wife and I were in town to rob the bank.

The poor bewildered little British family were to arrive by ship at New Orleans. I was reluctantly allowed to accompany the delegation from Big Hat to meet them. A member of the committee was assigned to sleep in my room at the hotel where we waited over night; presumably to prevent my reaching the family by shore-to-ship telephone and making a deal.

In the morning I elbowed my way through the volunteer bodyguard to meet the family at the gangplank. Trying to get some kind of a commitment, I told the cocky head of the family that MGM wanted to make a picture of their adventures in a strange land.

"Gar blime," he shouted to his bedraggled wife. "This 'ere bloke wants to make a cinema of us. Fancy that!" Then, turning to me he asked: "'ows about 1,000 pounds right 'ere an' now, Guv'ner?"

"No! No! No!" yelled the chairman of the committee in panic. "We've agreed on \$200,000!"

"Agreed with whom?", I asked politely.

"Among ourselves. It was all our idea and we don't figure to let you make any money off it."

I still clung to the ridiculous hope that I might be able to make an equitable deal. If there was any chance of this, my wife quickly ruined it by going un-Hollywood. While the rest of us were barreling through the bayous from New Orleans to Big Hat she had gone into the tiny house that had been assigned to the Britishers and was running the vacuum over the carpet.

She hadn't quite finished when the parade rolled up to the door. That did it. We were obviously phony. The chairman of the committee called MGM collect. The collect call was refused because the chairman asked to speak to Bob Hope, who was then at Paramount.

Wrong Prairie

One of the several men who had been shadowing us said Judge Beaumont wanted to see us!

I had probably left that unassuming rental car too near a fireplug. But no. Judge Beaumont wasn't currently on the bench. He was a lawyer—as Joseph Jefferson might have played the part. He had been retained to protect the interests of the committee against one Malcolm Stuart Boylan, purporting to be a Hollywood writer, and one Jane Doe Boylan, purporting to be his wife.

"Now, Suh! Just what do you-all want in our honest community of Big Hat?"

I tried to tell him again. He didn't believe a word of it. "We have observed your movements carefully since your arrival by train. If yo' are from Hollywood, why didn't yo come by jet?"

"Because I don't like to fly. Does it make any difference how I arrived?"

"It does when a man purports to represent a Hollywood studio," was his astonished answer. "Neither you or this young lady are what we expect from Hollywood."

"What do you expect from Hollywood?" I asked in genuine curiosity.

"High jinks," he answered.

It was I who had failed to live up to the Hollywood legend, and in failing, failed the industry. We are a legend. In one form or another the public pays to see us. To take down our pants. Or lift up our skirts. The more we show ourselves as normal, decent Americans, the less the people in Big Hat will pay to see us.

I'm sure that Big Hat will never believe that I came to town with a legitimate proposition to make the community favorably famous for a wonderful gesture toward an underprivileged London family. I think they believe to this day that I copied the name Malcolm Stuart Boylan off a book. When they see the name on "The Passion Gabrielle" from Crown Publishers and hear it is doing big business in the book stores, they will say:

"No, Suh! That impostor who invaded our fair city could never write a book! Why he didn't even need a haircut ..."

Publishing Stocks Today

How They Stack Up

BENNETT CERF

(President of Random House)

Wall Street's sudden interest in the publishing business, which began modestly enough a few years ago, but threatened to get out of hand entirely early in 1961, has already caused some changes in the way the book business is conducted, and hopefully will cause more, but one thing is now crystal-clear.



Bennett Cerf

"Big business" neither will diminish the number of genuinely good books being produced, nor will it dampen the ardor for any honest publisher to discover same. Furthermore, should the big companies ever become too "commercial," as some doubting Thomases have predicted, there always will be idealistic newcomers ready to snatch the good manuscripts they turn down. The legitimate theatre is backed up by "Off-Broadway"; Hollywood has its "New Wave"; the book has its young men with stars in their eyes who need only find a manuscript they like, hang out a shingle, and become publishers overnight. It costs millions to build a new steel mill or film studio. In publishing, anybody can get into the act!

Furthermore, the fact that many old-line publishers merged or "went public" in the past two years, did not mean that the previous owners were selling out completely. Usually they retained over 50% of their stocks in their own portfolios, thereby insuring a continuity of command and a maintenance of old standards. It was the resultant shortage of stocks in the hands of the public, in fact, that enabled hit-and-run speculators to run the price of some publishing stocks to such ludicrous heights that some scaling down later not only was inevitable but devoutly desired by the publishers themselves.

The get-rich-quick speculators who were responsible for many of these wild run-ups had no more genuine understanding or interest in the publishing business than they had in previous love affairs with the chainstores, drugs, vending machines, and electronics. All they sought was "action." As one of them explained recently, "When you're at the racetrack, who cares about the nags bedded down in their stables? You gotta bet on the horses that are running!"

Now we have entered that healthier transitional period where publishing stocks are selling at a more realistic level, and passing steadily into the hands of genuine investors—mutual funds, institutions, and individuals who recognize the solid and substantial growth potential of the better publishing companies, but do not expect to double their money overnight.

Such investors already are aware of these facts:

1. Mergers and amalgamations, no matter how logical and soundly conceived, do not produce hoped-for economies and increases in profits immediately.

2. Book projects that promise the longest life and the most substantial profits—the so-called "bread and butter" items that constitute the core of a publisher's back-list—usually involve the biggest investment and take the longest time to pay off. A new dictionary or encyclopedia, for instance, or a new line of juveniles or textbooks, take years to plan immaculately, and longer still to produce and market properly. In the meantime, only the substantial outlays show up on the profit and loss statements.

3. Excesses in publishing have cropped up and must be curbed. Too many bad and utterly worthless books are being published in hard covers. And too many bad and good books are being published in paperbacks.

4. The publishers owe it to loyal booksellers to shoulder some of the burden of dealing with a new and very tough form of competition: the discount houses now invading the land like a plague of locusts. These discount houses obviously have no intention of carrying a representative stock of good books; they slash the price of a mere handful of the most conspicuous bestsellers as "loss leaders" to lure customers into their departments in their stores.

Cut-price competition, however, and temporary excesses of supply are no new problems to the book world; publishers have confronted and licked them time and again in the past. They never obscured for long the ever-expanding demand for good books in America; the need for millions and millions of newly oriented texts; and the swelling Governmental funds available for the purchase of such books.

For the long pull there is only one way a well-rounded and properly managed publishing house can go today. That is up.

War Between Los Angeles & New York

By MYRON ROBERTS

(The spoof which follows appeared first in Carte Blanche Magazine whose editor, Frank Hiteshaw, has confirmed the permission of the author, Myron Roberts, for republication in this Anniversary Edition.—Ed)

Historians agree that the decisive event leading to the beginning of hostilities in the War Between Hollywood and Manhattan occurred when a daring pilot from Disneyland was shot down while attempting to fly at a high altitude over Madison Avenue for the purpose of taking aerial photographs of top secret commercials. New York authorities, incensed by this brazen action, put the captured pilot and the remnants of his aircraft on display at Rockefeller Center and sent off a stiff note to Los Angeles, demanding a public apology and immediate dismissal of the Minister of Culture, Walt Disney. Both demands were heatedly rejected by the Mayor of Los Angeles, who first insisted that the pilot had merely strayed off course while crop dusting; and then, when confronted by a signed confession, admitted everything.

Prior to this event, there were many signs that the two cities might have managed to reconcile their differences peaceably. David Susskind had been invited to tour Hollywood as a gesture of friendship and, in a moment of high good-fellowship, had invited Tony Curtis to tour Manhattan in return. It was widely hoped that a new era of good feeling might be officially confirmed at a summit conference, which was scheduled to be held the following Spring at a Howard Johnson restaurant near Poughkeepsie. But after the spy-plane incident, the invitation was heatedly withdrawn, the meeting cancelled and both sides threw up barricades.

Well-informed persons guessed that war was imminent when Time hinted darkly that "Certain war-mongering circles in the West were meeting this week to consider a 'decisive move.'"

Actual hostilities broke out on Sunday afternoon in the Fall of 1961. Residents of Manhattan were enjoying an unusually fine, clear and brisk day, when all the dogs in the city set up a fearful howl; a few seconds later the amazed New Yorkers saw the sun blotted out by a filthy mass of brown-grey air, accompanied by stinging of the eyes, and a foul odor. Not for several minutes did the city realize it was suffering a smog attack.

That afternoon New York's mayor went on all local radio and tv stations to announce that this day, which would long live in infamy, a sneak attack had been launched on New York from a secret smog base in the Fernando Valley. He called upon the people to recognize that, from the moment of attack, a state of war existed between the two cities.

Los Angeles leaders denied responsibility, but it was noted that the day had been unusually free of smog in Southern California itself and military analysts conjectured that the city's leaders had somehow perfected a secret device for redirecting the smog from Los Angeles to New York. Indeed, the residents of Pasadena, overcome with joy at seeing the sun, and maddened by the smell of fresh air, ripped off their clothing and rushed up and down Colorado Boulevard, saluting and embracing one another.

The war itself was accepted by the people of Los Angeles, who had long since come to regard it as inevitable, with the stoic spirit of a race inured to the dangers and hardships of life in that city. Only when the mayor announced that the Dodger Stadium, which was finally supposed to be constructed—on grounds formerly occupied by the City Hall at First and Spring Streets—would have to be postponed again, was there any sign of great emotion. Brave men wept unashamedly in the streets, women fainted and Vincent X. Flaherty committed suicide.

While, on the whole, Southern California adapted to the exigencies of war rather slowly, some sacrifices were immediately necessary. The Hollywood Ranch Market was converted to war production. Troops from Police Chief Parker's finest were quartered in the Beverly Hilton and the Sunday edition of The Los Angeles Times was cut to 784 pages.

The hardships suffered by the New Yorkers were even more pitiful. The showing of all Hollywood movies was forbidden and television programs emanating from the West Coast were jammed. As a consequence of this, millions of people wandered the streets each evening—heedless of snow and wind—forlornly looking for something to do. Suffering among teenagers was particularly intense, and some expressed fears that, if the war should be prolonged, an entire generation would grow up unschooled in televised westerns, private eyes, or popular music, and ignorant of the great cultural traditions represented by Jerry Lewis and Tab Hunter. In an effort to meet the emergency, the Jack Paar Show was extended from sundown until 1 a.m., the use of home movies and even the reading of books was encouraged, but the void was far from being filled and authorities were forced to take stern measures against black-marketeers selling rock 'n' roll records, pictures of movie stars, and magazines with Elizabeth Taylor on the cover.

Despite such grave problems, and a serious shortage of oranges, Manhattan girded for war. All Broadway musicals were converted to themes appropriate to the war effort. Thus, "My Fair Lady" became the story of a New Yorker who tries and fails to civilize a Hollywood starlet; and even such dramas as "The Best Man" were rewritten to take the form of a struggle between a cynical Californian and an idealistic New Yorker. Madison Avenue joined the fight with a clever and timely campaign which hinted strongly that everyone in Hollywood had B.O. while all along Wall Street the word was, "You can't do business with Jerry Wald."

Norman Mailer rushed to form a special Greenwich Village Division, The Avant Garde, which shuffled off to war singing, "Give me some Cats who are stout-hearted Cats" to the stirring strains of bongo drums. Beat chicks responded by donating their ponytails to the effort for use as gunsights. David Susskind, Ed Sullivan and Perry Como combined forces for a massive three-day television spectacular, narrated by Eleanor Roosevelt, urging New Yorkers to enlist. The song that was on everyone's lips was, "Don't Cry Lorna, I'm Off to California."

The newspapers threw their strength into the fight. The New York Times gravely called the war "A decisive struggle in the effort to save Western Civilization from the forces of vulgarity and boosterism." The Daily News said simply, "By the time we're through, those sluts and sunbaked morons will wish they'd stayed in Oklahoma!" The Los Angeles Times countered with the charge that New York was "in the grip of Communist-labor union terrorists," while the Un-California Activities Committee launched an investigation into "a secret tie-in between Eastern Intellectuals and Criminal Syndicalism."

Mention should also be made of the daring exploits of individual heroes on both sides. Jayne Mansfield volunteered her heart-shaped swimming pool for the training of frogmen. Frank Sinatra sacrificed his private army to the fight and walked the streets of Beverly Hills alone and unprotected for the duration.

On the other side, Herman Wouk wrote a book, "Susan Sunset," which told how a nice middleclass girl goes to Hollywood to get in the movies and is seduced by the Hollywood Committee For The Arts, Sciences & Professions, with the active assistance of a certain notorious female newspaper columnist. In the end, though, she escapes, makes her way back to Manhattan where she goes into the dry goods business, marries her chief accountant and finds fulfillment riding the

subway. Eastern critics raved about the book, especially The New Yorker Magazine's Alistair Arch, who describes it as "viable and elusive—if rather craven." Western critics were less enthused. Hedday Hopper wrote, "Obviously the work of a Communist dupe."

The Motion Picture Producers' Association levied a special assessment on its members to produce atrocity films showing what would happen if the New Yorkers prevailed. One of them Stanley Kramer's "On The Patio," still exists, and has become a classic. It depicts a bleak world of dingy apartments, sordid bars and an annual rainfall of 32.6 inches. Angelenos lit their EZ-Start charcoal barbecues and shuddered by their poolsides at the thought of it, vowing that it must not happen here.

The New Yorkers countered in this propaganda war with books and magazines denouncing the Southern California male as gross, stupid and money-hungry, and the female as brash and utterly lacking in grace or subtlety, flaunting her sex boldly when young, and tending toward bitchiness, obesity and astrology when fully ripened. Everything which bore the Southern California label fell under suspicion. Ranch type houses were shuttered and abandoned. Patriotic New Yorkers went miles out of their way to avoid patronizing supermarkets. Drive-ins were closed by the authorities for fear of civil outbreaks.

Through it all, cynics noted, the Bank of America and the Chase National Bank loaned money to both sides.

The first great battle of the war took place when the Sherman Oaks Commandos, completely outfitted by the May Company and armed with Sears Craftsman weapons, raided Macy's, inflicting severe damage on the notions department and making good their escape before the astonished New Yorkers had recovered from the surprise blow. Leading this gallant band was Walter O'Malley, which called forth the popular designation of this group as O'Malley's Raiders. The original plan called for a raid against the city treasury, but O'Malley changed strategy at the last moment when he discovered that this target was well defended by a group of fierce sportswriters.

Fighting back, a group of Wall Street financiers disclosed details of an economic blockade against Southern California which, it was announced, "would bring the Hollywoodians to their senses." Among the drastic measures adopted were: 1. Non-recognition of credit cards; 2. An embargo on the use of credit in the construction of swimming pools; 3. An order seizing the assets of William Holden, Elizabeth Taylor and Debbie Reynolds; 4. An immediate freeze in the shipment of New York playwrights, actresses, models and directors to the West Coast.

Pressing its economic advantage to the limit, a delegation from New York's financial community entered into secret negotiations with colleagues in San Francisco in an effort to bring the San Franciscans into the war against the hated Angelenos. Los Angeles spies, however, got wind of the scheme, and appealed to world opinion to prevent "The hand that holds the dagger from plunging it in its neighbor's back." In the meantime, agents of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce were secretly stirring up trouble among the Long Island suburbanites, hoping to fan the spark of antagonism between suburban and metropolitan interests into a flame of secession.

But as the war dragged on, the greater size and superior marksmanship (acquired by plinking starlets with paper wads at wild Hollywood parties) of the Angeleno troops, hardened by years of making westerns and private eye films, began to make itself felt. A decisive breakthrough occurred when the Gunsmoke Gang led, of course, by Matt Dillon, headed off the Bellboy Brigade at the pass and captured the distinguished doorman of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. As the New Yorkers fell back, they followed a scorched earth policy, burning the motels along the freeways so that the Southern Californians were forced to camp out. When this failed to halt the advancing foe, prices charged at all toll roads leading East were tripled. But even this savage maneuver did not stem the tide and the desperate New Yorkers prepared for an apartment-to-apartment fight to defend their city.

Ultimately, the Hollywoodians pressed on to within sight of the Holland Tunnel. It was at this point that the New Yorkers, cornered with their backs against Long Island, launched the decisive blow of the war.

The scheme was first suggested by the owner of a Bronx delicatessen who remembered the great Carthaginian General Hannibal's feat in crossing the Alps with a herd of elephants. He suggested that an army of New York taxis, driven by intrepid pilots from Brooklyn, could sneak out of New York undetected, race across the nation, thence descending their way along the Hollywood Freeway to the Interchange. Once there, they could quickly cause the greatest traffic jam in history, which, the New Yorker argued, would quickly bring Los Angeles to surrender.

Three months later a suicide squad of 200 taxis quietly left New York and, sticking to back roads, furtively made their way to Los Angeles. In making the perilous journey only two drivers were lost as the result of food eaten in a Kansas diner. Slipping quietly into the early morning traffic, the crafty invaders made their way to the Interchange. Suddenly the agreed-upon signal was flashed and the dauntless little cars leaped to the attack.

Eyewitnesses have attested that the carnage which followed was beyond belief. The taxis hurled themselves against massive trucks. A single Brooklynite backed up traffic to the Tarzana cutoff. Hearing of the great destruction, Police Chief Parker personally rushed into the fray with a volley of \$50 traffic tickets. The County Board of Supervisors promptly surrendered. The KTLA telecopter hovered above the scene describing the battle to millions of horrified viewers, and flashing the greatest sig-alert since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

By the time the raiders had dashed themselves to pieces, it was obvious that the Interchange would be blocked not for hours or even days, but weeks. The great city writhed in fury and frustration.

Los Angeles soon found itself forced to recall its troops to assist in the monumental cleanup job, thus raising the threat against New York. A few months later, at the Howard Johnson's Conference, a treaty of peace was signed between the warring cities which left both sides in possession of substantially the same territory as before the conflict.

Aussie's New B.O. Competition: Poker Machines

By NORMAN B. RYDGE
(Managing Director, Greater Union Theatres)

Sydney.

Surveyed as a market for quality films, Australia holds out strong encouragement to producers and distributors to increase their output in 1962. Close analysis of box-office earnings for a wide range of product over the current year clearly shows what the pattern of cinema business will be in the year ahead.

The oldtime strategy of releasing one big attraction and then coasting along with three or four average programmes is today unprofitable to theatres and producers alike. This does not mean that our public demands nothing less than a constant diet of multi-million-dollar giants like "Ben-Hur" or "Spartacus." Time and again the boxoffice has responded surprisingly well to moderately-budgeted attractions possessing an unusual theme or treatment with opportunity for smart selling.

The closing year has been a hard and difficult period for all forms of business and industry in Australia, brought about by severe financial restrictions imposed by the federal government. Serious unemployment and parttime standing down of wage earner in key industries caused an immediate falling off at the boxoffice.

At this moment of writing the peak of the crisis has been passed and the coming months could see a slow but nevertheless gradual return to national economic stability.

At the same time it must be realized that show business in Australia cannot permit any illusions about the difficulties to be surmounted in 1962. Exhibitors must look to producers and distributors to join in setting up a production and marketing policy based on a sympathetic and realistic appreciation of the situation which will provide the means and the incentive to make the most of every opportunity.

New-Type Rivals

As in other countries, Australia has witnessed in recent years, the establishment and growth of a wider variety of powerful competitors in the field of amusements. Typical of these is the extraordinary phenomena of licensed sporting and workmens' clubs, lavish establishments operating on the profits of legalized poker machines.

In New South Wales these clubs have multiplied within a very brief period from 85 to 1,247, the majority located in metropolitan areas adjacent to our leading cinemas. These have a yearly turnover exceeding \$200,000,000 and pay out approximately \$4,000,000 in taxes on poker machine profits.

For a nominal membership fee of \$2 per annum these establishments provide live entertainment, movies, indoor bowling alleys, all-weather tennis courts, gambling, cheap liquor, restaurant service and lavish amenities of all kinds.

There are of course a number of other new styles of competitive forces vying with the cinema for a share of the public's free-spending money and leisure time, but I cite the licensed clubs to point up my opening statement that the Australian market has much to offer the producer of quality attractions.

To my mind these clubs reveal but a fraction of the enormous volume of revenue the Australian public is willing and eager to pay out whenever and wherever the right kind of attraction is put before them.

It is now within our power to divert a greater percentage of this money into the boxoffice. After five years of tv our public now realizes that this is no substitute for good cinema entertainment.

Response to outstanding releases over the past year, notwithstanding the adverse national economic conditions which have prevailed throughout, affords factual proof of the rewards to be won on this market by producer, distributor and exhibitor working together in a spirit of true partnership.

What Will They Think Of Next?

Some 40 years ago, according to this Jan. 12, 1921 report, a "New Traffic Rule (Was) Tried Out On Times Square":

"On Wednesday evening, Jan. 5, a new traffic regulation was tried out in the Times Square district and with all signs of success. The change in regulation made Broadway a one-way street and allowed on that thoroughfare only automobiles going northward from 37th Street to Columbus Circle between 7 p.m. and midnight. Broadway has been a one-way street from 42d to 52d St.

"There was some confusion due to the fact that chauffeurs were ignorant of the new rules, but as a whole it worked out very well considering that it was the first time tried.

"There is a system of lights in the new plan, similar to those on Fifth Avenue. The red light stops all traffic, the green one permits east and west traffic to cross Times Square, and the yellow permits northward traffic to move forward."

NEW YORK
FILM CRITICS'
CIRCLE
AWARD...

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WEST SIDE STORY

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"WEST SIDE STORY"
A ROBERT WISE
PRODUCTION

STARRING NATALIE WOOD

RICHARD BEYMER
RUSS TAMBLYN
RITA MORENO
GEORGE CHAKIRIS

DIRECTED BY ROBERT WISE AND JEROME ROBBINS
SCREENPLAY BY ERNEST LEHMAN ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
SAUL CHAPLIN CHOREOGRAPHY BY JEROME ROBBINS
MUSIC BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN
LYRICS BY STEPHEN SONDHEIM BASED UPON THE STAGE PLAY
PRODUCED BY ROBERT E. GRIFFITH AND HAROLD S. PRINCE
BOOK BY ARTHUR LAURENTS PLAY CONCEIVED, DIRECTED AND
CHOREOGRAPHED BY JEROME ROBBINS FILM PRODUCTION
DESIGNED BY BORIS LEVEN MUSIC CONDUCTED BY JOHNNY GREEN
FILMED IN PANAVISION® 70 / TECHNICOLOR®
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JEROME ROBBINS, Starring: NATALIE WOOD,
RICHARD BEYMER, RUSS TAMBLYN,
GEORGE CHAKIRIS, A Mirisch Pictures, Inc.,
in association with Seven Arts Productions
- * **"JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG"** Produced and directed by
STANLEY KRAMER, Starring:
SPENCER TRACY, BURT LANCASTER,
RICHARD WIDMARK, MARLENE DIETRICH,
MAXIMILIAN SCHELL, JUDY GARLAND,
MONTGOMERY CLIFT
- * **"ONE, TWO, THREE"** Produced and directed by
BILLY WILDER, Starring: JAMES CAGNEY,
HORST BUCHHOLZ, PAMELA TIFFIN,
ARLENE FRANCIS, A Mirisch Company Production
- * **"POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES"** Produced and directed by
FRANK CAPRA, Starring: GLENN FORD,
BETTE DAVIS, HOPE LANGE,
ARTHUR O'CONNELL, PETER FALK,
MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY
- * **"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR"** Produced and directed by
WILLIAM WYLER, Starring:
AUDREY HEPBURN, SHIRLEY MacLAINE,
JAMES GARNER, A Mirisch Company Presentation,
Based on the Prize-winning play by LILLIAN HELLMAN
- * **"SOMETHING WILD"** Produced by GEORGE JUSTIN,
Directed by JACK GARFEIN, Starring:
CARROLL BAKER, RALPH MEEKER,
Music by AARON COPLAND
- * **"FOLLOW THAT DREAM"** Produced by
DAVID WEISBART, Directed by
GORDON DOUGLAS, Starring: ELVIS PRESLEY,
ARTHUR O'CONNELL, ANNE HELM,
A Mirisch Company Presentation
- * **"SERGEANTS 3"** Produced by FRANK SINATRA,
Directed by JOHN STURGES, Executive Producer,
HOWARD KOCH, Starring: FRANK SINATRA,
DEAN MARTIN, SAMMY DAVIS, JR.,
PETER LAWFORD, JOEY BISHOP, RUTA LEE
- * **"THE HAPPY THIEVES"**
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL,
Starring: REX HARRISON, RITA HAYWORTH
- * **"THE VALIANT"** Produced by JON PENINGTON,
Directed by ROY BAKER, Starring:
JOHN MILLS, ETTORE MANNI
- * **"BIRDMAN OF ALCATRAZ"** Executive producer,
HAROLD HECHT, Produced by STUART MILLAR,
Directed by JOHN FRANKENHEIMER,
Starring: BURT LANCASTER, KARL MALDEN,
THELMA RITTER, BETTY FIELD
- * **"GERONIMO"** Produced by JULES LEVY
and ARTHUR GARDNER, Directed by
ARNOLD LAVAN, Starring: CHUCK CONNORS
- * **"THE ROAD TO HONG KONG"** Produced by
MELVIN FRANK, Directed by
NORMAN PANAMA, Starring: BING CROSBY,
BOB HOPE, JOAN COLLINS,
DOROTHY LALOUR
- * **"THE MIRACLE WORKER"** Produced by FRED COE,
Directed by ARTHUR PENN, Starring:
ANNE BANCROFT, PATTY DUKE,
VICTOR JORY, Based on the hit play by
WILLIAM GIBSON
- * **"JACK THE GIANT KILLER"** Directed by
NATHAN JURAN, Starring:
KERWIN MATHEWS, JUDI MEREDITH,
TORIN THATCHER,
An EDWARD SMALL Presentation
- * **"PHAEDRA"** Produced and directed by JULES DASSIN,
Starring: MELINA MERCOURI,
ANTHONY PERKINS, RAF VALLONE
- * **"KID GALAHAD"** Produced by DAVID WEISBART,
Directed by PHIL KARLSON, Starring:
ELVIS PRESLEY, A Mirisch Company Presentation
- * **"THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE"** Co-Produced by
GEORGE AXELROD and
JOHN FRANKENHEIMER, Directed by
JOHN FRANKENHEIMER, Starring:
FRANK SINATRA, LAURENCE HARVEY,
JANET LEIGH
- * **"THE THIRD DIMENSION"** Produced and
directed by ANATOLE LITVAK, Starring:
SOPHIA LOREN, ANTHONY PERKINS

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1963

- * **"TARAS BULBA"** Produced by HAROLD HECHT,
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Based on the novel by Nikolai Gogol
- * **"TWO FOR THE SEESAW"** Produced and directed by
ROBERT WISE, Starring:
SHIRLEY MacLAINE, ROBERT MITCHUM,
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- * **"FIVE PIECES OF MARIA"** Produced and directed by
NORMAN PANAMA
and MELVIN FRANK, Starring:
DANNY KAYE, SOPHIA LOREN,
- * **"THE LONELY STAGE"** Produced by
STUART MILLAR and LAWRENCE TURMAN,
Directed by RONALD NEAME, Starring:
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- * **"THE GREAT ESCAPE"** Produced and directed by
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HUBERT CORNFELD
- * **"TOYS IN THE ATTIC"** Directed by
GEORGE ROY HILL, Starring: DEAN MARTIN,
A Mirisch Company Production, Based on
the Broadway play by LILLIAN HELLMAN
- * **"THE GRAND DUKE AND MR. PIM"** Produced by
MARTIN POLL, Directed by DAVID SWIFT,
Starring: GLENN FORD, HOPE LANGE,
CHARLES BOYER
- * **"IRMA LA DOUCE"** Produced and directed by
BILLY WILDER, Starring:
JACK LEMMON, SHIRLEY MacLAINE,
CHARLES LAUGHTON,
A Mirisch Company Production
- * **"THE MOUND BUILDERS"** Starring: YUL BRYNNER,
A Mirisch Company Production
- * **"THE BEST MAN"**
Based on the hit Broadway play by GORE VIDAL
- * **"DR. NO"** Produced by ALBERT BROCCOLI
and HARRY SALTZMAN,
Starring: SEAN CONNERY,
Based on the best-selling novel by IAN FLEMING
- * **"POINT BLANK"** Produced by STANLEY KRAMER,
Directed by HUBERT CORNFELD,
Starring: SIDNEY POITIER, BOBBY DARIN
- * **"THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD"**
Produced and directed by GEORGE STEVENS,
Starring: JOHN WAYNE, SYDNEY POITIER,
MAX VON SYDOW, ALEC GUINNESS

1964

- * **"HAWAII"** Produced and directed by
FRED ZINNEBANN,
A Mirisch Company Production, Based on the
best-selling novel by JAMES MICHENER
- * **"MISTER MOSES"** Produced by FRANK ROSS,
from MAX CATTO'S best-selling novel
- * **"IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD"**
Produced and directed by STANLEY KRAMER,
Starring: SPENCER TRACY, ETHEL MERMAN
- * **"A SHOT IN THE DARK"**
Produced and directed by ANATOLE LITVAK,
Based on the Broadway Hit
A Mirisch Company Production
- * **"THE LAST OF THE JUST"**
Produced and directed by JULES DASSIN,
Based on the best-selling novel by
ANDRE SCHWARZ-BART
- * **"ROMAN CANDLE"** Starring: SHIRLEY MacLAINE,
A Mirisch Company Production
- * **"FLIGHT FROM ASHIYA"**
Produced by HAROLD HECHT,
Based on a novel by ELLIOT ARNOLD
- * **"THE NARCOTICS STORY"**
Produced and directed by JACK WEBB
- * **"THE WELL AT RAS DAGA"**
Starring: ROBERT MITCHUM,
A DRM Production, Based on a story by
ROBERT RUARK
- * **"THE GOLDEN AGE OF PERICLES"**
Produced and directed by JULES DASSIN
- * **"MY GLORIOUS BROTHERS"**
Produced by STANLEY KRAMER,
Directed by RICHARD FLEISCHER
- * **"A BULLET FOR CHARLEMAGNE"**
Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL,
Starring: SIDNEY POITIER

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The Theme About Teams

By EDDIE CANTOR



Eddie Cantor

Hollywood. The first team I remember seeing and enjoying was when I was in my teens. It was McIntyre & Heath, who worked together for more than 40 years. They never spoke a word off stage.

1912! New Mexico and Arizona were admitted as the 47th and 48th states. The American Flag had two more stars, and the American stage sparkled with two bright comedy stars—Weber & Fields.

This team not only owned their own theatre, the Weber & Fields Music Hall, but employed such immortals as Marie Dressler, David Warfield, William Collier, Lillian Russell and many others. They created routines that found their way into musical comedies, revues and burlesque shows.

Both Joe Weber and Lew Fields were born and raised on the East Side of New York. That's what made their material so funny when I caught their comeback at the Palace some years ago. Fields started bragging about his background. "Joe," he said, "I come from a very rich family. We had a governess, a chauffeur, a butler." Weber said, "Don't kid me, Lew—I happen to know where you lived. You were dispossessed so many times—had your furniture put out on the street so often—your mother finally bought curtains to match the sidewalk!"

Cigar-smoking George Burns and zany Gracie Allen crashed the bigtime, along with that other big crash, back in 1929. They've been going strong ever since until Gracie decided she's had enough of it.

If you think some of the things Gracie says professionally are funny, you should hear some of her cracks in private life. One night she called and invited me to a birthday party for George. I thanked her and asked, "Is it to be a surprise?" Gracie said, "I'll say—it's not even his birthday."

George is the best straight man show business has had in the last quarter of a century. Gracie got the laughs, but George, the wonderful pin-boy, who set 'em up.

Offstage, I think it's a mistake to label George a straight man. In a livingroom he's the funniest man I know. Kidding Gracie about her favorite pastime, shopping and bargain-hunting, George said, "Gracie will buy anything she thinks a store is losing money on. Yesterday she said to a clerk, 'Quick, sell me one of those!' The clerk said, 'But Mrs. Burns, that's the elevator.' Gracie said, 'I don't care—it's marked down!'"

Amos 'n' Andy

In 1926 a team by the name of Sam 'n' Henry went on the air, with the opening line, "Henry, did you ever see a mule as slow as this one?" Now, let's be honest. There isn't too much to that line, and yet these two people established characters, characters that were laughable, believable and lovable, and two years later, in 1928, when Sam 'n' Henry changed their names to Amos 'n' Andy they became the most famous of all radio teams.

As a matter of record, and the telephone company will tell you this, there was a time in the life of America, when for 15 minutes every evening, five times a week, unless there was an emergency, telephones were silent—people just had to listen to Amos 'n' Andy. Their "fresh air taxi" was as famous a means of transportation as the Santa Fe Chief or the 20th Century Limited. It was the vehicle that carried them from a broadcasting station in Chicago to the Hollywood studios where they made a motion picture in 1932. It was the same vehicle that carried them into the homes of millions of fans who never deserted them.

Norworth & Bayes

In 1908, a year before I went into show business, the team of Jack Norworth & Nora Bayes, were stars on Broadway, singing their own song, "Shine on—shine on harvest moon—up in the sky. I ain't had no lovin' since January, February, June or July—"

Nora Bayes and Jack Norworth were not only partners on the stage, but partners off, too. Jack was as handsome as Nora was pretty. Their duets, their teamwork in those days, was the talk of show business. They actually laughed as they sang. They enjoyed what they were doing, and it must have been infectious because their audiences were happiest when the couple was on stage. Jack used to write most of their songs. During the baseball season when you hear, "Take me out to the ball game, take me out with the crowd," remember, it was Norworth who wrote it (with Al Von Tilzer).

It was a great shock to show business when this couple split up. Soon after, they appeared in London in opposition theatres. Jack was a big hit. Nora was not. She complained to Frank Tinney, American comedian, who was a sensation at the time in England. "Frank, they don't understand me here, and I don't understand them!" Frank said, "Why don't you quit?" Nora answered, "Oh, I couldn't do that. I understand their money perfectly!" She asked the English management to advertise her more extensively. "Why in America," she told him, "we have electric signs in front of a theatre four feet high!" The manager said, "My dear Miss Bayes, isn't that a bit conspicuous?"

In 1920 Nora Bayes and I played in opposition theatres in Philadelphia. I invited her, after the Wednesday matinee, to have dinner with me. She said, "Do you mind if I bring someone along?" I said, "Bring anyone you like." At 6 o'clock I was sitting in Shoyer's Restaurant, 3d & Arch Streets—in walked Nora, her leading man, the chorus, the stagehands, wardrobe women, ushers—60 of them in all. I was stunned. She said, "Eddie, I never go out to dinner without my troupe." What a girl. What a dinner. What a bill!

During the years Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis were teamer, they were the most fabulous pair in show business. Since their split, they have individually been great hits. Personally I believe dissolving their partnership was because Dean Martin realized that a straight man is "one who lives on the wrong side of the cracks."

Abbott & Costello, Moran & Mack, Williams & Walker, Smith & Dale, the Marx Bros.—all who made millions making millions laugh at them. Teams to be remembered.

What a Difference a Few Decades Make (Or, Thoughts While Shaving)

By HARRY RUBY

Hollywood. When a man gets to be considerably over 21 and somewhat under a hundred, which is exactly my age, he gets to thinking about things. But, lest the reader get the impression from the title of this opus that I am living in the past, I hasten to mention that it was I who said: "There is no time like the present for forgetting about the past"—which is a cinch to wind up in the next edition of Bartlett's Quotations . . . credited to someone like Shakespeare.

Whenever I do think about the past, it is only as a basis of comparison with the events of the present. The other day I got to thinking about the clever things that were said by Mons. Voltaire, the eminent philosopher, historian, dramatist and essayist. I agree with everything the man said, except one—to wit: "The only thoughts worth while are those conceived while walking."

It is true that there are many who do their thinking while walking. (What else can you do while you're walking?) But it is also true that there are those who do their thinking while getting a shave and haircut; or while driving; or while doing any number of things. My thoughts, such as they are, crowd in on me while I am shaving.

Some years ago, when I told this to Bert Kalmar, my good friend and partner of over 25 years, he mullied it over for a few seconds, then looked at me and said: "The trouble with you is, you don't shave often enough." Bert was always saying cute things like that.

One morning, while I was contemplating my lather-laden mug in the mirror, I got to thinking about how we moderns react to the things that were considered so shockingly daring, obscene, offensive and suggestive only a few decades ago.

Today, we think nothing of seeing girls, of all shapes and sizes, strolling along the street, shopping in a supermarket, browsing in a bookshop, as scantily clad as it is possible to be without being clad at all. In fact, we have become so used to these sights that we don't give a dainty damsel in dishabille a second thought—or a second look—except for aesthetic reasons, of course.

The other day when I was confronted by one of these

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By HY GARDNER

Abe Burrows—Phil Silvers' father.
Willie Sutton—an impatient agent who couldn't wait for success.

Hugh Downs—the Adlai Stevenson of the Paar administration.

Wally Cox—the guy you'd trust with your wife but not with your car.

Joey Bishop—the character who pulls at a door marked "push."

Marilyn Monroe—a human switchboard; when she walks all her lines are busy.

Jack Dempsey—the bulldog with the disposition of a toy poodle.

Kitty Carlisle—the dentist's nurse who always gets your date wrong.

Jack Benny—the kind of a guy who'd buy a clarinet, then demand his money back because it's full of holes.

Hume Cronyn—a visiting bank examiner.

Groucho Marx—top salesman in a shady used car lot.

Noel Coward—a floorwalker at Abercrombie & Fitch.

Jimmy Durante—one of the toys on display at F.A.O. Schwartz.

George Jessel—the only salesman around who could sell an Israel Bond to Nasser.

John F. Kennedy—the anchor man on a Harvard track team who left his attache case in the locker room.

Jackie Miles—the attache case.

Jackie Gleason—the wrestler who's always complaining to the ref.

Horace MacMahon—the ref.

Nikita Khrushchev—last of "The Untouchables."

Monique VanVooren—a pinup out of 'Playboy' makes a personal appearance.

Phil Silvers—the Army doctor who gives you eye tests.

Xaviar Cugat—Latin version of a leprechaun.

Myron Cohen—he still looks like a silk salesman.

Dean Martin—a flask with lapels.

Brod Crawford—a house dick who could be bought for a cigar.

Jayne Mansfield—the Alps from a high-flying jet.

Elvis Presley—the space capsule that was never recovered.

The Gahors—circus candy costing more than the price of admission.

Hermione Gingold—caricature of a British scrubwoman.

Elsa Lanchester—her roommate.

Robert Coleman—Captain Andy.

Fidel Castro—the belligerent gasstation attendant who smokes while he works.

Anna Maria Alberghetti—one of the angels on a delicately etched Christmas card.

Jacqueline Kennedy—the new girl in town all the boys want to take to the Senior Prom.

Cary Grant—what the girl next door hopes the boy next door will grow up to look like some day.

Henny Youngman—what the boy next door grows up to look like.

Ray Bolger—an example of what you'd look like if you did The Twist all your life.

Dinah Shore—a friendly hostess at Schrafft's.

Hildegard—an affable manager of a department at Berlitz.

Marlon Brando—what happens to a man who takes diction lessons from Maxie Rosenbloom.

Milton Berle—the joke file that walks like a man.

Irving Berlin—the God-blessed American.

Victor Borge—Danish pastry with music.

Lenny Bruce—the vulgarities scribbled on subway kiosks come to life.

Dick Clark—the out-of-towner who wears white sneakers and orders cokes at the Stork.

William Bendix—the Brooklyn hackie who still accepts calls to Ebbets' Field hoping "Dem Bums is back."

sights, I bethought me of a scandal that shook the Bronx back in the days when I was a pupil at P.S. 42. Ida Schnall, who gained a measure of fame for her prowess in the manly sports, was riding a bicycle—fully clad—except that she was wearing bloomers. For this offense, wearing bloomers, she was hauled off to the stationhouse. But she got off with a fine because it was her first offense.

Cigaretts and Pubs

Today, when we see a young lady smoking a cigaret in a tv commercial, there is no raising of eyebrows as there used to be in that bygone era—when a girl who smoked was branded a member of the oldest profession.

Even the thought of seeing a girl in a beer saloon in those days would have been horrifying. They were not allowed in—even if escorted. Today, the saloon is called a cocktail lounge, and we think nothing of seeing a girl, unescorted, sitting at the bar. And when, as usually is the case, she is joined by a stranger of the opposite sex, our only reaction is envy . . . Yeah, man!

When I was a kid, which was quite a few years ago, as the crow flies, a man who made a habit of frequenting bars was without respect in the community. He was believed to be a beast who stopped off at the corner saloon on payday, drank up his wages, then went directly home and beat up his wife and kids.

A few weeks ago, I went to Las Vegas to get away from it all. I took in one of the plush spots. The Ladies of the Ensemble had nothing on but the skin they were born in . . . I kept looking at the door to see the cops come crashing in and make a dramatic pinch. If there were any cops there, they were in plain clothes—seeing the show.

Too Rough for Burlesque

Contrast this with a day at the Columbia (now the DeMille) Theatre, on 47th St. and 7th Ave.) New York, during the bygone days of burlesque. Millie De Le, otherwise known as "The Girl in Blue," was the star of the show that was playing there to SRO. The high spot of Millie's specialty was that breathless moment when she raised her skirt a little above her pretty knees, removed a garter and tossed it out to the audience—for some lucky man to catch, have, hold and cherish forevermore.

I was one of the standees the night the cops came crashing through the door, ran down the aisle, stopped the show and arrested "The Girl in Blue" for indecent exposure. Poor Millie was arrested so many times that the cops got tired of it and asked to be transferred to another beat. (George Jessel is the only one I know who still has one of Millie's garters.)

When I see and hear some of the things I see and hear these days in theatres, in the movies, and in night clubs, I get to thinking about the time I went to Boston to teach Eddie Cantor a new comedy song I wrote for him, which he was to introduce in a "Ziegfeld Follies" show that was opening there.

A 'Daring' Punchline

The song was called "When They're Old Enough To Know Better (It's Better To Leave Them Alone)." I don't think I ever heard a bigger laugh in a theatre than Eddie got when he gave out with the catchline of the second refrain:

Once I went into a fortune-teller's place,
The fortune-teller read my mind—then slapped my face.

Eddie pranced off at the end of the chorus to continued laughter and deafening applause that lasted through part of the scene that followed. Everyone was happy about it, except Florenz Ziegfeld. He demanded that the song be taken out—on the grounds that the hightoned customers who come to see the "Follies" would not stand for such a "dirty" catchline. Eddie turned on those big eyes of his. Ziegfeld weakened, and the song stayed in, dirty catchline and all. The hightoned "Follies" customers stood for it and loved it.

Even more shocking than the Cantor episode was a line Al Jolson pulled one night at the Winter Garden. I was there that night and I'll never forget it. Al pretended to be hoarse. His apology, as he was about to burst into song, ran something like this: "Folks, please bear with me tonight. I'm a little hoarse. But old Al is gonna sing those songs for you just the same. You see, I caught cold. At three o'clock this morning, I got up out of a warm bed and went home."

After a moment of embarrassed and shocked silence, the audience broke out into loud, immoderate and boisterous laughter. I hate to admit it, but the laughter was even louder and longer than Cantor got on that naughty catchline.

But Jolson had to take the line out. Reluctant as he was to do so, the Shuberts convinced him that it was too offcolor and in bad taste. Today, if a nitery comic pulled a line like that he'd be run out of town for being too clean.

Until I read "Lady Chatterley's Lover," when the ban was lifted on it recently. I had no idea how many words there were in the English language with four letters. I recalled how I tried to sneak an unexpurgated copy of the book out of England many years ago. But I thought better of it when told I would be arrested if the book was found on me. Back in 1926, I sneaked a copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses" out of England. After reading that controversial tome in the confines of my stateroom, on the good ship Homeric, I tossed it overboard, rather than run the risk of tangling with the New York authorities.

Today, books like the aforementioned "Lolita," "Peyton Place" and "Tropic of Cancer" are read by little children to their nurses.

In 1923, Kalmar and I wrote the score for our first Broadway show, "Helen of Troy, N. Y." In the book, written by two avant garde guys of those days, George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly, was the word lousy. A hurried meeting was called. Those opposed to the word staying in, which included George Jessel and Rufus LeMaire, the producers of the show, and Bert Kalmar and yours truly, won out over the protests of the authors—and the nasty word was deleted from the text.

I could go on telling you other instances of "What a Difference A Few Decades Make," but it is time to shave and do some more thinking.

Expatriate Versus Ex-Patriot

Globetrotting Film & TV Producer-Writer Appraises the Then & Now In The International Lively Arts—Comparative Creative Behaviorism

By STUART SCHULBERG

On "David Brinkley's Journal" a few months back, we interviewed an American painter who had successfully made the transition from Horse Cave, Ky. to the caves of the Left Bank. After 11 years in Paris he proclaimed, "I don't like the term 'expatriate'—it sounds too much like 'ex-patriot.'" There and then he coined a description which millions of stay-at-home Americans would eagerly apply to their fellow-citizens who choose to live abroad. For despite—or perhaps because of—an expatriate tradition which includes Henry James, T. S. Eliot and Hemingway, we continue to raise a collective eyebrow at the rebels no longer in our midst. Perhaps our attitude toward these happy absentees is tinged with envy of them or anxiety for ourselves; at any rate, we tend to dismiss them as nonconformists, off-horses or hedonistic hoboes riding the rails of irresponsibility.

And yet many thousands of Americans—ugly, handsome, quiet and loquacious—have decided to make their home overseas since the war. Rome, Paris, London and Tokyo, Munich, Madrid and Mexico City today have the largest American colonies in their history. Some of this transplanted population includes U.S. forces, both military and civilian. But these, the exiled rather than the self-exiled, have little place in this discussion (no matter how vital their place in our current foreign policy). The more intriguing question is why so many other Americans, obeying no orders save whim and desire, have abandoned their native ground to sink new roots in foreign soil.

Before proceeding with this curbstone analysis, it might be well to categorize the non-military expatriates by issuing each element an appropriate name, rank and serial number. They would seem to line up in the following order:

- 1) The Rich or Retired.
- 2) The Businessmen.
- 3) The Foreign Service Corps.
- 4) The Creative Escapists.
- 5) The Students.
- 6) The Political Emigres.

Multi-Hued Patterns

The larger American communities abroad include varying numbers of all six categories, proving that there is nothing homogenous about expatriate society. Aunt Sally on her Cook's Tour or Art Buchwald's famous "visiting fireman" may like to think of overseas Americans as "one big happy family," but in fact it is a household which Eugene O'Neill could have described more accurately than Louisa May Alcott. In the capital cities expatriate groups have little in common with one another beyond the color of their passports (and in the case of many political refugees even that denominator has been cancelled or withdrawn by the State Department). Expatriation creates complex, vivid social patterns of concentric circles and eccentric triangles.

The Rich or Retired form a sort of supra-nationality unto themselves. Their Chief of State, succeeding the Duchess of Windsor, is now Princess Grace; their Exchequer, Jean Paul Getty; their Minister of Information, Elsa Maxwell. First papers are issued along with invitations to the Galas of the Monte Carlo Sporting Club and final citizenship is acquired via mooring rights at Estoril. The International Set's projection of the world would confound Copernicus and astound Mercator. It is bounded to the East by St. Moritz, to the West by Newport, and its North and South limits are Deauville and Palm Beach. Otherwise, except for the continents of Bermuda, Jamaica and Long Island, it is terra incognita.

Next, in order of affluence at least, come the Businessmen. Their social status, based on substantial incomes buttressed by myterious tax advantages, closely resembles their domestic American cousins. In Paris, Amsterdam, London and Milan they have established their Chambers of Commerce, American Legion Posts, golf clubs, charities and Martinis-sur-les-rocks. These are the expatriates who make a solemn point of returning to the States twice a year to handle their bonus arrangements and their dental work. Many have taken a keen personal interest in European economic welfare, but the majority remain dedicated to Coolidge's theory that America's business is business, whether or not it is conducted in Spanish pesetas, Deutsche marks or good Swiss francs. In general they are poor mixers with any but their own kind and they tend, as a group, to have the fewest contacts with the "locals." There is at least one American businessman who, 27 years after his arrival in Paris, still relies on his secretary to type out the address for the taxidriver when he wishes to visit the Georges V or Harry's Bar. Somehow he symbolizes the anomaly of the expatriate business community—the Rotary Club meeting at Maxim's.

The Government people live behind their own social walls, shopping their embassy PX's, attending their round-robin cocktail parties, indulging in esoteric shop-talk about socks, post allowances, Form 57's and Fiscal Years. Only the information and cultural affairs officers, by the nature of their work, manage to escape the splendid isolation of the Foreign Service and the Corps Diplomatique. Their status may be privileged, thanks to "CD" license plates on their duty-free cars, cutrate liquor and customs-proof special passports, but the rest of the American colony nonetheless consider these functionaries second-class expatriates. First of all, say the traditionalists, Foreign Service families don't "live on the economy." Translated back into English, this infers that he who lives by Kleenex, Crisco and Campbell's Soup—and thereby fails to sublimate his native tastes and habits—is ineligible for the club. Secondly, he does not control his own destiny; tomorrow he may be (as indeed a hapless friend of mine was) transferred to Rangoon.

Inter-mural snobbery characterizes American expatriation—and no group is more snobbish than the Creative Escapists. These are the suspect citizens who have moved abroad not for business reasons or the erratic designs of career but in answer to the dulcet demands of the soul. Whether they be painters, novelists, composers,

film directors, journalists or tenor sax men, they are convinced that theirs is the true church and Gertrude Stein is their patron saint.

May lay aside dogma, cant and mystique—not to mention their knives and forks—long enough to produce creative work of real merit. But most of them, proudly weaned from Bourbon, filter cigarettes, baseball and The Buck, pride themselves on "getting the feel of the country" (sex and labored discussions with the concierge); "knowing your way around" (first-class bistros, second-class compartments, third-hand Citroens); and "accomplishing something important" (the scandalization of Aunt Sally and an article on Belgium beer tariffs for The Reporter). The Creative Escapist is probably a refugee from an advertising agency, a college faculty, a network, Hollywood or The Vine. Some mean it when they say they have quit the ratrace for good; others still set an indoor track record across the Savoy lobby or through the Excelsior bar to reach the ear of visiting potentates, most of whom turn out to be Max Youngstein.

Then come the Students. They and the creators have little in common beside a taste for Cognac and Gaulloises Bleus.

In this era of G.I. Bills and Sen. Fulbright, "student" has become the vaguest term in the Passport Division's lexicon. You do, of course, meet the occasional American Scholar who is really completing that thesis on Henri Bergson, but a majority of the American students on the Continent deserve quotation marks rather than passing marks.

As for the Politicals, they live in their own luxurious leper's colony, untouchable to all but the most sophisticated or naive of their fellow-Americans. Not that the emigres care—their politics are still a social asset in many European circles. Consequently, the average Diner's Club card-carrying American meets them only at the homes of well-meaning British or Continental friends who think it is jolly to hear "another point of view."

Nearly every American in London or Paris sooner or later accepts an invitation to meet "a charming compatriot," only to find himself, a few evenings later, hanging on tight to his wine glass while he defends NBC, Walter Reuther, NATO, Louis Armstrong, Technical Assistance and Ed Murrow against a Power of Darkness who use to live in Akron and root for Ohio State.

Your hosts, who are quick to recognize—and probably reject—a local Communist will find this particular doctrinaire dinner companion "stimulating and refreshing," making the average expatriate feel as provincial as Babbitt trapped in the salon of Mme. de Staël. But later, sneaking off into the alien night, brandishing his Paris Trib like a scimitar against the infidels, the out-manned guest will know, at least, that he is not an "ex-patriot" after all. He may even check on how the Giants are doing when he gets to the Crillon Bar for a nightcap.

The fact remains that all of the groups and sub-groups here outlined—each so different from the other—nevertheless share a common wish to live away from "home." Why? Ask a silly question and you get a silly answer or, more probably, no answer at all.

If you locked T. S. Eliot, Josephine Baker, Paul Getty and Oona O'Neill Chaplin in a room and told them they could not come out until they had framed a concise expatriate manifesto, their cell would become their tomb. One might talk of spiritual values, the other of racial tolerance, one of financial advantage, another of peace. And you could extend the checklist indefinitely—with the third secretary's wife who likes "the servants and the sightseeing" with the ceramicist in Vallauris who needs "the hot simplicity of the Mediterranean"; with my artist friend in Paris who wants "the dignity and respect an artist can find here." Or could ask Bricktop, who mothered three generations of expatriates in Paris and Rome. "Don't get me wrong," she says, pouring another round of champagne at her fashionable boite, "I love America. It's just that I find the pursuit of happiness a little easier over here."

Best of Both Worlds

I think I know why. As a 10-year veteran of Berlin, Paris, the Rhineland and the Riviera (a research field I can recommend to all), I submit that the real lures of expatriation are freedom from social pressure and an augmented sense of individuality. The sights, the servants and the souffles are delightfully but decidedly beside the point. For to be an American abroad is to have the best of both worlds—the political security of the passport and the emotional repose of the *permis de séjour* stamped within it. As a desirable alien in France, Italy, Ireland, Austria, or wherever your art desires, you can abandon yourself to living, undaunted by the demands of any true participation in the life around you. Your trans-Atlantic ticket is a broom sweeping away the PTA, the school board meeting, the March of Dimes, Improvement Society drives, the Girl Scout rallies, office parties, political rallies, benefit dinners, the door-to-door, face-to-face never-ending round of community activities and sociability which are becoming an end in themselves all over America. In Europe, liberated from a booster culture and immune to the tensions of local citizenship, you discover that there are no Joneses to keep up with. The only improvement you need worry about is your own.

In this intoxicating limbo of un-belonging the humblest American expands into a political sage, a brave raconteur, an inspired lover, gourmet, aficionado, Baedeker, and showoff. In other words, a happy man. An individual. Aunt Sally is impressed. So are your European friends. The most trifling thought becomes a telling comment because the man who concocts it is so singular. The fact is that a foreigner almost anywhere can get away with murder or, still worse, banality. A Frenchman may hold a New York livingroom entranced by stating, "America, she ees so fast, fast, fast, but I like her—how shall I say?—impetuosity!" The same sort of statement, properly translated, accented and amended, will spellbind a Paris salon. For the graduate dilettante, the fainthearted hero, the over-age boy wonder and the stylized intellectual, Europe is a pushover, a willing

What Soured La Dolce Vita?

By SAM'L STEINMAN
(The Roman Rambler)

Rome.

It's never been a secret that the Roman patricians gave "La Dolce Vita" a stone-cold-dead reception when it opened. While acclaim came from the Italo public at the boxoffice in the form of many more lire than any other Italo production had ever collected, the real rep of the production was made abroad where its name became synonymous with life on the "V. V. Beach" and its environs, particularly in Parioli, the home of the "Parioli-sites."

As the name and fame of the film spread and visitors came to enjoy the real thing in-the-flesh, so to speak, the "real" characters decided it was high time to make themselves scarce. The most unpopular thing in Rome came to be an identification with the "Dolce Vita" set. As a matter of fact, it never really existed but Federico Fellini concocted the whole idea by putting together a lot of things that did happen and mixing them well with a lot of other things which might have or could have or should have happened—something which no one, except the untalking participants might reveal.

Among those who came to look for the real setting was Vincente Minelli and his troupe of "Two Weeks In Another Town" performers. They authenticated the setting by doing some 10 days of night shooting on the Via Veneto sidewalk outside the Cafe de Paris, latterday successor to Doney's which is alongside the Excelsior Hotel. Once Minelli & Co. had the authentic setting in the can, the Cafe de Paris people realized their identification with "La Dolce Vita" because they were in the film and decided to do something about it. They pulled down the roofing over their entrance and put up an entirely different one. That ended their identification and incidentally killed the realism of the MGM setting. Perhaps Minelli should have stood at Doney's in the first place.

There hasn't been an orgy in print in Rome in ages. They've had questionable affairs in Milan and Venice and in Brescia and Turin, but the Roman set have kept their reps lily-white by staying out of print. Even Novella Parigini, sometime painter, announced that she might marry the father of her child and settle down in Ecuador. The smart set isn't seen in public and you've got to go inside the Excelsior to see the movie stars who find the bar here a refuge from the "papparazzi"—Fellini-formed phrase taking the first half of "Pappagallo" which means parrot and the back half of "bagarazzo" which means cockroach—the freelance photographers who specialize in scandalous scenes for the London Sunday press.

Mending Some Fences

At the moment, Rome is getting over the bad name it was given by the Olympic Games and it's doing its best to set itself up as a solid city as Italy begins its second century.

The big event of 1962 will be the Ecumenical Congress at the Vatican and with the arrival of every archbishop and bishop in the world a matter of imminence, the carabinieri are making sure that the city maintains its dignity. These days only Liz Taylor can get away with shopping in tight treader pants but even she wears a long sable coat over her outfit. Rome is looking forward to 1970 when it will be the setting for a World's Fair to celebrate the 100th anniversary of its status as the capital city of Italy. All this and "La Dolce Vita" don't mix!

Of course, if you're one of those people who won't take no for an answer, here's our own little guide to how-to-find-what's-left-of-the-alleged-dolce-vita:

1. Go to the Luau where the movie stars gather in "Brown Derby" fashion. Maybe one of them will get a little tipsy and do the things Anita Ekberg is supposed to do but doesn't.
2. Sit at Doney's and look at the people who won't be caught dead at Cafe de Paris because they don't want to be identified with the Fellini fable.
3. Try the Via Margutta—Greenwich Village in Rome—and look for the studios occupied by recently-arrived foreign artists. They usually spend their first year behaving the way they think real Roman Bohemians must behave.
4. Pass out your calling card to every girl who passes and whisper that there will be a party at midnight. This will give you a chance to start your own orgy. All of them won't turn up but a certain number will. Of course, they will ask to be reimbursed to the tune of at least 10,000 Lire (\$16) which is about triple what you would have to pay movie extras for the same work—and movie extras bring their own sustenance!
5. If you're the type who weeps over "Yes, Virginia, There is a Santa Claus," just see the picture and believe what you see.
6. Take a good look at what your neighbors are doing at home—it's bound to be a lot more wicked than the life these "sinful" Romans are leading.

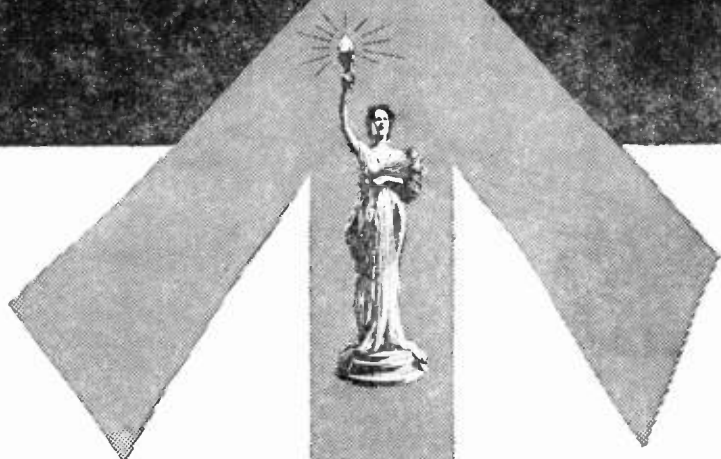
enchanted offering personal freedom and private importance.

Only rarely is an expatriate's armor pierced by homesickness and remorse. Every four years, bent over his shortwave radio, he listens to the political conventions, confusing the rollcall of states with a poem by Carl Sandburg, crying into his Beajolais and snarling at his mystified European friends.

The same manifestation occurs during the World Series when even devoted expatriate wives desert their husbands to a loneliness so complete that one must re-read Cervantes to plumb its depth. Only then does the expatriate finally come to face his own image, etched red, white and blue against the blackness of Being All Alone. Sometimes he will respond to American cigarettes, and then his fellow-expatriates know it's just a matter of time before he books his passage home. But usually he will snap out of it in the classic fashion, by pouring another verre and lighting up an unfiltered, non-mentholated, misshapen Gaulloise from the crush-prone pack. The Louis Armstrong records will be followed by the Piafs, the American blues by the Continental kicks. Once an expatriate, always an escapist.

Who me? I've got to get down to the cutting room. We're doing a show on a bunch of nonconformist hedonist hoboes who call themselves expatriates. We're behind schedule, we have to be on the air Wednesday night (10:30 p.m., E.S.T. on NBC)—and somebody's swiped my Gaulloises!

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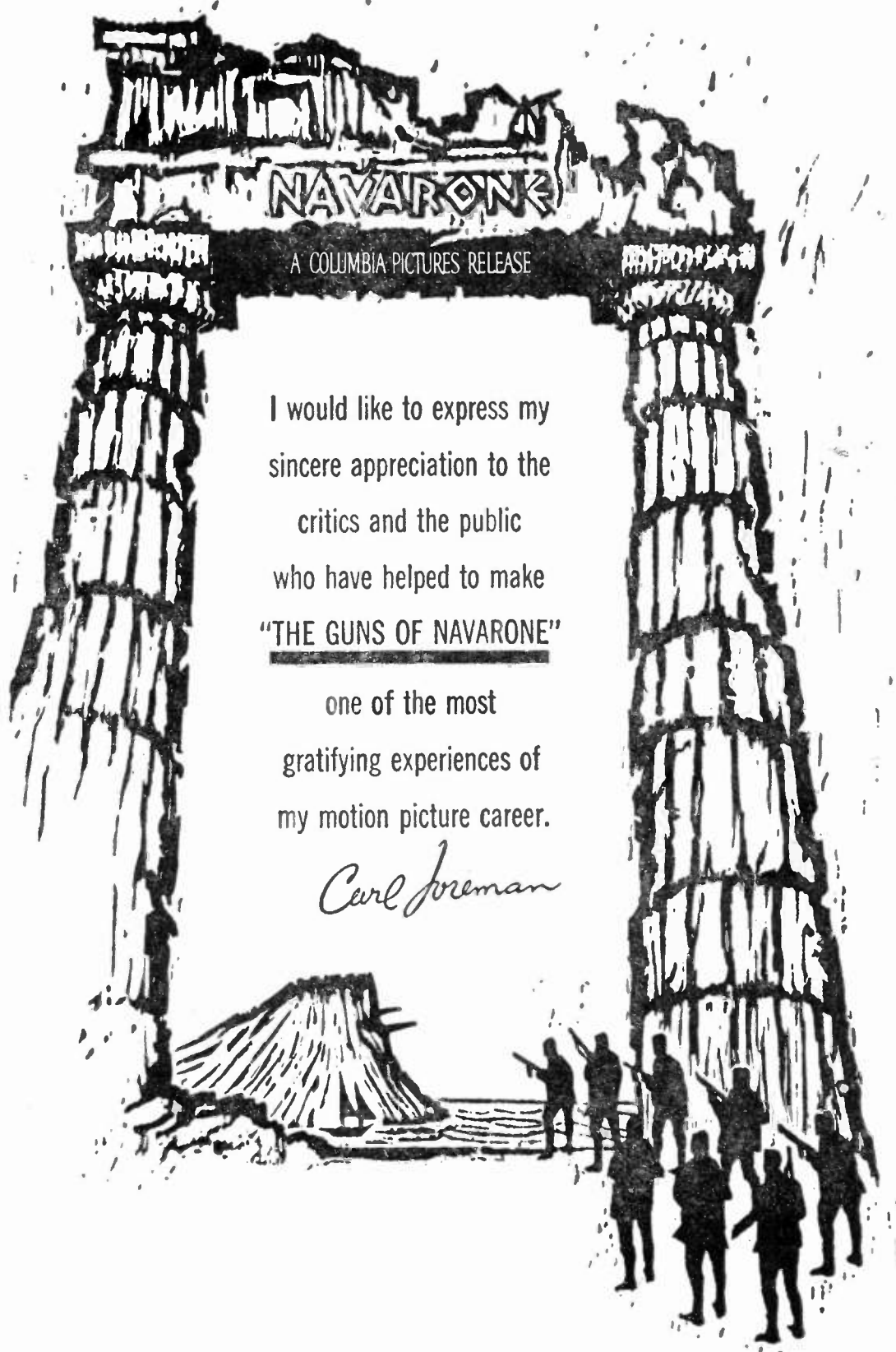


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The Writer At Home

[Good Reporter's Good Insight]

By JIM BISHOP



Jim Bishop

The surf sounds as though someone slammed a cellar door. It never stops, winter or summer, bad days or good. Sometimes, when the hurricanes spin up out of the south unspent, the foam breaks across the top of the sea wall and flies across the finger of land to the river. The wind shrieks and moans around the eaves of the old house on those days. The wires come down and the lights go out, but this is rare. The old house has been embraced by many a hurricane and it has scorn for windy lovers.

There is a street running behind the sea wall, and parallel to it. This is the only street. It connects the village of Sea Bright, New Jersey—a half mile south—with Highlands, N.J., two miles to the north. From the air, the street looks like a solitary dark vein in a tan finger. The whole of the finger is Sandy Hook. Sea Bright is a wart on the second knuckle.

The property on which the house sits runs 224 feet eight inches between the Atlantic Ocean and the Shrewsbury River. Facing the street is a white garden wall, with tall black coachlights, an expanse of crabgrass, a circular macadam drive around an Italian fountain and some pink and white petunias struggling for the sun between flagstones, and then the house.

It is gabled in two stories. The outside is done in varnished redwood; the interior is all knotty pine. There is an enclosed porch on which repose some white iron tables and chairs, and, inside, an assortment of bedrooms, a diningroom with a 10-foot planter and a lighted wall painting of the writer and his family, an all electric kitchen, and a dropped well living room 30 feet square, with fireplace, plum drapes and plum bar, black and white striped wall, and a half dozen paintings of Paris street scenes.

The living room is in the back of the house, facing the river. Flanking it is the writer's office. It has a double desk for His Wordy Majesty and Secretary, wall-to-wall books, two leather sofas, and a pooltable which has a fitted top so that it can be used for matters more urgent than banking the deuce in the side pocket.

Behind all this is a backyard covered with flagstones, a bulkhead, and, strung on manila lines, a 35-foot Richardson sedan. All day, in good weather, the writer faces his boat so that his torture is chronic. On the easy days, when the wind is fresh out of the southeast, he sits behind the windscreen on the flying bridge, and heads up the Shrewsbury, around Sandy Hook, and out to sea, feeling the lift and fall of the bows, and listening to the growl of the twin Grays.

He is a good secondrate writer. A very good one. As a man, he is short and gray and compact and he wears the face of a benevolent bulldog, but, as a writer, he has done his homework at the feet of the truly fine writers and has learned much and it is not his fault that he will never be a firstrate writer. He is content with this situation, because he earns good money writing a syndicated newspaper column and some books which, by a crooked cast of the dice, came up seven.

Good Company

The writer is good company, when he is among people he trusts. He tells good stories and he paints the backgrounds with tongue and hands, but, when he is among people for whom he feels no camaraderie, it is apparent at once because he is overly polite and terse and he becomes impatient to be done with the business at hand and be gone.

He has no unique qualities beyond other men, except perhaps in the fields of logic and compassion. He can sniff a slightly incredible statement from across a crowded room, and it taints everything which follows with suspicion. He is a sucker for anyone who is hurt or in hard luck, although he argues that he is never a soft touch. This virtue, if it is one, is probably the result of the writer having stopped many right-crosses with his chin in the past. He has a sharp recollection of times when no one would buy anything he wrote and he knows that these times may come and sit with him again.

Sometimes, when young writers come to visit, he sits behind the bar in sports shirt and slacks, pushing the bottle and the ice close to the young man, trading secrets which aren't secrets at all. The young ones are always surprised when The Writer tells them that he writes everything but once.

A One-Take Kid

He never rewrites and he never polishes phrases. This is attributable more to laziness than ability. Long ago, he trained himself to write once and write swiftly, being careful not to permit the fingers to fall on the keys until his mind had captured the proper phrases, the right words. When his books and his columns come out of the machine, he turns them over, with carbon copies, to his secretary, who reads them for typographical errors and then mails them to editors.

The Writer finds a serenity in staring at the river. He can see it and, in dreaming, not see it. Once, the Shrewsbury was part of the sea, but, centuries ago, a big sand spit came up and the river had to learn to run at three knots outbound, and three knots inbound, four times a day. It is uncommon to find the little river standing still. It is either running to meet the sea, or being repulsed by it.

The rusty seagulls ride the tide when they are hungry. They sit staring at the little sun-spangled waves, waiting for the level to lower. When it is ebb, they find a sandbar and dig for clams. There are small fights among them and sometimes, in wheeling flight, a seagull will drop the clam in deep water rather than surrender it to a bird in pursuit. The lonely wailing cry for food is always heard between the crashing of the big green combers across the street. When the clams are plentiful, the birds fly over the sea wall and drop them, then swing wide and lazy in the wind and come back to land on the rocks, picking the meat out of the cracked shell.

If the tide is high, the clams are under water and

the big birds sit on the sea wall, blinking and watching the smooth sand below. They wait for infant crabs to come out of the rocks to crawl toward the surf. The birds are patient until the little ones with the cellophane skin are halfway down the beach—too far to make it back to the rocks and too late to run to the water. Then they swoop down in coveys, the wings flapping wildly, the turns tight and skidding, calling to each other to keep away.

The Writer is conscious of all this, just as he is conscious of the beautiful lawns and big homes on the far side of the river. He never tires of looking and he can tell you, if anyone wants to ask, that the river changes mood every 15 minutes, no matter what kind of a day it is. The river has more whims than a millionaire schizophrenic, and it indulges all of them, from the foamy crests of the northeaster to the mirror respect for a sunset in bunt orange and lavender.

Pleasant Self-Kidding

The Little One writes in this atmosphere, and he kids himself that he needs it. He does not want to remember that he wrote as well, or better, in cheap flats, in noisy newspaper offices, and on trains which crept, creaking, through small towns late at night. He likes to think that he needs the sea and the river. It makes him feel like an artist, especially when he is in the company of people who do not understand good writing.

His concession to art is that he always arises at 9:30 a.m. and retires at 1 a.m. to read for an hour. He works most of the day in a faded terrycloth bathrobe, dictating replies to letters, tapping out columns, and researching the next book. There is always a next book and a next column and a next letter to answer. His phone number is unlisted and is unknown to a good many people in Shanghai and Sacramento. He keeps changing it, and advising everyone of the new code. The Writer does a good phone business, but he has never been a fan of the instrument.

He found out, a long time ago, that the best way for him to write is two hours at a time. His thinking can remain uncluttered and fresh for 120 minutes. After that, even when the story is running hot, he stops for coffee, for a cigaret, for conversation with his wife Kelly, for a look at the homework of two little girls if the time is late in the afternoon, or to turn the platter of schmaltz on the high fidelity set if it is early.

Couldn't Take It

Once, when he stopped work for an hour, he picked one of his books off a shelf and started to read it. This was the first time he tried to read—seriously read—his own stuff and it undermined his confidence for a week. He got through 40 pages, and quit. On every page, his mind found sentences and phrases to which it said: "No. Oh my God."

Now, when a book of his comes in, he hefts it and traces his fingers over the jacket and the binding and says: "It looks good." He reads the copyright carefully, and then places the book on a shelf and hopes that his father and his two grown daughters will ask him about it. The little ones are stepdaughters and they have enough trouble with their own writing.

At night, if he is invited to a show opening in New York, he dresses and awaits his wife at the front door. If not, he bathes and puts on slacks and a sports shirt for dinner. Afterward, he sits across the room from a big television set, consulting the Television Guide at 25 minutes after the hour and five minutes to. The Writer is addicted to British mystery movies and gang shows. After the news, he switches to Jack Paar in hopes that something exciting and unexpected will happen. In the gloom, he eats a dish of icecream, being careful to drop some on the sports shirt so that his wife will have a legitimate thing for which to despise him.

At one, he is in bed, turning the shielded tulip light so that it will not keep her awake. He heads quietly with two minds: one is for entertainment; the other is for craftsmanship. When the words begin to blur and spin off the page, he reaches up, switches off the light, and murmurs his night prayer into his pillow, always asking for something and giving nothing.

Sometimes he remains awake for a few minutes, listening to the snapping protest of the old boards in the house when the sea wind is high. At other times, when the fatigue is deep and warm and pleasant, he murmurs: "Give me one more day and I'll do better. Much better."

Don't Seat Me Next To An Actress

By CASKIE STINNETT

Harry Kurnitz once warned me never to turn my back on an actor or actress. "Never forget," he said, "it was an actor that killed Lincoln." Although Kurnitz's admonition seems to have discovered a permanent niche for itself somewhere in my consciousness, it's not treachery that worries me most about actors. It's the nagging worry that sooner or later one of them will bore me to death.

Of all the different professional groups that one is likely to encounter at a cocktail party, a dinner, or some other social foregathering, the one that is holding itself strictly aloof and the one that is maintaining the only total group integrity is the one comprised of a group of actors. And without eavesdropping on their conversation for so much as a second, I can tell you what they're talking about. Actors.

Writers, for example, are sociable people and their interests range up and down the whole spectrum of human behavior, to give you an omelet of metaphors. Just telephone a writer you like (excluding J. D. Salinger, who seems to be a notable exception) and tell him you'd like to drop by later in the afternoon for a little chat, and he'll put the cover on his typewriter, get out the beer, and be waiting for you on the porch. Try to telephone an actor. In the first place, he's not listed in the telephone book, and by the time you've properly identified yourself to his answering service you're exhausted and have probably forgotten what you called about. And when you do make contact, the actor is so enveloped in a cloak of

The Advantages of Coproduction

By ART BUCHWALD

Paris.

One of the mainstays of movie production in Europe is the coproduction. There are, on the average, 12,430 coproductions announced each month in Europe, but the figure falls off sharply in the winter because, in order for a coproducer to operate, he needs a sidewalk cafe.

Robert Goldstein, a producer for 20th Century-Fox, stationed in England, was in Paris this week and we discussed the subject with him.

"How many coproduction pictures have you completed?" we asked him.

"None," he replied. "I haven't been able to find anyone to make them with. Coproducers never make pictures. They just announce them. Actually my main job over here is to study the methods of European coproducers and see if we can adapt any of their methods in Hollywood."



Art Buchwald

Mr. Goldstein said the important thing a coproducer needs is a Diners' Club card so he can get credit at restaurants where coproduction deals are made. He also must carry a script with him. If he doesn't have a script the Beverly Hills telephone book will do. Then if someone questions him he can always say: "We don't have much of a story, but just get a load of this cast."

The object of a coproducer is not to promote a production but to promote the pre-production money. Pre-production money is all the money spent before a picture is made.

It could be spent on a trip to St. Moritz "to contact Gregory Peck," on a new diamond bracelet for a young starlet who is "just right for the part," or on a small Renoir for the producer's office. The skilled coproducer not only must know how to promote the pre-production money, but he also must be able to explain after the pre-production money is spent why the production cannot be made.

In most cases the best reasons for not making a picture are that the stars who were scheduled to do it are not available. Since coproducers always mention stars like Rock Hudson, Cary Grant, Elizabeth Taylor, Audrey Hepburn, Marilyn Monroe or Kim Novak, it's not hard for the coproducer to convince his backers after the pre-production money has been spent that these people won't do it. But occasionally, by some accident, the main stars are available and, by a worse accident, agree to do the film. Then the coproducer is in a spot because he may have to make a picture.

This happened recently to an Italian coproducer who used to hang out at the Excelsior Bar in Rome. He was forced to make the picture and it was a financial success and now he can't get any pre-production money any more and none of the other coproducers will talk to him.

In another case, though, of an English coproducer who found the people he had mentioned had agreed to play in the film, his friends rallied round him and saved him by showing the stars the script.

The best coproduction properties are those that have been in the public domain for the last 200 years. A smart coproducer who is promoting money for "The Count of Monte Cristo" always insists on having a reply by noon the next day. This gives an immediacy to the production and frightens the backer into putting up option money (almost as good as pre-production money).

Some coproducers work with advance men, who make the initial contacts in the restaurant with the financial men. The advance man tells the financial man that he thinks he knows a fellow who has an option on six of the 10 Commandments, and if he can get \$50,000 he can tie up the other four. Then the coproducer enters the picture. In most cases the advance man is on a flat fee and is not permitted to eat on the coproducer's Diners' Card.

Once seated—the coproducer stays seated—he has himself paged by the bellboy, who may announce "Samuel Goldwyn is on the phone." The coproducer will reply: "Tell him I'll call him later." It's too dangerous to pretend he is answering the call because another coproducer may grab his seat.

The pinnacle, of course, comparable to running a four-minute mile, is a tri-production among three countries. There are only six tri-producers in Europe at the moment. It may take years to make a tri-production, but if it comes off a producer may have enough pre-production money on hand to live comfortably for the rest of his life.

self-admiration that one hesitates to intrude. It seems rude, like creating a disturbance in church.

I would expect a withering of belief in other art forms to be the only accountable reason for the flowering of human concentration on this one, but I've learned that this is not so, either. Actors are usually illiterate where art, music, architecture, or literature are concerned. They haven't tired of them; they never knew anything about them. Picasso is all right but he's no Victor Mature.

From time to time, I've lunched or dined with writers at Sardi's, and from time to time I've lunched or dined with actors or actresses there. The writers—affable creatures that they are—have conversed heartily, seldom casting a look about the room. The actors have kept their eyes fixed on the door or making broad sweeps across the room, intent only upon discovering what other actors or actresses are present. If it's an actress she will smile frequently, but it's the kind of smile she would wear if her feet were killing her, and the conversation will have all of the intellectual subtlety of dialog between two cub scouts.

For a long time I clung to the belief that doctors were the dullest of all dinner companions, but as I've got to know more actors and actresses I've been forced to abandon this position. Compared to the theatre, the medical world is a miracle of extroversion. I have a friend in the theatre—a well-known actress whose marital collapse was presented to the public via press releases from the disconsolate couple—and I cherish a letter from her giving me the inside story of the tragic development. "I found it difficult to stay with him," she wrote wistfully, "after it was so obvious that he was taking me for granite." Come to think of it, I did too.

Copyright Act Still Unclassified On Author's Rights To His Characters

By SAMUEL W. TANNENBAUM
(Johnson & Tannenbaum)

For many years, particularly since the birth of motion pictures, the entertainment industry has had its share of problems. Not only is competition in the uses of titles for plays, motion pictures, radio and television programs still keenly felt, but rivalry among competitors in the entertainment field remains unabated. However, in the area of unfair competition, some principles have developed as a guide in the choice of titles.

Now more than ever, there looms up another struggle in the mass of characters taken from copyrighted and public domain stories and novels which have attained popularity over the years. The novelist, dramatist, the motion picture and broadcasting companies are confused by the lack of clear cut decisions upon which they may rely in their selection of a character.

Can the motion picture producer weave into his plot a character from any of the stories by Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde and other famous authors, some of whose works may now be in the public domain? Does the fact that the story in which the character appears is in the public domain permit the use of the character in other fictional situations? Under what circumstances can the owner of the copyright of a story who has granted picturization, radio and television rights prevent the motion picture producer or broadcasting company from employing the same character in another motion picture, radio or television program in which the story, plot and incidents are different from the original story?

These are but a few situations with which producers are still wrestling. While we do have the benefit of some decisions and views of commentators, they are far from consistency and clarity.

Producers of popular motion pictures of bygone days have capitalized on reissues with new stars. In like manner, they are anxious to present popular characters of the past eras in up-to-date plots.

The Court, in the well known recent case of Warner Bros. Pictures vs. Columbia Broadcasting System involving the right to the use of the Dashiell Hammett's detective character "Sam Spade" in his Maltese Falcon stories recognized that: "... historically and presently detective fiction writers have and do carry the leading characters with their names and individualisms from one story into the succeeding stories."

The Court specifically referred to Edgar Allen Poe, Arthur Conan Doyle, S.S. Van Dine and Earle Stanley Gardner.

Does Copyright Protect?

When a character is pictorially illustrated in a copyrighted story, the illustrations acquire protection by virtue of the copyright of the story.

A manufacturer and dealer of toys reproduced and sold a doll resembling the character "Betty Boop" which was copyrighted as a cartoon. The Court, in sustaining the claim of infringement against such use, stated: "This, a three-dimensional form of doll is an infringement of the two-dimensional picture or drawing."

Likewise, when the comic book containing the cartoons Barney Google and Spark Plug was copyrighted, the pictorial illustrations acquired copyright protection. Therefore, a manufacturer of toy horses Spark Plug and Sparky resembling those characters became liable for infringement of copyright.

As far back as 1914, a stage production of characters resembling the copyrighted Mutt & Jeff cartoons was enjoined by the licensee of the stage rights acquired from the cartoonist.

Therefore, a motion picture company employing a character taken

from a copyrighted portrait, illustration or drawing would be liable for infringement.

Competition and Not Copyright

A character used in a story, novel, play, motion picture, radio and television program is only protected in connection with its relationship to the sequences of the locale and incidents of the story. However, the unauthorized use of a character is an invasion of the property right of the author, the creator of the character, and will be protected under the law of unfair competition. The unauthorized user of the character is unlawfully using the property and trading upon the name and reputation of the creator of the character.

Dashiell Hammett, the well known mystery author of the story "The Maltese Falcon," portraying the character Sam Spade, a private detective, conveyed to Warner Bros. the motion picture, radio and television rights in the specific copyrighted story. Later, Hammett published three original stories employing as the principal character the same character Sam Spade, and granted to CBS the exclusive right to the radio broadcast of "Adventures of Sam Spade."

In denying Warner's claim for infringement against CBS, the Court stated that "The practice of writers to compose sequels to stories is old, and the copyright statute, though amended several times, has never specifically mentioned the point; that if Congress had intended to protect a character in a story it would have so legislated."

Although the Court did not support its decision on infringement of copyright, it is fair to assume that the theory of unfair competition was one of the factors which influenced its decision.

Along the same lines, a circus performer who used the mannerisms and costumes simulating the well known radio character "The Lone Ranger" was enjoined by the copyright proprietor of the radio program on the theory of unfair competition. It was held that "De-

fendants were attempting to avail themselves of the good will created by the broadcasting of the radio program," and, therefore, perpetrated a fraud upon the public.

Although in the "Abbie's Irish Rose" case, Judge Learned Hand was concerned with the issue of the infringement of the plot, he discussed the possibility of a court applying the theory of copyright infringement to the unauthorized use of characters. He stated that no case has arisen involving the copyright infringement of characters.

In that case, Universal Pictures which produced "The Cohens and the Kellys" was not enjoined in an action for infringement by the author of the play "Abbie's Irish Rose," from using a similar plot and similar characters.

Bud Fisher, the creator of the cartoons "Mutt and Jeff" had been under exclusive contract to a newspaper to furnish these cartoon strips. The Court decided that the termination of Fisher's contract also ended the newspaper's right to use the cartoon characters and that the right to the use of these characters in new cartoons remained the property of Fisher.

This case should be contrasted with the situation which would exist if during the employment of the cartoonist by the newspaper the cartoons were copyrighted by the newspaper. In such a case, the artist would be deemed to have been an employee for hire and his product would be owned by the newspaper.

As in licenses for the use of literary works generally, an author may impose such restrictions as he chooses on the extent of the use of the character involved. The contract might provide that the use of the character would exist for a stated period of time or that it could only be used in certain media; also that after a certain period all rights to the character would revert to the creator.

As an illustration in the "Maltese Falcon" case, the Court stated that as the contract did not grant the future rights to the character, the author retained such rights.

Since we do not have the benefit of decisive judicial pronouncements on the various problems hereinbefore discussed, the creators and users of characters will welcome an early solution either by legislation or judicial determination.

A Pat Title: 'The Illegals'; Clandestine Israel Documentary Long Before Uris & Preminger

By MEYER LEVIN

(Account which follows is a now-it-can-be-told of an inherently melodramatic attempt to photograph the real-life melodrama of the Jewish exodus to Israel after World War II. The author submitted it for this edition under the general caption, "The Best Thing I Ever Did." It forms a fascinating obbligation to Near-East politics in our time.—Ed)

Tel Aviv.

Every writer gets asked, "What do you consider your best work?"

My answer isn't "Compulsion" or "Eva" or "The Old Bunch" or "Citizens." It's a little-known film called "The Illegals." Until now, this film about a secret Haganah operation seems itself to have been pretty much of a secret. After spending a year shooting the film in the darkness of clandestine border-crossings, and in the unlit holds of an illegal ship, I have tried for 13 years to bring the picture out into the light where people can see it.

Perhaps the light will finally shine, as a new one-hour version is being released, containing many details of this amazing operation that could not be revealed before.

Part of the negative of "The Illegals" was hidden in a correspondent's boots, in Prague, during the Communist takeover in 1948. Another section of the negative was captured by the British when they boarded our illegal ship. This footage had to be stolen back from their triply-guarded headquarters in Jerusalem. I admit the theft.

After all these obstacles had been surmounted, a feature-length version of "The Illegals" was shown briefly, one broiling July, in a non-airconditioned theatre on Broadway. Being perhaps a decade ahead of its time, as to public interest, the film didn't make money. So "The Illegals" got lost for 10 years in a warehouse.

Re-Edited

It took "Exodus" to resurrect it. Someone remembered that there was a "real Exodus," a film of real refugees shot with their real Haganah guides, on the underground route to Israel. I tracked down the negative, got it out of storage. I cut out most of the

enacted scenes, leaving only the thread of the story of a young couple trying to reach Palestine in time for their baby to be born there—a story so typical that, among the three hundred women on our illegal ship, over forty were in the same condition as the young woman in our film.

With "The Illegals," because of the intense secrecy of the operation, we never knew quite where, or what we would be allowed to film, until the moment came. And then it was usually pitch-dark, with no illumination allowed, or no current nearby. And in 1947, the supersensitive film negative of today did not yet exist.

But by various improvisations and devices, we got the main movements onto film. There were no retakes.

The project to film the underground exodus began when I was shooting an independent feature, "My Father's House," in Palestine in 1946. Our first sequence was the arrival of refugees on an illegal ship. Suddenly I realized that what went on before our story began was in itself an epic.

Very Sub-Rosa

But back in 1947, I determined to get the modern exodus onto film. In New York, there was a sub-rosa group called Americans for Haganah, raising money with which to buy illegal ships. The instant "My Father's House" was completed, I rushed before this group and begged for an opportunity to film the secret route.

If we managed to get it onto film, how would we save the negative from capture by the British? A cloak-and-dagger New York attorney suggested that I carry a false-bottom guitar, and hide the spools of film inside. Luckily we never used his advice, as our eventual captors stripped us of everything except the clothes on our backs.

We decided, guitar or not, to play the problem by ear, and with a small budget to pay for raw stock, etc., I set off for Paris. I had a phone number. "Ask for Venya."

Venya was a key man in the special Haganah unit called "The Briha," "The Escape," which had agents scattered over Europe, to organize border-crossings, to lead the refugees all the way to the secret beaches in Italy. During nearly three years of this operation, some 300,000 Jewish survivors were moved across Europe, from Poland, Roumania, Hungary, over the Alps into Italy. A hundred thousand of them were moved across the sea. It was the greatest underground operation in all history.

Gumshoe Techniques

To give cover to my film operation, I obtained from a refugee agency an assignment to film it's work in Poland and other countries. This I carried out, on the side. With me went one cameraman and my two "actors," the young man and woman whom I intended to insert into actual groups of refugees, so as to give the film a cohesive thread.

The young man, Mika, a gym instructor whom I found at a refugee orphanage in Paris, is now in the Israel foreign service. The young woman, Tereska Torres, whose family had escaped from France just as the Nazis completed their occupation, is Mrs. Levin.

Mika got papers as my driver. He couldn't drive, and the papers were never quite in order. More than once, when we filmed him in a group being smuggled over a border, the case was genuine. Tereska could be taken anywhere, even with defective papers, as border guards seemed to have a way of ignoring the presence of a young woman in a car. My cameraman, a Belgian, had legitimate documents, but gave up the job after our first forest night-march.

(Continued on page 57)

Moscow Visitor Finds Theatres Shabby Tho Femme Administrators Affable

By HOWARD PEARL

When my English-speaking guide Tanya took me around Moscow to visit the film houses I learned that the Soviet Union may be ahead of us in space engineering but their theatres are as shabby as a nickelodeon of 1911. They know not of luxury or comfort.

The cinemas are small. They average about 1,100 seats. They are drab and sombre. Most of the seating is on the main floor. Balconies have only about six-seven rows of seats. The seats are stiff, straight wood chairs without cushions screwed into the bare wood floor to make continuous rows of stationary seats. One's back is taxed to the utmost while watching a two-hour show.

No decoration or color and no ingenious lighting was noted. While the picture is on, there is not one light burning. We would rate them as "shooting galleries."

In addition to the feature, they show shorts and news in advance. When I attended the Peace Theatre (they have unusual names for theatres), I saw a short which displayed the Russian war might in a parade of tanks and soldiers in Red Square. I looked back at the projection booth and saw three projection machines in operation. "Tanya," I said, "I see you have our Cinerama process." "Oh no," she answered, "this is a new Russian process called 'Panorama.' Most of the Russian films are in color. They produce about 250 per year. Moscow has 150 theatres and a two week run is considered very good. One week is the average.

The entertainment possibilities in Moscow are few. Besides motion picture theatres, the only other attractions are ballet and opera. Opera is performed at the Bolshoi. I passed up opera but saw "Swan Lake" performed at the Stanislavsky. The performance was excellent. Leading dancers were Miss B. T. Bowt and Mr. M. N. Saloe. It was sheer poetry and ecstatic beauty. Some consider the Stanislavsky company better than the Bolshoi which went to U.S. Top price was \$3. At the conclusion, the spectators ran down to the foot of the apron and applauded the performers as if they were national heroes. It is an amazing sight to witness. We never react this way in the U.S. Their enthusiasm is boundless and almost over-exaggerated.

Several top restaurants convinced me that Russian cuisine leaves a lot to be desired. Restaurants were very plain. Food was second-rate at best. I had dinner at the Moscow Hotel because I wanted to

hear the orchestra play Russian music. The sets were short with long rests in between and the music they played was 75% American compositions. Not a balalaika in the group. In fact, I couldn't find balalaika music anywhere. The one Russian song that they played to death was "Moscow Nights", a fairly melodic ballad. Tanya told me that Van Cliburn played it as an encore in his last recital and tore the house down with it.

Moscow is a city devoid of gaiety. The main diversion of the average Muscovite is a brisk nightly walk through Red Square and up and down Gorky Street. Moscow is the possessor of a strange set of facts: it has very wide streets and boulevards, but very little in the way of automobiles to fill them. Cabs are hard to find and I always had to make special arrangements in advance to have one at my disposal.

Their theatres have no marquees to identify them. They simply utilize six sheet posters on the front wall printed in a silk screen process on canvas.

They learned of "saturation" booking when their picture "Clear Skies" was playing at 35 city houses simultaneously for a fortnight—same film which later divided the 1961 Grand Prize of the Moscow Film Festival.

Their stars are good looking by American standards and have sex appeal—unlike most Russians on the street.

Most theatres in Moscow are run by women. They are called administrators, not managers. In every instance when Tanya introduced me to a theatre administrator, she mentioned that I was gathering material for a feature for VARIETY. This was magic. Russians are vividly aware of the effects of good propaganda. I immediately gained stature and respect. From then on, they were most cordial, friendly and acquiescent, and gave me the run of the place. In fact, I couldn't pay to enter a theatre—they gave me the courtesy of the house.

Ever faithful to her cause, Tanya admonished me to make sure I told VARIETY readers how cordial the Russian administrators were. While she watched, I purposely put down in my notes "administrators were very hospitable." This brought a great big look of satisfaction to Tanya's eyes as I'm sure she felt she was doing a service to her country. When I further suggested that I would like to give Tanya some publicity by mentioning her full name, she demurred and insisted she was to receive "no notoriety." She made this point very emphatically.



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TOO LATE BLUES

OVIE ABOUT THE SENSATION!

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JO-ANN CAMPBELL • TEDDY RANDAZZO
PRODUCED BY HARRY ROMM

The Liberation of Gertrude Stein And Alice B. Toklas in Vichy France

War Correspondent's Intimate Family Letter (Sept. 3, 1944) Gives Closeup on Life Under the Occupation—A Memoir From a Forthcoming Book

By FRANK GERVASI

Aix-Les-Bains, Sept. 3, 1944

This will be the last letter you will receive from France. The day after tomorrow morning I am leaving for Rome and from there I will go to the Balkans, finish my little job and return home for Christmas. If all goes well, therefore, I will be with you again within three months and perhaps, who knows, much sooner.

The battle of France is as good as finished and the Battle of Germany is about to begin. I really don't believe the Hun can long endure. I believe his reserve strength is almost entirely consumed and unless he possesses some new fantastic weapons in good quantity—a possibility but highly unlikely—he will very soon be beaten. October 1st is still my date for cessation of hostilities and I'll modify it only to say "on or about." I trust that the good news which has been coming from all of us here hasn't however, reduced production or affected Roosevelt's chances of reelection.

In this my last letter to you from France I want to tell you the story of the Liberation of Gertrude Stein in which I played a small but profitable part. The day before yesterday, a cold rainy, gusty morning with a cutting early autumn wind, Eric Sevareid stepped into my tent and asked me in his quiet voice whether I would like to go to try to find Gertrude Stein. I had, I confess, completely forgotten her and for a moment, but only for a moment, being tired and cold and anxious to try to think out another piece for Collier's, I demurred and then said Oh Hell, I'd go. How glad I am that I did.

We climbed into a command car—which is a very large sort of jeep with fairly comfortable leather seats and a top and side curtains to keep out the rain—and started off in the direction of the town of Belley, beyond the river Rhone. The driver was one William Druggan, Boston, Irish, a good guy. He is a swell driver if occasionally an overly fast one. But he knows less about mechanics than he does about esoteric literature. And en route we broke down. It was a lucky breakdown.

Playing It By Ear

You see Eric had only a vague notion of where Gertrude might be. He had prudently telegraphed his office to find out from her publishers where she was staying but the town they designated was not on our map. While we waited for Bill Druggan to get the Command Car started again, a jeep came flying down the road in our direction. This was surprising. There had been no American troops over the roads we had followed. This we knew from the hilariously hearty reception we received in the hamlets and villages en route. We had been the first Americans they'd seen. We flagged the jeep to a stop and it contained a Lieutenant Colonel and a driver. We introduced ourselves—Eric, a swell gent named Price Day of the Baltimore Sun and Newbold Noyes, son of the Washington Star.

The Colonel said he had spent the night at the home of yes, Gertrude Stein. Gertrude apparently, had been in Belley the day our troops entered the town and had immediately seized upon the Colonel and taken him off to her Chateau (The Dovecote) in Culoz, a small out-of-the-way little 17th Century townlet off the beaten path, at the dead end of a road running off the secondary highway to Aix-Les-Bains, to be exact. Beautiful country, by the way, with swift clear and cold streams that abound in trout, tall cottonwoods and poplars lining the roads, sweet smelling fields and great sudden bursts of wildflowers and, of course, the Alps brooding and smiling and boasting in the sky. We must see it together, you and I, and maybe go camping here with the boys.

We found Culoz without any

difficulty, though we did have to detour once to find a bridge we could cross upon. The Maquis had blown most of them to delay the Nazi retreat and enable us to catch thousands of them and their tanks and vehicles. At the foot of the main street of the town we found the Assistant Mayor who knew where Madam Stein lived and he personally conducted us to the Chateau La Colombiere.

It's an old grey manse with the graceful roof and towers of French chateaux you know from pictures. We went through the back gate after crossing one of those crystalline streams that runs volubly through the centre of Culoz and provides, I learned later, the drinking water and power for the place and runs the village mill. In a moment we were at the backdoor and looking through polished glass panes at a hatrack and we knew there was no mistake for there, side by side, were two things which must be called hats but which could belong to Gertrude and Alice B. Toklas.

'A Rose Is a Rose Is a Rose'

I remember as I crossed the threshold the sickening feeling that I couldn't remember a thing Gertrude had ever written, not one line of poetry, nor the title of a book or play. I remembered only "a rose is a rose is a rose . . ." and that Alice B. had been the subject of a famous, or notorious, autobiography.

But I knew that the words Gertrude Stein conveyed a meaning. I was moved when the thin, pale maid brought her in and she half-waddled, half-shuffled towards us and I was the first to greet her and I don't remember anything anyone said except that I remember hearing her say "you don't know how glad I am to see you" and I asked her whether it would be all right for me to hug her and she said sure and I threw my arms about her and she had hers about my ribs and the pressure almost cracked them. Later in the conversation that bubbled and flowed and frothed for nearly three hours, before any of us had any idea what time it was, she was full of the French and how wonderful they've been. She had, among other hard work such as getting food, chopped her own wood. Her arms were strong as a man's.

I had heard about her unwomanliness. Well, to a degree it's true. But I found her quite womanly. She has a kind, inquiring face, almost merry eyes (indeterminately brown) and a strong mouth and nose. Her hair was cropped and combed mannishly but her principal characteristic is her voice. This is music, lowpitched and smooth and her conversation is even.

She was full of questions. Wanted to know about Ernest Hemingway and Thornton Wilder and Carl Van Vechten and scores of others about whom neither I nor the others knew anything.

Alice B. Toklas

We came upon her and Alice, who has a mellifluous but slightly querulous voice, like the voice you'd expect a slightly cranky fairy aunt, an aging fairy aunt to have. She is a little gnome of a woman, with shaggy short hair that resembles an unkempt wig and she has hair on her upper lip and is slightly twisted and very small and altogether ugly but at the same time one of the politest and most considerate persons I've ever known. I couldn't stand either of them for more than four hours at a time and then perhaps only once every six months but those four hours every six months would be a delight if only to listen to the tonal counterpoints of the wonderful voices of these two.

We came on them while they were lunching two friends, a husband and his wife, name of Schwab, professorial and schoolmistressish respectively, both so happy to see Americans.

Alice fluted out orders and soon lunch for four became lunch for eight. Bill Druggan, the driver, ate in the kitchen and drank, it

developed, far more vin de la victoire than was good for him or our ride back. Noyes contributed wonderment at how the household managed to supply four extra meals so quickly and Gertrude waved him off, and then we settled down to talking about her four years under the Nazis.

Much of this-to-follow-you probably already know, from having heard the radio and read the news stories, but I'll highlight it for you so that you'll have a complete picture.

Bravery and Humanity

She told that not all the Vichy people were bad, only the leaders were bad, and the French Vichy Militia of course, but that the officials and functionaries and everyone generally were in the Maquis or the FFI and kidding the Germans all the time.

As an American and a Jewess to boot she was fair game for the Gestapo but the French officials never allowed the enemy to discover her identity or her whereabouts. Three times she had German soldiers in the house as unpaid guests and she let her servants deal with them—servants with wonderful names like Olympe (Continued on page 47)

Co-Prod. Real Key To Any Boom For Israeli Film Biz

By JOSEPH LAPID

Tel Aviv.

Don't ever mention Ingmar Bergman's name to an Israeli film producer.

Since "Wild Strawberries" reached the local screens—it happened belatedly—there is no more excuse left for producers here.

For years, they were claiming that it is impossible to make really good pictures in a small country, on a low budget, with limited equipment. Rather convincing arguments, especially when one sees many bad pictures coming from countries much bigger than Israel. But why can Ingmar Bergman do it?

He, too, is working under unfavorable circumstances. He doesn't even have the brilliant light which descends on Israel for eight months in a year. So why can he do it? Or: why can't Israel do the same? The answer is simple—all you need is the touch of a genius.

Neither the stories of the Old Testament nor the originality of the "New Wave" will help. What the Israeli film industry lacks are people who know how to make pictures.

It is a standard joke here that the only non-Jewish moviemaker in Hollywood is a certain Mr. Metro, of MGM. So where are they?

The Peace Corps should really send to Israel a few good directors.

Some of the best film stories ever written are contained in a local book—the Bible. The Israeli War of Independence was used by Americans for a tremendous hit—"Exodus." Everybody seems to have a good time using local material, but the "natives."

This year hardly half a dozen Israeli pictures will reach the market. This is in addition to a few foreign pictures made in Israel, independently or as coproductions. Stanley Kramer is still pondering whether or not to produce "My Glorious Brothers" here.

Though the Old Testament is the bread and butter of contemporary Israeli culture—literature, history, etc.—no Biblical pictures will be made by Israelis in the foreseeable future. Maybe people here have too much respect for the Bible.

The pictures in the making are all based on contemporary Israel, by and large divided into two groups: comedies and war.

The reason why they make comedies is rather pathetic: be-

Theatre Party

By ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

What a beautiful sight, bathed in sweetness and light
And couturier-copy resplendence!
What resounding applause! What a wonderful cause
To attract such a record attendance!

What a marvelous show, with the touch of a pro
In its facile and finished construction!
Though the tickets were steep, no one uttered a peep
For the tax had a Tax Deduction—

A rather respectable,
Really delectable,
Quite irresistible,
Legally listable

Income Tax Deduction!

Mrs. Keene, like a queen, wore a green velvet gown
That went well with her tresses (now titian.)
Then she spied Mrs. Brown in the very same gown
From the very same shop in their split-level town—
So she headed for home as the curtain came down
At the start of the first intermission!
(P.S. What a mess! In her dire distress,
Mrs. Keene left the scene looking green as her dress!)

Mr. Harris (in Paris last summer one week)
Described the production as "Tray-Mag-ni-feeek."
Mr. Blue in Row Q who pronounced it a "bore"
Wasn't even aware that he'd seen it before!

(Two stars on the stage—one of whom had been shot—
At this point were perplexed by the laughs that they got,
For this was one spot where the playwright had not
Attempted to plant any laughs in the plot!)

Mrs. Kraus viewed the house and then said to her spouse:
"You're the handsomest husband who's here."
Thereupon Mr. Kraus, less a man than a mouse,
Meekly said with a sigh to his sly little spouse:
"Go and buy that new necklace, my dear."

Mrs. Cole, bless her soul, wore a mink hat and stole,
And the compliments came by the dozens,
Till her pal, Mrs. Lee, told the gals in Row E:
"Those furs aren't hers—they're her cousin's!"

(An actor offstage, hitherto not on view,
Was thrown off his cue by a raucous "YOO-HOO!"—
Addressed by a patron in BALCONY K
To a modish young matron in ORCHESTRA A.)

A few of the folks did remarkably well
In The Lounge while awaiting the Second Act Bell:

Mrs. Bligh, quite as high as the snows on Mount Shasta,
Enlisted a fourth for her Friday Canasta.
Mr. Mott sold his yacht, Mr. Starr sold his car,
Mr. Farr "sold" a blonde whom he'd met at a bar!

Mrs. Slaughter (whose daughter was now twentytwo)
Arranged for her darling to meet a young man
Whose mother owned stacks of American Can,
American Motors and Great A & P—
Plus a beautiful bundle of A T & T!

There were people greeting people whom they didn't quite recall—
Yet they kissed and reminisced about the past,
And a most delightful evening was enjoyed by one and all—
With the possible exception of The Cast.

But, Gentle Reader, don't deplore
These clambakes on The Shubert Shore
That gayly start at eventide.
They fill the till—and what is more—
They wear a kind of halo, for
They have The Angels on their side!

cause "I Like Mike," a comedy released last year (abroad it was called "Surprise Party" in order to avoid political connotations), was practically the only profitable picture so far in the history of film making in Israel.

Kishon's Duo

Two plays by Israel's foremost humorist, Ephraim Kishon are to be made into pictures: Geva Films studio is preparing the "Blaumilch Canal," directed by American-born Hy Kalus. It is a satire on red tape. A man escapes a lunatic asylum and turns the main street of Tel Aviv into a canal in order to transform the city into the "Venice of the Middle East." The point is that he gets all the necessary help from the authorities because every bureaucrat believes that the man is acting upon orders from another authority.

The other comedy, "Not a Word to Morgenstern," an independent production, is using Israel's favorite hobby, archaeology, as a pretext to present the more hilarious aspects of the Hebrew student's life.

A third one, shooting scheduled for April, to be directed by another American-born Israeli, Peter Frye, is based on a musical comedy by Aharon Meged, called "5:5." You might call it, "How to make boys and girls happy, without really trying."

Herzlia, the other (relatively) large Israeli studio, has just finished shooting on "Sinaia," directed by Ivan Lengyel, one of Otto Preminger's assistants on "Exodus." This melodrama is based on a true story which happened in 1956 during the Suez campaign when the Israelis swept the Sinai

desert. A commando unit of the Israeli army had reached an abandoned Bedouin camp. While searching for snipers, the Israeli soldiers found an infant beside her dead mother. They "adopted" the baby, sent her to a hospital. She is now six years old, her name is Sinaia (after the Sinai desert) and she plays herself in the picture.

Another film in the same vain is "What a Gang!," directed by Zeev Havazeleth in Geva studio. This is the story of a "Palmach" unit—the crack units of the Jewish underground during the British rule in Palestine.

The average budget of a picture is \$100,000. The better part of the directors and practically all the actors are theatre people. The average time of shooting is one month; the spoken language is Hebrew; the color: black and white.

It will take a long time for the Israeli film industry to develop properly, unless more foreigners come over for coproductions.

There is a special law, supporting such business ventures. Actors are good and they speak English. The studios are small, but adequately equipped for low-budget productions. The country is hospitable and interesting, the distances between sea and mountains small and the roads good. More expensive than Spain or Yugoslavia, but much cheaper than France or Italy, Israelis are eager to go along with anybody who wants to make pictures with them. It is a real mystery why outside producers don't follow the example set by Preminger, whose standards are high but he was happy with the conditions under which he made "Exodus" here.

Your Company's Annual Meeting

By HAROLD ROBBINS

It was exactly 10 o'clock when The Big Man stepped up to the podium and rapped it with his gavel to bring the meeting to order. There were a few moments of hubbub as the crowd of people found their seats and turned expectant faces toward the podium.

"We will begin the 40th annual meeting of the Magna Charta Film Co. Inc. with the usual report of the president to the stockholders," he said into the microphone.

There was desultory applause.

The Big Man cleared his throat as he picked up a sheaf of paper and placed it on the podium before him. "Ladies and Gentlemen," he began in solemn tones. "This has been a year of many problems within our industry but I would like to say at the very outset of this meeting, that your company has surmounted these problems and reports a profit of over \$3,000,000."

He was interrupted by a few scattered handclaps and then he continued. "Of course this profit was before taxes and certain officers' and employees' profitsharing participations, but the amount transferred to earned surplus was still a respectable figure—\$150,000."

No applause.

"Despite this we will continue to pay our regular annual dividend at the rate of \$1 per share, totaling \$2,300,000."

Applause.

He smiled and held up his hand. "This is of course made possible by energy and astuteness of your management in pursuing new-found sources of revenue and translating them into capital gains for your company. I will mention here, briefly, the outstanding elements in this category.

Wonderfully Diversified

"One. For many years we have owned our own studio consisting of 390 acres of prime real estate in what is now the heart of the city. During this past year we have divested ourselves of the burden of keeping up this vast property by selling it to The Realty Development Corp. for \$10,000,000, a profit to us of \$8,000,000. We then entered into a leaseback of facilities agreement with the new owners for the sum of \$1,000,000 a year, five years payable in advance and the balance payable over the 10-year lease period. Since maintenance and upkeep of these facilities had cost us more than \$2,000,000 annually, we thereby realize in addition to our profit of \$8,000,000, a saving of \$1,000,000 a year. This saving will be reflected in our operations during the lease period since we thought it a practical matter to set up our gain on the sale of the property as a reserve against rental under the lease."

He paused for a drink of water.

"Two. The sale of our old films to television have resulted in a profit of approximately \$2,000,000 during the last year and a conservative appraisal of our post-48s indicates that we should benefit by at least \$50,000,000 when the time comes for their sale to television. This subject is of course under constant scrutiny and analysis by your management.

"Three. Your company has realized substantial profits from the other industries it has acquired in the course of the diversification program initiated by your management during the past few years. I quote some of the profit figures shown by these companies.

"Sandbox Toy Co., \$5,000,000.

"Magnetic Girdle & Brassiere Co., \$9,000,000.

"Peppy Hamburger Drive-Ins Co., \$12,000,000.

"Reedy Record Co., \$4,000,000."

He paused and looked around the auditorium. "I think you must agree, ladies and gentlemen, this is a very impressive record indeed."

Polite applause. He smiled and held up his hand. "It is, of course, unfortunate that all these profits were offset by a loss due to operations of the parent company, but this is the unhappy nature of the motion picture industry today."

A small, timid-looking man in a gray suit rose at the rear of the auditorium. He held up his hand like a child at school. "Mr. President," he squeaked.

Mr. Big gestured to the man. "The chair recognizes the gentleman in the gray suit."

"Mr. President," the little man's voice still squeaked. "How much of the parent company's loss was due to the motion pictures produced during the last year?"

Mr. Big shuffled through the papers before him. He turned and whispered something to the other officers of the company. A moment later they were all whispering to one another.

Mr. Big turned back to the stockholders. His face was flushed and angry. "There was no loss charged to last year's productions."

"Why not?" the little man asked.

Mr. Big's face grew glum. "We were so busy with our other activities we forgot to make any pictures."

A silence fell in the auditorium.

"Could it be, sir?" he asked. "That is what is the matter with Hollywood?"

The Lecture Circuit

Much Different Since Mark Twain Pioneered The Chautauquas

By HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N.C.

It took Mark Twain, the real pioneer of the lecture circuit, at least four weeks to make 10 lectures. I can make 10 lectures in 11 days. Don't confuse these statistics. I do not think I am a better lecturer than Mark Twain, although to be truthful I never heard him speak. I simply mean I can make more lectures than he with that much more attendant trouble. Making 10 lectures in 11 days means I arise that much more often at 4:15 a.m. to catch a 6:00 plane to carry me from Scranton to Omaha where I can change flights to get to Houston by 6 p.m.

This is the hard core of the lecturer's problem. The agency that books my lectures for me reads an entirely different schedule than the ones the airlines print. My booking agency arranges entirely nonexistent transportation. If it is hard to get from

Scranton to Houston—no matter; they let me change planes in Omaha which relieves them of consequent worries about my itinerary. What little leisure the lecturer can squeeze into those 11 days is spent listening to airline clerks tell him no, you can't get to Houston from Omaha at that time. Very probably you can't get to Houston from Omaha at all. Airline clerks repeat, as a matter of note, the advice that it is impossible to get there from here. Punctuating these tele-tetes with the harassed airlines people are the phonecalls from whatever program chairman has booked me.

He wonders can I get there a few hours earlier. It seems he has just been able to arrange a press conference and thinks I would enjoy meeting the fourth estate. These calls can usually be silenced by my telling the program

(Continued on page 258)

Confessions of A Press Agent

How Profession (or Racket) Has Grown Since P. T. Barnum's Era

By RICHARD MANEY



Dick Maney

Pressagency is a confusing and contradictory craft crawling with pitfalls and pratfalls and overwrought rhetoric. Even its label is deceptive. It was practiced before the press was invented. Those engaged in it are not agents for or of the press. They're spokesmen for those who would be glorified or inflated in the press. The origin of pressagency is clouded. Some hold that it is an offshoot of witchcraft or an extension of alchemy. Others argue that it was rife in Rome in the time of the Triumvirate and cite "Caveat Emptor" to prove it. In its global manifestations it is called propaganda, in its lurid phases ballyhooy. For semantic reasons only in the amusement world is it identified as pressagency.

Pressagency, in its popular connotations, has been a growing industry or racket since Phineas T. Barnum, an adjective-crazed Yankee, parlayed a Connecticut dwarf, General Tom Thumb, and a Virginia slave, Joice Heth, whom he palmed off as the 161-year-old nurse of George Washington, into "The Greatest Show on Earth." Barnum had other things on his conscience, coined the baby contest, the beauty contest and the slogan, "There's a sucker born every minute." Because of his humbugs and the excesses of his successors, pressagency long was regarded as an activity peculiar to the circus and the theatre, and its operatives classed with counterfeiters and con men.

There was another reason for the plight of the press agent—the odium of his clients. Actors and actresses, no matter how gay or gifted, were considered a loose tribe and the theatre, to quote the pastor of New York's Brick Presbyterian Church, "a profane and sinful place of carnal recreation."

Most of the prejudices against theatre folk has been dissipated in the last half century. The Helen Gahagan who starred in "Tonight or Never" represented California in the lower house of Congress. Mike Todd and Billy Rose blueprinted their visions to the Harvard Business School. Louis "Satchmo" Armstrong was a missionary for the State Dept. in Asia and Africa. Irene Dunne sat in the General Assembly at the United Nations. A statue of George M. Cohan adorns Duffy Square. Jock Whitney, the angel for "Broken Dishes" and "There Goes the Bride," was our Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

Birth of The Image

With the desegregation of the performers, the prospect of the press agent brightened. It had started to glow in 1908 when the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Rockefellers, wincing under the barbs of Ida M. Tarbell and Lincoln Steffens, engaged Ivy M. Lee to give the public a flattering picture of their corporate antics.

The press agent's role is to foment publicity, i.e., free publicity, and fan it once it starts to glow. There are two kinds of publicity, good and bad. Publicity is what Jayne Mansfield gets through tenacity and what Garbo gets by default. It's what Maria Callas got when she was bounced by Rudolf Bing and what Orson Welles reaped when he played King Lear in a wheelchair.

Big Blowhard Era

Pressagency achieved peak production between 1910 and 1925. The screen was silent, radio was scratchy and television was a madman's dream. Stage news and gossip monopolized the amusement pages. Editors were susceptible to the tantrums and heresies of theatre people, hence condoned the hoaxes of their heralds. The milk-bath, tanbark-in-the-street stunts were born of collusion. Today's press agent shuns such devices. Through experience he has learned that deception doesn't pay. Editors no longer collude. He shuns the superlatives of his ancestors.

The most effective publicity is that which is most artfully disguised.

Press agents are conditioned to mirages. Of the 200 productions announced for any season, all but 60 will turn out to be phantoms. In explaining these and other lapses, the press agent resorts to euphemisms. He cites failure to get Helen Hayes for the star role and Moss Hart for director, rather than the manager's inability to raise \$100,000, as the reason for the balk.

Flops don't fold in Philadelphia. They're withdrawn for revision. Actors aren't fired during rehearsal. They withdraw, by mutual consent, because their role has been altered or excised. This facesaving chicane is transparent to the experienced. No matter how discursive the press agent's release, the drama editor boils it down to "Marilyn Peters has replaced Bettina Barlow in 'The Dreary and the Damned.'" On reading this Bettina nominates the press agent for all-American Judas. Marilyn is piqued, too. She had hoped for more elaborate identification.

The current press agent is a one-man claque, skilled in first aid and dauntless in the face of disaster.

Since January of '56 I have luxuriated in the fame of "My Fair Lady," perhaps the greatest musical comedy hit of all time. An incessant sellout, "My Fair Lady" is a press agent's notion of the millennium. It automatically reversed my professional position. The editors whom I commonly besieged, now besieged me. So great and insistent were the demands on the offstage hours of Julie Andrews that I drew a warning from producer Herman Levin. "Lay off!" he cried. "Julie's got to get some sleep. Use a little discretion. Another week of this and she'll be a litter case."

Ballyhooy's Labors Lost

The instrument is yet to be invented which can measure the impact of publicity on the boxoffice. Regardless of my industry and ingenuity, more than once I've been haunted by the suspicion that I'm yodeling in an echo chamber. I was crushed by such a suspicion in February of '41 when I alerted the nation to Ethel Barrymore's 40th anniversary as a star. A celebration to memorialize the Miss Barrymore long reign was a publicity setup, provided she would hold still for it.

The tribute mushroomed beyond my hopes. All New York's newspapers saluted her. Feature writers reviewed her past and dwelt on the caprices of her clan. They cited her loves and hates and lauded her performance of the Welsh schoolmistress in "The Corn is Green." She was toasted by the wire services. Walter Winchell, then at his apogee, gave her a column that was duplicated in the 400 newspapers which carried his pontifications. Syndicated oracles hailed her preeminence. NBC sponsored an hour-long coast-to-coast radio testimonial in which she was cheered by Helen Hayes, Alexander Woollcott, Arthur Hopkins, Herman Shumlin and Louis B. Mayer. Unseen millions were enchanted by a 10-minute exchange between Miss Barrymore and brothers, Lionel and John. Setting up this trilogy was a coup comparable to sealing Everest in moccasins. Only in "Rasputin and the Empress" had the three merged forces before.

What was the effect of this barrage on the b.o. of "The Corn is Green?" It tapered off.

The press agent's employer often badgers him into typing trivia which can only win him the scorn of the recipient. Ordered to issue a daily bulletin on "Star and Garter," p.a. James Davis in desperation announced that the show's featured player, stripteaser Georgia Sothern, had been elected to the Book-of-the-Month Club. Questioned by the Theatre Guild's Theresa Helburn about his efforts in behalf of Maxwell Anderson's "Valley Forge," p.a. Russel Crouse whipped out a postage stamp bearing the likeness of George Washington in proof of his influence and ingenuity.

Publicity, no matter how ably plotted and aired, can backfire and mutilate its author. Consider the wounds suffered by Mike Todd when he took over Madison Square Garden for a party for "a few of

my friends" to commemorate the first year of "Around the World in 80 Days" on Broadway. To cement his position as America's most spectacular showman, Todd schemed a black-tie revel that would dwarf the Durbar at Delhi and the Feast of Belteshazzar. The 18,000 guests were the flower of the amusement world, cafe society, Lindy's Restaurant and the literary world. They were to be entertained by spectacle and pageantry, by Mummies from Philadelphia, bands and orchestras, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke atop a rented elephant.

They were promised free champagne, free caviar, hams from Holland, shrimps from New Orleans, and Charrington ale from London. Gifts, food and drink were promoted by Todd's press department from dealers, vintners, merchants and manufacturers, all baited by the prospect by having their contributions cited on the 90-minute TV coverage of the proceedings for which CBS paid Todd \$350,000. At Todd's invitation and expense 300 motion picture critics and editors flew in for the fantasy from such remote spots as Miami, Los Angeles and Vancouver. Photographers descended on the Garden like a swarm of locusts. Uninvited notables moaned and beat their breasts, since attendance at the saturnalia was looked upon as a social must.

Next day's newspapers reported that it was the most disgraceful brawl in New York's history. Todd had underestimated the temper of his guests and the cupidity of those who were to serve them. Champagne, programs and paper plates were sold to the highest bidders. Those who managed to crash through to the floats bearing food, clawed it up with their bare hands. Elsa Maxwell was hit in the eye with a flying hotdog. Gowns were torn, dinner coats plastered with mustard. Larceny was rampant. One guest was apprehended as he staggered from the arena with an electric washer on his back. When the last celebrant had fled, six inches of debris covered the Garden's floor.

As he lives by publicity, so the press agent dies by it. Four times out of five he is maimed by a set of sour notices before he can ink his mimeograph machine. Under the theatre's sellout-or-sink setup no exhibit thus bludgeoned can survive unless it has a huge advance sale, a star whose name transcends all stigmas, or a producer indifferent to bankruptcy. If, in a spasm of sanity, the press agent recommends that it might be well to adjourn on Saturday, he is set down as a saboteur. So distinguished a lady as Sarah Churchill took me to task when I was skeptical of the future of "Gramercy Ghost," the mishmash in which she was mired. She said I would do well to emulate the shoemaker and stick to my last. "Gramercy Ghost" ran for 100 performances and lost another \$50,000.

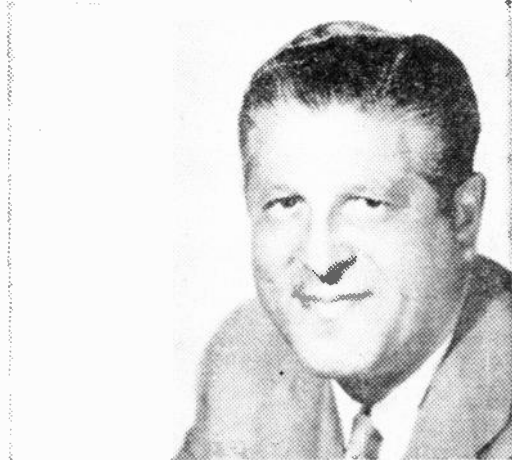
Progressively pressagency is becoming more pedestrian and routine. Theatre people, long noted for their eccentricities and launces, are victims of national lust for conformity. They're as well behaved, for the most part, as so many actuaries. Haunted by insecurity, they shrink from controversy. A rebellious exception is Tallulah Bankhead. Miss Bankhead fears nothing that walks, talks or ticks. She has opinions about everything and spits them out on cue. In Washington in the fall of 1958 in a mistake called "Crazy October," she laid waste Richard Nixon and Gov. Faubus while guest of honor at the Women's National Press Club. Her epithets popped up in newspapers all the way from Bangor to San Diego. Following Democratic luncheon there, she shared page 1 of the NY Daily News in a pose with Harry Truman, thus became the envy of her sorority.

Though pressagency is a treacherous trade, fraught with peril and mischance, it fascinates me. Those sensitive to shock and hysteria, to megalomania and stage mothers, should avoid it. They'll be happier amid saner surroundings. But it is stimulating adventure for anyone who doesn't mind living on a slack wire, who thrives on confusion, and who can remain above the battle when his comrades go berserk.



1912
1962

★ ★ UNIVERSAL ★ ★
PICTURES COMPANY
DURING ITS
GOLDEN ★ ★ ★ ★
ANNIVERSARY
CELEBRATION
★ ★ ★ HONORS ★ ★ ★



MILTON R.
RACKMIL
★ ★ ★ WITH A ★ ★ ★
PRESIDENTIAL
SALES DRIVE
JAN. 1 - JUNE 30
★ ★ ★ ★ AND ★ ★ ★ ★

UNIVERSAL
PROUDLY
LAUNCHES ITS
GOLDEN
JUBILEE
YEAR ★ ★ ★ ★
WITH
AN ARRAY OF
OUTSTANDING
ATTRACTIONS
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



KIRK DOUGLAS
LAURENCE OLIVIER
JEAN SIMMONS
CHARLES LAUGHTON
PETER USTINOV
JOHN GAVIN

and **TONY CURTIS** as Antoninus
in

"SPARTACUS"

Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo
Directed by Stanley Kubrick
Produced by Edward Lewis
A Bryna Production in
Technicolor®

A ROSS HUNTER
PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION
WITH JOSEPH FIELDS

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"FLOWER DRUM SONG"

In Color and Panavision • starring
NANCY KWAN
JAMES SHIGETA and
MIYOSHI UMEKI

Screenplay by Joseph Fields
Music by Richard Rodgers
Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2d
Directed by Henry Koster
Produced by Ross Hunter

ROCK HUDSON
DORIS DAY

TONY RANDALL in

"LOVER COME BACK"

In Eastman Color • co-starring
EDIE ADAMS and
JACK OAKIE

Written by Stanley Shapiro and
Paul Henning
Directed by Delbert Mann
Produced by Stanley Shapiro and
Martin Melcher
Executive Producer Robert Arthur
A 7 Pictures Corporation—
Nob Hill Productions, Inc.—
Arwin Productions, Inc. Picture

GREGORY PECK
ROBERT MITCHUM
POLLY BERGEN in

"CAPE FEAR"

co-starring
LORI MARTIN and
BARRIE CHASE
Screenplay by James R. Webb
Directed by J. Lee Thompson
Produced by Sy Bartlett
A Melville-Talbot Production

"THE DAY THE
EARTH
CAUGHT FIRE"

starring
JANET MUNRO
LEO McKERN
and introducing
EDWARD JUDD
Produced and Directed by Val Guest
A Val Guest Production

TONY CURTIS in
"THE OUTSIDER"
co-starring
JAMES FRANCISCUS

Screenplay by Stewart Stern
Directed by Delbert Mann
Produced by Sy Bartlett

KIRK DOUGLAS in

"LONELY ARE
THE BRAVE"

co-starring
GENA ROWLANDS
WALTER MATTHAU
MICHAEL KANE

Screenplay by Dalton Trumbo
Directed by David Miller
Produced by Edward Lewis
A Joel Production

CARY GRANT
DORIS DAY in

"THAT TOUCH
OF MINK"

in Color • co-starring
GIG YOUNG
Written by Stanley Shapiro and
Nate Monaster
Directed by Delbert Mann
Produced by Stanley Shapiro and
Martin Melcher
Executive Producer Robert Arthur
A Granley Company—
Arwin Productions, Inc.—
Nob Hill Productions, Inc. Production

ROCK HUDSON
BURL IVES in

"THE SPIRAL ROAD"
in Color • co-starring
GENA ROWLANDS

Screenplay by John Lee Mahin and
Neil Paterson
Directed by Robert Mulligan
Produced by Robert Arthur

"PHANTOM OF
THE OPERA"
in Color • starring
HERBERT LOM
and
HEATHER SEARS

Directed by Terence Fisher
Produced by Anthony Hinds
A Hammer Films Production

MONTGOMERY CLIFT
SUSANNAH YORK
LARRY PARKS
SUSAN KOHNER in

"FREUD"

Produced and Directed by
John Huston
A JOHN HUSTON PRODUCTION



Ego, Yes; Indecision, Often; But Love That Hollywood

By PATRICIA JOHNSON
(Associate Editor, Gold Medal Books)

In 1955 a nice paradox occurred in a paperback house when its two bestselling books turned out to be Polly Adler's "A House Is Not a Home" and



Pat Johnson

Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen's "The Eternal Galleon." Whatever the cause for the public's simultaneous demands for sin and salvation (and where else but in paperbacks could you purchase each for a mere 35c?), there was no question at Popular Library, publisher of both books, that this peculiar little twist was a highly profitable one.

It's too much to hope that soft-cover houses will forever profit from paradoxes, but recently paperbacks have been making money for themselves and for movie companies by way of a new and booming twist—a complete reversal in the procedure of movie tie-ins.

Traditionally a book would appear in hardcover, make a name for itself on the bestseller lists and then go on the block for sale to theatrical producers, motion picture producers and paperback publishers. Throughout the whole process the hardcover publisher was the seller, and so long as contract terms were not violated, strict attention was not necessarily paid to who was doing what when.

Now the cart is being put before the horse—and with solid results. Motion picture companies with no more—and often much less—than a rough script in hand are being besieged by droves of paperback editors vying for the right to novelize their original scenarios. And, contrary to the helter-skelter planning of the old days, timing is of the utmost importance.

The result of the switch seems to be that everyone is making hay. To be sure, the initial amount the soft cover house pays the film company for the novelization rights varies from nothing to—at the most—very little in the Hollywood scale of measurements. Sophisticated film producers look at tie-in books primarily as exploitation aids, not as sources of direct income. In fact, the new Screen Writers Guild contract calls for the screenplay writer to receive one-third of the royalties paid by the publisher; the novelist receives the other two-thirds, which leaves the producer holding the bag. But the bag is full of valuable intangibles, or intangible values.

How It Works

What the publisher does for the film concern is create a nationwide market, a popular anticipation of a film before it would ordinarily be more than a vague glimmer by the public consciousness. There are approximately 100,000 outlets for paperback books in the United States. In newsstands, drugstores, railroad stations, airports, hotel lobbies and bookstores across the country, thousands of copies of the novelization suddenly blossom forth—usually one or two months prior to the film's release. If a book has been novelized from a screenplay, the title is always the same as the movie's, and ideally, this should be the case in all tie-ins—so that the book will automatically be associated in the mind of the potential buyer with the film.

But this isn't always feasible when the film is made from a hardcover book. For instance, a Dell reprint called "The Green Gage Summer" is now a motion picture called "Loss of Innocence"; by prearrangement with the hard cover publisher, the Dell edition must retain the book's original title. "Aimez-Vous Brahms," by Francoise Sagan was made into the Ingrid Bergman movie, "Good-bye Again," but the Bantam reprint carries the first title because the hardcover book had had such a lively life of its own under that title.

Generally speaking, though, publishers cooperate in keying their titles to the picture's—even to

changing the name of a reissue of a book already published. The Rock Hudson-Kirk Douglas western, "The Last Sunset," was based on a Gold Medal book called "Sun-down at Crazy Horse," but when the picture came out, the book was reissued under the movie title which had undergone five different—and to the publisher, hair-raising—changes before the film was finally released.

More Ballyhoo

Another method of bringing the reader's attention to the forthcoming film is to use stills on the cover of the book, such as Gold Medal is doing with its novelization of Warner's forthcoming "The Couch" by Robert Bloch. Bloch, incidentally, is one of a rare breed. He wrote the screenplay, then adapted it into novel form; most screenwriters don't publish novels.

Sometimes credits are also listed on the cover so that the book buyer and prospective moviegoer knows not only who is in the film, but who produced it, directed it, released it, and who wrote the screenplay. There seems to be some disagreement, however, about how much good these credits do. Motion picture producers and their publicists like to see lots of names on a cover; most publishers feel the longer the list, the worse the book does.

Truck banners, posters, streamers, special display racks and other promotional material distributed by the publisher help plug both the book and the movie. Close cooperation between Pocket Books and the Mirisches has resulted in some really effective displays for "West Side Story." And similar mutual back-scratching between Fawcett and Allied Artists is resulting in a great deal of "See-the-movie, read-the-book" promotion on Sam Bronston's "El Cid."

Of course, paperback houses are not charities. The publisher reaps his rewards in a tie-in, too. Unquestionably a novelization is going to benefit from any advance publicity done by the producing studio. A good book will sell better if people have already been familiarized with its title, or if the cover can boast the advantage of a handsome photograph or dramatic likeness of a topnotch star. The clever, catchy comedy called "Pillow Talk," published in 1959 by Gold Medal, was not harmed by its Kodachrome cover of Rock Hudson and Doris Day. "Psycho," which sold a mere 4,000 copies in hardcover, went back to press three times and sold over 500,000 copies in Crest's soft-cover edition, which featured the jagged, broken lettering of the title that had appeared on the hardcover edition and on the ads and trailers for the picture.

Unfortunately, the publisher also collects his share of headaches. Not the least of his trials is the strange megalomania that sometimes afflicts Hollywood titans. One paperback house reports that it recently contracted to do novelization of John Doe's production of a movie we'll call XYZ—based on the exploits of a similarly named historical figure. The cover art was completed, proper credits were listed, arrangements were made for the publisher to use the motion picture's logotype for the title of the book. Everything was all set to go, but when the plates were made and the cover was submitted to producer John Doe for approval, the publisher was informed that for all intents and purposes the actual legal title of the book was not "XYZ" but "John Doe XYZ." The publisher remade his plates.

Another publisher's problem is the difficulty of dealing with studio representatives, or producers, or talent agents who are jealous of the credits on books—credits for actors, directors, screenwriters, etc. One book came close to not hitting the stands last spring because the two major actors who were appearing in the movie version had to appear by contract with the motion picture distributor, in precisely the same proportion on all illustrative material connected with the film. On the proposed cover of the book (a scene from the picture) one actor was a fraction smaller than the

other—and there wasn't enough time to break the plate and do another cover. Alarmed at the thought of offending the "smaller" actor, the picture company's lawyers issued an injunction against release of the cover. Some 200,000 copies of the book would probably be yellowing in the warehouse now if an editor hadn't taken the matter in hand and sent a telegram explaining the trouble to the renowned and outspoken actor the studio thought would feel slighted. Within hours, the actor (who had known nothing about the book prior to the telegram) called the head of the studio, and the cover was okayed.

A far more frequent plague to publishers is a movie concern's predilection for changing titles and release dates on the spur of the moment. A novelization on sale, say, in March should, for best sales results and full publicity value for the film, be followed up by the appearance of the movie one to two months later. But if someone suddenly decides to hold the release back for the Christmas season, the publisher is left with 200,000 copies of a book distributed around the country doing little good, because all its impact is wasted.

Vanessa Redgrave

Continued from page 3

why we choose to vote for one political party or another. Why draw the line at that? Poets and writers have always involved themselves up to the neck in politics and political action, what's so special about an actor?

People working in a studio, theatre or variety have responsibilities towards the people they work with, and the management they work for. Everything in me hates the idea of breaking a contracted promise by doing something which will disturb and cause loss to the people involved with me in the theatre. It is my duty to be loyal to the theatre. I try to be so, I want to be so; but when the inevitable clash comes between my work in the theatre and action I feel I must take, together with many other people, towards achieving nuclear disarmament, then I must choose the second.

What would happen if I chose career at the expense of my convictions? I should be unhappy and, if I were unhappy, I could not enjoy my work, anyway. I don't say I would be any less effective as an actress, but without enjoyment of the job there is no satisfaction in the arduous profession of the theatre. Sometimes I have been asked whether my political views affect the parts I accept? The answer is "No."

I would certainly take a role diametrically opposed to my own views, providing that the case was fairly put, so that people could be persuaded to think about and discuss the problem. Of course, the situation is far easier for an actress than for a playwright. However depressed she is with world affairs she can switch to, say, Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew," for a couple of hours without difficulty. It must be far more difficult for a writer with strong beliefs not to find his work colored by them.

I am convinced that it is absolutely essential to use every possible means to fight the potential Bomb horror. As an actress I can make a reasonably decent speech, and as a "name" I make some impact at demonstrations. I am sure that everybody who cares about our future must help, and that goes for people in the world of entertainment, too. I have just appeared in one anti-bomb film.

Many people in my profession have joined together and formed a Campaign for the Nuclear Disarmament Stage Club and last month we staged a revue, "Everybody Sit," which was put on in London on a Sunday for the club funds. The cast included Sybil Thorndike, Mai Zetterling, Constance Cummings, Kenneth Williams and other members of the cast of "One Over The Eight," "Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be" and "Beyond the Fringe."

I mention this show, and those names, to prove that, within the theatre, there is a large, responsible body of leading members of the profession who refuse to subscribe to the old-fashioned, bigoted theory that show business and politics don't mix. They do. They must.

I REMEMBER MANANA

By SIG HERZIG

Madrid.

I woke up with the clear glareless light streaming in on me and wondered what had happened to the smog. Then I remembered I was in Madrid where it was manana while it was still yesterday in Hollywood. I was there to write the screenplay for "Operation Sevilla" for Rudolph Medina. Norman McLeod was slated to direct. I remembered when I had first met the director of "Topper," "Road to Rio," "Paleface" and other comedies. It was on the old Christie Comedy lot, where we both started our careers. Only he was a cartoonist then, who illustrated the silent titles and his cartoons were often funnier than the pictures. I remember discussing our plans for manana together. He wanted to become a director, but Al Christie, who needed an experienced cartoonist more than an untried director, kept putting him off. I wanted to graduate from the two-reels I was writing to features, which was like going from extra to leading man which only happened in the pictures themselves.

Mort Blumenstock, the press-agent, got me the break. He told a producer friend at Columbia that I had just turned out six reels in three weeks. Since he didn't mention that he had just added up the three two-reels I had written, I got a feature to do—"The Lone Wolf's Daughter." Unfortunately it was one of the last silent pictures. Talk came in with a sonic boom and it was just as hard for a silent writer to get a job on a "talkie" as it was to go from two-reels to features.

So I went to New York to prove myself as a dialog writer. I started out by writing sketches for Lew Fields' "Vanderbilt Revue." There was a beautiful classic dancer in the show by the name of Francesca Braggiotti who hankered for some lines. That was a pretty big jump, too. But I managed to write her into a sketch with Lulu McConnell. I met Francesca in Madrid a few weeks ago. She is now Mrs. John Cabot Lodge, wife of the former American Ambassador to Spain, a great and gracious lady who is still in show business. As the wife of a prominent public figure she has to be "on" most of the time.

After "The Vanderbilt Revue" there was "The Third Americana." I worked on the sketches with J. P. McEvoy. Johnny Mercer was around the show doctoring some lyrics. He came from a wealthy Savannah family, but now he was on his own, making it the hard way as a budding lyric writer. His wife Ginger would provide him with carfare and lunch money every morning. But on the way to the theatre, he'd forget he was broke and hand out dimes to all the panhandlers that came up to him, and there were plenty in those days. So he always had a very light lunch. Ironically, the hit song of the show was "Brother Can You Spare A Dime?", but instead of Johnny, Yip Harburg and Jay Gorney invented it.

'Left Side of the Script'

Having proved I could write dialog, I was put on the SuperChief and rushed back to Hollywood and a job at Paramount. Since I was now typed as a Broadway sketch-writer, the studio assigned a collaborator to help me write "the left side of the script." In those days this was where the action and the camera angles were described. The right side was for the dialog. Although I knew everything about the camera from booms to zooms, I played it straight. It was a big office and I was lonesome.

From Paramount I went to Warners on an eight-week contract that lasted for five years. My first collaborator there was Jerry Wald. Jerry didn't attempt to teach me anything about the left side of the script, but I did learn how to read "upside down" from him. This was a way of reading the inter-office memos on a producer's desk when they were turned away from you. In that way you could find out what stories the studio was looking for and maybe come up with one of them the next morning. I often wonder if Jerry now has his inter-office memos written in code.

As my five-year tour of duty at Warners was coming to an end, I noticed that a lot of the old screen-

writers were falling by the wayside. Playwrights were the thing. They were bringing them out in droves from New York. As a mere sketchwriter I couldn't qualify. Besides I already was in Hollywood.

So I sat down and wrote a play called "Vickie" in six weeks, and four weeks later I was on my way back to New York with Frank Mandel to open it. It closed almost as quickly. Usually an author blames a flop on the cast. But what could I say after Mandel came up with Jose Ferrer, Uta Hagen, Mildred Dunnock, Taylor Holmes and Red Buttons? Renee Carroll, the redheaded hatchick at Sardi's wanted to see the show, but when I offered her passes she refused them. She said the show needed support and she was going to make her escort pay for the best seats in the house. She only accepted free tickets for hits! When "Bloomer Girl," which I had written with Fred Saily with a score by Yip Harburg and Harold Arlen, opened a year later, I sent her complimentary tickets for opening night. She must have sensed a big hit because she asked for another ticket for her cousin from Syracuse. I gave her mine and stood up. Yea s later when I met her in Beverly Hills as the wife of Lou Shoncit, the ticketbroker and backer of nothing but hits, she told me she didn't have a cousin in Syracuse. In fact she didn't know anyone there.

After "Bloomer Girl," Hollywood sent for me again. Now that I'm in Madrid perhaps I'll get the call once more. This time they'll probably supply me with an interpreter to help me with the English dialog on the left side of the script.

New Film Spots

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lation has decreased by 70,558 while the count for all of Cook County has gone up 560,132. This has been despite a continuing influx into the city of lower socioeconomic level southern whites, Negroes and Puerto Ricans, indicating that the flow to the outskirts is predominantly middle class is greater than even the figures show.

Of the seven new suburban hardtops on the drawing board or under construction, six of them are set for locations in or near shopping centres. Says Kolberg: "The shopping centres are associated with an increasingly auto-oriented society, and with astute merchandising and I think that these factors also spell out the future of picture exhibition. The era of the no-parking-area opulent picture palace is over. Our theatres will be handsome, efficient and accessible."

This is not to say that new houses will be bandboxes. The Golf Mill theatre (which broke ground in November) seats 1,800, and the Hillside theatre will have a 1,500 capacity. Both are located in shopping centres. However, the money saved on marble staircases and ornate staircases will go for other customer lures. For instance, the Golf Mill has such accoutrements as a 40 ft. by 40 ft. television lounge, free coffee, an infra-red heated canopy extending eight feet in front of the theatre, and two glass-enclosed soundproof rooms for restless children.

The new hardtop not located in a shopping centre will be constructed during 1962 by Lubliner & Trinz, veteran Chi theatre owners, and will be located in the northern suburbs. General manager Bruce Trinz said that his company sees no necessity for building the theatre in a shopping centre as long as plentiful parking is available.

The formula for the location of new theatres—population plus parking plus money—shapes as the key to motion picture exhibition in the Chicago area for the foreseeable future, and this means locating in the suburbs where all three factors are available and increasing. Without the caution inspired by television competition it's possible that some of the money now available for the suburban houses might have been used at an earlier date for smaller and more efficient nabe houses.

'Don't Just Sit There—'

Anti-Show Biz and/or Literary and/or Property Rights Laws Can Be Altered If There's Enough Action Taken

By HARRIET F. PILPEL

Those of us who are lawyers are duly appreciative of the fact that those of us who are clients call us up when they want to know what the law is:—How far can you go in criticizing a living person? A dead person? Suppose you use a name for a fictional character and it turns out there is a real and not so dissimilar person by the same name? Etcetera and so forth. And after all, clients should call lawyers on just such questions. That's what lawyers are trained for, and that's how we make our living.

But it does puzzle lawyers some of the time that you clients—especially clients in the literary and entertainment fields—do not have more awareness, in fact, in many cases, any awareness of the fact that it is they who write the laws, attorneys only interpret them.

All lawyers have often had the experience of having a client try to talk him out of what he honestly thinks, the law is with "but that's ridiculous," "that can't be libelous," "if I can't print or show that, then we're living in a dictatorship already."

The correct answer for the client to give the lawyer at that point is "OK—you don't like what the law is on this subject, change it."

Actually there are few laws in the entertainment field—or for that matter—in any other field that clients, and the ones hit by the law, can't change if they put effort to it.

It is true, of course, that the Constitution itself says thou shalt not in certain areas. No matter how much one wants to have a law saying no more paperbacks with pictures of semi-dressed women on the covers, the chances are the law wouldn't stand up because we do (thank heaven) have constitutional guarantees against abridgement of the press and even pictures of semi-dressed ladies are a form of communication.

But leaving aside the area of constitutional guarantees—there is no—repeat no—law that can't be changed if enough of those on whom it has an impact want to change it.

Usage of Names

Item: Do you think that you should have the right to use the names and pictures of actual persons in a book, movie, show, song or broadcast? Should it matter whether the use is to convey factual data or is fictional in character? Does it matter whether you have the person's permission and whether that permission is in writing? Suppose neither the person's name nor his picture is used but facts which point inescapably to him are the basis for, say, a feature film? Like the story of the first man to fly the Atlantic solo, told in such a way that everyone thinks of one particular person but some of the film doesn't "fit" and some of it may be libelous? And like that? This whole subject matter, which goes under the general heading of privacy, is wide open—the courts throughout the country are groping for satisfactory solutions as ever new and more puzzling questions arise.

Or let's take the question of the effect of our tax laws on creative people—writers, composers, artists, performers and the like—there's no question but that these groups get the worst of all tax worlds—especially when they're freelance rather than employed. Their product, regardless of its value, can never put them in a capital gains position. Generally speaking they have no pension plans. Their ability to save anything, against the diminution of their earning power that is apt to come sooner or later as they get older or as their creative well-springs become temporarily or permanently dry, is nonexistent.

Patent Boys Did All Right!

Some years ago inventors were in substantially the same boat. But the patent boys got together and marched on Washington. The result: today those who get patents are the most preferred group tax wise our economy. Whereas, other groups have to sweat and strain to achieve that lovely 25% capital gains tax, and whereas, the advan-

tages of that tax are denied altogether to the creators of our copyrights (except possibly after they are dead) the creators of our patents are entitled to capital gains treatment with a minimum of effort and tax planning on their part.

There is evidence that people in the Treasury Department are conscious of the enormous injustice the present tax laws inflict on copyright creators. They would, I think, lend a sympathetic ear to proposals for reform. But, of course, if we don't make any—if we grouse but don't come up with any specific proposals, whom can we blame except ourselves?

Or take the field of copyright reform? Do you like the highly technical rules on the copyright notice which makes publishing and producing like walking on eggs when it comes to technical compliance with the Copyright Act? Do you think it's fair that no payment is made by anyone to anyone for the use of copyrighted music in jukeboxes? Do you think it makes sense in this one world of ours for United States publishers and authors to be precluded from printing their books abroad (no matter how much better or cheaper the books could be produced there) on pain of permanent

loss of their U.S. copyright? No, of course, you don't like any of these things—you can't.

But what are you doing to change them? It won't do any good to call up your lawyer and argue with him. He agrees with you that in many respects "the law is a ass," as Mr. Dickens said. But he didn't make the laws you object to—the ones you try so hard to argue him out of, as if he did.

Keep Nagging the Solons

There is a sign on one of those western superhighways leading to Las Vegas, Nevada (or at least there was) reading, "Don't just sit there—nag your husband." Well, the same goes for you—anyway part of it does. Don't just sit there if you don't like what the law is—join with others similarly situated (as we lawyers put it) and do something about it.

On the privacy level, it is mostly the state courts and the state legislatures that write the final tickets. If you feel strongly about any phase of this, get in touch with them.

As far as taxes are concerned, the U.S. Treasury Department is not blind to rank injustice when it is called to their attention. But they've got a lot of problems and if you want them to pay attention to yours, you have to address them specifically and give them specific and telling data.

And as to copyright—well, you couldn't be in a better position than you are right at this moment. The U.S. Copyright Office has just brought forth a comprehensive—and excellent—program for Copyright Law revision. All it has to do is to get through Congress. And

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Clara Bow's Underwear

A Reminiscence

By JOSEPH MILL BROWN

After living abroad, it was a pleasure to return to my home in New Jersey just in time to learn of the splendid job being done by the County Prosecutor in protecting children from having to read Henry Miller's filthy classic, "Tropic of Cancer." I wish we had similarly-alert meatheads in my youth. They might have protected me from having to go see filthy movies, every Saturday and Sunday matinee. I might have turned out to be less of a gayblade had I not been exposed constantly to the tantalizing sight of Clara Bow's underwear.

In the recent cinematic histories, hardly a masterpiece can qualify as definitive without husky portions allocated to the sirens and the sexpots, and the luscious attractions of the "It" Girl herself, Clara Bow. She was gaudy and bawdy and lusty, living the celluloid life that made the fictionalized F. Scott Fitzgerald counterparts resemble Inca Virgins. The pictorial anthologies show her with a round face, wet bangs, laughing, flashing eyes, a Cupid's bow of a mouth and a flat (as was the fashion) but attractive figure. In most of the stills, she seems to be clothed in only a chemise.

Through the years I've had many "remember when" conversations with friends about Clara Bow, but I find it strange that the only

things my friends don't remember is the one thing I, for one, recall most vividly—her underwear.

I won't make apologies for my friends. For the most part they are racetrack touts, poolroom hustlers and satyrs. They are not the type of people I would have in my house. Yet they do not remember Clara Bow's underwear. They do, however, insist that they remember a lot of things about Clara Bow's movies that I don't remember. This stumped me until I realized, one day, that these are men much older than I. While I was a fairly-innocent, pre-puberty youth, they were already dirty-minded adolescents.

Incompatible

With them, life had to be heavy-handed, or nothing at all. Buck Jones (or was it Jack Hoxie?) and his white horse registered over Garbo's haunting eyelids. Douglas Fairbanks' acrobatics carried more zip than Ernst Lubitsch's cinematic subtleties (if they ever knew who Lubitsch was). They were the type who gave you two-to-one odds (6c to 3c) that Baby Leroy would outlast Maurice Chevalier.

Before I realized we were incompatible, I suffered boiling insults from my "friends." (I was too young and insecure to give them up and try the gang on the next block.) It was impossible to talk to them of beauty, and love, and happiness. Poor kids, there was so little of it in their own homes, how could they recognize it if they saw it?

When you are that young, it kills you to pretend that you prefer a Red Grange football serial to Nancy Carroll's passionate twitchings. And, yet, how beautifully she twitched. Was it obscene to revel in Billie Dove's fantastic beauty, just because she spent half of her pictures reclining about in white satin kimono? "In those days," as Norma Desmond (Gloria Swanson) observed in Billy Wilder's "Sunset Boulevard," they had faces.

And even if they didn't, are the limits of beauty proscribed? For many years one of the vaudeville staples at Loew's Pitkin, in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn had been the girly revues of Nils T. Granlund ("NTG's Sweethearts" was the billing). The shrewd Granny always made it a point to hire one or two specimens of local talent—certain insurance for packing the galleries. For the last two or three years, the neighborhood celebrity had been a statuesque blond trapeze named Alicia J. who forsook all learning after two years of high school when fate crowned her Queen of the Eastern Parkway Block Party of 1929. This led to further triumphs, viz., Miss Belly Lox of 1930 for the exploitation of a new appetizing store, and Miss Sands in the Pands—the same year—at the opening of Steeplechase.

When the word came down to the cellars and alleys of Brownsville that Alicia had hit the big-time, all craps and rummy games came to a halt as the neighborhood turned out to root on the local girl who had went and showed them. I remember trembling with joy in the darkened theatre as the lights came up at the end of the movie and the orchestra played the overture. NTG shuffled out, wearing a party hat and blowing a paper horn, and then the curtain rose on a long line of girls blanketing the stage with the usual NTG costumes—a little gauze there and a smile up here. And then there was a humming noise progressing to a ripple of muffled shouts as the audience searched the stage and finally identified Alicia.

Memories

A surprise awaited us. NTG had arranged an impromptu beauty contest. (It was "impromptu" at every show.) He merely traversed the line of showgirls, pausing to hold his hand over the head of each doll. The one who drew most applause was the acknowledged "winner." In my very young eyes, it was an accident that Alicia was the girl at the end, but of course no accident that she had won. For it seemed to me she looked the way Helen of Troy must have looked—or, at least, Vilma Banky on the day she married Rod La Rocque.

At the end of the show, we

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French (Not Jealous, They Insist) Study Whys of Italy's Advance In America

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris. An internationally-minded French film producer shakes his head about the impact of France upon America during 1961. He is truthful, and realistically informed, in saying that Italy was dominant during the year just ended. Against that, however, the prospects for French product in the U.S. during 1962 is visibly brighter. The point is worth stressing that Parisians familiar with cinema developments are contrasting the gratifying progress of French features in other areas of the world while seemingly slumping in America. There lies its best chance of international revenues and prestige.

The situation is perhaps not as bad as some view it. Partly this is the liquidation of the false spurt known as the "new wave" which contributed a sense of vitality to Paris studios some few years ago. But a great number of the features made at that period by eager beaver youths have either flopped at the boxoffice or never been released at all.

Day Before Yesterday

The best of the "new wave" producers may be credited with quickening the pulse of French production. They had a refreshing impertinence, a kind of nothing-to-lose daring which created films of real impact. One must remain grateful for, say, "The 400 Blows," "Black Orpheus" and "Hiroshima Mon Amour."

Nor should it be forgotten that one girl by herself created a rebirth of French pictures, namely Brigitte Bardot. She is still making pictures, though the first sensation is now history as with the first sensation of the separate phenomenon of the "wave."

An offbeat little comedy like "The Joker" did alright as did a conventional episode pic like "The French Women and Love." But in 1961 the French definitely lagged behind Italian power in U.S. arties and subsequents.

So what happened? Much self-scrutiny in Paris. Boils down to a new awareness that the French industry is still basically insular and still making films primarily for its own peoples plus French-speaking former colonies, etc. Yet it is extremely rare, almost impossible, for a French release to amortize itself on its own market.

This does not mean slavish emulation of other countries, for a good national picture can usually be a good international attraction. But it does mean France must

keep up with current trends. The Italians have been more international market-minded.

It is usually added here in Paris that there is no jealousy about the Italian boom. It is a true creative renaissance, plus the luck of cashing in on a spate of biblical and ancient spear-and-sandal quickie costumers. The French right now are not heading that way. It is true that actioners are made here too. But they are usually too elegant and concerned with talky intrigue and historical pageantry.

Too French?

French costumers usually do well at home. Top grossers this past year include Jean Marais' swashbuckling "Miracle of the Wolves" and "The Capitaine Francasse" plus still another version of that old workhorse "The Three Musketeers." These have yet to be shown in stateside playoff.

Pioneer Abel Gance's "Austerlitz" had some fine battle scenes but too much inside court intrigue, and though 20th-Fox is supposed to have it there has been no word of pending U.S. release. The big scale "La Fayette" is also waiting for Yank takers as well as the more serious medieval love pic "The Princess of Cleves." French are apparently pining for a Joe Levine to jazz up their more elegant actioners.

Too many French films are replete with allusions and comedies hard to sell in U.S. There is considerable curiosity respecting Robert Dhery's easygoing situation comedy "La Belle Americaine" in the light of his long exposure to the American mentality. Also being watched is the 1959 pic, "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" which will get the Astor treatment given Italy's "La Dolce Vita." Like that opus this one delves into decadent high life.

Exterior Shooting

The "Wave" directors' penchant for shooting in real surroundings has led to some studio rental lulls but most space still seems filled. However, there are video inroads into studios as well as the possibility of several being torn down to make way for housing developments which in turn could bring on more on-the-spot shooting.

Workers think this will lead to eventual unemployment. The promised French "Hollywood on the Riviera" is still in the planning stages. Yank production has always been less in France than elsewhere in Europe. It is felt that costs are higher than in

Italy without all the facilities and especially the milder climate.

Though the City of Paris is considered a veritable film set it is used usually for just that. Yanks come in for exteriors mainly. However Darryl Zanuck, now a resident, has done several pix here and is now tying up a whole studio with seven sound stages for several months with his massive "The Longest Day" (20th).

"Paris Blues" was made in its entirety here. Jules Dassin, who made French features and now does English speaking ones under a United Artists contract, did his interiors for his recent "Phaedra" in Paris, while longtime resident Anatole Litvak made "Goodbye Again" (UA) in Paris and just started another.

The French have turned to sketch, or multi-episode scripts, as their international box office bid after the success of "French Woman and Love." "Famous Loves," with an all star cast, is doing biz and winding are "The Seven Capital Sins," done mostly by "Wave" directors in contrast to the oldsters who did "French Woman," "The Parisian Women," "Love is 20 Years Old" and "Crime Does Not Pay."

Raoul Levy is making a French blockbuster bid with his long delayed \$4,500,000 "Marco Polo" now set to begin in January, 1962. Yank majors are still backing French pix, both for local and worldwide marts. Metro has a company setup with producer Jacques Bar through which came "Bridge to the Sun." Also put money into the latest B.B. opus, "A Very Private Affair" via producer Christine Gouzel-Renal.

Yank continental offices are in Paris and still count a great deal on Paris openings for prestige reflections around Europe. But French producers, if production is holding up and they are still winning laurels at film fests with offbeat pix, see U.S. playoff progress again eluding them.

Yank stars rarely settle in Paris as they seem to do in Rome. One exception was Jean Seberg who revived her lagging Yank career here. Simone Signoret and Yves Montand have become Yank names and thus could be an asset to French films, but, besides the inevitable B.B., French are also stymied by the uneven U.S. reactions to such top stars as Fernandel, Jean Gabin and a Yank who became a star in France, Eddie Constantine.

"Stay very close to me darling because without you, I am not alive!"



F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S

Tender Is The Night

*Sinners and straying
saints...their nights
in Paris...Rome...
the Riviera!*

CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE

co-starring CESARE DANOVA • JILL ST. JOHN • PAUL LUKAS

Produced by

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Screenplay by



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To Benefit Medico, Inc....
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Grandma's Sermon In The Valley

Continued from page 4

celebrated actress Jane Russell. "Mother" Russell is spiritual guide not only to her own brood, but to a core of Hollywoodites including David Brian, Rhonda Fleming, Colleen Townsend, Dale Evans, Roy Rogers and the Ronald Reagans.

She specializes in helping Hollywood up-and-outs as opposed to down-and-outs. Up-and-outs are people financially up in the world but spiritually down.

Explains "Mother" Russell: "Show business is so high pressured it keeps peoples lives upside down and they begin taking things to keep them going—pills, liquor, drugs, anything to keep them up."

A handsome gray-haired firm-backed, no-nonsense woman, "Mother" Russell represents a reservoir of strength in the Hollywood community which is constantly in need of irrigation. "She gets to the point of her sermons with sledgehammer force," says Alyce Canfield, one of the congregation and author herself of a book called, "God In Hollywood."

In a community where psychiatry has become a religion and confessions are made from the couch, it's surprising that the elemental and basic religious discussions of "Mother" Russell have become so popular.

Although some of the established churches in the film community are heavily attended, more and more Hollywood folk are forming religious discussion groups of their own.

On Monday evenings at the convention hall of the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel, more than 150 young actors and actresses attend meetings of the Hollywood Christian Group.

Ty Hardin, young Warner contract player now starring in "The Chapman Report," is president of the group which, he says, was founded 15 years ago "by people in the movie industry who felt there was a place for God in the hearts of the people here." Hardin is president of another religious group called the Hollywood Life Group which he organized. HLG meets on Friday nights. Bob Turnbull, Peter Brown, Will Hutchins and Yvonne Lime are regulars in the group which has 200 members.

Hardin's Credo

"People in Hollywood are getting more God-conscious," says Hardin, pointing to himself as an example. "Two years ago you couldn't get me to speak about God," he said. "I would talk about myself all day but never about Him. Then I came face to face with the greatest tragedy of my life—I lost my family and wife because of my way of life."

Hardin, a tall, handsome 32-year-old former bronc rider and pro football player, who served three years in Korea as a lieutenant in the Army, says he has made a great flop of his life. "I've been married twice, have four children, but I had no idea of what the responsibilities of marriage meant," he said.

In "The Chapman Report," a Kinsey look at a Los Angeles community, Hardin plays a football player who makes brutal love to a married woman. "Before I took this part, I spent many nights in meditation," he said. "I asked the Lord not to give me the part if He didn't want me to have it. I have the part now and I feel that I am in this picture for a purpose."

Hardin's sincerity is impossible to doubt. He spends 4-6 hours a day studying the Bible, is booked many months in advance to speak on Christianity throughout the U.S. Not all of the religious activities in Los Angeles is carried on in such a high spiritual plane as that represented by the groups of "Mother" Russell and Hardin.

This area has long been a fertile campsite for the odd, weird, flamboyant of cults.

Other Cults

Members of religious groups who dress in white robes, preach in Pershing Square (the heart of Los Angeles) while brown-robed barefoot monks can be seen on daily pilgrimages up the Sunset Strip.

L.A. newspapers carry ads every Sunday for religious groups offering everything from salvation through diet, to prosperity through worship. A mail-order cult with a symbol (circle with a dot in the center) instead of a name promises

inner peace and harmony with herbs, juices, health foods and residence in planned garden cities.

At the Church of Modern Philosophy Dr. William King preaches reincarnation to believers attracted by the ads which read, "Do You Dare Be Different?" The Sunship Assembly meets in an abandoned movie house where its leaders sing such hymns as "I Am The Spout From Which Glory Comes Out," accompanied by an electric guitar. The AKASHIC Science Group is still searching for the lost city of Atlantis. Dr. Plunkett of the Rainbow Revival Church has a mailorder business in blessed handkerchiefs.

There are also about 40 different groups specializing in black magic. Naturally they hold secret meetings with weird rituals, sex symbols and strange potions. There is also the New Era Experiment which deals in white magic to offset the black variety.

There is also a local chapter of the Vedanta Society whose members include Aldous Huxley, philosopher Gerald Heard, and the poet Christopher Isherwood. Unlike most other groups this one doesn't solicit converts because it believes people pass through a succession of lives and if they don't join this time around, they will be the next.

Not everyone seeking religious experience and identification is a member of a group. Diane Varsi, self-exiled star of "Peyton Place," left Hollywood to examine her inner being in the solitude of Sausalito, Calif. A Hollywood newsman visited Miss Varsi recently to ask if she planned to return to the Sinema City. Miss Varsi shook her head and warned that one day fire and holocaust would fall on Hollywood. When the reporter returned to Hollywood he found his home burned to the ground along with 450 others in the great fire.

Queen Brushes Show Biz In New Year Honors List; BBC Execs Cop Awards

London.

Showbiz personalities fared poorly in the Queen's New Year's Honors List. There were no awards for any of the top brass and most of the decorations went to execs in the BBC.

Marie Rambert was made a Dame of the British Empire for her services to the ballet and John Michael Pritchard, conductor and musical director of the Royal Liverpool Philharmonic, becomes a Commander of the British Empire. Another CBE has been awarded to James Henry Francis Monahan, controller of the BBC's European Services.

Other BBC officials to be honored included Robert Gordon Thomson Gildard, head of programs in Scotland (Order of the British Empire); William Gregory MacDonald, head of Central European Services, OBE; John Cedric Wilfred Knight, senior assistant of the finance division (Member of the British Empire); Margaret Winifred McCall, assistant in charge facilities unit, MBE; Harry Alex Masters, engineer in charge, Daventry (MBE); John Harry Ridley, Head of Engineering Secretariat (MBE).

Among other awards was an OBE to Thomas Edward Brownson, head of regional services for the Independent Television Authority; an OBE to Donald McKay Elliot, director of the Scottish Film Council, and similar honors to two singers, Parry Jones and Anne Pollack.

James Shand receives an MBE for his contribution to Scottish comedy dancing and Mrs. Mona Cicely Tatham also gets the MBE for her work as assistant director of music to the Arts Council. G. H. Watson of the Gramophone Co. (HMV and EMI) is made a member of the Royal Victorian Order (5th class).

THE WRITER AS CENSOR

By JOHN ROEBURT

A more potent censor than the Pecksniffs and the Grundys is the writer himself. The Index of Banned Books merely tells the external story—the less visible but larger cost to literature (and artistic freedom) is in those books banished from mind, never written, or aborted in manuscript, or produced but locked away in secret.

Self-imposed censorship and self-inhibition is the commonplace—the Nabokovs and Henry Millers are phenomenal, anomalous to the scribbling breed.

Why these self-restraints—the paradox of the writer in virtual alliance with the censor, against himself? The factors or forces, motivating writers can generally be said to be: the risks of obscenity charges and prosecution, the fear of self-exposure, and a certain sensitivity to the mores of the community.

Real and neurotic fears of prosecution is as centuries-old as the actuality of systematic literary censorship. Yesteryear's writers took example from such celebrated cases as the imprisonment of Daniel Defoe, the creator of Robinson Crusoe, for his ironical work "The Shortest Way With Dissenters"; the mutilation (ears cut off in the pillory) and life-imprisonment of William Prynne for his "Histrio-Mastix, The Player's Scourge"; the "obscene libel" charges and suppression of Emile Zola, Herman Sudermann, Huysman, Dreiser.

The modern writer takes caution and even fright, from classic censorship cases that bedeviled such literary greats as Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Cabell. The case of Mark Twain is poignant proof of literary genius being stifled and emasculated through fear of censorship and censure. This fear—become almost obsessive—made Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) daily

for years over the advisability of publishing "What Is Man?"

Current area-censorship across the breadth of the United States and an operating blacklist affect such book titles as O'Hara's "Farrar's Hotel," Salinger's "The Catcher In The Rye," Uris' "Battle Cry," Farrell's "A World I Never Made." The ban here and there in America is equally upon Faulkner, Hemingway, Dos Passos, along with the noxious trash produced by non-writers supplying the smut and hard-core pornography markets.

The writer's choice of material and language is inevitably affected, inevitably depressed by the censorial attrition against any and all books. That ancient canard that being banned in Boston insures the success of the literary work, is very ancient and very false. Today's reality is such, that a book banned in any geography, simply shows proportionately fewer sales for the limits of its distribution, with a consequent financial loss for the writer.

The Omnipotent Bogeyman

For the great majority of working novelists, the Censor is an awesome Presence in his studio. The long list of Do-Nots burn neon-bright in the writer's fears. Imagination conjures up that Tribunal judging his punishment for those forbidden concepts, sentences and words.

Even so bold and anarchic a contemporary as Norman Mailer admits to a degree of self-censorship—this during the actual creative process. Mailer's conjuration of a wrath censor is told in the following passage excerpted from his book, "Advertisements To Myself": "Every now and then, I would have the nightmare of wondering . . . that The Deer Park was likely to be brought up for prosecution as obscene . . . that if the book were banned, it could sink from sight. And so, I was beginning to avoid new lines in The Deer Park that were legally doubtful, and once in a while, like a gambler hedging his bet, I toned down individual sentences in the book."

A historical analogy to the Mailer dilemma, was the case of the writer-philosopher Rene Descartes, made afraid by the censorial condemnation of Galileo, shelved a completed treatise he was about to dispatch to the printer. As Descartes explained his self-proscription: "When I learned that persons to whom I greatly defer, had condemned a certain doctrine in physics, published a short time previously by Galileo . . . this led me to fear lest among my own doctrines and writings, some one might be found in which I had departed from the truth."

Qualms over self-exposure is particularly true of the essentially autobiographical writer, the creative writer who mainly draws his material from his own life experience. His fear is that in the revelation of Self, even if he artfully uses the third person device of telling, he will yet stand naked for all the world to see. With all veils dropped, his secrets will be forever out, commonly known and common talk. The 50c paperback of his sins and sinfulness will be in the hands of his friend, foe, wife, and teenage daughter. We can speculate on how many distinguished writings never reach the publisher for this understandable reason of inhibition. From my view of it, and based to an extent on findings, it is a quite stupendous total.

Novelists well know that books have been withdrawn on the mere threat of prosecution—as with Sudermann's "Das Hohe Lied," and Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius." That, in the case of Dreiser's "The Titan," the New York publisher of this novel suppressed the first edition on his own initiative, before publication. That in connection with "The Rainbow" prosecution, D. H. Lawrence charged that his publisher "almost wept before the Magistrate," swearing that "he did not know the dirty thing he had been handling, he had not read the work, his reader had misadvised him."

The writer can, of course, exercise total literary prerogative by bypassing the timid publisher. He can arrange for the printing of his brainchild privately, at his own expense. Which raises the awful question of money, that obscenity of all obscenities.

POSTMORTEMS OF 1961

¶ Rhymes Out of the B'way Nursery
¶ For Variety's 56th Anniversary

By AL STILLMAN

The Berlin Crisis was unnerving.—
The Berlin I prefer is Irving.
Ike knocked J. F. K. the most,
So Kennedy gave him a Government Post;
And November 10 at Independence, Mo.,
Ike and Harry said Hello.

Hot arias still will heat this cold burg.
Thanks, of course, to Arthur Goldberg.
That Rembrandt painting cost a lot,¹
Compared to what the Master got.
Dems and babies did O.K.
When the Milk Strike ended Election Day.
Prendergast and De Sapio
Weren't what you might call happy-o.

There's little music now that calms
Like "Down Among the Sheltering Palms"
Which should be altered for the belters
To "Down Among the Sheltering Shelters."
The Twist, which started with Chubby Checker,
Though banned by Roseland's Louis Becker,
Received the blessing of Arthur Murray
And swept the country in a hurry.
The Peppermint Lounge, West 45's
Socialite Center, really thrives.

The taxi boys put up a squawk,
So some of us may learn to walk.
The country got one of its major shocks
When the Rockefeller marriage went on the rocks.
Each day we were in for poetical treats
From Uncle Nick Kenny, the poor man's Keats.²
Tall building construction continued to soar.—
The view from my office ain't there any more.
Travel increased to a marked degree—
They're seeing the world while there's still one
to see.

The Music Business had the slows.—
Few hits again from B'way shows.
Rock'n'Roll still got the play,
Though "Never on Sunday" did O.K.
Sweeter than any singing herald
Angel is Miss E. Fitzgerald.
Stocks went down and then went up again.
The U. S. lost the Davis Cup again.
Bertrand Russell got a prison bed
For saying: "Id rather be Red than dead."³
Of smoke and soot there was no diminution
During New York's drive on air pollution.
Few girls wore their hair in buns.
Winchell pulled some far-out puns.⁴
That bank interest went up a fourth of a c.,
Held no particular interest for me.
Maris, who sparked the Yankee Blitz,
Was long on homers, though short on hits.
Drew Pearson predicted Lefkowitz.

Before you know it, we'll be rushing
To catch the baseball train for Flushing.
The Cost of Living won't subside
But the Staten Island Ferry's still a 5c ride.

A host of singers continued to "cry,"—
The market for tears will never run dry.
Phyllis McGinley won Pulitzer cash
But nobody's brighter than Ogden Nash.
I never know which one to play:
Barry Farber or Barry Gray;
But though I grant you he's a star,
I never feel quite up to Paar.

To Hoffa, George was just an old Meany.
My ears were soothed by Hank Mancini.
"Sons and Lovers" was sweet and sad.
"Breakfast at Tiffany's" was a good ad.
There's no one I would rather bow to
Than Rudy Valee, star of "How To—"
Vanished from the B'way scene, a
Misadventure called "Kwamina."
Who's 'way up there every ASCAP quarter?
The great, the unsurpassed Cole Porter.
I'm not too hot for Norman Mailer
But I enjoy Elizabeth Taylor.⁵
"Come Blow Your Horn" was a bit off-key
And "Write Me a Murder" didn't kill me,
But I spent a perfectly wonderful day
With "The Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay."

Lots of songs went into Public Domain.
Gary Morton took the Ball-and-chain.
The Miller show is booming, which
VARIETY called "The Seven Year Mitch."
At "All the Way Home" we did some weeping;
None thought "Subways" was for sleeping.
All the critics gave all the reasons
For patronizing "A Man For All Seasons."
Apparently the public goes
For Mary McCarthy's lively press.⁶
Brentano's⁷ claims that nothing louses
Up their biz like discount houses.

From January to December
A lot of things happened that I don't remember;
That's why they aren't mentioned here . . .
Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

¹ 500 florins.
² Not the handicapper.
³ And other less poetical remarks.
⁴ Like "Rockefeller" and "That's the way the Bowles bounces."
⁵ The writer
⁶ In "On the Contrary"
⁷ They gave themselves 5 years to live

Warners does it again...

this time. Just for fun!

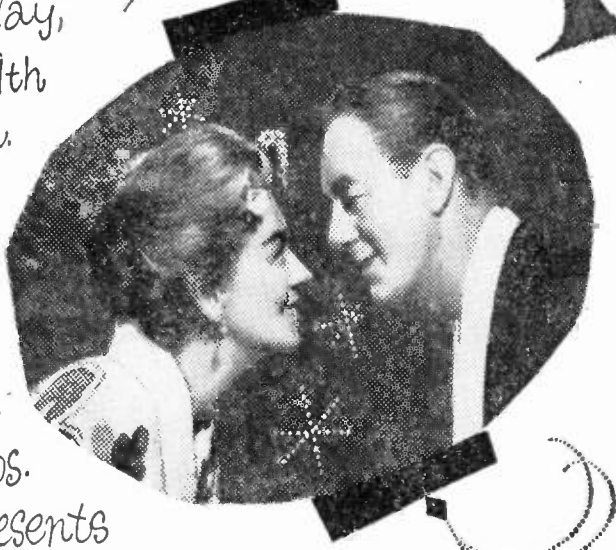
On Friday,
January 19th
at 8:30 p.m.
sharp

FOR ONE
PERFORMANCE
ONLY

Warner Bros.
happily presents

Rosalind Russell & Alec Guinness
in **"A Majority Of One"**

A Mervyn LeRoy Production



We repeat ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY. The regular engagement of 'A Majority of One' will begin in February.



TO THE PUBLIC No question about your enthusiasm for our special one performance showing of 'Splendor in the Grass' a few months ago. Your wonderful comments at the time and the ultimate smash success of the film proved it. So we're coming back with the same idea once again. Only this time, just for fun. No questionnaires, no interviews, no controversy.



Just come and enjoy yourselves like you haven't enjoyed a picture in years. Our motive? Simple. We can't think of a better way to let everyone in town know what a delightful picture 'A Majority of One' is than to have you go out and tell them yourselves after you've seen it. **One last word: Tickets are going fast. A limited number are on sale now at the box office. You'd be wise to get yours quickly.**

also starring RAY DANTON MADLYN RHUE with MAE QUESTEL MARC MARNO directed by MERVYN LEROY music by MAX STEINER screenplay by LEONARD SPIGELGASS from his own play
TECHNICOLOR® from WARNER BROS. 

THIS IS THE FULL-PAGE NEWSPAPER AD (just about 1/2 its actual size here)
THAT WILL RUN IN 23 CITIES ACROSS THE LAND. IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

Liberation of Gertrude Stein

Continued from page 38

and Clothilde—and they, stupid people, never caught her unFrench accent whenever she was obliged to exchange a few words with them.

Once she had an Italian major and his aide as guests. He noticed her accent but he didn't give her away as an American which goes to show the difference between Italians and Germans in more ways than one.

She told us rich stories about the Maquis, whom she adores, and about the Mayor-Monsieur le Maire Justin Hey, thin, brighteyed, with grey white, stained moustachios—the real hero of the piece. The Mayor simply never put her down on his records at all.

And there was the Station Master. He had to work with two German assistants to run the railroad centre—Culoz is a railway crossroads and 80% of the people in the village work for the railway—and the Station Master was in the Maquis all the time and the Huns never knew.

A No-Account Count

There was only one collaborationist of note in Culoz, an old Count who lives like a feudal lord and is certain that France ought to have a King just as he was certain that the Americans would never come and that the Germans would win the war.

His, today, is the only house in Culoz where there are no flags, and in the house there is great tragedy because the Count's beautiful daughter has married a thin, nervous, but brave young man of middleclass parents who has been a Maquis and I saw him today and he had just come from liberating a nearby village. He sees the beautiful daughter of the Count, in short, his wife, only once a week and she has turned from him and is more Vichyite than ever and of such stuff was our conversation made for hours while, when the sun burst out unexpectedly over the broad front lawn of La Colombiere, the village children came to play Maquis and make sounds like machineguns and I thought of Tommy and his Japs.

We went to the Stein house on Friday. This is Sunday. And I'm on tenterhooks. You see Gertrude had written a book. I took one look at the mss. and asked her if I couldn't have it for Collier's and she said yes. She said Bennett Cerf was her publisher and she forthwith named him her agent. I wired Collier's at once asking them if they thought that \$20,000 would be too much to pay for the magazine rights to her book, which is an autobiographical account of her four years under the Nazis and will be, I think, the first story by a major author on Occupied France. I haven't yet had a reply. Tomorrow I go to fetch the rest of the book which Alice is typing and to have dinner, alone, with G. and A. I'll write to you about it from, I suppose, Rome. I expect to leave for Rome Tuesday morning early.

Well, it doesn't matter too much whether Collier's takes it or not although I'd be disappointed if they didn't. At any rate I'll take the mss. to Rome with me and have it censored (good God!) and send it on to Bennett or to Collier's depending on circumstances. In any case will you tell Bennett the gist of all this—he might read the whole letter if you like—and that he may expect a new Stein work in due course.

Today we drove out to her place, touched with her and Alice, and took her out here to meet the boys and make a recording for CBS and have dinner at our awful camp mess. She seemed to like the C-rations and her dog. I almost forgot Basket the Second, a French poodle who has 20 generations of German blood in his veins but they keep it from him so as not to break his spirit. She was happy to meet all the boys. They didn't quite know who she was, most of them, but they all sent peices to the papers. A rose is a rose is a rose was about the only quote that got out.

Vigilante Justice

And now I am getting very tired typing as I had little sleep last night—little sleep and an execution. I saw citizens shoot six wretched fellows who'd joined the Naziphile French Militia and borne arms against the State and were therefore traitors and executed before a huge mob in the rain by a platoon of rifles. That was in Grenoble, yesterday, I couldn't

sleep for that, and for the cold which was atrocious. I had just had your letter about the heat in New York and I spent the night shivering in my cold, rain-drenched tent and the letter was dated two weeks before.

As we left Gertrude's house the first night, Friday, Bill took one look at the strange woman and said, "Who's that hatchet?" When he saw huge, white, wooly, goofy looking Basket the Second today, when we finished lunch and mounted Hepzibah for the return to camp, Bill splurged "And where did she get that mutton?" Bill still doesn't know who Gertrude Stein is and I've given up because when I said she was a writer he said, "Yeah? And for what paper?" Gertrude remembers "Palms" and Alice said she knew the name of Kathryn McGuigan and I didn't inquire into the details. Both recalled Idella Purnell. Stein, it seems, contributed to Palms.

I'm enclosing a small souvenir, the proof of an article GS wrote for a provincial paper which I hope you will have suitably framed for my study. I've never collected such stuff but this one has special meaning for me, somehow, and if some damn censor doesn't pinch it, I hope you'll take good care of it.

I'm off now to get some sleep and to dream of you and of coming home to you and the boys. Give everyone my best—to Vincent and Helen, Alice and Newell, the Perrys and any others I may have forgotten. I miss Bronxville very much—and you fill me with homesickness when you talk of grilled steaks in the garden. I'm very glad about Ruthie. I hope she has more stickum to it than she once did. Above all I hope she overcomes that apple-round semi-impertinence that develops from her inferiority complex and best way she can get rid of the latter is to realize that you don't need to go to a University to obtain an education, and that it's good to talk and hear one's lovely phrases but better to write them and throw them away and write them again and so on ad infinitum than it is merely to mouth them if one wants to be a writer. But I don't see why anyone should . . .

P.S.—You never told me how that Wendell Wilkie dinner party went.

I'm so glad you liked my Rome Revisited and hope you'll like Invasion, which I don't now although I did when I wrote it. I haven't written anything worth a damn, not anything. I did like the bit about Rachele Mussolini, but that's about all. Don't know what the hell's the matter with me, don't know. Tired, maybe. Oh yes, Carl Mydans, of Life, went out with us today and took seeds of photographs and I'm in some of them with Stein & Co. Look for them, you'll be amused.

Opera's Golden Age

Continued from page 4

is not an ideal Raoul, neither in distinction and elegance of style nor in the robustness and sustained singing of the part." Caruso could have his off-nights, too!

Farther back in operatic history we find goddess of song Nellie Melba "cold as a block of ice" and "leaving much to be desired in respect to warmth and sentiment . . . making little attempt to give dramatic significance to her action." Emma Calve is chastised for "willful maltreatment of the music" of her greatest vehicle, Carmen, when she began to overemphasize her prima donna temperament to the detriment of artistic values.

I could fill a dozen notebooks with excerpts like these, clearly illustrating that singers of the several Golden Ages of the Metropolitan contributed their share of lead and brass mixed with the precious metal in about the same ratio known today.

Golden To Whom?

It all comes down to a definition of terms. A Golden Age is the time back just a few years, the period before ours, the glorious heyday of our youth or our parents' youth or somebody's youth. People ignore the fact that every period has its great performances and its second-rate ones, its historic interpretations and pedestrian miscalcula-

tions, its high praise and its damning criticism.

Part of the modern reverence for early singers stems from the group of audiophiles who have made a cult of old recordings. However, disks of hoary vintage tell fewer lies than is commonly believed. Though obscured by terrible scratchiness and the ultimate "low-fi" of pre-electrical recording technique, some of the great voices often can't help but sound off-pitch, hooty, unfocused, forced and musically unreliable. As variable in their art as any singer of today, these stars immortalized not only their finer moments but also enough scoops, gulps, sobbs, distortions, interpolations and unbelievable tempi to make any modern opera enthusiast shudder.

Judging by the evidence already in, it is my firm belief that our own age will inevitably attain the golden label that only time can bestow. And when those singers who are now engaged in assuring their immortality have all retired from "active duty," they will have achieved a record unique in the annals of operatic history. For at no other period has so much been accomplished against such overwhelming odds.

Ensemble Dictates

Most of today's operatic artists have, of necessity, been forced to abdicate the position of supreme power once assumed by heroes and heroines of the Met's Grau, Conried and Gatti eras. The need for perfect ensemble, which never worried earlier generations, has been forced upon our singers by general managers, conductors and, perhaps most significantly, an informed and hyper-critical public. It was far easier to develop an astounding career in the 1890s, when a singer could ignore rehearsals, flout even the most rudimentary staging directions and pursue applause to the mortal injury of an entire production.

An English music critic, writing of the vocal giants of former eras, has pointed out that "these great spectacular egomaniacs did not devote themselves to opera but devoted opera to themselves." Questioned why she demanded an astronomical fee for a single festival appearance, the "divine" Adelina Patti is documented as replying: "I am a musical festival." Caruso's rejoinder to Toscanini that "people pay to hear me sing, not to look at your back" is a familiar opera house anecdote.

The De Reszkes, Nordicas, Melbas and Carusos never faced today's economic struggles in their slow and careful climb to greatness. No income taxes reduced their large earnings to meager totals, making necessary a continual breakneck singing schedule. Nor did any of them ever have to speed by jet flight from one city to another in order to fulfill opera and concert commitments. I envy them their plushy private parlor cars, their leisurely tours and lengthy rest periods abroad.

Today's opera singer, unlike any functioning in earlier days, has to withstand the siren song and tempting dazzle of Broadway and television. He must build a repertoire while performing it and snatch opportunities as they appear. Having reached some measure of fame and artistic success, he must compete creditably with movie stars, theatre figures and cafe society in the ruthless spotlight of modern publicity. But, despite all these problems, the world of opera and its singers is now in a far healthier artistic condition than ever before.

Van Johnson to Rejoin London 'Music Man'

London.

Van Johnson, recuperating nicely after severing the tip of one finger during a performance 10 days ago of "The Music Man," is expected to resume his starring role Monday (8).

Gordon Boyd had been understudying him at the Adelphi here.

Jurgens in Mex for 'Garden'

Mexico City.

Curt Jurgens arrived here weeks in advance of the scheduled shooting of "The Secret Garden," under the direction of Richard Rush. Latter is also expected here to start casting the Mexican supporting and bit players for film which will go before cameras sometime in January.

Jurgens, meanwhile, said he was getting used to the Mexican weather, this taking form of sunning himself on Acapulco beaches.

Fence Divides So. African Drive-In But New Theatres Despite Apartheid

By ARNOLD HANSON

Capetown.

The South African economy is somewhat uncertain, partly due to the political overtones. The elections of October were preceded by tightness of money. But the immediate nervousness is counterbalanced by a confidence in the nation, though under United Nations' "disapproval" for its racial segregation.

Empire Films, under William Boxer, is continuing its expansion, building new houses. After completing the 596-seater, Pigalle, in Johannesburg last year, firm opened Cape Town's newest theatre, the Monte Carlo on Sept. 21. Another house, also called Monte Carlo is almost completed in Bulawayo, Northern Rhodesia.

Local Monte Carlo, is housed in a new building of the same name and situated on the rapidly developing foreshore, reclaimed land near the docks. Equipped with two 70m Cinemecanica machines imported from Milan, Italy, the first curved festoon curtain in South Africa. Capacity is 601.

Empire Films will concentrate on British and Continental product which have a great pull for audiences here.

Biocafes

Biocafes are very popular in Cape Town due to the low charges and all-day grind. Morris Miller, who owns several, is building another one, called the Parkway in the Parkade area.

Drive-ins have been doing fair biz. They are popular with families on holiday at the seaside.

Religious Prejudice

Board of Censors banned the Clarence Darrow-Williams Jennings Bryan pic "Inherit the Wind" (UA) considering it liable to give offense to fundamentalist religious feelings. Board consented

to Elvis Presley's "The Flaming Star" (20th-Fox) being shown to whites only. The naural birth film, "The Case of Dr. Laurent," also released by 20th-Fox, was passed "for women only" over the age of 18 years.

Few releases lately have done good biz but "Suzie Wong" caught on and attracted fairly good houses. "The Alamo" was a flop principally due to increased admission charges.

The forcing of "apartheid"

on the non-whites in the Republic is causing growing ill-feeling and encouraging them to protest in every way. The legit production, "Dear Liar," with the American author and actor Jerome Kilty, was staged for one night for non-whites but as only 20 attended, the evening was cancelled just before curtain rise. The boycott was arranged as a protest against separate audiences.

A Cape Town drive-in has erected a fence down the centre of the area so that they can have a mixed patronage. Unless special arrangements are made visiting artists and companies perform to whites only as the main theatres are licensed accordingly.

The color bar has been lifted in South Rhodesia after a very trying period and mixed audiences are permitted. At first the non-whites were shy and slow in joining the whites but they are getting used to attending the big houses in spite of mixed feelings and demonstrations from both sides. Although the prices of admission are above the means of most non-whites, the managers hope they will fill the gaps caused by the falling-off audiences due to television.

Over 210 Italian Features

Continued from page 11

Hong Kong," "Orient at Night," "Honk Kong, Port of Temptation," and "Oklahoma John" for 1962.

Fono Roma and Euro International will follow their current release, "The Trojan War," with "Lions in the Sun," "A View from the Bridge," "The Universe by Night," "Sink the Valiant," "Toto vs. Maciste," and others.

Globe Films, after a period of preparation, is back in the production swing with "It Happened in El Alamein," starring Peter Baldwin and now on African locations; "Julius Caesar and the Pirates," with Abbe Lane and Gustavo Rojo; "The Last Attack," with Jack Palance; "The Shadowy Side," to be shot in Japan by Giorgio Moser; "Educazione Sentimentale," in tandem with a French company.

Duilio Productions has wound "Black City" for Dino DeLaurentiis, and is prepping "Zakari" and "Little Italy" for 1962 starts, both under direction of Duilio Coletti. Joseph Fry, who recently set up Rudy Mate's "Seven Seas to Calais," now a Metro release, is mulling several projects. Galatea has postponed plans for "The Iron Men." Sidney Pottier starrer to be produced by Martin Poll for Par release, but should start "The Jackals," with Ava Gardner, early this year, under direction of Terence Young.

Rudolph Solmsen's Illiria has "The Gold of Rome" and "The Mutiny," latter with Pier Angeli, in the can for '61, has yet to announce its 1962 slate. Jolly Films, with Donati-Carpentieri Prods., is winding "Marco Polo," among others, while Lux Films, which operates in tandem with other Italy producers, now has "Pontius Pilate" with Jeanne Crain and Jean Marais, ready for release.

Maleno Malenotti has just wound "Madame Sans-Gene" with Sophia Loren, as well as "Italian Women and Love," and is readying "La Rossa," directed by Helmut Kautner, for a mid-January start in Venice, with an important international cast. This one is in co-production with Hamburg's Real Film. Ottavio Poggi's Max Films has wound "Nefertiti, Queen of the Nile," with Jeanne Crain and "Gordon, the Black Pirate," with Ricardo Montalban and Vincent

Price, and is planning other items employing Yank thespis, for 1962.

Royal Films, after winding their current Mel Ferrer starrer, "The Black Lancers," will concentrate on the aforementioned "Imperial Venus," with Gina Lollobrigida. Sanero Films, a new company which made its local debut with "The Gold of Rome," plans to follow up with pic to be shot in part in the US, Marco Ferreri's "Trip to America," written by Rafael Azcona. SPA Productions, spurred by success of its recent "Hercules" pic, will follow up with some prestige items such as Luigi Zampa's "Roaring Years," and Folco Quilici's "I Mille Fucchi," as well as "Le Nuove Orientali," a feature documentary.

Titanus, whose big one for 1962 is "The Last Days of Sodom and Gomorrah," directed by Robert Aldrich, and whose currently shooting roster includes: "Il Disordine," with Susan Strasberg; "The Golden Arrow," with Tab Hunter and Rossana Podesta; "I Giorni Contati," "Tico and his Shark," by Folco Quilici; "Arturo's Island," plans a 7 billion lire budget for forthcoming product. This will include, so far, 11 features. These are "The Leopard," to be directed in Sicily in April by Luchino Visconti; "Son of Spartacus," with Steve Reeves, and Gordon Scott; "Cronaca Familiare," Valerio Zurlini directing Marcello Mastroianni; "Sergente nella Neve," director Ermanno Olmi, to be shot in Russia; Nanny Loy's "Four Days of Naples," and films by Michaelangelo Antonioni (his first color film), Alfredo Giannetti, Antonio Pietrangeli, Elio Petri, Mario Soldati, Franco Rossi.

Vides Films, Franco Cristaldi's company, will follow up 1961's "L'Assassino," "Ghosts in Rome," "One Day a Lion," and its upcoming releases such as "Salvatore Giuliano," "Day by Day, Desperately," and "Divorce, Italian Style," with "The Titans," a UA release currently winding in Spain. 1962 roster will be announced soon. Zebra Films, currently involved in a long censorship battle over its Venice Fest contender, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," which has been banned in Italy, is winding "La Steppa," directed by Alberto Latuada, on Yugoslav locations.

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Recorded Junk Music

Continued from page 4

some cities were able to completely dominate the area, attracting audiences even greater than top-rated network stars like Arthur Godfrey, Jack Benny and Bob Hope. With very few exceptions the radio deejay selected the music to be played and created the style of his own show, often filling four to five hours of airtime a day. The individual disk jockey and the music he played were what the mass public listened for and to.

In the mid-1950s with the growth of independent stations to an important position in the industry, a new force entered the picture. Chain operations came to the big cities with task forces of glib, fast-talking, low-paid announcers, hopped-up musical station identification and public service jingles, slickly designed contests and well-tested attention-getting gimmicks, and a rigid, all-inclusive musical formula.

Within a short time the "new sound," aided by sharp exploitative and aggressive techniques, skyrocketed to an important position in the industry. "Top 40" and a new "swinging station" formula were shortly imitated and emulated by a large and ever increasing number of stations. With the rise of formula radio the position of high-paid personality disk jockeys became untenable, and almost all of these performers have now virtually disappeared from the radio scene. In their place, almost totally devoid of individual personalities, many even with manufactured names owned by the stations where they are employed, developed a group of young announcers trained to rapidly and enthusiastically repeat a highly limited and inane group of stock phrases dealing with time, weather, station identification and music lists.

Downgrading Quality

Even before the drive to power of formula radio stations personality disk jockeys on top independent stations had already begun to downgrade the quality of music and types of services that were previously the standards of performance. This reflected the new social and economic factors that in the mid-1950s began to affect American culture.

There is absolutely no question that the responsibility for introducing much of what is called "junk music" to general radio audiences lies not with the "top 40" formula stations but is almost entirely due to personality disk jockeys at the peak of their power.

Subject to shifting pressures of record distributors and manufacturers, performers, teenage audiences, and ultimately radio station policies, personality disk jockeys initiated the playing and concentrated exploitation of single, currently popular phonograph records of a type that had never been generally mass circulated in previous music business history. While popular music up to the early 1950s largely reflected standard American popular music tradition, the middle '50s saw a definite trend toward production of rhythm & blues and country & western music.

The development of longplaying records and 45 rpm single records had resulted in hundreds of new firms entering the record business. Many of the new companies focused on this low cost, previously ignored type of music and radio stations relied heavily on record company products to fill great chunks of airtime.

Abdication of Radio

The net result of free records and promotional and exploitation tactics was the practical abdication of radio stations of their programming function, not only to disk jockeys but to producers of popular single records. The result of such abdication and the tremendous demand for exposure and airtime by record producers was the driving from the air of most music that was in any way reflective of the main traditions of American popular music, give or take its often unrealizable idealism, sometimes saccharine melodies and frequent lyrical inanities. A sort of Gresham's Law of music: mediocre music driving quality music off the air, has been in operation for the past few years.

A listener to contemporary formula radio would have little or no awareness of the great strain of American popular music repre-

sented by Romberg, Herbert, Rodgers & Hart, the Gershwins, Berlin, Kern, Cole Porter, Ellington, or great contemporary writers. He would also not be exposed to jazz, authentic folk music, musical comedy and show tunes or, at best, the only reflection he would have of this great musical heritage is modern popular arrangements by contemporary performers.

When a contemporary music business produces an amateur, talentless collection of one-shot artists in a period of a few months and a large number of mass audience radio stations slavishly program 90% of their total musical content from such a selection, then a tragic situation exists in American society.

Why Continue?

Why do many stations continue to program a talk-and-music formula that to them represents the lowest common denominator? The answers you will get from management and performers is "we give the public what it wants," "we play what they're buying," and "if we don't play it, somebody else will." These managers are convinced that the "hot 100" songs, the "top 40," "the fabulous 50," and the "sensational 60," primarily by teenage artists, are essential to the maintenance and growth of major audiences in modern radio.

Who buys what in the highly diversified record market is a very difficult question to answer. While much research has been done there is no real consensus of opinion. The most acceptable statements are that subteens and teenagers buy most of the single popular records and that later teenagers and adults buy most of the albums. There is obviously an extensive overlap from both directions.

Even if we accept the record-buying public as a true sample of the mass audience, we are faced with an unusual situation. The majority of records sold in record stores and through record clubs is overwhelmingly album music, and only a small percentage of this is even remotely similar to the music that dominates the popular charts and formula radio station programming.

Sales Decline

During the past few years, with formula radio at its peak, sales of single records, with obvious exceptions like Elvis Presley and Ricky Nelson, have decreased to a point where an alarmed industry is frantically seeking a remedy. At this writing the industry seems to be concentrating on the introduction of new, low-priced record players and extensive promotion of compact single records with multiple selections, actually a smaller, lower-priced LP. This new product, in combination with price cuts, is designed to extend the single record market into the homes that have LP record players.

If formula radio stations are playing "what the public wants" as determined by the sales of phonograph records, why are they not programming in a way that reflects the actual economics of the record business? If sales are the determining factor, then formula radio stations should be playing three to four album selections for each single popular record. This is obviously not the case. The performance of albums and better quality popular music is largely the function of "good music," "adult," or "quality group" radio stations, and the growing group of FM stations whose programming reflects great diversity and intelligence.

It is quite clear that formula radio stations programming from a rigid list of single popular records and a few top selling albums are not at all programming what the majority of the public is buying. They are actually programming what a small minority is purchasing and in this sense they have abdicated their programming function not only to the record companies, who after all do produce a tremendous amount of excellent music, but even more completely to the subteen, the teenager and the immature adult in American society.

This group, with quite uniform tastes and interests, today occupies a prominent position in the thinking of radio management simply because they know what they want and tune it in regularly and with slavish conformity. The audience

that has the teenager is, as a result, often No. 1 in the ratings.

This is largely true because the adult audience no longer seems to identify as it formerly did with specific radio shows. For all practical purposes, radio as an adult activity is largely a background entertainment interspersed at times with service announcements that simplify adult living.

Within a period of a half hour on a formula radio station a listener gets the time, several times; news in capsule form; weather reports and predictions; sports and other capsule information that keeps him fairly up-to-date. Many adults listen to contemporary radio, then, for immediate service benefits. It is obvious, however, that many adults, resentful of formula radio's concentration on teenage music, have been permanently alienated from listening to the radio at all.

Alienation Of Adults

The alienation of adults from current popular music seems to reflect more than just a normal antipathy to the teenage image. It is quite significantly involved with the prevalence of hit records that are identified by the adult with white southerners or Negro performers. This kind of musical chauvinism, in combination with a general feeling of being excluded by a special group (the teenagers), is capable of building up tremendous aggression in the adult.

The success of white southern and Negro performers in popular music fields in recent years has led to the belief in some quarters that this democratization of popular music reflects in a lessening of prejudice and potential discrimination.

This belief is widely held in the south as far as Negro performers are concerned. The activities of White Citizens Councils in attacking "mongre" music and other similar actions sharply reflects this feeling.

While there is little research in this specific area I am reasonably sure from my own analyses that there is little or no effect on the individual exposed to popular music except to reinforce his already fixed opinions and feelings. The forces acting on Americans in racial problems areas are highly complex and are not easily isolated and analyzed. However, the intellectual and emotional responses involved in a strong identification with jazz music and its roots in American Negro culture are very significant in a positive approach to intergroup and human relations.

Reverse 'Jim Crow'

It ought to be at least briefly mentioned, however, that the majority of urban white people do not seem to actively discriminate in their purchase of LP records by Negro performers. There is, oddly enough, great discrimination expressed in buying patterns by the Negro community. It is quite evident that Negroes, with few exceptions, are not purchasers of records by white artists. While there is some such buying on the part of Negro college students and, to a limited degree, Negro highschool students, the majority of the Negro community rejects totally any contact with the white musical scene.

This prejudice has in the past often extended itself to repudiation and rejection of Negro artists who have become widely accepted by white audiences. Another kind of discrimination, sometimes called "Crow Jim" (antipathy to white performers), has been quite significant in the jazz field. While it is easy to understand this rejection on psychological and sociological analysis, it is a tragic and disturbing situation.

It is obvious that formula radio is not the final answer to the American communications problem. Success in itself is not enough. There is a distinct need for broader programming that will fulfill the real needs of larger areas of the community. This kind of programming, combined with a spirit of real public service, intelligent showmanship, and professional expertise, is easily possible even in the brilliantly competitive markets that exist today.

There are indications that this type of radio programming is already gaining impetus. It is too much to expect that a commercial medium like radio will ever be a totally dedicated and socially perceptive institution. But under the stimulus of aggressive and aroused public opinion and dynamic industry leadership a new and important era is beginning, an era that will develop and instruct as well as entertain, that will encourage and stimulate as well as relax

Formula For Paris Idyll

Continued from page 3

day. I've got to get off this treadmill before it kills me. How much money do I need to live in Europe? Please send me all details: rents, food, entertainment, etc."

We tossed a sample letter on the table at the Deux Magots and asked for answers.

"How much money will he need?"

"Golly, if he's got much money, he can't do it at all," replied Mike in his slow, soft drawl.

"I saw a fellow this morning, gets \$100 a week steady. Imagine, \$100 a week every week! But he's always broke and borrowing. You see, because he's got all that money, he can't get over the habit of spending."

"Let's face it, Americans today are 'money-holics.' It's a big problem. They don't know how to go on the wagon, and it's awful hard for them to learn how to lay off the green stuff."

Mike owns a house in California. He gets \$100 per month rent from it. As far as income goes, that's it.

He and Mrs. Mike live in a farm town in the centre of France. The garlic belt, Mike sculpts, and she tends house and garden.

He's in Paris three or four times a year, exhibiting at the Biennale, the Salon d'Automne or the Jeunes Sculpteurs. And you may bump into them strolling down the Ramblas in Barcelona, in the hills back of Florence, or by the canals in Amsterdam.

You might say they've found it. "Please send all details."

"It seems to me that when they ask for all the answers, they're on the wrong track," said Gabe.

"This thing has got to be a discovery, and you can't discover what's for you by working with another fellow's answers. They'll only get you into trouble."

"This thing is dropping an old life in order to create a new one. But your friend's letter sounds as though he's looking for a rest home, not for the adventure of walking in a new, unknown direction."

Gabe was shot up during the war and gets a small pension from the Army. He figured he had done his life's duty for his country so stayed overseas.

A doctor told him he might live if he exercised. So now he's a ski champ and mountain-climbing expert. Does the reading and writing he loves, and bicycles all over the Continent.

Somehow he's gathered two apartments in Paris, winter headquarters in Megeve and Innsbruck, and a summer cottage on a Mediterranean island. He's always offering them free to pals and strangers to live in.

Gabe's also gathered a French wife and a baby son.

You might say he's made it. Doc had been scanning the letter.

"Sounds like he's still looking for security, which means nose to the grindstone wherever you are," said Doc. "When the slavery hurts bad enough, you give up on security and settle for freedom today with no guarantees for tomorrow."

"Freedom is head in the air, love your neighbor, shoot for the stars, and stop aiming for the gutter. It feels just fine. After the first few uncertain 'feeling - your - way' months, you learn that freedom's the only security."

Doc was a schoolteacher in the days before teachers thought that they should get decent pay, too. When he and his lady broke down from the treadmill pace, they sold their farm in upper New York State, invested the receipts in Savings & Loan, and came to Europe to live or die on the miniature income.

Now Doc's got all day to paint. They rent a gracious old farmhouse on Majorca. On a peak overlooking the blue sea and flaming sunsets. It's a pleasant, half-hour stroll to the big city of Palma.

Beautiful servants, gourmet banquets, flowered terraces and shady fruit orchards, a house full of art and literature, and the best hi-fi set and record collection in Spain.

Recently they started getting Social Security checks. They don't know what to do with the extra

money. So far, it just piles up in savings banks.

Gabe interrupted the gab at our sidewalk-cafe table to suggest steak au poivre and a bottle of Tavel at Poussineau's. We paid our checks (one apertif each and three hours of lounging: 30c.), and they began moving towards the Rue Bonaparte.

"And what about this letter?" I asked.

"Better just forget it," said Mike. "It's too bad, but when they've got to ask questions, they don't really want to quit. They've just had a hard day at the office and want to dream awhile. Probably by now your friend's forgotten all about the dream."

"And if he hasn't?"

"If he really hasn't, he doesn't need any answers. He'll be here by spring, and nothing in this world can stop him."

Clara Bow

Continued from page 43

poured out into the street. It was as if Alicia's triumph, in some way had been mine. "Alicia won again," I shouted. "She's the most beautiful girl in the world."

I am not making the point that it was NTG who killed vaudeville. No more than I consider Clara Bow's underwear to be responsible for any decline of Hollywood. It is merely my opinion that our literary and theatrical arts have, for too long, been getting away with shirking its responsibility to teach life, and therefore, beauty, to our people, especially the young ones. If one will not quite go along with Jimmy Walker, who had never met a woman that had been corrupted by a book, there should at least be room for culture that can teach a man to say "I love you" to a woman without shuffling his toes, or fiddling with his hands, or other such apple-pie gestures of clean-cutness, whatever that is.

There is not a good movie (repeated—good movie) around to which I wouldn't take my eight-year-old daughter (who has already asked, and been told, how babies are made). (Can Tuesday Weld say the same?)

Books will survive Public Guardians. They always have. Movies will, too. If French children can survive French pictures and Italian children the Italian, is there not hope for us?

One sign exhibited itself on a summer afternoon in South River, N.J. To lift the hex inflicted on them by a new Corvette discount house, the local merchants hired an actor to spend a few hours impersonating Davy Crockett—raccoon hat, rifle and all. But Crockett flopped it. All the kids were at the neighborhood theatre where the marquee boasted, in two memorable lines:

"ANATOMY OF A MURDER"
SPECIAL KIDDIE MATINEE

'Don't Sit There'

Continued from page 43

that it will or will not do—in whole or in part—depending on the extent to which you get behind it and do something about it.

What to do? First, find out what the program is (you can get the report from Washington for free); then get your industry or craft behind it; then communicate—just plain communicate—to the Copyright Office and to your Senators and Congressmen in Washington. It is just amazing how the people in the communications field on the whole totally fail to communicate their needs and desires to Government agencies and authorities, with the result that they are—legally speaking—in many ways stepchildren in our body politic. This is a particularly bad and unnecessary situation in an administration—headed by one of their own—an author of a bestseller—and staffed in large part by others experienced and steeped in the entertainment and literary orbits.

Louis XIV—and Mayor Hague—said, with accuracy, "I am the law." I say that insofar as the law applicable to entertainers and entertainment is concerned, if you don't like the laws that apply to you, don't just sit there—change them.

Longest Run In Show Biz

Continued from page 3

1872) was a scholarly "Hamlet," but not a popular one. Some considered Henry Irving (1838-1905) the worst.

It is surprising that with all those years of productions that the first full text "Hamlet" was not presented in New York until 1938 with Maurice Evans in the title role. However, Ben Greet had been using the complete version in repertory on the road.

More Long-Runners

On the subject of longruns: **Burton Holmes**, born Elias Burton Holmes, is among the marathon public performers. Claimed to have been appearing publicly since 1891, Town Topics of Nov. 23, 1893, records his professional debut in '93, but this may have reference to his New York bow. His biography in Who's Who in Music and Drama (1914) actually antedates both, pegging 1890 in Chicago as the year and place of his first lecture. He made his last professional appearance in person in 1951, a "run" of 61 years. He died at 88 in 1958. He was the first to use the motion picture to make "travel films" in 1897. Exhibition of Burton Holmes Travelogues, always a box-office attraction, has continued after his death and 1962 marks the 70th year.

A. E. Matthews, a prominent English actor who enjoyed great popularity in America was born Nov. 22, 1869 and died in England on July 25, 1960, made his debut as a callboy in 1886 and his last appearance in "How Say You?" at the Strand, London in 1959. Accordingly, he would have spent 73 years as an actor.

Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, nee Anne Hartley (1821-1904), debuted as a dancer in England at the age of 15, then became an actress and emigrated with her husband to the U.S. in 1849. She continued her career here until her death in Chicago, Dec. 2, 1904 while on tour with "Granny." That would give Mrs. Gilbert 68 years of acting.

Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, nee Blanche Galton (1845-1936), made her debut in London in 1865 and came to the U.S. in 1868 with the Galton Opera Co. She became a very popular and much beloved actress here and made her last appearance on the stage in "Trelawney of the Wells" in 1930—in all 65 years on the stage for Mrs. Whiffen.

George Gaston who was born Jan. 27, 1844 and died at the Actors' Home in Englewood, N.J., on Jan. 14, 1937 had retired in 1922 after appearing in "Listening In" at the Bijou. His obituary stated he was the oldest American actor, but am unable to verify that he was continuously engaged in the theatre.

Charles F. Lorraine, who died in Hamilton, Bermuda, Dec. 14, 1940 at the age of 91, had been on stage since he was 5. However, he had lived in Bermuda for 40 years and was not active as an actor during all this period.

Ludwig Soliski, Polish actor was rated as the world's oldest performer, when he died in Cracow Dec. 19, 1954, at the age of 100 years, but no records of his career are available.

Joseph Jefferson III (1829-1905) played "Rip Van Winkle" for 45 years.

Guy Bates Post, now 86, made his professional debut in "Charlotte Corday" in 1893 and up until several years ago was out on the road appearing in "The Climax." His years in the theatre would add up to 68.

Ringling Bros. formed their circus in 1882 and it is still running.

In the circus field also there is **Harry Nelson**, a veteran clown and son of **Sam Nelson**, who made his first appearance with his father's circus at the age of 4. Harry was born July 16, 1884 and is at present traveling with the Ringling show, an outfit that he has been with since 1928. That would add up to 73 years in show business for **Harry Nelson**.

Albert G. Andrews, who died in 1950, at 93, had been on the stage more than 80 years, having debuted in England with "Masks and Faces" (titled "Peg Woffington" in the U.S.A.) in 1862 and closed his career with "The Cherry Orchard" in 1944 at the National Theatre, N.Y.

Kate Mayhew, with 78 years of acting to her credit, was born in Indianapolis in 1853 and at the

age of five made her first appearance there in "Pizarro." Her final curtain call was taken in "Alice Takat" in 1936 and she died in New York on June 16, 1944.

Harry G. Davenport, vet screen player, first appeared on the stage in 1871 at the age of five, in Philadelphia, in "Damon's Boy." After a career on Broadway that ended with "Battleship Gertie" in 1935, he went on in films, having entered them in 1912, until his death in Hollywood Aug. 9, 1949. So, 78 years for Mr. Davenport.

Joseph Cawthorn, actor and dialect comedian born in N.Y. March 29, 1867, appeared on the stage at the age of four with the Pickaninny Minstrels, graduating to Haverly's Minstrels in 1872. He was a musical comedy favorite from 1899-1925, when he then concentrated on films.

Ethel Griffies, although born in England in 1878, spent most of her time in the U.S. She made her first stage appearance in "East Lynne" (1881) in her native country and came to New York in 1924 to debut in "Havoc," making her final appearance in America with "The Royal Family" in 1951, a total of 70 years.

James Gleason, stage and film star, made his first appearance with his parents in 1890 at the age of five. His N.Y. debut was in "Pretty Mrs. Smith" (1914) and he had a successful Broadway career that continued into films until his death in 1959 at the age of 74, so it is 69 years of acting for him.

Charles Winninger, perennial comedian, was a boy soprano at the age of six and appeared as an acrobat with Winninger Bros. in vaudeville. He was born in Athens, Wis., Feb. 26, 1885 and although his last show on Broadway was "Music In the Air" in 1951, he has continued his picture career that commenced in 1915. So, allow Mr. Winninger, at least 69 years as a performer.

Dame May Whitty, distinguished English actress, debuted in Liverpool, Eng., in 1881 and ended her career in "Night Must Fall" at La Jolla, Calif., in 1947, giving her 66 years on the stage. She died in Hollywood May 29, 1948.

Charles D. Coburn, who died Aug. 30, 1961, was born in Macon, Ga., June 19, 1877. In 1891 he became a program boy at the Savannah Theatre, in Georgia, advancing to ticket seller, then treasurer and finally manager. He turned to acting and in 1903 made his N.Y. debut in "Up State New York." His career ended in Indianapolis, August 1961, in the farce, "You Can't Take It With You." 70 years in the theatre with approximately 66 years as an actor.

Fred Stone, continued his career although handicapped by an injury received in an auto accident. He was born in Longmont, Col., Aug. 19, 1873 and first appeared as an actor in 1884 with a tabloid show. In 1894 he joined with Dave Montgomery, a partnership that was a happy one down through the years and only ended with Montgomery's death in 1917. Fred, the father of the talented Dorothy, Paula and Carol, finally said his farewell to the theatre after 66 years as an actor when he appeared, in 1950, at the Las Palmas Theatre, Hollywood, in "You Can't Take It With You." He died in North Hollywood, March 6, 1959.

Edmund Gwenn, fine character actor, who passed away in Hollywood, Sept. 6, 1959 spent 64 years

in the theatre and films, having first appeared on the stage in England in 1895.

Victor Moore, comedian of stage and screen, has been going strong for 60 years plus. He was born in Hammonont, N.J., on Feb. 24, 1876 and the stage first saw him in a Boston production of "Babes In the Wood" in 1893. He appeared in "Carousel" at the N.Y. City Center Theatre, in 1957. That chalks up 64 years of acting for this sterling performer.

Ethel Barrymore, Grand Dame of the American Theatre, (she appeared so young and so active for so long that she would probably have resented that title) was born in Philadelphia, Aug. 15, 1879, and when she said her final farewell in Beverly Hills on June 18, 1959, she had been a performer for 63 years, from her debut at the Arch St. Theatre, Philadelphia, in "The Rivals" on Jan. 25, 1894, until her final appearance on the screen in "Johnny Trouble" in 1957. Miss Barrymore was thought by many to be a newcomer to films when, in 1932, she appeared in "Rasputin and the Empress" with her brothers, Lionel and John. However, she had appeared in quite a few of the early silent films from 1915 to 1918.

Billie Burke made her first appearance in 1898 as a singer in Europe and her N.Y. debut in 1907 with "My Wife." She has been in films since 1916 and appeared in the road tryout of "Listen to the Mocking Bird" in 1959 and is still going strong with 62 years of acting to her credit.

Claude Rains, made his bow in 1900, in London, as a child with "Sweet Nell of Old Drury." He last appeared on Broadway in "Night of the Auk" (1956), but continues his fine acting career in films that commenced in 1933, so allow Mr. Rains 61 years.

Ed Wynn, comedian and composer, the "Perfect Fool" debuted in vaudeville in 1900. He was born in Philadelphia Nov. 9, 1886 and has successfully run the gamut of vaudeville, musical comedy, motion pictures and radio, to continue in television. That gives him 61 years as a laugh-getter.

May Robson, w.k. on the stage and screen, was born in Melbourne, Australia, April 19, 1864 and debuted in "The Hoop of Gold" in Brooklyn, 1884. Miss Robson tramped throughout the U.S. as well as starring on Broadway and her career of 58 years finally ended with her death in Beverly Hills, Oct. 20, 1942.

Bobby Clark, late funnyman, who teamed with Paul McCullough for 34 years, spent 56 of his 72 years on the stage. He first appeared in minstrels in 1902 and bid farewell to the stage in 1958 with "Damn Yankees" and died in N.Y. City, Feb. 12, 1960.

Leo Carrillo, who died at 81, Sept. 10, 1961, had played the Orpheum Circuit as early as 1904 and continued on to legitimate, films, radio and television. He retired in the middle 1950s because of illness, but continued his role of Grand Marshall in parades and at fairs, so list him among those 50 years in the business.

Edward Everett Horton, talented actor and pastmaster of the "double-take," is listed as born in Brooklyn on March 18, 1887. He made his professional bow in "The Man Who Stood Still" at the Circle Theatre, N.Y., in 1908. Having almost made a career of the play, "Springtime for Henry," he has been out on the road lately playing in "Nina," credit Mr. Horton with 53 years.

Al Jolson, one of the all time

Competition and 'Runaway'

Continued from page 5

cost of making pictures is so fantastic that you don't have more than a 1,000 to one chance to get your money back."

On the other hand, there are those who say that labor wage savings possible abroad on a comparative basis are frequently negated by the greater length of time it often takes to make pictures.

Most often voiced complaints of producers appears to be not so much the high Hollywood wage scales, but rather the size of the crews union requirements demand and that, generally speaking, crews don't put out as much as they could to get a job done in the fastest possible time.

"Why work yourself out of a job sooner than necessary?" one worker acknowledged.

Call 'Featherbedding' Villain In Hollywood's Production

However, and more to the point of truth, production crews as a rule gear themselves to the tempo of the director. This is true abroad as well as here. In other words, if the director is in full command and moves rapidly from one setup to the next the crew will be right on his heels.

George Stevens, speaking of the financing of his "The Greatest Story Ever Told," asserted it would cost \$145,300 in California to costume 1,000 soldiers, whereas he could rent the costumes abroad for only \$7,500. He declared the IATSE Costumers Union would not permit him to import costumes. The director-producer further explained that it would cost \$115,000 to use 1,000 extras for a single day's shooting at Indio, Calif. (costs include transportation and food) whereas he could get extras in Spain for mob scenes at \$5 per person a day.

"I say to people here in this industry," Stevens declared, "individuals, guilds, unions and artists, that they should consider the situation and try for a formula by which Americans can regain the initiative."

There's No Magical Economy In Making Pictures Overseas

The argument that foreign atmosphere can improve the quality of work performed does not always hold. Stevens knows this. So does Kirk Douglas, who at first thought about going abroad in producing "Spartacus," then was happy that he remained on the Universal backlot. Cecil B. DeMille made some background and other sequences for "The 10 Commandments" in Egypt, but filmed the bulk of the pic on Paramount stages. Leo McCarey was far from a happy man last summer in England directing 20th-Fox's William Holden starrer, "Satan Never Sleeps," a story about China!

Charles Schnee, currently one of Columbia's Indies operating overseas (in Italy with "Jason and the Golden Fleece") maintains "movies are made abroad for primarily one reason: the subject matter and background require a certain locale—a certain combination of artistic and physical ingredients which cannot genuinely be duplicated in the environs of Southern California."

Billy Wilder, shooting "One, Two, Three" in Berlin and Munich last summer had to build a replica of the Brandenburg Gate when the East Berlin-Soviet guardians became uncooperative. And Arthur Freed had to round up a substitute swimming pool on an English country estate after weather drove him out of Italy in filming "Light in the Piazza" for Metro. In short, one doesn't always get the full measure of scenic blessings sought in shooting abroad.

Schnee, to prevent any misunderstanding, is not anti-Hollywood. He says "no one who has had world-wide production experience away from Hollywood would run away from Hollywood." He also opines that "as for economic advantage, it is erroneously reckoned that a picture which costs \$3,000,000 to make in Hollywood costs considerably less to produce in Europe." He says "the differential in cost is a negligible factor" and that "the equalizing factor is the longer length of time it takes to make a film abroad."

Deadly to Morale, Diminished Employment Haunts Hollywood

People who take work out of the Hollywood studios by going abroad to make one or more features that could be made here and then blithely say Hollywood always will remain the center of U.S. film production are simply talking through their hats. Perhaps studio stages can stand idle, but can the technical manpower without which the creators could not function afford to await the prodigals' return?

Moreover, prolonged uncertainty about where tomorrow's work will come from, or if there will be any work, could create a serious psychological problem. As a matter of fact, there is a common complaint that enthusiasm, excitement and pulltogetherness have gone out of the motion picture business. Some blame this on the lack of continuity in production.

There are those who maintain that production has become a three-way contest among stars, directors and producers, with varying combinations of same grouping forces against studios (now regarded primarily as financing sources) to determine balance of authority in regard to production of a picture.

Whatever the underlying cause, or causes, the attitude is prevalent in top management circles that "it's impossible to satisfy talent."

It is not unusual to hear an exec say, "I don't know why I put up with all this aggravation. These blankety blank, etc., have no regard for anything except their own personal greed and vanity. . . . Instead of demanding \$300,000 and a percentage of the picture, that big stiff should be thankful he's not out pumping gas."

There is, unfortunately, very little respect between management and talent. There perhaps never really was much genuine respect. But before the vertical structure of the industry was toppled by the Dept. of Justice consent decree forcing the separation of exhibition, followed soon by the onslaught of television, talent was held in check by ironclad, exclusive service contracts. Hollywood was in fact a lush, lush "company town" and the inhabitants knew it.

Management criticizes talent for making unreasonable financial demands, but management isn't blameless for it encouraged soaring prices by meeting what it now calls fantastic demands.

greats, listed his year of birth as 1886, the insurance company said 1879, and it was compromised at 1884. Regardless, he made his first professional appearance (in a mob scene) with "Children of the Ghetto" at the Herald Square Theatre, N.Y., October 1899, thus at the time of his death in San Francisco on Oct. 23, 1950 he had been 51 years a performer.

In the idiom of Jolson, Clark and Carrillo, among the variety vets with more than a half-century of public performance behind them must be included the late great Fred Allen, McIntyre & Heath, along with Sophie Tucker, Eddie Cantor, Jack Benny, George

Burns, Blossom Seeley, George Jessel, Bert Lahr, Smith & Dale, and probaby others.

Glasgow Dream Theatre Running Short of Coin

Glasgow. An ambitious "dream theatre," the Falcon, planned for the St. George's Cross area of the city, may have to shutter March 10 unless financial aid is forthcoming from the city corporation. A sum of \$675,000 is needed pronto.

A public appeal for \$750,000 has brought in only 10% of the target figure.

Origin of 'Tank Town'

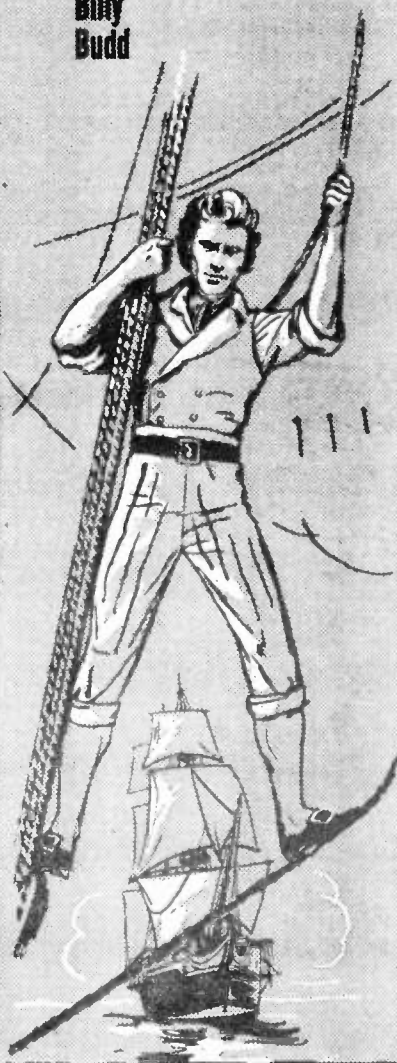
In Harry Birdoff's book, "The World's Greatest Hit—'Uncle Tom's Cabin'" (S. F. Vanni, 1947), the entymology of the term "tank-town" usually stemmed from "Tom" shows. Playing one-nighters in tank towns, as did most "Uncle Tom's Cabin" troupes, the most familiar landmark at the sundry whistle-stop stations was the water tank, right at the railroad station.

The expression originated in the early '80s when these troupes were "Tomming The Tanks." According to Birdoff there were more than 150 companies presenting one or another version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in towns and hamlets such as Ashtabula and Steubenville, O., Beaver Falls, Pa., Bogalusa, La., Chicopee, Mass., Keokuk, Ill., Muskogee, Okla., North Tonawanda, N.Y. Most of these towns have since become larger cities with important local industry but, in their era, some 80 years ago, they were lesser stopoffs.

Theatre historian Samuel Stark observes that before the use of water scoops and diesel engines, the railway timetables carried a symbol indicating a "water stop."

Incidentally, it would take a crystalball and a battery of IBM machines to really dope out the win-place-show between "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "East Lynne," "The Two Orphans," "The Old Homestead" and "Rip Van Winkle."

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RYAN
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USTINOV**
in
**Billy
Budd**
co-starring
**MELVYN
DOUGLAS**
and introducing
**TERENCE
STAMP**
as
**Billy
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Executive Producer
A. RONALD LUBIN

*Herman Melville's
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mutiny and excitement
on the high seas!*

An ALLIED ARTISTS Release

A YEAR OF NERVES, NUDES & NEGRO CLICKS

Continued from page 3

BB (Baseball, not Bardot), the Reds vs. the Yanks (World's Series, not the Kremlin), those self-conscious uptown (Harlem) Muslims, Dick Clark and The Fly (sequel to The Twist), "runaway" Hollywood film productions, copfighters, astronauts, Liz Taylor and "Cleopatra," Spyros Skouras' 20th-Fox troubles, death of Dag Hammarskjöld, the 1962 Seattle Expo versus the upcoming 1964 N.Y. World's Fair, Rudy Vallee's comeback, Belle Barth not herself at Carnegie Hall, Lenny Bruce's personal "sick" language problems, "Never On Sunday," MCA, country & western music vs. rock 'n' roll, Jack Paar, the wow John Sutherland and Leontyne Price, "Lady Chatterley" in West End legit, Antony Armstrong-Jones' new billing as the Earl of Snowden, censorship pressures all over the map ("too adult" films, tv violence, Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer," etc.), cultural exchanges despite the sometimes not-too-cold war, nifty nudity, "uncommitted neutralist nations," NAACP pressures on Hollywood and tv for "broader" thespic assignments, upsurge of bellydancers, key clubs—all these, and more, were fodder for comedy and serious interpretation.

After Jack and Jackie clicked in Paris, the President cracked, "I'm the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris."

Alexandre used to be the name of a w.k. cocktail, but Jackie made her coiffeur's identity equally famous.

The beatniks were abating; the Greenwich Village coffeehouses were going in for more esoteric evolutions, such as ad lib performances, along with the poetry readings, which jammed-up the espresso impresarios on two counts: (1) with the gendarmes on cabaret licensing and (2) with Equity over jurisdiction.

Lord Montague of Beaulieu Abbey was another to forever ban jazz festivals following the two-day shambles on his Hampshire estate near London.

Strips and Nudes

The stripperies made European dates for standard acts a hazard because the bra-less babes were hard to follow in any language. Down Under the Australian authorities frowned upon the Soho-transplanted strip shows from London, but the Seattle Exposition in '62 looks forward to the Casino de Paris show, booked intact from the famed Paris music-hall. Reno emulated Las Vegas with epidermis displays, with no official or customer protest but Mexico's National Assn. of Artists wants its femme members to cover up and its comics to tone down any double-entendre, especially with an eye to "protecting" the starlets.

West German censors banned an indie film, "Kiss Me As If There's No Tomorrow," claiming that the 42-inch bosom of starlet Regina Seiffer was not feminine pulchritude but deformed. German film producers, who had pioneered a call-girl cycle of films, including a notorious real-life prostitute whose political and financial ties reached into high places, placed official tabu on any such further films. In France, five Paris femmes du pave sued the French National TV System that a documentary film, on prostitution as a social problem, had invaded their privacy while playing their calling on the rues and boulevards.

Wave of cheaply-made, so-called "art" and nudist films, all Hollywood product, have been doing some business in the so-called exploitation and Skid Row houses. Essentially nudist and leeringly sexed themes, the "actors" have been chiefly recruited from "model schools" and has caused the Los Angeles police to probe the matter. All giving reputable picture biz a bad name.

As Las Vegas and Reno continued the strip policies, Hamburg's notorious waterfront entertainment sector, the Reeperbahn, decided on a cover-up policy but the German tourists and the sailors both no like the "keep-it-on" edict.

By way of contrast: Brendan Behan's "The Hostage" was banned in Warsaw "because it could be offensive to Catholics," which is a curious

reason in a Communist country.

Personal: The Dick Powells (June Allyson) reported reconciling after their 15-year marital split. The George Montgomerys (Dinah Shore) startled all their friends with announcement of their divorce following 18 years as "the happiest couple in Hollywood." Lucille Ball married nitery comic Gary Morton, after her divorce from Desi Arnaz. Lauren Bacall, Humphrey Bogart's widow, became Mrs. Jason Robards Jr., Marilyn Miller and Arthur Miller split. So did Rosemary Clooney and Jose Ferrer, not long after their fifth child was born. Rita Hayworth got her fifth divorce; teenage Pied Piper, Dick Clark his first. There were gags about Mort Sahl and George Jessel as "the fathers of the year."

More Personality Stuff

Marion Davies' \$8,000,000 estate; she died at 64.

Bette Davis' \$1,000,000 libel suit against Modern Screen, and Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher (Elizabeth Taylor) ditto against a series of fan mags.

Hillbilly singer-songwriter, now Gov. Jimmie Davis, was spotlighted as giving some Louisiana state jobs to former members of his vocal group, The Plainsmen.

SS Queen Mary took out its transatlantic slotmachines after the bartenders complained it was killing their bar biz.

JFK popularized a new hotel-room prop, the rockingchair.

The president of the International Confederation of Actors' Unions, headquartered in Mexico City, suggested a simultaneous global series of radio and tv shows scoring Khrushchev for his "irresponsible atomic bomb experiments" as endangering the entire world, and thus bring it to the attention of all peoples, especially those behind the Bamboo and Iron Curtains. His point is that local entertainer favorites are closer to the people than political pronouncements.

Changing Scene

Douglas Leigh, the electric sign man, bought the N.Y. Times Tower for an Exhibition Hall (incidentally it experienced a tragic fire later in the year) and the Empire Bldg. was sold for \$65,000,000.

New Gotham hotels and motels

a-building (Hilton versus Loew-Tisches' Americana) among others.

U.S. in pitch to lure European tourists to this side of the Atlantic. Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward into the mailorder tourist business.

Arabs shun "Exodus," and Paul Newman joined the "tabu" list along with Elizabeth Taylor, Danny Kaye, et al.

Eddie Cantor's golden jubilee in show biz.

Mrs. Mary Hemingway's safari to Cuba to recover the late author's manuscripts at his finca outside of Havana. Old and sick the famed author shot himself.

Show biz's cold war fever generated some hot reaction in D.C. following Jack Paar's TV pickup at the Brandenburg Gate. (Ed Sullivan later originated two TV shows from West Berlin as entertainment for GIs). Paar's w.c. jokes also recalled. Guessing-game on Paar's successor at the NBC-TV conferences.

Brecht Boycott

As a result of the east-west tensions, late Communist Berthold Brecht's plays were cancelled in West Germany. One prominent East Berlin producer refused to return when that "wall" went up.

On the subject of Brecht, his "Threepenny Opera," derived from John Gay's 18th Century "Beggars' Opera," (in collaboration with Kurt Weill and its American adaptation by Marc Blitzstein), finally ended its seventh off-Broadway season, clocking 2,611 performances. In the more than 6-years at the 299-seat Theatre de Lys, the 22 parts have been alternately filled by 709 players. "Mack The Knife" was projected into a smash disk by Bobby Darin, and in turn made him. Also, an offbeat interpolation into "Threepenny Opera" was "The Bilbao Song" which, too, made some disk impact.

Jazz took on new stature as groups, such as the Kansas City, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Cincinnati and Toledo Symphony Orchestras and the N. Y. Philharmonic, added modern jazz works by James Hall, James Giuffre, J. J. Johnson, John Lewis, et al.

Inevitably the Russian and American astronauts inspired Tin Pan Alley to such ditties as "Will There

Be Space In My Space Ship?" This recalled L. Wolfe Gilbert's "Lucky Lindy," circa 1927, and he followed this up with "Astronaut of Space," dedicated to America's Alan B. Shepard this year (melody of Ben Oakland) The Kirby Stone Quartet's "AOK" was right in there with the topicalities, wherein a chick is invited to take a spin in "a capsule built for two."

The gospel jamborees, all-night singfests in Atlanta and elsewhere, with Mahalia Jackson, The Statesmen Quartet, the Blackwood Bros. Quartet, Oak Ridge Quartet, Florida Boys, et al. not only boomed their boxoffices but also their disk sales.

Mort Sahl, Bob Newhart, Charles Manna, Shelley Berman continued strong with their waxed humor. Newcomer Dick Gregory, unique as the "first" standup Negro comic to play before ofay audiences, also made platter impact. In turn, this put new emphasis on Nipsey Russell and other colored comics whose orbits, heretofore, were circumscribed.

No Frontiers on Talent

The Inter-American Work Foundation, after a week-long convention in San Jose, Costa Rica, edicted a larger racial quota for proportional Negro representation on the American screen and tv.

This was followed by NAACP protestations in Hollywood along similar lines, with accent on non-menial roles in feature films. The NAACP also planned a test of the Nevada Casino racial policy but, meantime, the "integrated" George Washington Carver Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas, despite its fronting by Harry Belafonte, Sammy Davis Jr., Joe Louis proved a quick flop.

American Broadcasting - Paramount Theatres' homeoffice on New York's West 66th St. was picketed and subjected to sit-in demonstrations, in protest against some of its affiliated Dixie theatres' segregation policies. Later, AB-PT's Chapel Hill Theatre broke the North Carolina Jim Crow rule, albeit only for card-carrying undergraduates. Two Austin (Texas) theatres also undertook a similarly "controlled" integration limited to "students only" at the Univ. of Texas. In Atlanta, the Metropolitan Opera management learned that four Negroes, holding down-front orchestra seats, had to view the opera from the balcony of the 4,600-seat Fox Theatre. Resultantly, Rudolf Bing ruled Met would no more play there under race barriers.

1961 Negro Advances

Nat King Cole during 1961 deplored minimal colored entertainment on television; only as occasional spot bookings on the variety programs. AGVA voted Sammy Davis Jr. as its "man of the year"

Legit & the Economy

What legit means to New York community welfare and industry was dramatized by the 10-day Equity strike in spring of 1961. Cost eating places around \$5,000,000, according to the Restaurant League of New York. Hotels, garages, Times Square shops, etc., also suffered economically during that period.

A breakdown of the more than 8,000,000 legit patrons who saw the 46 shows on Broadway's 53 legit houses last year indicated that 75% of the audiences live 15 miles from Manhattan and that the sum total gross boxoffice amounts to \$41,000,000, exclusive of the overages for benefit of the theatre parties.

Incidentally, the theatre party is still the No. 1 factor in the economics of legit, though actors don't like the type of audiences who either (1) are more concerned with yoo-hooing at their friends and acquaintances, or (2) resent having paid \$25, \$50 or \$100 as surcharge for sweet charity's sake.

Dramatists Guild recognized the economic stringencies and agreed to go along with certain modified royalty arrangements until production costs were recovered. Last year legit lost \$2,000,000, and this season the total may be nearer \$3,000,000 in light of pyramiding costs on other fronts. A show such as "Do Re Mi" cost \$479,738 to bring in and, despite Phil Silvers

and Nancy Walker heading the cast, is far from breaking-even despite its second-season run. "The Gay Life," introducing Italian leading man Walter Chiari to Broadway, is a similar top-cost (\$480,000) musical.

The Pulitzer Prize play, "All The Way Home," lost \$115,000 of its \$150,000 capitalization but will get even thanks only to a Paramount Pictures deal. Meantime, the Hudson Theatre will become a garage.

Conrad Nagel was elected president of the 4A's (Associated Actors & Artistes of America), succeeding Paul Dulzell, named president emeritus, who has since passed away.

David Merrick continued the stormy petrel of legit while crying all the way to the bank with a succession of hits. In 1961 he lambasted critics (ranging from the N.Y. Times' Howard Taubman to The New Yorker's John McCarten).

Vinton Freedley unveiled the new \$800,000 Actors' Fund of American home in Englewood, N.J.

"Twofers" (two-for-the-price-of-one) became an increasing vogue for the weak shows. Also for the longrunning smashes as witness "My Fair Lady" into "twofers" at one time.

In 1961 Noel Coward did a bit of a comeback via "Sail Away."

"Fairiest 'Lady' of 'Em All"

For the record, the "My Fair Lady" statistics include \$50,200,000 b.o. up to the record-making period, of which \$18,000,000 came from the original Broadway productions; \$15,700,000 from the traveling national company; and \$16,500,000 grossed by the foreign productions.

The \$5,500,000 lease of the film rights for seven years to Warner Bros. is another new high mark, plus a percentage of the profits. Peak pix rights price heretofore has been \$2,000,000.

On the Wednesday matinee in June when "My Fair Lady" clocked the 2,213th performance, that topped "Oklahoma!" by one, Michael Allanson, who now portrays Prof. Higgins (role created by Rex Harrison) so announced it from the stage of the Mark Hellinger Theatre and champagne was served. Later in the year, on Aug. 14, 1961, when "MFL" hit 2,239 performances to pass "Chu-Chin-Chow," this made it the long-running legit musical in history.

London critics named "Music Man" the best 1961 musical with "Sound of Music" and "King-Kong" latter the South African show, runners-up. The best native British musical was voted "Beyond the Fringe."

"Music Man," for example, has a better-than-\$3,000,000 net profit already on its original \$310,000 production investment. David Merrick's "Carnival" got back its \$250,000 production investment after 15 weeks. "How To Succeed" etc., got even on its \$350,000 investment on its 20th week.

Those new high-style coiffures irking theatre managers and public alike who yearn for those yesteryear signs, "Ladies Will Kindly Remove Their Hats," although "heads" should be substituted when some top-gloss babe does the theatre bit sporting one of those Eiffel Tower creations.

Road legit experienced a further b.o. hypo with twilight curtain-raising time.

The historic Old Howard, Boston, razed by fire last June, may become a museum under local civic auspices. The 160-year-old playhouse has played everything from Edwin Booth to burlesque.

Industrial ballyhoo via legit culture sees the new ultra Fisher Theatre, Detroit, taking its place with the O'Keefe Centre, Toronto. Pittsburgh may get a new Alcoa Theatre in the same tradition.

Other Mores

Despite the muggings, the reefer, and the juvenile (and adult) delinquencies, a religious revival has boomed the revival singers and gospel recordings. This is in contrast to the "party" records (rougher and franker than ever) which also boomed and, in turn, created new markets for practitioners of the Belle Barth, (Continued on page 54)

Necrology of 1961

Among the year's actuarial statistics were Gary Cooper, Joseph M. Schenck, George S. Kaufman, Grandma Moses, Jeff Chandler, Ernest Hemingway, Nathan Straus, Leo Carillo, Charles Coburn, John D. Hertz, Chico Marx, Courtney Burr, Guthrie McClintic, John C. Wilson, Ruth Chatterton, James Thurber, Powell Crossley Jr., John W. Considine Jr., Nita Naldi, Percy Grainger, Jack Whiting, Lew Schreiber, Anna May Wong, Sam Katz, Barry Fitzgerald, Jay Brennan, Dashiell Hammett, Harry Pilker, Marian Jordan, Henry Seidel Canby, Sir Thomas Beecham, Elsie Ferguson, Reed Albee, Maurice Tourneur, Moss Hart, Paul Dulzell, Karl Von Wiegand, and on Jan. 1, 1962 Barbara Burns and Jerry Giesler.

Also Thyra Samter Winslow, Arthur Melbourne Cooper, Edith Ellis, Brewster Morgan, Paul J. Greenhalgh, Joel Swenson, Frances Maddux, Blanche Ring, Tom Waring, Julius Darewski, Norman Siegel, Scoop Conlon, Michel Mok, Arsene Gautier, Albert Whelan, Harry Klemfuss, Harry Bannister, Marquis De Cuevas, Nick LaRocca, George Formby, Arthur James Pegler, Wilbur C. Sweatman, Seymour Felix, Irving Sarnoff, Ned Clothes Norton.

Also four of the VARIETY family: Betty Brown, Dorothy Hirsch, of New York, Arthur B. Waters, of Philadelphia, Ernie Player of London, Fritz Ridgeway, Jack Price Jones, Tats Matsuo, James Melton, William Fields, Russel Muth, John Danz, Senator Francis Murphy, Perry Askam, Joan McCracken, Tsuru Aoki, Bijou Fernandez, Michio Ito, Marcel Vertes, Dorothy Heyward, Larry Wiener, Henry Duffy, Alan Lipscomb, Luther Reed, Leonard S. Picker, Leonard W. Joy, Tom Slater, Zoltan Korda, Donald Cook, Bob Wilby, Seymour Nebenzal, William Degen Weinberger, Joe Lanin, Percy Waram, Ted Pearson, Wallace Lupino, Mitch Rawson, Harold K. Guinzberg, Louise Groody, Konrad Berecovic.

Also Ann Davis, Joe Higgins, Marion B. Hicks, O. B. Hanson, Meyer North, Harry Gribbon, Sally Davis, Murray Korman, Earle C. Anthony, Muriel Rahn, Long Tack Sam, Jack Lait Jr., Violet Kemble Cooper, Helen Ainsworth, Cameron Shipp, Bozo the Clown, Claude Ezell, Gail Russell, Vera Michelena, Samuel H. Meinhold, Elizabeth W. Berlinghoff, Hugo Hirsch, Roy Del Ruth, George Melford, Lee Moran, Miff Mole, Anita Stewart.

Also John McCormick, Nick Dipson, Mitchell Gertz, Dorothy Entratter, Grace George, Joan Davis, Joe E. Howard, Viola Roache, Tom Gorman, John F. Caskey, Eddy Cline, Fred Keating, Jack Jungmyer, Felix Brantano, Bennie Russell, Joe Basile, Frank W. Kridel, Richard Pleasant, Lora Lons, Ned Armstrong, Mazo de la Roche, Lou Bring, Irving Conn, Barney Zeeman, Valentine Davies, John J. Garrity Sr., Mrs. Sam Fox, Geoffrey Hawkes, John B. Kennedy, Kit Guard, Elsie Bassermann, Helen Page Kimberley, Robert E. Griffith, John Perona, Billy Seeman, John Stone, Arch Reeve, Eddie Polo, Art Gillham, Betty Jane Nyman, Ella F. Schiller, Grace Lloyd Hyman, Mrs. Paul Small, Fred Wile Jr., Denison Cliff, John H. Mitchell, Leo Reisman, Louis Sorin, Sydney A. Moseley.

Dr. Lee de Forest, "the daddy of radio," left a meagre \$1,250 estate when he died at 87. He frequently didn't bother about royalties on his more than 300 inventions.

American International

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directed by SIDNEY HAYES • screenplay by RICHARD MATHESON & CHARLES BEAUMONT • produced by JULIAN WINTLE & LESLIE PARKYN
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STARRING

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Produced and directed by ROGER CORMAN • screenplay by RICHARD MATHESON

RUNAWAY: PICTURES, TABU WORDS & HAIR-DOS

Continued from page 52

Rusty Warren and Woody Woodbury ilk.

The disk biz, while downbeating the singles, boomed the album market, with result that the major diskeries were more prominently financially interested in bankrolling new legit musicals such as "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," "Milk and Honey," "Kean," "What's In It For Me?," "We Take The Town," "Subways Are For Sleeping," "The Gay Life," "Let It Ride." In turn this seemed to accelerate the disklegging manufacturers of bootleg albums.

The Blogs

The 1961 biographies (by and/or about) included Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jack Paar, Elizabeth Taylor, Loretta Young, Maurice Chevalier, Marlene Dietrich, Harpo Marx, Connie Clausen, Molly Berg, Gene Fowler, Laurel & Hardy, Renata Tebaldi, Candy Jones, Garry Davis, Gracie Fields, Clark Gable (three of them), Hugh Downs, Alexander King, Louis Nizer, Maria Callas, Nellie Melba.

The Jack Benny High School took its place in his native Waukegan, Ill., along with the Thomas Jefferson H.S. and the Daniel Webster H.S. Benny, now 67, dropped out of Waukegan High when he was a soph.

A U.S. Gold Medal of Merit was "proposed" for Louis Armstrong, Bob Hope and Danny Kaye, but action thereon was tabled until 1962. In London, U.S. Ambassador David Bruce bestowed the Golden Plate Award on Bob Hope for his international achievements.

Soon after arriving on the Coast, comedian Frank Fay was ruled mentally incompetent by a San Francisco court but the comedian died shortly thereafter, leaving a \$400,000 estate to church and other charities, though VARIETY carried an item from California that his adopted son (when married to Barbara Stanwyck) might have a claim under the laws of that state.

Paging Arthur Murray

Late in the year The Twist focused attention on other teenage dances. Dick Clark, who showcased Chubby Checker's "The Twist," states that "The Fly" may be the next teen vogue, although that doesn't appear likely since the socialites and other adults took up The Twist and gave it fullest maturity. However, The Slop, The Jet, the Bob, the Switch-a-Roo, the Messaround and the Hully-Gully are other billings for what are substantially variations of the Lindy-Hop.

The Twist kayoed the pachanga although the latter had a vogue for a spell.

"Never On Sunday" was the year's global smash with some 10,000,000 disk sales in over 30 different versions and many languages.

The Twist and the jazz rooms created a "day club" vogue for some of the niteries, with week-end midday bashes helping swell the gross and also attracting the teeners and family trade.

As the Performing Rights Society (Britain) reported a 300% rise in its 1960 take of \$9,226,000, the British songsmiths pitched for a 65% quota favoring homegrown pop song material on the British airwaves. This, of course, hasn't curbed the UK audience reaction to Presley, Anka, Darin, Connie Francis, Bobby Rydell, Brook Benton, et al.

On the U. S. front the dwindling singles market wasn't bolstered much by converting the conventional 45 to 33 rpm, consistent with the albums, but the latter continued strong in sales. However, in the PX's abroad the GI's spent over \$15,000,000 for singles and albums.

Frank Sinatra, on his own Reprise label, after departing Capitol, and Harry Belafonte (RCA Victor), joined other top artists in completely owning their own wax-works, merely licensing them to this or that manufacturer. The show albums have been doing that for some time.

Mitch Miller's Click

Along with the unpredictables of show biz has been the click of the Mitch Miller Sing-Along tv show, cueing a renaissance of musico-variety programs and, in turn, proving a bonanza to the old-line music publishers whose hoary

standards — solidly entrenched evergreens — are earning unexpected revenues from such tv performances, album revivals, and the like.

The Broadway Assn. presented its Gold Medal to Richard Rodgers for providing so much mirth and melody to the White Way. This came on top of his and the late Oscar Hammerstein's "Sound of Music" (Columbia) making the third R&H original show album to pass the million-mark in sales; the other two were "Oklahoma" and "South Pacific."

Richard Rodgers writing his own lyrics, following death of longtime partner Oscar Hammerstein, for "No Strings," another interracial-themed legit musical. Book is by playwright Samuel Taylor. Ditto on the added "State Fair" (20th-Fox Film) remake, but after Frederick Loewe's decision to "take it easier" Rodgers and Alan Jay Lerner announced a 1962-63 musical collaboration. Loewe, too, reversed field and is working on a new project.

As disk jockeys' impact was curbed, the publishers who at first screamed over payola now deplored the "music librarian" and "music committee" methods at the radio stations because they lacked the adventure of the deejays who, at least, "exposed" and plugged those new singles they favored.

ASCAP hit a new peak \$32,344,135 annual income last year and also modified its bylaws to permit Stanley Adams, incumbent president, to continue uninterruptedly because of the job he has been doing.

The pitch for a revised Copyright Act to bring the 1909 statute up to more realistic appraisal of the new values brought about by electronic and other broader methods of music reproduction and dissemination continues.

Repatriates & Runaways

Along with "runaway" production the past year witnessed a trek back to Broadway of such filmsters as Jack Lemmon, Lucille Ball, Anthony Quinn, Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis, Richard Burton, William Bendix, Angela Lansbury, Gig Young, Don Ameche, Frank Lovejoy, Lee Tracy, Michael Rennie, Henry Fonda, Mervyn Douglas, Roddy McDowell, Ann Bancroft, Nancy Olsen, Walter Pidgeon, Martha Scott, Celeste Holm, Aline McMahon, Hugh O'Brian, Keith Andes, Sydney Chaplin and Lillian Gish among others.

Second-generation youngsters figuring negatively in the news included Lana Turner's daughter, Cheryl, 17; the late Bob (Bazooka) Burns' 22-year-old Barbara, on a narcotics jam; Bobby Driscoll, 24, a 1949 "special" Academy Award winner, now a construction laborer, on ditto; John Barrymore Jr., Edward G. Robinson Jr. and Charles Chaplin Jr., on drunk charges; Jackie Coogan ("The Kid," with Chaplin), now 46, on alleged narcotics and later drunk charge, and also his 19-year-old son, John, arrested with two others for allegedly photographing and selling pictures of nude teenage girls. Miss Burns died Jan. 1 of an overdose of barbiturates.

More Tidbits

Here were other news items of the year now ended:

"Axis Sally" (Mildred Gillars, 60, and a former actress) convicted of treason in 1949 and sentenced to 10-30 years, was paroled.

Gary Cooper rated a special postmortem award at the Cannes Film Festival.

Liberace was estimated as earning \$1,000,000 last year on personals, here and abroad, despite no television, film or smash disk.

Showman Joshua Logan voted Churchill, at 87, "the only man alive who can take the spotlight away from Khrushchev, even at his age." DeGaulle also credited by tv and press as "putting on a great show and he might even be able to steal a few scenes from K." President Kennedy was voted "not enough of a ham; even when he is really angry, the whole performance has a New England reserve about it." Castro voted "a fabulous actor."

During 1961 came Otto Harbach's 80th birthday. Carl Sandburg hit 84. (Adolph Zukor is 89 this month.)

Judy Garland was a comeback in 1961.

George Jessel had a "farewell" tour.

Liz Taylor fought for her life, while the world watched and many prayed.

Dispute raged as to teach-vee (educational television) and the yes-or-no on feevee (tollvision) versus freevee.

Art heists on the Riviera and elsewhere were sensational. Ditto fancy art auction prices, latter given showmanship via special invites and closed-circuit tv.

Eichmann videotapes jetted from Israel to global outlets at the end of each daily proceeding.

Coronet magazine in foldo after 25 years. Satevepost and Life's new look. McCall's 8,000,000 circulation versus Ladies' Home Journal, Redbook and Good House-keeping.

A daughter to Sammy Davis Jr. and Mai Britt.

Al Capone estate lawyer in Chicago no like those nasty films and tv scripts, threatening libel suits.

Bill Orr was named head of WB production by father-in-law Jack L. Warner.

Leinograd Ballet star Rudolf Nureyev defected from the company, while in Paris. Since then Russian secret police traveling with ballet and kindred companies to curb similar jumps. Nureyev has completed his touring with Marquis de Cuevas Ballet. May be seen in U. S. during 1962.

More to the Soviet taste, Russia's astronaut hero, Major Yuri A. Gagarin, made the first direct live telecast from the Soviet Union to Great Britain, via the BBC.

Still more: Enos the chimpanaut, Castro's tractors-for-prisoners exchange idea, British to Kuwait's rescue after the Iraq's invasion of the oil-rich sheikdom, Nehru's doubletalking (and double-dealing) peace propaganda and India's quick blitz of the Portuguese enclaves (Goa, etc.). The New York transit strike. Continue Biblical and Gracco-Roman spectacle films.

Global TV is predicted for 1964 via a series of satellite boosters. It is hoped that the Tokyo Olympics will be seen globally on tv via direct pickup rather than the jet-and-tape technique which, of course, was an equally signal achievement.

NBC-RCA's color progress in 1962 augurs tinting-up by the other networks, and the Tokyo games also have tintvision on their horizon.

Army Bluenoses

Army brass insistence upon "audition" of top Yank stars offering to entertain U.S. troops in Europe irked many and caused Jack Carter to sound off that, as a seasoned comedian, he knows good taste as well as anybody.

British team, Norman Sturgis and Laura James, personally protested to President Kennedy that their act at U.S. Air Force bases in Britain was censored because it included a lamppost titled "John and Jackie at Home, or How White Is My House."

U's Golden Annl

Universal marked the 50th anni of the company's founding by Carl Laemmle, and Milton R. Rackmil & Co. took advantage of the occasion for some upped billings with the new product selling season.

Joe E. Levine anticipated the ebbing of the spear-and-sandal cycle (beefcake Steve Reeves) and shifted part of his production activities to Hollywood but that didn't diminish the Hollywood crafts taking their plight to Governmental ears on the "runaway" production platform.

New USA boss, Ed Murrow, ex-CBS, lent a sympathetic ear and also decried Hollywood's "mayhem and lust" cycle as "giving America a negative 'image' in the global scheme of things." To this, the more realistic filmsters wondered how come that when the French and Italians make with the sex pix there's no such hue-and-cry.

Also, that it is for obvious authentic backgrounds, governmental subsidies and other economies that the majors produced "Ben-Hur" (Rome), "Kings of Kings" (Spain), "El Cid" (Spain), Zanuck's "Longest Day" (Normandy), Sam Spiegel's "Lawrence of Arabia" (Jordan), Billy Wilder's "One, Two, Three" (Munich), John Huston's "Freud" (Vienna and Munich),

"Suzie Wong" (Hong Kong), etc., because they can be done better in those locales than on the Coast.

Lots of 'Bounty'

One off-Hollywood film that didn't beat the production rap, because of unpredictable delays, is "Mutiny on the Bounty." It is estimated this Metro film will wind up with a \$20,000,000 investment, the champ alltime production cost. Prior thereof Metro's "Ben-Hur" topped \$15,500,000, made largely in Rome, but its boxoffice performance since has more than substantiated the gamble.

Sam Bronston's not-so-costly "King of Kings," which Metro took over for release, experienced some captious criticism in the press and from clerical sources on its supposed "rewrite" of the Bible.

'Never On Sunday'

Opposing the multimillion dollar blockbusters the trade points to the Greek-made "Never On Sunday" (Jules Dassin's film starring Melina Mercouri) costing \$150,000 which will gross \$4,000,000 in the U.S. alone; the Italian "Two Women," a \$100,000 investment; and the British spy picture, "The Risk," budgeted at \$150,000.

"La Dolce Vita," of course, is in a class by itself as a costlier Italian film which, however, because of its impact at the European film festivals and boxoffices has been cannily merchandised on a "hard-ticket" (reserved-seat) basis to excellent returns. Incidentally, la dolce vita has passed into the language as a way of life.

Milestone! The 35th anni of sound, when John Barrymore in "Don Juan" debuted, with a synchronized score, Aug. 6, 1926 at the Warner Theatre on Broadway.

1961 People

Sol A. Schwartz succeeds Sam Briskin as Columbia Pictures production head.

Preston R. (Bob) Tisch succeeds Eugene Picker as president of Loew Theatres & Hotels, while Laurence Alan Tisch is prez of the parent Loew's. Picker since joined UA as a veepee.

Wall Streeters Milton S. Gould and John L. Loeb in re Spyros Skouras and the 20th-Fox situation, including the long-delayed "Cleopatra"; Elizabeth Taylor's illness; the hassle with Lloyds of London on the insurance; the ultimate scrapping of George Stevens' "The Greatest Story"; and Darryl Zanuck's shifting of his "The Chapman Report" from 20th to WB release. Stevens' exhortation of "bankers trying to run Hollywood production."

U.S. Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg to the rescue of the Metropolitan Opera.

Maria Beale Fletcher, 19, the new Miss America, turned out to be a former Radio City Music Hall Rockette. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beale Fletcher, danced professionally as Beale & Peggy.

The Congo strife revived the State Dept. gag for a new tv show there titled "Eat The Press."

New Madison Sq. Garden planned to top Pennsylvania Station.

A fuss of the year was "that word" in "The Connection." U.S. indie pic, which won a special notice in Cannes and has since been denied a N.Y. State exhibition license.

Trade pro and con that "certain b.o. stars worth all they can get," while others can't see the wisdom, if the picture business is to survive, in deals such as \$1,000,000 for Elizabeth Taylor, plus 50% of the net profit (WB). Latter also paying \$5,500,000, plus percentage, for "My Fair Lady." Some stars' "script and almost every other control" is another pro-and-con point of discussion.

Relaxing the Code

Relaxing of the industry's self-regulation Production Code further was approved by Motion Picture Assn. of America prexy Eric Johnston who discreetly okayed themes of sex perversion and aberration "if treated with care, discretion and restraint and if pertinent to the plot."

After "Room At The Top," "Butterfield 8," "The Man With The Golden Arm," "Never On Sunday" and "Suddenly Last Summer" it was inevitable that films dealing with homos would have to get a relaxed ruling.

In '61 "Hollywood Reds" situ-

ation was off and on. "The Hollywood 10" suing for blacklisting and the charges of undercover deals by many producers with the black-listees. Nedrick Young's billing; ditto Dalton Trumbo on "Exodus" and "Spartacus," and latterly the American Legion's blast anew at Trumbo because of his screenplaying James A. Michener's "Hawaii."

Newton's 'Wasteland'

New FCC Chairman Newton N. Minow's "I-kiddie-you-not" pronouncement made every network juvenile show-minded, just as his initial "vast wasteland" diatribe quickly resulted in the three networks beefing up their news and public affairs programs. Of these the most redoubtable is the Huntley-Brinkley show. Pubaffair programs in prime time, unfortunately, did not get the ratings.

Minow's "vast wasteland" crack pointed up 1955 as the Golden Age of TV when its original dramas (Philco Playhouse, Studio One, etc.) and its nascent teleplaywrights and teleproducers (Rod Serling, Paddy Chayefsky, Tad Mosel, Gore Vidal, Robert Alan Aurthur, Fred Coe, George Shaeffer) held sway. (Since then, Minow has conceded that TV is coming out of the "wasteland").

Meantime, such longtime video staples as Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life," "Wyatt Earp," "Bat Masterson," "Peter Gunn," "Michael Shayne," Tennessee Ernie Ford, Dave Garroway (John Chancellor replaced him on NBC's morning show) and Loretta Young bit the dust along with a number of cowboys-and-Indians shows, private-eyes and situation comedies.

The three-network pool of the Cape Canaveral astronaut launching on May 8, when Alan B. Shepard, Jr. became America's first astronaut, was excellent although this, too, resulted in some captious criticism because certain vidtape footage had been integrated to give the feeling of actuality. AOK passed into the language.

With payola and plugola minimized, Brooklyn District Attorney Edward Silver envisioned a plugola in reverse when he addressed the American Bar Assn. convention in St. Louis, pointing to the "Perry Mason" show as allegedly "downgrading law enforcement" because, every Saturday night, over CBS-TV, the d.a. was shown prosecuting seemingly innocent people and/or the plot motivation invariably proved, via defense attorney Perry Mason, that the innocent people had been indicted and only his perspicacity uncovered the real culprits.

Shuffling the clock continues as the major numbers game with the Mad Ave. boys because, no matter how you slice it, it's the hour, along with what's before-and-after, that makes for ratings. Generally agreed that the champ time-slot is 8-9 p.m., when nearly 30,000,000 homes, with perhaps 70-99,000,000 viewers, can be captured.

Trouble All Over

Bingo swept Britain, now a \$112,000,000 annual business and hurting the boxoffice. In Australia the "poker clubs"—slotmachines which pay off on poker hands, as against the conventional lemons, bars and clusters of the Las Vegas genre—were similarly affecting the b.o.

Internal Revenue being more sympathetic to any proposed legislation that would spread the income of stars, athletes and others who earn most of it in a few concentrated years. But Senator Albert Gore still adamant against those "Swiss tax havens" and also scored Hollywood's "runaway productions which have made the former film capital into a ghost town."

"Nasty Nazi" film cycle in Germany seeing a sequel among Italian producers with "Fascist exposes."

While Kennedy has been booking beaucoup cultural talent for the White House, and Frank Sinatra, Peter Lawford, Janet Leigh, Dean Martin et al. have been on intimate terms with the family, either at Hyannisport or Riviera get-togethers (with Joe Kennedy,

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VARIETY

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR

52nd

53rd

54th

55th

56th
Anniversary

57th

58th

59th

60th

61st

62nd

National Screen Service
CORPORATION



Of The Kennedys (Joe & Jack)

Continued from page 3

me, don't worry about that. I'll scare up some more talent to round out young Jack's program."

The evening arrived, and the Harvard freshman beer night was at Memorial Hall, a structure built in memory of valiant Harvard men who had died in the Civil War. The great entertainment bill that had been assembled consisted of Sally Rand, Dizzy Dean and me. (Sally was in Boston to address some convention; Dizzy was in town because the St. Louis Cards were playing the old Boston Braves. I was in town because I lived there.) Dizzy went on first. He was tired, but he slithered or slithered through a highly satisfactory routine.

I came on and gave what a generous VARIETY review might have called an infectious talk to the younger fry. But the Harvard freshmen were wondering what's become of Sally who traipsed out for the finale, fully clothed in Ivy League style (femme).

The boys thought it was a gag. But Sally went into a spiel about "the projection of personality." (That's the topic she'd been lecturing on earlier. She later explained to me that when she'd been invited to speak at Harvard, she felt it was her "message" that should get through.) But when the boys started yelling, "Take 'em off, Sally," and she haughtily refused, some of the more uncouth Harvardians started tossing empty beer cans toward the rostrum. Decorum, however, shortly ensued.

And that, dear readers, is how I first met the one who is now our President.

Before that, however, I had met his father, Joseph P. Kennedy, in the Harvard Yard (not campus; that's for Yale). He was a senior; I was a freshman. But J.P.K. was the sort of person who'd extend a greeting hand to anyone who looked honest or Irish. Another member of that Harvard 1912 class was Robert C. Benchley, who then was editor of the Harvard Lampoon, the comic magazine. His masterpiece, as a Lamponer, was a drawing of a man with one torso, two heads, four arms and four legs. Its title: "Amen."

Kennedy's Fred Stone Pix

Joe Kennedy, now worth \$400,000,000 according to a Fortune magazine estimate, was slugged financially on his first incursion to the movies. He figured that Fred Stone, who was smasher in musical comedy, would be the same in the films. Bum guess. But Joe went ahead and financed two full-length pictures of the erstwhile "Wizard of Oz." Some months later he asked me to see him at a modest roll-top desk at the Hayden Stone brokerage house in Boston, and said he had two lemons in his lap. And would I try to rewrite and improve the subtitles, and get him out of the bucket. I tried, but even good subtitles can't make a swan out of a skunk. J.P.K. lost \$160,000 on the Fred Stone venture.

But he was not cured—a few years later he bought a British company called F.B.O., not to be confused with FBI, which son Bobby now controls. F.B.O. stood for Film Booking Office. Its Hollywood lot is the headquarters for Desilu. In 1925, when I became a subtitle writer out there, \$40,000 was the budget for the average full-length picture. Sometimes, when they spent \$75,000 or \$80,000 for the film, it was called a Gold Bond picture and commanded a higher rental.

Cutrating the Ameche

Joe Kennedy's F.B.O. enterprise was then operated so economically that his top executives in Hollywood often would repair to the studio at 9:30 p.m. to await a phone call from Joe in New York, where it was then 12:30 a.m. and he could obtain a slightly lower phone rate.

From early youth I had a yen for the stage. Why should I, at age 17, be buying green-covered VARIETY at 10c a copy if I were not show-minded? So anyway, I studied hard and landed at Harvard, and, in my latter years there, entered the then famous Prof. Baker's playwriting course, through whose doors had previ-

ously passed Eugene O'Neill, Edward Sheldon and Sidney Howard. I didn't make it as a playwright, though, but I did nudge into writing "material," as it was called, for vaudeville performers. For such acts as Phil Baker, Julius Tannen, Billy Glason, Emma Carus, the Four Mortons and George Yeomans (& Lizzie) I contributed humor—but could still darn near starve. Having aspired to playwriting and gravitated to vaude gags, I swerved around the corner and went into humor columning for the N.Y. Evening World. The first time I met Walter Winchell was at the old NVA Club on 46th St., he was collecting items for the Vaudeville News at \$35 or \$40 a week at the time—I forget which, but he was still happy to be off the circuits for weekly money scribbling.

Dempsey Wasn't Laughing

One morning, some years ago, I went into the office of the McNaught Syndicate, which still handles my column, and Will Rogers was laughing in high glee with Charlie McAdam, the syndicate's head man. It seems the Internal Revenue Service had finally allowed newspapers to print the tax paid by anyone in excess of \$15,000 income. And many newspapers were running page after page of the returns. What Rogers was laughing at was that Jack Dempsey, for the previous year, had paid more in income taxes than J. P. Morgan. (Bill, too, had probably paid more than J.P., but he wasn't laughing at himself).

At the Republican national convention of 1924 in Cleveland, Will Rogers, William Jennings Bryan and I were covering the event for McNaught, and naturally we had seats in the press benches together. By the time the convention was rapped to order for the first session, I found myself between the two Bills, Rogers and Bryan. They had never met till then. So across my chin I heard this conversation: BRYAN (sententiously) "Well, Mr. Rogers, I assume you're here to report anything humorous about this convention. If I hear of anything humorous I'll give it to you." ROGERS—"Thanks, Mr. Bryan; and if I hear anything serious about this roundup, I'll slip it to you."

As an actor of sorts, for one week only, in 1924 I did a monolog at the B. F. Keith two-day house in Boston. Jack Norworth headed the bill and was kind enough to apply the little makeup he thought I needed—a touch of carpenter's pencil on my upper eyelids. The pit leader, Bart Grady, at Monday morning rehearsal, gave me one tidbit of advice. When I took my stance at centre-stage at Monday matinee, he warned me, "Don't look up at that spotlight—it'll blind you." So of course, being an amateur—and a nervous one—that's just what I did. I looked up. But anyway, I knew the audience was out there despite my temporary blindness, and I remembered my lines. So I got by that opening matinee and the succeeding performances, and pocketed that \$500 at the week's end. (I mean \$475—there was that 5% commission in those days.) And that concluded my thespic career.

Ghosting For Sherwood

During seven years at Harvard, the last three of which were spent in Prof. Baker's playwriting course, I came to know a six-foot-seven-inch undergraduate by the name of Robert E. Sherwood. He, like Bob Benchley before him, was an editor of the Lampoon, and a fellow of talents, with a facility for writing verse. He was also a member of the famed Hasty Pudding Club and aspired to be a coauthor of its usual spring show. The music was to be written by another Hasty Puddinger, Sam Sears, but Sherwood estimated that twirling off the lyrics would be the limit of his talent. He wasn't so sure of himself for the dialog and plot. So he made this proposition to me: "Look, you're in P.K.'s course and you know all about writing a play. Would you mind writing the book of this show, and letting me submit it in the contest under my name?" Well, it was agreed. There was no compensation involved—I did it for the exercise. The name of the opus was "Barnum Was Right," and it won the contest, and

was duly produced—with success, I might modestly add.

So this all secretly conferred on me the distinction of having ghost-written the first play of a friend who was later to be one of America's most distinguished playwrights, Robert Emmet Sherwood.

And this is as good a spot to conclude. Thanks for having read it—in case you got this far.

Megalons and Mirth

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(the President's father), violin virtuoso Isaac Stern expressed himself that U.S. lags on a cultural level, as compared with many a European nation, and not only Russia.

Tolvision

Pay-see proponents are heartened periodically when such top events as the Floyd Patterson-Ingemar Johansson fisticuffs can gross \$2,400,000 via closed-circuit. Some 470,000 admissions in 207 theatres and arenas, at an average admission of about \$5 (some charge \$6 and \$7, and a Heart Fund Benefit at Madison Square Garden fetched \$100-a-ticket donation to the same event). But this is the big exception thus far.

Paramount's Telemeter experiments in West Toronto, Canada, are still inconclusive and, many feel, not very convincing. Nonetheless, Great Britain is high on the potential of tollvision. On the other hand, the UK networks, commercial and BBC, are also geared for colorcasting which is expected to snowball even further in 1962-63.

UA reissued its Oscar-winners, "The Apartment" and "Elmer Gantry" and gained some boffo b.o. anew. This year's Academy Awards telecast was estimated as having been watched by 63,900,000 or 7% less audience than last year's 67,600,000 lookers.

Niteries

The national niter scene is in constant flux. About the only consistency of late has been The Twist as a hypo to many a spot, first as an off-Monday or Tuesday "added attraction" but soon spread generally as a b.o. hypo.

The Miami Beach pattern has shifted from names to revues, a la the Las Vegas rooms, which hasn't made the agents too happy because the fixed shows don't tend to change act bookings or play even quasi-"names."

The strip vogue has extended from Canada to any number of the midwest key cities; some of these booming factory towns now enjoy more night life than heretofore, and many of the same strip and B-girl genre.

This in turn has interested the McClellan Congressional subcommittee to probe alleged underworld niteries ties with acts and, for that reason, the American Guild of Variety Artists has been quizzed among others.

Alias Fort Knox

MCA bought out the Columbia Savings & Loan Assn., of Denver, a statewide Colorado savings bank with deposits of \$52,000,000.

Leslie Caron's one-word cycle: "Lili," later "Gigi," and most recently "Fanny," the Joshua Logan-WB film which set a new Radio City Music Hall record.

Unions' Fears

Continued from page 16

Rank or Associated British circuits, he has to fight it out the hard way by selling directly to the independents. Time was, not so long ago, when there were four circuits—Odeon, Gaumont, ABC and the fourth circuit which was pioneered by 20th Fox after their post-Cinemascope split with Rank. The fourth circuit has long since been disbanded; under the Rank rationalisation program, the Odeon and Gaumont pattern was revised and that group now operates the major Rank chain and allied its other theatres to become part of the National Circuit. Last summer John Davis had to admit there was widespread reluctance on the part of producers and distributors to let their product go out on the national release and now it is an outlet of minor significance.

These drastic changes in the booking system have taken their toll of some independent productions, but it is a strange economic twist that notwithstanding the declining attendances and fewer

Put Heat On Legits' 'Ice'

Continued from page 3

the daily press—that medium which is still in a preferred position despite all its tawdriness, to magazines, books and movies.

But now our theatre exists in an economic market place of dire perils. Therefore, it is not surprising that many honorable citizens are urging the use of Government funds to finance this form of expression. Men of good will can easily differ on the issue: Can we in our youthful culture feel content that Government financing will not lead to Government controls of content, themes of plays or even selection of the skilled people who are the theatre? Have we a tradition which will separate the power of the purse from those subtle impacts usually so compatible with our national dollar folkway?

For my part I oppose Government financing at this time on very different grounds. The theatre is concentrated in New York City, save only for that great renaissance of amateur productions throughout the cities and villages of our Republic. Road companies have virtually disappeared compared to several decades ago. Millions of our children have never seen a live (professional) actor.

For reasons clear but not relevant to this brief comment theatres are not usually rented without the boxoffice employees. This is deemed valid since theatres are rented on a contingency basis—percentum of gross sales of tickets.

But, to our disgrace, the theft at the boxoffice is estimated as high as \$15,000,000 each year. A minimum figure is \$5,000,000. No other business in our buccaneer culture condones such thievery. "Ice" is unique to our theatre, and the technique is easy, and it's evaporation requires no great skill.

The Artifice of 'Ice'

The Art of Ice depends on a simple ingredient. One person in the boxoffice, after an opening night, looks over the shoulder of someone in the upper echelons of the Producing Company and jointly they read the dramatic review in the N. Y. Times, which determines—no doubt to the Times' partial regret—the anticipated length of the line at the boxoffice the next morning. If it's a hit, \$10,000 taken out of safety deposit boxes can purchase a small but valuable package of tickets at the boxoffice ticket-stamped price. A thousand tickets can fit into coatpockets or in a lady's handbag.

These are the tickets, purchased at \$7 to \$9 a piece, that are resold at \$15 to \$30 a pair or even

theatres, successful films are doing as well, if not better, than in the past. There is one outstanding example in the last year; "Guns of Navarone" has emerged as the all-time British film champ, a mantle held previously by Sam Spiegel's "Bridge on the River Kwai." And not just by a narrow margin either. If present estimates are confirmed, it will end up at least \$700,000 ahead and, even allowing for remission of admission tax, that is a substantial advance. A number of other British films have also chalked up significant grosses through the year, but most important of all is the continuing success of the major long-running blockbusters.

"South Pacific" is now well in its fourth year first run at the Dominion and shows no sign of giving way for "Porgy and Bess," which has been standing in line for more than two years. "Ben-Hur," just starting its third year, successfully survived the transfer from the Empire to the Royalty and is still bringing in handsome grosses each week. Cinerama has been at Casino for about seven years, and currently a revival of the first production, "This Is Cinerama," is yielding hefty returns. Newcomers to the West End scene, such as "King of Kings" and "El Cid" (both out of the Samuel Bronston stable) also give every indication of highly profitable engagements.

To quote the title of a current London legit hit: "Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be"—but they are certainly much healthier than many insiders anticipated a year or two ago.

apiece through some anonymous quiet soul sitting at a phone in an office with no name on the door in any of our skyscrapers. Any big corporation, can on the eve of a performance—or, at least a day or two before—buy two to 30 tickets in the cold market of another kind of Frozen Food—"Iced". Tickets. And why not—tax deductible, by the corporate buyer!

I suggest that this embezzling folkway is quite deeply rooted and so generally accepted by the most honorable of producers and theatreowners, with maybe only one eye closed, that the Theatre as an economic entity appears to be resigned to allowing those millions, that should go to writers, actors, musicians, backers, directors and all those who "make" a hit, to find their stealthy way into the probably undisclosed bank accounts of a few people who create nothing and add less than nothing to the making of a hit.

It can't be stopped is the cry of many who don't want it halted. I'm not persuaded that Gov. Rockefeller's income tax officials are not as smart as the robbing rogues.

Worth A Try

Others say it's inevitable so long as there are hits which meet more favor than there are seats in the house.

This seems to me to be sheer rationalization. Let's experiment.

For example, why resist the overwhelming forces of supply and demand? Why not let the theatreowner and the company get the benefit now accruing to nameless black market beneficiaries?

One of the wise wealthy business backers of shows and owner of brick and mortar, called a Theatre, only recently approved an oft-discussed technique. On a hit, hold out that number of tickets which might meet the wishes of those who will pay premium prices for the privilege of deciding on the day of curtain rising, that they must have the choicest seats. Tickets could be so marked at the higher prices and the prices could decline as the hit fades and the demand declines.

Any time any one of the guilds or unions or groups of financial backers wants some extra millions to help finance the theatre, no mayor or government could refuse to clean up this sorry mess.

Of course the thieving involves only hit shows, but think what the theatre as a whole could do with a small portion of present "ice" to convert the boondoggling of craftsmen engaged in production into respectable pension or unemployment plans—preserving the dignity of those who had to organize against the theatre monopolists of 30 years ago, and still provide unemployment insurance or old age pensions without pricing the theatre out of the market. I suggest that less than 5% of the inhabitants of Greater New York go to theatre more than once a year, and then only for the tail-end of hit shows. Not unlike the tax-riding public which is less than 2% of our citizens—except for trips to hospitals or for trips to stations and airports.

I should fear that if the Government should go into the subsidy business at this time, they will unwittingly perpetuate Ice since the Government funds are not likely to be used to finance hit shows. To the extent that the Government—state or Federal—finances the worthy but unpopular, the unsubsidized commercial profit-making theatre will find that the Hit-Iced productions will become an ever greater proportion of the total commercial theatre. Thus the pressure to eliminate Ice will diminish. Let us first eliminate this odd form of business corruption and then get a clearer vision as to the merits of subsidies.

Without criticism of any present official, our Governor (Rockefeller, N. Y.), who has greater powers than the Mayor, and holds the theatre in high esteem, should be approached by Actors Equity and all the guilds concerned with the theatre to come to grips with Ice—the dishonor of all of us who wish to expand the theatre as a free antidote to the newer mass media which seems to be committed to lowest common denominators in the competition between quality and quantity.

More Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

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nier, antedated this stunt by ten years, in 1915, which itself was antedated two years before, in 1913, by Max Reinhardt in his film, "Venetian Nights," from a scenario by Karl Voellmoeller. (How recherche can you get?)

Doug Fairbanks in "The Thief of Bagdad" threw powder from a magic box with which to create an army in that memorable fantasy. Did he or did he not know that Jason in the old Greek legend of the Golden Fleece threw stones on the ground from which an army sprang up as a result? Zoroasterism has it that this was how man was created, by angels throwing stones over their shoulders and where a stone fell there a man appeared, which is to say that man is no more than a thing of chance.

The Spanish government has not only banned Bunuel's "Viridiana" but threatened to boycott any country's films (with which it has reciprocal agreements) if such countries show it. France has already acceded. The U. S. is apparently not involved, on a technicality. But this is old stuff with Spain. In 1937 they not only banned Von Sternberg's "Devil is a Woman" but forced Paramount to destroy the negative.

Apropos "Viridiana," it's a searing film but Bunuel (the original angry young man) said it all and much stronger in his 1930 "L'Age d'Or," banned practically everywhere. Compare Fellini's juxtaposition of Christ vs. the girls in bikinis at the beginning of "La Dolce Vita" with the scene of Christ and the girl at the end of "L'Age d'Or." (There's a print at the George Eastman House in Rochester.)

"On the set they call me Mr. Meticulous," said Ross Hunter, producer of "Flower Drum Song." "I want everything to be real . . . People are much more aware of what they see on the screen today . . . they can tell the real from the artificial." Said by Von Stroheim 40 years ago.

"New York is becoming more and more like Sodom and Gomorrah—anti-natural," remarked Hans Richter, the pioneer film experimenter, recently. "Those arrogant skyscrapers going up everywhere . . . there isn't a mountain on earth with such sheer walls, even Everest. Their heights are not attained by a natural grace but are arbitrary." Which recalls Rodin's dictum, "All art that has not its roots in nature is false."

Little, indeed, is new under the sun . . . Listen to Ravel's "Ondine" and then to the last third of Schelling's "Nocturne a Raguza." (Who remembers that one?)

Recall the last scene of Milestone's "All Quiet on the Western Front" where the soldier reaches from his trench for a flower, the famous scene with the soldier's hand (played, incidentally, by director Milestone himself) and then remember still further back (some six years before that) when Vidor first did it with John Gilbert in the shell-hole scene of "The Big Parade."

Who would have thought, for instance, that seven years before "The Blue Angel" there was a German film in which both Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich appeared: "Tragedie der Liebe," directed by Joe May. (Miss Dietrich, of course, had only a bit part then.)

"I'll never sell 'Wuthering Heights' for a remake," said Sam Goldwyn. "To me it is the perfect movie, and I won't have it tampered with." Which echoes what Willa Cather once said about her stories when she set a blanket refusal for their filming by anyone.

And the producing company of Orson Welles' still unseen here "Mr. Arkadin" (a bizarre and fascinating film in its original version), who complained in a suit against the celebrated actor-director that his "excessive drinking on and off the set" put a great strain on everybody and ran a 10-week job into 16 months, reminds one of what Lincoln answered to complaints of Gen. Ulysses Grant's drunkenness. "Find out the brand he drinks," said the President, "and see that all my generals are well supplied with it."

A Pat Title: 'The Illegals'

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"This is not a film," he said, "it's a pilgrimage."

So I got another cameraman, Jean Paul Alphen, himself a concentration camp survivor. Alphen didn't mind the rough conditions.

We were arrested, now and again, by Americans, Russians, British. The scariest time was when the Russians held us incommunicado for 30 hours, in Vienna. But a cleaning-woman gave us a keen look, and half an hour later an American officer suddenly turned up and got us released.

As we crossed Europe, we cached parts of our undeveloped negative in Prague, in Vienna, in Rome, fearing confiscation at any point. Finally, one weird night in Italy, we were led to a desolate beach, which suddenly became alive with refugees. We had to wait until the last rubber boarding-raft was being loaded. Then we were allowed to light one brief flare, to catch the scene.

In the tension and confusion, on the tiny craft, part of our equipment got dumped into the sea; this included our developing kit, used on the ends of each reel, to see if we were getting anything at all, in the minimum light under which we usually shot. So we went aboard our little freighter, and filmed in the dark holds, on a prayer.

After 11 days at sea, as we neared Palestine, a Haganah lad (later killed in Israel's War of Independence) took our footage from us, and hid it somewhere below. Nine chances out of ten, we would be captured. Then, our boat would be left in the "derelict row" in Haifa harbor. A cleaning crew would be sent aboard. Among them would be a Haganah man who knew where to look. He'd get our film out to us.

So it happened, except for the essential material shot as the British jumped onto the ship. This footage was in the camera and on my person. The captors got it. While the refugees were taken

to Cyprus, we four filmers were jailed in Haifa—the three men in a prison in the Jewish quarter, and Tereska in an Arab jail that was considered so dangerous that all Jewish males were being evacuated from it. Fortunately, one of the men got a glimpse of a Jewish girl being brought in, and rapidly set a political rescue operation in motion.

After being jailed for a week, we were released on a deportation order. But we had a few days of liberty. During this time, we took the spine-chilling ride on the Haganah convoy to Jerusalem. The average was an ambush a day on that road.

We got through, however, without incident, perhaps because "lucky" Golda Meir, the present Foreign Minister of Israel, who made that desperate trip several times a week, was in our convoy. In Jerusalem, in my war correspondent's uniform, I asked for my film back. I was told it had to be sent to England to be developed and censored. "Most of what you have is unexposed," I said. "Why bother airmailing raw film?" To my astonishment, the officer allowed me to go into a dark closet and separate out the unexposed negative. I switched boxes, and thus carried away my precious final scenes, showing the capture of the ship, the unforgettable faces of the survivors.

When "The Illegals" appeared on Broadway, the reviews were magnificent. "Packs a terrific wallop, certain to endure," said VARIETY, "as a summation of this era's hopes and agonies."

But business was not so magnificent. Doubtless an art theatre would have been better, but the art theatre fad was still a-borning. The distributor put the film in a warehouse. Years later, hunting for it, I ran into my cloak-and-dagger lawyer on 55th street, quite by accident. "Say," he said, "our organization has gone out of exist-

ence and there is nobody to pay the warehouse bill on your film. I'm afraid we'll have to destroy it."

So I got it back, and remade it. But the ill-luck of "The Illegals" held firm. I had hoped that a showing at the Venice Biennale would give the film a new start. Alas, the Israeli ministry forgot to write a formal letter, and the film wasn't entered. However, an unofficial press showing was arranged. An overflow crowd appeared. "The Illegals" came onto the screen—with the reels in reverse order!

Yet, television and film releases were bespoken for France, Belgium, Holland, and several other countries. A big premiere, thirteen years late, in Jerusalem. An art theatre showing in New York.

I suppose even bad luck can't kill the real thing. As for me, once I've published a book, I can't look at it again, but with "The Illegals," I've seen the film over a thousand times, and I'm always enthralled, not because of anything I might have given to this material, but because no one could have failed, one only had to get those faces onto film.

Berlin Nite Life

Continued from page 3

on an island makes more one concentrate on the dwelling.

The second fact: The old places still rule the scene. The Resi, the home of the original Dancing Waters, has remained the No. 1 goal for visitors from abroad and W-Germany. Although located in a workmen's district and quite some way off the Kurfuerstendamm, city's Broadway, it's sort of amazing to see how this enterprise manages to maintain its dominating position. It has, of course, its surefire attractions. Apart from the Dancing Waters, it still has its famous mail service: Every table is equipped with a telephone and a pneumatic tube for everyone's use. (This service is controlled in the nervecentre in the cellar where also strict censorship is executed to prevent abuse of this means of communication.) And of course the Resi is an ideal old "once - in - Berlin - once-to-the-Resi" slogan still goes.

Other Click Spots

The Old-Fashioned still proves a click. Located on Kurfuerstendamm, its clientele appreciates the pleasant intimate atmosphere. A lot of local showfolk favor Old-Fashioned as a favorite hangout. Black Bottom and Club 13 are relatively new in popularity. The latter located on and the former near the Kurfuerstendamm, and it has a more intimate atmosphere too. This may reveal a current local trend: smaller and/or more intimate places are higher in demand. The Resi's 1,800 seats, of course, is the exception.

Lineup of the more successful local places must include the Hilton (often the site of big events such as the film ball, lavish film parties, etc.) and in particular its beautiful Beverly Hills-style roof-garden. It's the fave dancing spots; always good bands here.

Beatnik niteries are also much in vogue. Probably most frequented by foreigners are Eden Saloon and Riffi. The former is noteworthy for a number of innovations such as a beer (or schnaps or whisky, etc.) cable-car; closed circuit television (one can see what's going on in the next room); and contests of various kind. Also worth mentioning perhaps is that the owner, Rolf Eden, introduced a policy which allows anybody to enter without making the consumption of beverage compulsory. And no admission either. (He reckons that anyone who comes drinks eventually anyway.)

Eden Saloon as well as Riffi attract all sort of customers, ranging from the Cadillac trade to beatniks. Another is Franz Diener's (German ex-boxing champ) humble restaurant which, however, has managed to become very popular with the after-theatre crowd, especially show people. The others come to see the celebs. The Diener place achieved a reputation also not only for its pleasant atmosphere but also for being inexpensive.

All Kinds of Spots

All in all, the city offers any kind of night life, ranging from the old German ball to Parisian striptease. But the night life for which Berlin was once famous, particularly in the '20s, is not there. No comparison with what people are doing in Paris or Brussels. Berlin's night life is also behind Hamburg.

There's the Hamburg - styled

Broadway's 'Cheese Club'

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boys—and decided to become a punchline-destroyer himself.

As was said about New York, and can apply to the Broadway Cheese Club, everything is a "nine-day wonder" and the wonder is that it lasts nine days. No gag or practical joke conceived by pressagent-members was passed up, if they could get publicity. The Cheese Club was Broadway at its loosest moments. It lived, to the fullest, Eva Tanguay's "I don't care!" This was a sample of its heart and mind. Best description of this group: "It was educated beyond its intelligence"—that is, where talented, brilliant minds, would do the most childish things, so long as it would get a laugh. Demanded only was immediate results. It worked on the theory of the warning to comedians: "Wait for your laughs—but not more than an hour!" They had to come fast and furious, or "no dice."

Pioneer 'Sick' Joke

Sample of our reasoning. A venerable man of the theatre, named Crosby, was dying, with only a few hours to live. And believe it, a committee was formed, rushed to the bedside of the dying man, who was 92 and now in a coma—and in the most serious vein, the Committee conferred upon him "Life Membership in the Cheese Club."

As far as membership was concerned and its dues, anybody could walk into the meetings or luncheons and "free load," without question. Everybody seemed to know that except a certain name bandleader of that era. So anxious was he to become a member that he made formal application. And while we were kiddingly deliberating on this unusual application, the maestro himself went into serious, further action. So anxious was he to become a member and careful to win the good will of a non-existent "Admittance Committee," he invited the whole club, its wives and sweethearts to be his guests, on a Sunday night, at his then famous cabaret-restaurant. Never was a group of "freeloaders" so on the load. A repast for kings, wine and the works. Not to mention Clayton, Jackson & Durante and a great show. Some 200 wining and dining beyond their capacity, really living the saying: "eat, drink and be carried!" About midnight, playwright and playboy Arthur Caesar arose and made this statement to the benumbed, but approving crowd: "Members and friends of the Cheese Club. Our host [naming him] has made application for membership in our august body. And to make sure of his getting in, he has wine and dined us, at great expense. Well, anybody that's such a dope, we don't want as a member in our club—can we have a vote right here and now?" And in drunken

chorus, he was "blackballed," with this proviso; if he withdrew his legitimate application for membership and would accept a "crasher's" card, we'd elect him. Crash then the highly talented and beloved musician has gone in for better and surer associations.

Trying to remember many things is like trying to concentrate on all things at once, in a montage. Three-ringed circuses are not for the specialist in viewing. But, however, the montage of these fabulous days of the Broadway Cheese Club can be "frozen," for a better look at any one segment or incident. Especially a serio-comic event in the life of this group.

Huey Long

At one of the evening, mixed-groups functions, we had the smallest dais, seating only yours truly, Victor Moore and Leslie Howard. During the hilarity of the evening, Capt. George H. Maines approached the speakers' table and whispered to me: "I have Huey Long out in the corridor with me—do you want me to tell him to join your party?" This on the face of it looked like some gag—imagine Huey Long, then at the height of his dangerous power, wanting to "crash" this shindig. I announced this "bombshell," even if I thought it phony. On the announcement that Long was waiting in the corridor, I had never heard such a concerted "Bronx cheer" from a group—they accepting it as a gag. Just to satisfy my curiosity, I left the dais and went to the corridor. You could have knocked me cold—it was Huey Long, with a bodyguard of seven U.S. Senators. We discovered later, by his own admission. I now intended to really stage the menace, for his entrance. Again I made the announcement—and again, a more vociferous "razzberry" that must have been heard by the Louisiana dictator. At a signal, I waved for Capt. Maines to lead him in. Consternation hit like a bomb—the stunned group turned into wild applause when they saw that it was really Long. In panic, knowing that there were people gunning for Huey, Victor Moore and Leslie Howard rushed from the dais, leaving only yours truly, the toastmaster, to share the honors and maybe a bullet directed our way. The seven U.S. Senators stood alongside the wall.

I then directed my attention to Huey and said this to him: "Senator Long, I respect power and place in the political world." And my fearsome but kidding manner continued, by adding: "As you may be a target for someone who may vigorously disagree with you—and as that someone may emphasize his point with a bullet—and maybe being of poor aim, might hit an innocent bystander; do you mind if I also vamoose and leave this dais all to you?" He laughed and waved me off, and then went into a violent speech expressing his viewpoints on politics in general.

During his talk I got a call to the phone. It was Arthur Brisbane, top editor of the N.Y. Journal. Somebody tipped him off that Long was at this affair, with his bodyguard. Next day, a big editorial by Brisbane, stating how precarious and futile the life of a "dictator" really is; proving the necessity of a bodyguard, etc. The Senator must have read that and, getting my number somehow, got me on the phone and gave me the most beautiful tongue-lashing, figuring I gave Brisbane the story. He finished his tirade with: "And what's more—that wasn't a bodyguard with me, but seven United States Senators!" Now we had a story. I informed Brisbane of that forgotten juicy bit, and he followed it up with another attack, but especially on the Senators, who were "traveling with the dictator." How Long reacted to this second bombardment, I never knew and will never know—for, in a few months later, this powerful Louisiana politico was struck down by an assassin's bullet.

How a bunch of Broadway mugs evolved the Cheese Club from the sacrosanct Ceshire Club, the famed Dickensonian London haunt, is one of those Mazda Lane whodunits, but thus it came to pass!

Yes, everything in New York is a "nine-day wonder"—although my memory and reactions are taking up much more time.

American-Made-In-America

Continued from page 7

Title	Where Made	Producer(s)
WALT DISNEY		
Babes in Toyland	Hollywood	Walt Disney
Big Red	Hollywood & Canada	Walt Disney
Moon Pilot	Hollywood	Walt Disney
Parent Trap	Hollywood	Walt Disney

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Ada	Sacramento & Hollywood	Avon
All Fall Down	Key West, Fla. & Hollywood	John Houseman
Bachelor in Paradise	San Fernando Valley & Hollywood	Ted Richman
Boy's Night Out	Hollywood	Embassy-Kimco Filmways
Four Horsemen	Paris & Hollywood	Julian Blaustein
Guns in the Afternoon	Hollywood & nearby	Richard Lyons
Honeymoon Machine	Hollywood & beaches	Avon
Horizontal Lieutenant	Hollywood & beaches	Euterpe
How the West Was Won	Hollywood, Kentucky, So. Dakota, Rockies	M-G-M-Cinerama B. Smith
Mutiny On the Bounty	Tahiti, Hollywood	Arcola
Sweet Bird of Youth	Hollywood & beaches	Pan Berman
Thunder of Drums	Hollywood & Arizona	Bob Enders
Two Weeks in Another Town	Rome, Hollywood	John Houseman
Wonderful World of Bros. Grimm	Hollywood, W. Germany	M-G-M-Cinerama Geo. Pal

PARAMOUNT

Blue Hawaii	Hollywood, Hawaii	Hal Wallis
Breakfast At Tiffany's	Hollywood & N. Y. C.	Jurow-Shepherd
Errand Boy	Hollywood	Jerry Lewis
Escape from Zahrain	Hollywood & Mojave Desert	Ronald Neame
Girl Named Tamiko	Hollywood & Japan	Hal Wallis
Hatari	Hollywood & Africa	Howard Hawks
Hell Is for Heroes	Hollywood	Henry Blanke
Hey, Let's Twist	New York City	Henry Romm
It's Only Money	Hollywood	Alec Gottlieb
Ladies Man	Hollywood	Jerry Lewis
Man Trap	Hollywood	Tiger-Eddie O'Brien S. Frazen
Man Who Shot Liberty Valance	Hollywood	John Ford Willis Goldbeck
Pigeon That Took Rome	Hollywood & Italy	Melville Shavelson
Summer & Smoke	Hollywood	Hal Wallis
Too Late Blues	Hollywood	John Cassavetes

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

All Hands on Deck	Hollywood	Oscar Brodney
Adventures Of A Young Man	Hollywood, Michigan, Wisconsin, Italy	Jerry Wald
Bachelor Flat	Hollywood	Jack Cummings
Battle of Bloody Beach	Catalina Island (Lippert)	Richard Maibaum
Broken Land	Arizona (Lippert)	Leonard Schwartz
Cabinet of Dr. Caligari	Hollywood (Lippert)	Roger Kay
Comancheros	Hollywood & Utah	Geo. Sherman
Death Walker	Hollywood (Lippert)	Eugene Ling
The Hustler	New York City	Robert Rossen
Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation	Hollywood & Beaches	Jerry Wald
Pirates of Tortuga	Hollywood	Sam Katzman
Purple Hills	Arizona (Lippert)	Maury Dexter
Return to Peyton Place	Hollywood	Jerry Wald
Second Time Around	Hollywood	Jack Cummings
Silent Call	Hollywood & Reno (Lippert)	Leonard Schwartz
Snow White and the Three Stooges	Hollywood	Chanford-Wick
State Fair	Hollywood & Dallas	Charles Brackett
Tender Is The Night	Hollywood	Henry T. Weinstein
Two Little Bears	Hollywood (Lippert)	Geo. W. George
Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea	Hollywood	Irwin Allen
Wild in the Country	Hollywood	Jerry Wald
Woman Hunt	Hollywood (Lippert)	Maury Dexter
Seven Women from Hell	Hawaii (Lippert)	Harry Spalding
20,000 Eyes	Hollywood (Lippert)	Jack Leewood

UNIVERSAL

Cape Fear	Hollywood & Georgia	Melville Talbot
Flower Drum Song	Hollywood	Ross Hunter & Joe Fields
Lonely Are the Brave	Hollywood, Mexico	Joel-Ed Lewis
Lover Come Back	Hollywood	7 Pictures Corp. Nob Hill-Arvin
Six Black Horses	Hollywood	Gordon Kay
Spiral Road	Hollywood, So. Africa	Robert Arthur
Tammy Tell Me True	Hollywood	Ross Hunter
Touch of Mink	Hollywood	Granley

UNITED ARTISTS

Beauty and the Beast	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Boy Who Got Caught	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Cat Burglar	Hollywood	Harvard
Children's Hour	Hollywood	William Wyler-Mirisch
Crown and the Kid	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Deadly Duo	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Flight That Disappeared	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Follow That Dream	Hollywood	David Weisbart Mirisch
Gun Street	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Incident in An Alley	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Judgment in Nuremberg	Hollywood & Germany	Stanley Kramer
Kid Galahad	Hollywood	David Weisbart Mirisch
Land We Love	Hollywood	Leslie Stevens-Daystar
Last Time I Saw Archie	Hollywood	Mark VII
Magic Sound	Hollywood	Bert I. Gordon
Miracle Worker	New York City	Playfilms
Nun and the Sergeant	Hollywood	Eastern Eugene Frenke
Point Blank	Hollywood	Stanley Kramer
Pocketful of Miracles	Hollywood	Franton-Frank Capra
Saintly Sinners	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Secret of Deep Harbor	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Sergeants 3	Hollywood	E-C Prods.
Teenage Millionaire	Hollywood	Ludlow
War Hunt	Hollywood	T-D Enterprises Terry Sanders
X-15	Hollywood	Essex
You Have to Run Fast	Hollywood	Harvard (Edward Small)
Young Doctors	New York City	Drexel-Millar-Turman

WARNER BROS.

Chapman Report	Hollywood	DFZ-Richard Zanuck
The Couch	Hollywood	Owen Crump
Gay Purr-ee	Hollywood	UPA Animation
House of Women	Hollywood	Bryan Foy
Lad, A Dog	Hollywood	Max J. Rosenberg
Lovers Must Learn	Hollywood & Italy	Delmar Daves
Majority Of One	Hollywood	Mervyn LeRoy
Music Man	Hollywood	Morton Da Costa
Merrill's Marauders	Hollywood & Manila	Milton Sperling

INDEPENDENTS

Bend to the Wind	Hollywood	Caren Prod.
Brushfire	Hollywood	Obelisk
Case of Patty Smith	Hollywood	Impact
Deadly Companions	Arizona	Pathe America
Doin' the Twist	Hollywood	Keelou
Don Mike	Hollywood	Caren
Guns, Gags, Girls	Hollywood	John Shay
Intruder	Hollywood	Roger Corman
Jacktown	Hollywood	Pictorial International
Long Day's Journey Into Night	New York City	Ely A. Landau
Force of the Wind	Miami	United In't Pictures
Married Too Young	Hollywood	Headliner
Phantom Planet	Hollywood	Four Crown
Pity Me Not	Hollywood	Gayle-Swimmer
Public Affair	Hollywood	Gerard Lewis
Rider On A Dead Horse	Phoenix	Jules Schwartz
Room 63	Hollywood	Gerard Lewis
St. George & the Seven Curses	Hollywood	Bert I. Gordon
San Angelo	Hollywood	Pen Gem
Smog	Hollywood	Franco Rossi
Sound of Speed	Hollywood	B.M.K. Prods
Wild Harvest	Florida	Aubrey Schenck-Sutton

1961: Rentals & Potential

Continued from page 13

Pleasure of His Company (Par) (Aug.)	3,000,000	3,150,000
Bachelor in Paradise (M-G) (Nov.)	1,700,000	3,000,000
Cimarron (M-G) (March)	2,500,000	3,000,000
Hustler (20th) (Oct.)	1,300,000	3,000,000
Grass Is Greener (U) (Dec., '60)	2,900,000	3,000,000
Great Imposter (U) (Dec., '60)	2,900,000	3,000,000
Last Sunset (U) (July)	2,250,000	3,000,000
Cinderella (Par) (Dec., '60)	2,900,000	2,900,000
Ladies Man (Par) (July)	2,800,000	2,800,000
Tammy Tell Me True (U) (June)	1,875,000	2,500,000
Wild in the Country (20th) (June)	1,750,000	2,500,000
Voyage to Bottom Sea (20th) (July)	1,900,000	2,300,000
Naked Edge (UA) (July)	2,000,000	2,250,000
Gidget Goes Hawaiian (Col) (July)	2,000,000	2,200,000
All in Night's Work (Par) (April)	2,200,000	2,200,000
Nikki Dog of North (BV) (July)	1,600,000	2,100,000
By Love Possessed (UA) (July)	1,700,000	2,000,000
Flaming Star (20th) (Dec., '60)	1,750,000	2,000,000
Honeymoon Machine (M-G) (July)	1,500,000	2,000,000
Pit and Pendulum (AIP) (Aug.)	1,200,000	2,000,000
Cry for Happy (Col) (March)	1,450,000	1,800,000
Francis of Assisi (20th) (Aug.)	920,000	1,800,000
Young Savages (UA) (May)	1,600,000	1,750,000
Master of World (AIP) (June)	1,100,000	1,700,000
On the Double (Par) (Aug.)	1,650,000	1,650,000
Goodbye Again (UA) (Aug.)	1,100,000	1,600,000
Homicidal (Col) (June)	1,300,000	1,600,000
Snowwhite and 7 Stooges (20th) (July)	1,180,000	1,600,000
Two Rode Together (Col) (Aug.)	1,300,000	1,600,000
Gorgo (M-G) (Feb.)	1,500,000	1,550,000
Atlantis Lost Continent (M-G) (May)	1,400,000	1,500,000
Ada (M-G) (Aug.)	1,000,000	1,500,000
All Hands on Deck (20th) (April)	1,250,000	1,500,000
Village of Damned (M-G) (Jan.)	1,350,000	1,500,000
Young Doctors (UA) (Sept.)	1,100,000	1,500,000
Mein Kampf (Col) (May)	1,250,000	1,450,000
Greyfriars Bobby (BV) (Oct.)	500,000	1,400,000
Last Time I Saw Archie (UA) (June)	1,200,000	1,350,000
Marriage Go-Round (20th) (Jan.)	1,100,000	1,300,000
Inherit the Wind (UA) (Nov., '60)	1,150,000	1,300,000
Hoodlum Priest (UA) (April)	1,100,000	1,300,000
Raisin in the Sun (Col) (May)	1,100,000	1,300,000
Town Without Pity (UA) (Oct.)	800,000	1,200,000
Morgan the Pirate (M-G) (July)	1,000,000	1,200,000
Paris Blues (UA) (Oct.)	600,000	1,100,000
Bridge to the Sun (M-G) (Oct.)	500,000	1,000,000
Thief of Bagdad (M-G) (Aug.)	800,000	1,000,000
Thunder of Drums (M-G) (Sept.)	500,000	1,000,000

JFK 'Culture'

Continued from page 4

after an official dinner in the mansion.

Not so with the Kennedys. For one dinner, they brought in the stars of the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., and improvised a stage, for an after-dinner dramatization of selections from the Bard. No one could remember that Shakespeare had ever before been performed in the White House.

Mrs. Kennedy moved one dinner out of the White House to the grounds of Mount Vernon, George Washington's home, overlooking the Potomac. There, she had the full National Symphony Orchestra to play for them.

Charmed Pablo Casals

The President himself undertook the mission of bringing Pablo Casals out of self-enforced political retirement to play a White House concert, following another dinner. The great cellist had said he would never play in any capital of a government recognizing the Francisco Franco regime of Spain. But at the President's personal request, he yielded.

In the most meaningful step for the future, President Kennedy ordered full speed ahead on Washington's long proposed and long delayed National Cultural Center. He did it, despite warnings from advisers that such a "luxury" project should be deferred when world conditions were grave and warning flags of war were in evidence.

"This is a most important national responsibility," President Kennedy said of the Cultural Center in an off-the-cuff speech to the Center's board of trustees. "I can assure you that if you are willing to help, this Administration will give the Cultural Center every possible support. We face . . . many difficulties not only in building it but also in maintaining it. But I am confident we can do it."

The President continued: "This represents a basic side of our national life. I think we should not hide it but should emphasize it. It will not only be a service to the world, but it will also be a service to our own people. Everything that happens here (Washington) has its influence across the country."

Bankrolling New Center

President Kennedy has made all the changes he has been able to make in the National Cultural Center board of trustees holding over from the Eisenhower Administration. It had been a lifeless group. The President chose Roger L. Stevens to head the trustees and retained Robert W. Dowling as chairman of the advisory committee. It is widely agreed that the President has greatly strengthened the board.

Stevens plans to get the money-raising effort for the Cultural Center off to what he anticipates will be at least a \$7,000,000 start next May with a closed-circuit television spectacular tied in to 150 cities and towns. He hopes to sign up the nation's greatest artists for a 90-minute production. President Kennedy will make a brief speech on the telecast.

Stevens expects to collect additional sums from large foundations and be able to start the first phase of construction in late 1962 or early 1963. The site for the Center on the Potomac River has been donated by the Federal Government. It is sort of pie-shaped and has a spectacular view.

Sex Not Whammo

Continued from page 13

the story on alltime money champs, this issue.

A Jerry Lewis picture, "Cinderella," fell to under the \$3,000,000 mark for the first time. Columbia's "Two Rode Together" was disappointing at \$1,600,000. UA's "Inherit the Wind" at \$1,300,000 lacked the required punch.

At first glance Marlon Brando's "One-Eyed Jacks" (Par) is seemingly all right at \$4,300,000. But Par has reason to cry and not for happy, for the expensively-made "Jacks" is winding up deeply in the ketchup.

All in all it's been another that kind of year; the blue chips finalists make for good reading, but as for the lemons, well, wait 'til next year.

All-Time B.O. Champs

Continued from page 13

Hercules (WB) (1959)	4,700,000
Battleground (M-G) (1950)	4,700,000
Dragnet (WB) (1954)	4,700,000
Pal Joey (Col) (1957)	4,700,000
Annie Get Your Gun (M-G) (1950)	4,650,000
Green Years (M-G) (1946-)	4,600,000
Fanny (WB) (1961)	4,500,000
Return Peyton Place (20th) (1961)	4,500,000
Young Lions (20th) (1958)	4,500,000
Pride and Passion (UA) (1957)	4,500,000
Don't Go Near Water (M-G) (1958)	4,500,000
Love Me Tender (20th) (1957)	4,500,000
Conqueror (RKO) (1956)	4,500,000
Rebel Without a Cause (WB) (1956)	4,500,000
Anchors Away (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (RKO) (1947)	4,500,000
Bridges of Toko-Ri (Par) (1955)	4,500,000
Catch a Thief (Par) (1955)	4,500,000
Easy to Wed (M-G) (1946)	4,500,000
Four Horsemen (M-G) (1921)	4,500,000
Great Caruso (M-G) (1951)	4,500,000
Paleface (Par) (1945)	4,500,000
Random Harvest (M-G) (1942)	4,500,000
Road to Rio (Par) (1948)	4,500,000
Road to Utopia (Par) (1945)	4,500,000
Thrill of a Romance (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
Till Clouds Roll By (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
Valley of Decision (M-G) (1945)	4,500,000
Desiree (20th) (1954)	4,500,000
Easter Parade (M-G) (1948)	4,500,000
Cheaper by the Dozen (20th) (1950)	4,425,000
Inn of 6th Happiness (20th) (1959)	4,400,000
Written on Wind (U) (1957)	4,400,000
Two Years Before Mast (Par) (1946)	4,400,000
Knights of Round Table (M-G) (1954)	4,400,000
Man With Golden Arm (UA) (1956)	4,350,000
Man in Grey Flannel Suit (20th) (1956)	4,350,000
Red River (UA) (1948)	4,350,000
Hucksters (M-G) (1947)	4,350,000
Harvey Girls (M-G) (1946)	4,350,000
Stage Door Canteen (UA) (1943)	4,350,000
One-Eyed Jacks (Par) (1961)	4,300,000
G.I. Blues (Par) (1960)	4,300,000
Some Came Running (M-G) (1959)	4,300,000
Gunfight at O.K. Corral (Par) (1957)	4,300,000
Lost Weekend (Par) (1946)	4,300,000
Sailor Beware (Par) (1952)	4,300,000
Bus Stop (20th) (1956)	4,250,000
Adventure (M-G) (1946)	4,250,000
Egyptian (20th) (1954)	4,250,000
Saratoga Trunk (WB) (1946)	4,250,000
Demetrius and Gladiators (20th) (1954)	4,250,000
Living It Up (Par) (1954)	4,250,000
30 Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G) (1954)	4,250,000
Blue Hawaii (Par) (1961)	4,200,000
Parrish (WB) (1961)	4,200,000
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison (20th) (1957)	4,200,000
Rose Tattoo (Par) (1954)	4,200,000
Hollywood Canteen (WB) (1944)	4,200,000
Three Musketeers (M-G) (1948)	4,200,000
Weekend at Waldorf (M-G) (1945)	4,200,000
On the Waterfront (Col) (1954)	4,200,000
Can-Can (20th) (1960)	4,200,000
Father of the Bride (M-G) (1950)	4,150,000
Misfits (UA) (1961)	4,100,000
Bad Seed (WB) (1956)	4,100,000
Man Who Knew Too Much (Par) (1956)	4,100,000
African Queen (UA) (1952)	4,100,000
Hondo (WB) (1954)	4,100,000
Joan of Arc (RKO) (1949)	4,100,000
Johnny Belinda (WB) (1948)	4,100,000
I Was a Male War Bride (20th) (1949)	4,100,000
Love Me or Leave Me (M-G) (1955)	4,100,000
Margie (20th) (1946)	4,100,000
Mother Wore Tights (20th) (1947)	4,100,000
Snake Pit (20th) (1949)	4,100,000
Deep in My Heart (M-G) (1955)	4,100,000
Cass Timberlane (M-G) (1948)	4,050,000
State Fair (20th) (1945)	4,050,000
Never On Sunday (Lopert) (1960)	4,000,000
Susan Slade (WB) (1961)	4,000,000
Horse Soldiers (UA) (1959)	4,000,000
Big Country (UA) (1958)	4,000,000
American in Paris (M-G) (1951)	4,000,000
Ben-Hur (M-G) (1926)	4,000,000
Dolly Sisters (20th) (1945)	4,000,000
Emperor Waltz (Par) (1948)	4,000,000
Holiday in Mexico (M-G) (1946)	4,000,000
Jumping Jacks (Par) (1952)	4,000,000
Kid from Brooklyn (Goldwyn-RKO) (1946)	4,000,000
Left Hand of God (20th) (1955)	4,000,000
Long, Long Trailer (M-G) (1954)	4,000,000
Love Is Splendid Thing (20th) (1955)	4,000,000
Moon Is Blue (UA) (1953)	4,000,000
Night and Day (WB) (1946)	4,000,000
Reap the Wild Wind (Par) (1942)	4,000,000
Sabrina (Par) (1954)	4,000,000
Sands of Iwo Jima (Rep) (1950)	4,000,000
Seven Little Foys (Par) (1955)	4,000,000
Singing Fool (WB) (1928)	4,000,000
Smokey (20th) (1946)	4,000,000
Ziegfeld Follies (M-G) (1946)	4,000,000

Imagination

Continued from page 5

and difficult task than turning out shoes, automobiles or women's wear. The manufacturers of dreams on celluloid are dealing with the intangibles of human experience. People go to see movies to be entertained; they do not ask how much a picture costs to make before they are willing to enter the theatre. Too often they have been fooled by seeing millions of dollars eaten up by hordes of horses

galloping across a huge screen or thousands of wild animals scurrying to safety in a jungle. However, they can be equally delighted with watching something real, emotionally moving and honest.

It is high time, therefore, that Hollywood producers realized they are no longer automatically assured of superiority because they can afford higher budgets; that they are, in fact, in dire danger of losing their eminence in the world market. If we cease to deliver what world audiences want in the way of entertainment, they will cease attending our theatres.

Margaret O'Brien: One Child Star Able To Qualify As An Adult Professional

By EDWARD ANTHONY

One winter late in the '30s my wife and I spent a vacation at The Whitehall in Palm Beach.

One of the entertainers at the hotel was a graceful and beautiful young dancer billed simply as "Marissa." She did a solo act embracing a variety of numbers, using the hula as a finish . . . Marissa, wherever you are, I want to tell you, at the risk of slowing up these introductory paragraphs, that when Esther and I visited the Hawaiian Islands some years later, we found ourselves judging the hula dancers we saw there by their closeness to your own exquisitely sensitive rendition . . .

We became acquainted with Marissa and found her as charming offstage as on. One day in front of the hotel she asked us to meet her sister, Mrs. O'Brien, an affable and personable young woman who was wheeling an infant in a babybuggy.

When we left Florida Esther kept in touch with Marissa but we saw very little of her as she lived in Hollywood and we in the east. Some years later she and her attractive husband—she had married and was now Mrs. John Bogue—visited us in New York. We had

fun reminiscing about her act at the Whitehall and the tiny infant in the babybuggy who was now America's best-known movie star, a little enchantress whose wide-eyed naturalness captivated audiences everywhere. The name Margaret O'Brien had taken on magic. And this fetching wisp of a girl was now one of the nation's biggest boxoffice draws.

About a year later business took me to Los Angeles and I asked Esther to accompany me. More observant than I, she spotted Marissa and John at the far end of the Hollywood restaurant where we were dining, and the four of us had a pleasant visit.

Margaret O'Brien was then about eight and a half, and one of the biggest names in the movie world. As publisher of the Woman's Home Companion I felt I ought to make an effort to get Margaret into the magazine in some novel way. She was a newsstand draw and it was hard to think of an angle that had not been exploited. It occurred to me that now that Margaret was nearing the advanced age of nine she ought to be thinking about writing her memoirs.

I joked about this with Marissa.

Would she give the idea her blessing? She liked it and said she would gladly recommend it to Margaret's mother.

The Companion's editor, Bill Birnie, was enthusiastic about the proposed story. It was timely and would give us a chance to make an amusing claim—that we had published the shortest memoirs in history, by the youngest of the reminiscers: the autobiography of Margaret O'Brien in one article.

When Mrs. O'Brien gave her approval Birnie prepared a series of questions for her and Auntie Marissa to put to the child star. The answers would comprise the article. Margaret wrote them out in her own vigorous round hand in a notebook.

The article was published and, if the mail from Companion readers was any criterion (not to mention the newsstand figures) it was a hit. Five years after publication we were still receiving requests for reprints of Margaret's "memoirs."

Memoirs Are Made of This
Here are some sample passages from Margaret's "autobiography," as published in 1946:

"When Mr. Mayer (Louis B. Mayer, then production head of M-G-M) asked what I wanted for Christmas I said Lassie. Mother explained to me though that Lassie did not belong to Mr. Mayer. She only works for him. She belongs to an animal trainer . . .

"I love to travel. I love Washington. We visited Lincoln's room in the White House . . . I was nervous when we went to see the President. He wasn't there though, he was away. Mrs. Roosevelt was nice to us. President Truman was there too. He wasn't President then but he was so nice to us . . . Senator Chavez took us to the Senate and we watched them make laws.

"The naughtiest thing I ever did was play massacre and scalp all my dolls . . . I got a spanking for it . . .

"I learned to ride in 'Canterville Ghost.' Charles Laughton used to come in to my dressing room in his ghost costume and read me fairytales.

"I played a little Irish girl in 'Three Wise Fools' and talked with a brogue just like my grandmother did . . .

"I became very good friends with Lionel Barrymore. He pretends to be so cross and serious but he really is a very nice man. He gave me a pin of pearls and sapphires. It belonged to his grandmother Drew. She was an actress too. He gave me a wristwatch for Christmas, a real gold one."

Not long before the Companion article was published I met Margaret at a party given by her mother and her Auntie Marissa (by arrangement with Si Seadler of M-G-M). This was the first time I had seen Margaret in person since I had looked at her that day she was being wheeled by her mother in a babybuggy in Palm Beach and I can vouch that she was every bit as charming in the flesh as she was on the screen.

It was not one of those very big parties—I doubt whether there were more than 20 people present in all—and Margaret, in an effort to be useful, was bouncing around asking the guests if there was anything she could get for them. At one point, noticing that most of them were in huddles and neglecting the cocktail tidbits, she picked up an hors d'oeuvres tray that seemed to weigh half as much as she did and started passing it around. When I tried to relieve her of it, she said she loved doing it herself. I told her I would lighten her burden by gorging myself, which I then pretended to do in a rather crude bit of pantomime. With a charitable laugh she was off on her rounds.

When she returned we selected a couple of chairs, sat down and started talking. The observant Margaret noticed that everyone was standing except us and wondered why nobody sat down. For years I had seen people, tired at the end of a day's work, stand endlessly at cocktail parties. I had done the same thing many times. It was amusing to see this bright little girl, who seemed alert to everything, spot an example of human contradictoriness.

Features Made In Foreign Lands

Continued from page 7

WALT DISNEY

Bon Voyage	France	Walt Disney
Castaways	England	Walt Disney
Greyfriar's Bobby	England	Walt Disney

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Damon & Pythias	Italy	Sam Jaffe-Sam Marx
I Thank A Fool	England & Ireland	Anatole de Grunwald
Light in the Piazza	Italy	Arthur Freed
A Matter of Who	England	Walter Shenson
Rififi in Tokyo	Japan	Cipra-Jacques Bar
King of Kings	Spain	Samuel Bronston
Savage Guns	Spain	Capricorn: Co-prod. Tecisa
At Sea off Eden	France	Capri: Jimmy Sungster & Jose G. Maliso
Seven Seas to Calais	Italy	Adelphia-Campagna
Swordsmen of Siena	Italy	Cipra-Jacques Bar
A Very Private Affair	France	Progefi-Cipra

PARAMOUNT

My Geisha	Japan	Sachiko-Steve Parker
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TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

Cleopatra	Italy & Egypt	MCL and WALWA
Gigot	France	Seven Arts
The Innocents	England	Jack Clayton
The Inspector	England	Mark Robson-Red Lion
The Lion	Africa	Sam Engel
Longest Day	France	D.F.Z.—Darryl F. Zanuck
Marines, Let's Go	Japan	Raoul Walsh
Nine Days to Rama	India	Mark Robson-Red Lion
Satan Never Sleeps	England	Leo McCarey

UNIVERSAL

Freud	Munich-Vienna	John Huston
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UNITED ARTISTS

Geronimo	Mexico	Levy-Gardner-Laven
Goodbye Again	France	Anatole Litvak
Jessica	Italy	Pina-Jean Negulesco
Happy Thieves	Spain	Hillworth
One, Two, Three	Germany	Billy Wilder-Mirisch
Phaedra	Greece & England	Melina-Jules Dassin

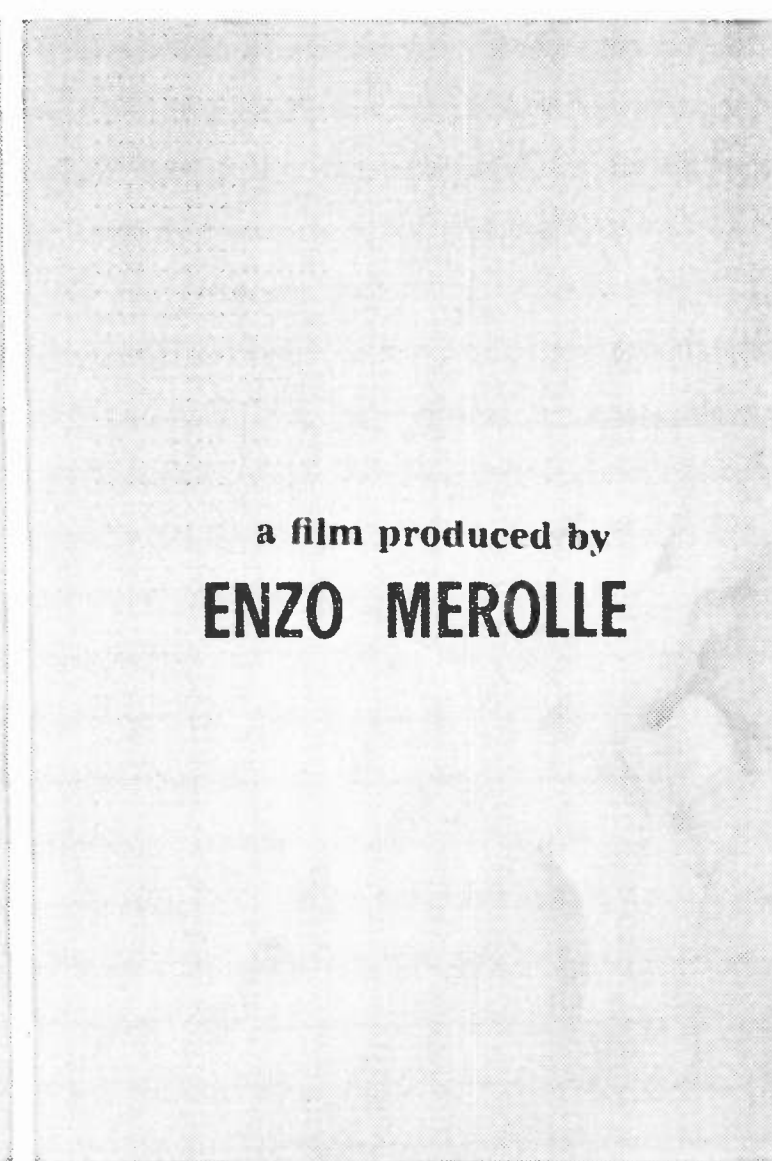
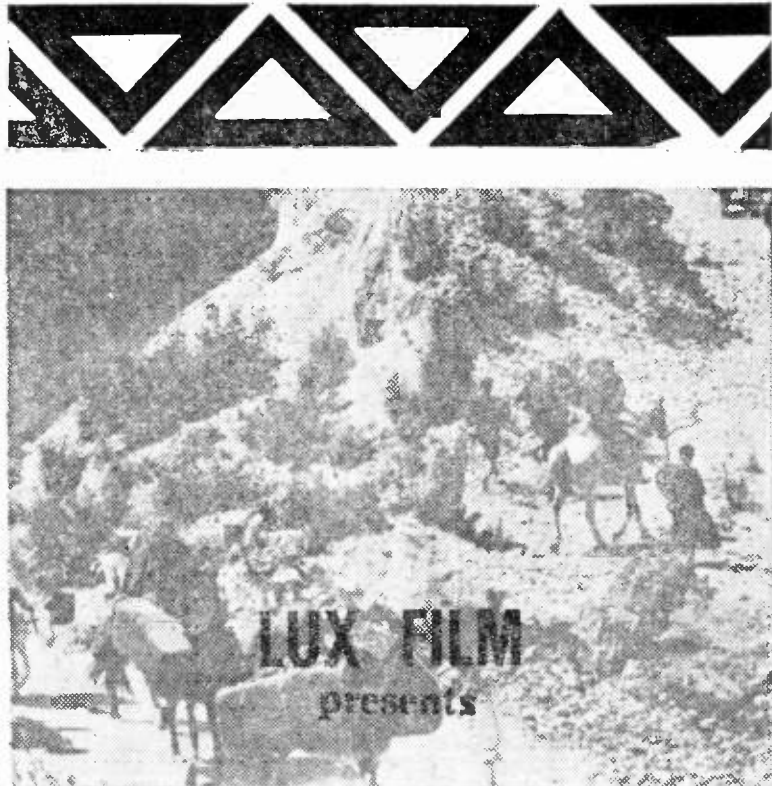
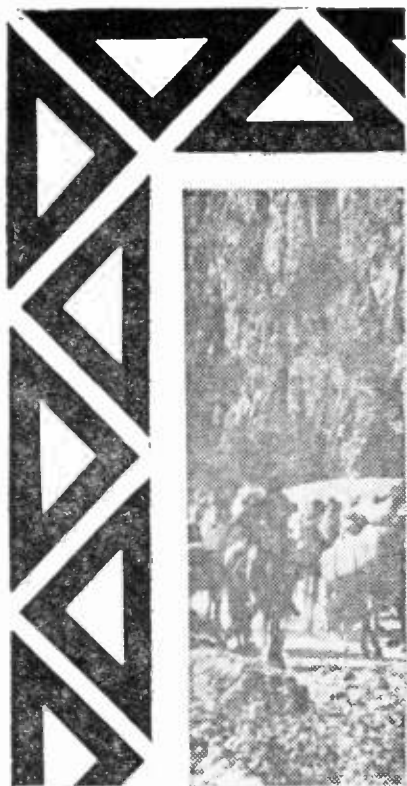
Road to Hong Kong	England	Melnor
Taras Bulba	Argentina	Hecht-Curtleigh
Third Dimension	France	Anatole Litvak
Titans	Italy	Ariane-Vides-Alexander Minouchkine
Valiant	Italy & England	B.A.P.-John Pennington

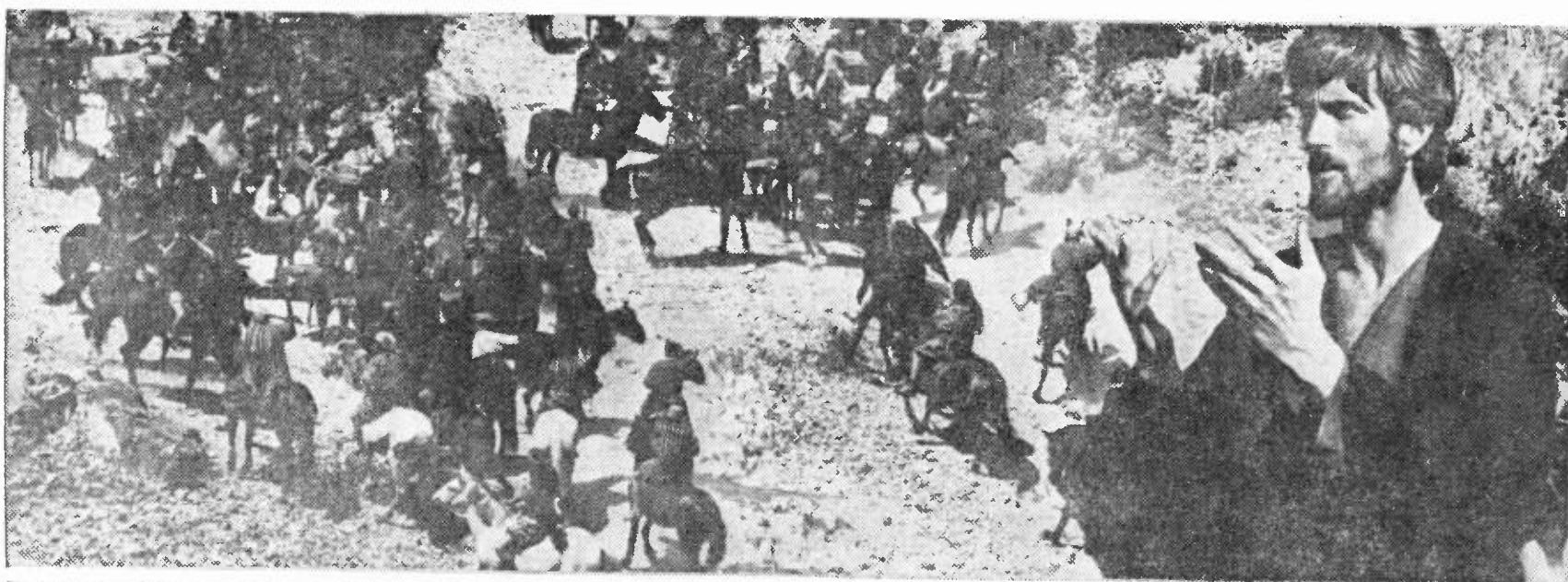
WARNER BROS.

Act of Mercy	Spain	WB-Associated British
Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone ..	England & Italy	Louis de Rochemont
Samar	Philippines	George Montgomery
Singer, Not the Song	Spain	Rank-Roy Baker
Term of Trial	England	James Wolf

INDEPENDENTS

Boccaccio 70	Italy	Joe E. Levine
Dangerous Charter	Pacific	Robert Gottschal
Flight of the Lost Balloon ..	Puerto Rico	Woolner-Marquette Juran
The Immigrant	Spain	I. Berger-N. Peter Dee
Living Room	London	John Stafford
Magic Fountain	Madrid	Jo Suiz
Out of the Tiger's Mouth	Hong Kong	Rudolpho Medina
Quare Fellow	Ireland	Bryanston-Pathe America
Sleeping Partner	Brazil	Twin Films-Rickers
Sodom & Gomorrah	Morocco	Joe E. Levine





TIUS PILATE

starring

JEAN MARAIS JEANNE CRAIN
BASIL RATHBONE LETICIA ROMAN
JOHN DREW BARRYMORE

MASSIMO SERATO RICCARDO GARRONE
LIVIO LORENZON GIANNI GARKO
ROGER TREVILLE CARLO GIUSTINI
DANTE DI PAOLO PAUL MULLER
ALFREDO VARELLI LEONARDO BOTTA

MANOELA BALLARD EMMA BARON
RAFFAELLA CARRA' ALDO PINI

Directed by **IRVING RAPPER**

Italo-French co-production

GLOMER FILM PRODUZIONE, Rome - LUX C.C.F., Paris



MIFED

*international film,
TVfilm and
documentary market*

a new outstanding success
of the
Milan Trade Fair

The International Film, TVfilm and Documentary Market (MIFED) was launched to coincide with the opening of the thirty-eighth Milan Trade Fair in April 1960, and its success was such as to encourage its continuance. While the initiative in originating it came from the Fair Organization itself, MIFED has since become a separate and independent body under its own management and subject to its own needs. Its programme is not therefore determined by the Fair authorities but by the seasonal requirements of the film industry.

Ten projection studios, numerous discussion rooms, a multilingual secretariat and international telephone exchange, telex installations and the latest technical equipment provide this organization with the best possible means to promote contacts and business transactions in the world of cinema and film production. During 1961 two Cine-Meetings have been held at the instigation of MIFED. One of these, convened to run concurrently with the Fair, actually closed on 28 April last, one day after the end of the main event; the other ran from 9 to 21 October. In all, in 1961, 1491 full length subject films and long and short documentaries were shown.

The number of entries submitted by film producers and distributors for the two 1961 Cine-Meetings was higher than those received for the two previous ones. Of particular note has been the interest displayed in MIFED by Asian countries such as Japan, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Hong Kong and the Philippines whose representatives were among the most outstanding in their field.

MIFED's fifth Cine-Meeting, which will take place this Spring from 12 to 28 April, has already attracted wide interest throughout the Cinema industry.

Alfredo Bini

presents

Accattone

written and directed by

Pier Paolo Pasolini

outstanding triumph
at the Venice Film Festival
and at the London Film Festival

- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| Spectator | this is a clear-eyed, brilliantly shaped film, bursting with energy and lyrical invention... |
| Guardian | the effect of Pasolini's stark treatment of the subject is to make the famous "Bicycle Thieves" of De Sica seem like a sentimental posy... |
| Times | with Accattone Pasolini immediately establishes himself as a major cinematographic talent... |
| Financial Times | Pasolini has recorded people and places with extraordinary conviction... |
| Oxford Mail | by the end one is almost sorry for this idle rogue as Pasolini is for himself... |
| Tribune | it reveals a strong personality and a passionate outlook... |
| Alberto Moravia | Pasolini is a dedicated and poetical director who works with images as he works with words |
| Carlo Levi | it is a fascinating work: expressed with a simple and direct technique |
| La Fiera del Cinema | Accattone is an extremely suggestive film |
| Il Messaggero | Accattone is a good, simple and direct film |
| La Stampa | Pasolini gave us a courageous, poetical film which has the breath of life in it |
| Paese Sera | It is an unusual film, filled with nobility. |



**ARCO
FILM**
S. R. L.

produced by **Alfredo Bini** for **Arco Film - Cino del Duca**

film

Monicelli
Comencini
Age
Scarpelli
Bini

announces in preparation:

L'ARMATA BRANCALEONE

directed by
Mario Monicelli

produced by Alfredo Bini for Film 5 - via Paraguay 2 - Roma

Alfredo Bini

producer of *il Bell'Antonio*, *La Viaccia*, *Accattone*,

presents:

Gina Lollobrigida

in

LA BELLEZZA D'IPPOLITA

from the novel by Elio Bartolini

with

Enrico Maria Salerno

directed by

Giancarlo Zagni

Ippolita,

an instinctive, sincere and passionate,

and above all beautiful woman,

torn between a jealous husband

and the attentions of some hot-blooded truck-drivers

An amusing film

about the sex-myth

expressed in a grotesque key

Anna Magnani

in

MAMMA ROMA

written and directed by

Pier Paolo Pasolini

The sensational return

of the team which made *ROMA CITTÀ APERTA* and *AMORE*

Anna Magnani

Roberto Rossellini

in

Sagapò

from the novel by Renzo Biasion



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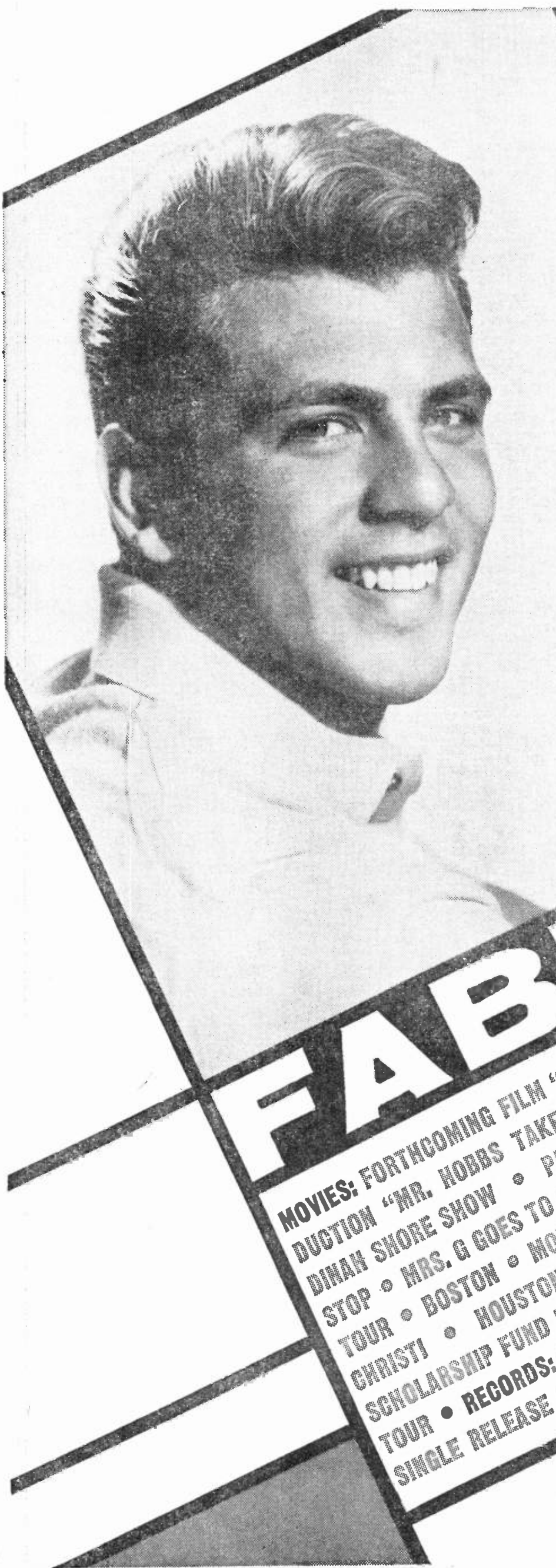
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VARIETY
AND
THANKS TO
EVERYONE
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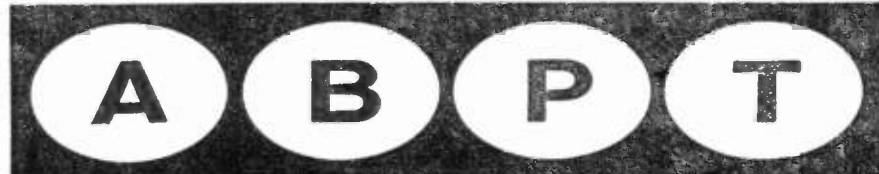
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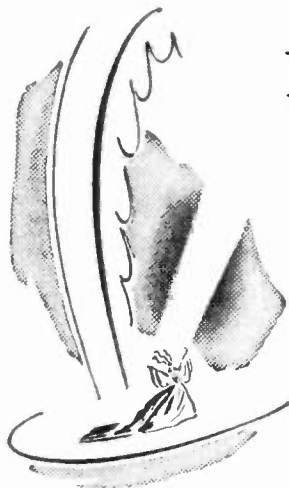
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We still join clubs that exclude men and women because of their religious beliefs.

Politicians still preach of fall-out shelters to attract votes from a scared citizenry.

Let them advocate places above ground in the fresh air and in the bright sunshine for the development of friendship and understanding amongst our own people.

It may be late but there is still a way out:

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—Ed Begley

*Full text of an address given by Mr. Begley before the Hollywood Advertising Club on December 4, 1961.

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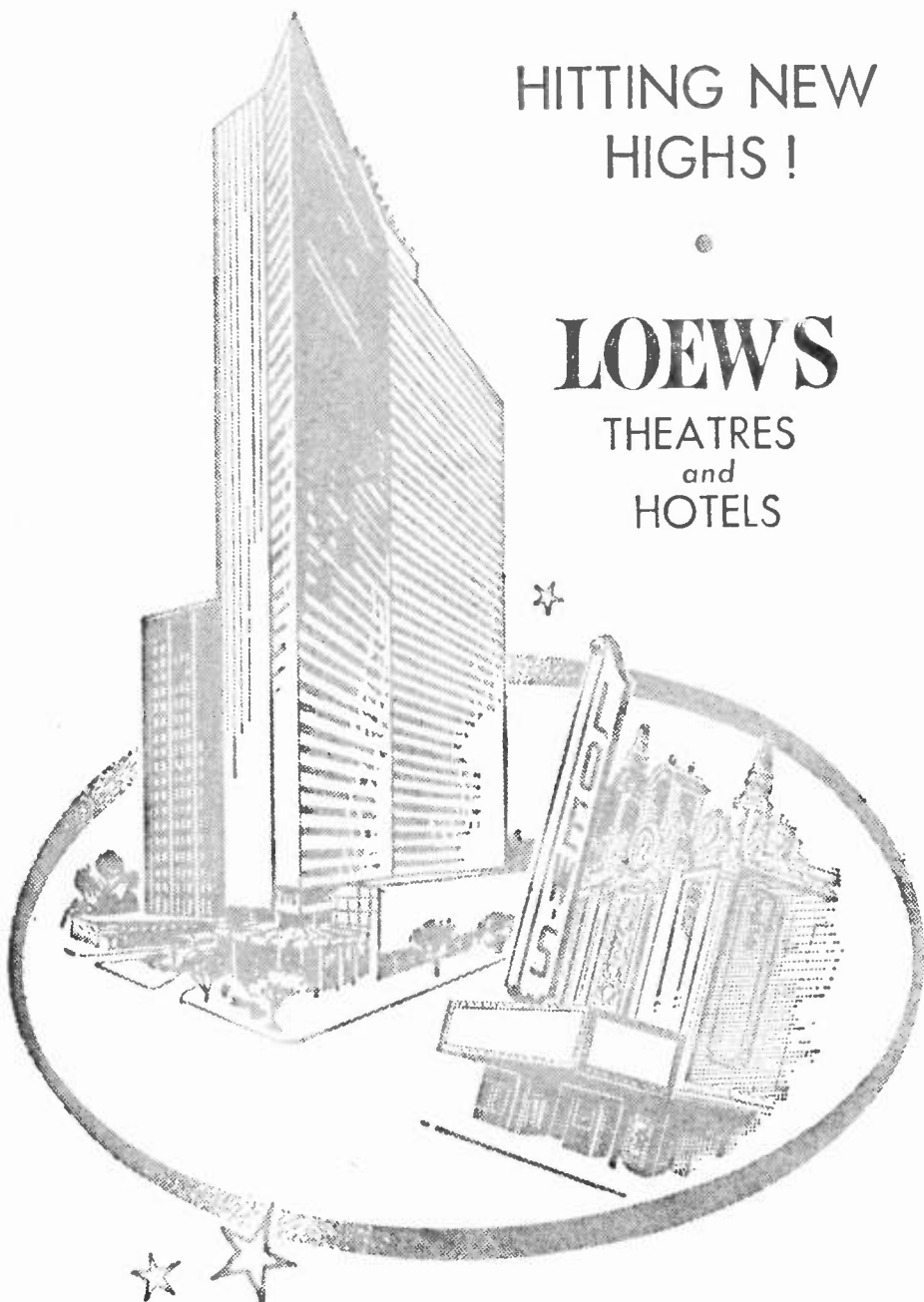
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Pain Is Gone, Jokes Linger On

Continued from page 3

Philadelphia and changed its "corrupt and contented" attitude to one of rejuvenation and rededication. A new attitude developed among its citizenry.

The national press, radio and tv recognized the new Philadelphia and draped it with bouquets and plaques. But its past (among comedians) lurked in the shadows, never quite dead but dormant for a short period. Apparently the new crop of comedy writers ran out of material and began "re-searching." Out of the maze of history came the old gags about Philadelphia:

Dorothy Parker's "cemetery with lights" description of Philadelphia;

Its water is unfit to drink (chlorine cocktails, Schuylkill punch); bring your own distilled water; thick enough to chew;

First prize, one week in Philadelphia; second prize, two weeks.

W. C. Fields' epitaph for a tombstone: I'd rather be here than in Philadelphia.

The "campaign" to fight these ancient gags was not carried out because of lack of humor. It was felt that too much had gone into changing Philadelphia's image to allow the millions who watch tv to fall for the old gags.

Fight Goes On

Philadelphia's drive for tourism was at stake. So the fight was on!

The Saturday Review repeated the old Dorothy Parker gag and brought in W. C. Fields' alleged declaration.

These were refuted with the facts. A Time Magazine article of May 28, 1956, stated:

"Moved one day by intimations of mortality, that bibulous philosopher, W. C. Fields, looked back on his arid boyhood home and chose his modest alternative to death: 'On the whole, I'd rather be in Philadelphia.'"

W. C. Fields had been misquoted from the beginning!

Jack Carter pulled one of the old bromides on the Perry Como show. The late Manie Sacks, a native Philadelphian who loved his city, was then an NBC executive. He was appealed upon to intercede.

Later, Carter pulled the same gag on the Sullivan show. More protests, this time to Sullivan suggesting that Carter was "overpaid" for using old material on his show.

Carter "crumbled." He advertised in **VARIETY** and the Philadelphia press:

"What can I say after I say I'm sorry." Apologies accepted under the terms that a truce means no old jokes about Philly.

Shortly thereafter, Milton Berle had one on his show, a snide reference to Princess Grace's appendectomy and Sunday "openings." Another protest brought a line from Berle:

"Some of my best friends are from Philly. I thought so long as you said something, it was publicity and helped. But I'll not do it again."

Last winter at the Latin Casino, Berle didn't remember the incident, claimed he "never" said anything detrimental about "lovely" Philadelphia but signed a pledge "I will never repeat any old gags about Philadelphia." Signed: Milton (under protest!) Berle.

Pat Carroll once "kicked" Philadelphia but Joey Bishop, a Phila-

delphian filling in for Jack Paar, came to the rescue. Later, Pat played at Playhouse in the Park, was given a long tour of the city and came back on Paar's show later to apologize.

Jackie Gleason was in Philadelphia for pre-Broadway showing of "Take Me Along." Earl Wilson later printed an alleged conversation between ex-Philadelphian Toots Shor and Gleason.

Et Tu Toots?

"Tell me, Toots," asked Jack. "What can I do in Philly on Sunday?"

"What can you do in Philly any day," was Toots retort.

Gleason was sent a long list of what was available to him on Sunday, including National League baseball (not available anywhere else on the East Coast). The next day Gleason called.

"Hello, Abe, this is the Great Gleason. I just got through reading your letter. I got so tired doing all those things you outlined for me I had to go back to bed!"

The "toughest" to conquer was Jack Paar. He has refused to reply to protests by letter, refuses to provide "equal time" but apparently gave in through a conversation (on the air) with Rev. Billy Graham.

During the interview, Graham noted that he was appearing in Philadelphia, and then showered compliments on the city.

"Warm, receptive, really dramatic story of comeback of a city. Great people who are really doing things," said Graham.

"I always liked Philadelphia," said Paar. "The only thing is I don't like to be threatened."

We have since written Paar to point out that ours were not threats, just the facts! To offset the negative, we have developed a positive program:

1. Enlisted such Philadelphians as Bishop, Mickey Shaughnessy, Ed Wynn to help promote the city as "Ambassadors of Mirth."

2. Whenever show people come to Philly, they are sent a deck of pictorial playing cards with Philadelphia scenes and a letter:

"We know you may not have much time to see our city now. We hope the playing cards give you a good picture of our city. These cards may not bring you luck but it'll give you a bird's eye view of our city. Come again soon!"

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Hawaiian Clashes

Continued from page 5

long run if every interview-worthy arrival got so splattered by the press.

A few weeks later, Mickey Rooney also soured when a newspaper account noted that he had checked into an expensive hotel suite — expensive by reporters' salary standards, at least — and How Come if he's virtually penniless, etc. etc. Rooney consequently expressed resentment of what he considered tasteless reporting, if not necessarily invasion of privacy.

While these are exceptions rather than common place, they've been occurring often enough to suggest some ground rules that can assure peaceful, generally pleasant, relations between stars and Hawaii newsmen.

First of all, if a star is arriving for professional appearances, the more publicity the better. The local impresario or go-between has interviews firmed up in advance. And maybe a couple of space-grabbing stunts, such as arriving at a radio station via helicopter for a spot interview. Maybe an unspiked-cola "press conference" for high school journalists. (They're opinion-molders, too.)

For the working press, formal press conferences are stilted, boring and generally a waste of time. Separate interviews with the assigned writers involve more time, but the results are worth it.

Nelsons' Know-How

The Nelson Family — you've heard of them—were introduced to the communications crowd at a genuinely pleasing reception and cocktail party. Ozzie and Harriet, heaven knows, had nothing to gain personally except short-time friendships. Nonetheless, they made like the hospitable host and hostess they are.

If it's any consolation, the papers (four, counting two Japanese-English language dailies) send reporters offport or to the airport only for stars they deem newsworthy. An off-the-cuff "say it in a few minutes" interview serves the purpose if the reporters are hep enough (they are) to ask a couple of pertinent questions and if the celeb has dreamed up a few quips or comments before he meets the Press.

Alas, this repartee still persists:
Reporter: "How do you like Hawaii?"

Star: "Why this is the first time I've ever been here."

Reporter: "Well, then, when are you leaving?"

Should one or more of the papers try to reach you at the hotel for a subsequent intelligent interview-in-depth, mutual cooperation will result in a readable, accurate public-influencing article.

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Television Networks In Urgent Need Of A 'Design for Living Together'

A Vast Minowland

By CHARLES ISAACS

Hollywood.

Back in 1961 no one really thought that Mr. Minow's attack on television would have any lasting impact. But in 1962, when all the private eye, gangster and western shows went off the air, the industry began to topple. The shows weren't cancelled outright; the violence was simply removed, and people stopped watching. Product sales sagged. Without violence, people didn't feel really clean, nor did they have any desire to brush after every meal.



Charles Isaacs

In 1963, fresh from this victory, Mr. Minow attacked situation comedies as teaching the mass audience that father was a jerk. Father was always wrong—even if he was funny being wrong, he was still a jerk. Psychologists insisted that such programs were causing disobedience to parents and increasing delinquency. Juvenile gang members, when arrested, also excused their behavior with, "My old man is a jerk. All of our fathers are jerks, just like Robert Young, Danny Thomas, Ozzie Nelson, Andy Griffith, Dick Van Dyke and Donna Reed." (They explained that if they had to have a father for a father they would just as soon it be Donna Reed.)

Parents and teachers, many of whom were jerks, rose up in wrath. Spurred on by Minow, they threatened boycott of products unless these poor examples of parenthood were removed. "The Danny Thomas Show," with great ingenuity, had Danny divorce his wife, and since she got the kids, he was no longer really a parent. This took the heat off him but left him doing a single. Since he owned "The Dick Van Dyke Show," he moved ruthlessly but cleverly. He had Dick divorce his wife and let her take the children. Then began the one hour "Danny & Dick Show." This was a wonderful program, and Mr. Minow himself admitted that though Danny and Dick still came off like a couple of buffoons, at least they were no longer parents. Danny also owned the "Andy Griffith Show," which was still in trouble with Andy being a father. Danny had Jack Elinson and Chuck Stewart write a beautiful and warm script about how Andy's son actually turned out to be his foster-son, and the rightful parents came and took him to their big home in Scarsdale. Andy now joined Danny and Dick in an hour and a half a week called, "The Danny, Dick & Andy Show."

Ozzie & Harriet didn't have too much of a problem. They simply admitted in a tearful confession that Ricky wasn't their son. In real life he was Frankie Avalon, and their other boy, David, was Tab Hunter's son by Tuesday Weld. Ozzie wanted to quit anyway, because in the evenings he was really Rudy Vallee and was busy with his Broadway show.

By 1964, Minow had taken most of the waste out of the wasteland. He had also taken most of the land. He threw out all giveaway and guessing games. "I've Got a Secret" was axed when Mr. Minow declared that encouraging people to divulge a secret was invasion of privacy. There were yawning spaces in prime time, and Mr. Minow tried gallantly to fill them. In the interest of education, he put "Ding Dong School" in a nighttime slot, and to get an adult audience he changed the name to "Ding Dong Daddy School." Tuesday night he slotted in an hour of symphony music called, "Sing Along with Leopold Stokowski."

The critics who had blindly followed Mr. Minow became restless. There were no more parties, no food and no free booze; the producers of educational shows served tea.

The Big Bible Bust

In 1965, Mr. Minow made two serious mistakes. He put dramas from the Bible on the air and ordered the producers to follow the stories to the letter. Millions of shocked viewers saw a vivid portrayal of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, with Charlton Heston and Mamie Van Doren for name value. No matter how true and how religious, it was the strongest bit of sex since "Not Tonight, Henry." Mr. Minow bowed to the P.T.A. and banned the Bible.

An even greater error was Mr. Minow's idea of booking Dr. Edward Teller, who in 39 successive weeks of instructive half-hour programs actually built an atom bomb. This was educational television at its best, and Mr. Minow was elated that it proved to be especially interesting to young people. It proved to be more than interesting to Freddie Gethart, a 14-year-old physics major at U.C.L.A. Freddie was obviously a genius and, like most child prodigies, concentrated on intellectual efforts. His only outlet had been watching television Westerns, and now, of course, these were gone. Dr. Teller began his series. While Dr. Teller built his atom bomb, Freddie, his eyes glued to the television set every week, built his bomb. Of course no one knew Freddie had the bomb until one day Mr. Minow got a phone call. Mr. Minow, called to the telephone by a puzzled aide, asked Freddie what he wanted.

Freddie said, "I want you to put Westerns back on the air."

"I'm busy," answered Mr. Minow. "Please don't call here. Write a letter."

Freddie said, "Put back the Westerns, or I'll drop my atom bomb on Washington."

Minow gasped, "You'll what?"

Freddie said, "I built an atom bomb just like Dr. Teller's. I will drop it on you if you don't put the West-

(Continued on page 103)

'Don't Invite ABC, CBS, NBC to the Same Industry Parties' Themes the Rancor And Hostility Which Checkmate A Cooperative Spirit Essential To Progress

By GEORGE ROSEN

An American tragedy of sorts is being enacted within the realm of the broadcasting industry, specifically among the three television networks—a tragedy because it must inevitably have its effect on the millions who look to tv for entertainment and enlightenment.

It is a tragedy that fundamentally has its roots in the behavior patterns of the men responsible for the conduct and administration of the networks. Honorable men, all within the framework of their own thinking: their application, zeal and enterprise springing from the best tradition of American get-up-and-go; each loyal to a fault. Yet it is the very nature of this zeal, this loyalty, the degree to which they cling to a "my-network-right-or-wrong" philosophy that has brought a sadness and a kind of morality that ill-behooves an industry of such giant stature, capable of generating such manifold wonders and goodwill.

Whatever the images of Babbity they conjure up, there is something to be said for the hail-fellow-well-met spirit that permeates the lunchfests of a Rotary, Kiwanis or a Civitan Club, whose memberships comprise not only leaders of the community, but rivals in business, industry and merchandise to whom competition means nothing more nor less than the incentive to build a better mousetrap without sacrificing the basic tenets of live and let live.

Yet therein lies the difference — and the tragedy. Granted that a competitive spirit is a healthy one, that it sparks a momentum and a creativity without which no enterprise could prominently flourish. Through the years of American endeavor, whatever the stock in trade, it's been the keystone for most of the success stories. But when it feeds on fierce competition alone, to an extent where the human equation no longer exists, where there's little or no feeling or regard for the "guy across the street" who happens at the moment to be doing the job a little better, it becomes quite evident that something is basically wrong and needs fixing.

Glory for All

There are plenty of dollars and plenty of glory to cover all three networks. The economics are not disturbing. What is disturbing, however, is the ill feeling and contemptuous attitude of one network toward another—a state of affairs that starts at the top and permeates through the companies the stubborn refusal to concede that someone else's better Nielsen might be fully deserved; that a rival's meritorious accomplishment might, however grudgingly, be accepted and applauded for the good of the industry as a whole, rather than held up to scorn and ridicule.

Yet it happens practically every day of the week, in one form or another. This is not something that's crept up suddenly, for the rancor and the bitterness in the three-network intramural sweepstakes is something of long standing.

In the palmiest days of Hollywood, for all the intense rivalry among the major studios, there was nonetheless a rapport among the top executives; a mutual respect and, let's face it, an admiration for another man's high achievements.

But no such feelings are evident among the networks. And the sadness lies in the fact that, in the current all-out competitive race for attention the situation becomes intensified.

It's fairly evident at this point, where television is concerned, that everything goes in cycles. For a few years CBS can be on top; then ABC hits the Nielsen jackpot; then comes NBC's turn. The order can be reversed, but inevitably they all get a whack at it. That's the pattern, and all things being equal that's how it'll go on. Yet such are the deeprooted animosities that there is a virtual contempt for the opponent on top and, in turn, an unbecoming gloating for the rival who got kicked downstairs.

Occasions arise when a unity of action is required, particularly at a time when the pressures are being applied with renewed intensity by a determined FCC. Yet on one of the few occasions when the FCC Chairman, Newton N. Minow, championed a gettogether of the three-network hierarchy to work out a solution to the problem of programming late afternoons for children, ABC took it upon itself to "take a walk" in asserting it preferred to act independently of the other two networks.

Admittedly ABC may have been acting on the premise that by "soloing" on the venture it could emerge with something more rewarding and distinctive. Yet there was no disguising the undercurrent of hostility in the three-network relations.

The Numbers Game

The Election Night numbers game brouhaha was another case in point, when ABC's news chieftain James C. Hagerty called a press conference to castigate NBC for allegedly "projecting" figures on the returns. The unprecedented action inspired, in turn, a rebuttal of "sour grapes" from NBC. Whatever the motives or whatever the misdemeanor, if any, it was unfortunate all around, certainly doing more harm to the industry as a whole than it could possibly do Hagerty good.

If anything, it merely served to pinpoint the rather obvious fact that if the same energies that are being

THE VELVET GLOVE

By SHERWOOD SCHWARTZ

Hollywood.

In meetings in television land, the iron fist is invariably enclosed in a velvet glove. After a little conference experience, it becomes a simple matter to predict how a sentence will end just by listening to the beginning. Here are a few samples of verbal velvet gloves. When you hear them, watch out—the Iron Fist isn't far behind!

THE SPONSOR: "Believe me, fellows, all I want is a good show. The ratings mean absolutely nothing to me, but—"

NETWORK EXECUTIVE: "We know you've got a rough time slot, so we don't expect miracles. We're going to give you at least two full years to allow the show to build, and—"

AD AGENCY EXEC: The last thing we want to do is to get involved in censorship. We believe the creative people should have real freedom of expression. But there's a line on page 31—"

THE PRODUCER: "Look, I'm the guy who's responsible for all the elements, so I'm ready and willing to accept the entire blame. I did the best I could with that lousy script, that miserable director, that impossible star, that—"

THE STAR: "Baby, I'm just an actor, and I don't understand business problems. I'm a babe in the woods when it comes to contracts and negotiations, but if you expect me to settle for 10% ownership, unilateral options, residual cut-off points, non-exclusions for theatrical release, unguaranteed capital gains in the event of sellout, and—"

THE WRITER: "Believe me, this new show I've created is different than anything on TV. It's brand new. It's about this cowboy who's a resident neurosurgeon at General Hospital and the secret leader of a group of lawyers trying to break up mob rule before it happens and—"

THE DIRECTOR: "I know there are lots of directors who refuse to listen to actors' opinions, but I'm not one of them. I realize that you're all professional performers and you've read your parts and have good ideas on how they should be played. So let's go through it the way you feel it. Then, after you've got that out of your system, I'll show you the right way to—"

THE AGENT: "Sweetheart, you can take my word. The deal is all set. The money is right, the options, credit, everything. No, it's not on paper yet, but—"

THE FCC: "We would like to report that from this moment on, we will no longer refer to television as a Wasteland. It seems that the Wasteland has gotten an injunction against us for slander and—"

THE TV CRITIC: "The new show which debuted last night had considerable merit. It was well cast, well directed, well written, and well produced. There are, however, a few little criticisms I would like to mention, such as the—" (cont'd on pages 7 through 26)

THE TV VIEWER: "I demand that the level of TV programming be raised. I insist the networks telecast only programs with cultural, intellectual, or educational significance. But don't you dare remove any of my favorite cowboy shows, private eyes, situation comedies, cartoon series, or—"

expended in downgrading the opposition were applied constructively and as an incentive to matching or bettering the competition, television would be the healthier and the stronger for it.

There is, for example, no love lost in the competitive CBS vs. NBC News operations. There's no disputing the NBC leadership in this area today, a fact brought home with telling impact on a number of important events, including the election coverage. At the same time the departure of Howard K. Smith from CBS over policy differences emphasized anew—as did Edward R. Murrow's exiting some months previously—a perceptible downgrading of that network's once preeminent status in news.

Statesmanship

The NBC momentum continues apace, despite some attempts at CBS to heal the breach. Whatever the ingredients so necessary to put Columbia back into the running would seem still lacking, inviting bewilderment in some quarters as to why the astute Bill Paley-Frank Stanton helmship contents itself with a continuation of the status quo. In another day and age, it's recognized, Paley would have found the "magic ingredient" pronto, even if it meant the board chairman himself stepping into the breach as CBS' "Mr. News" factotum. (Even as, only a few years back, Gen. David Sarnoff personally took command of NBC by installing himself as president and thus stemming a threatened wave of affiliate defections.) It would, obviously, require some such flash, dramatic play for CBS to get up the proper steam. Certainly the injecting of the "Paley touch" and showmanship flair could even yet turn the trick.

But what one hears, instead, are grudging admissions that "after all, they got Brinkley and Huntley, and that's what makes the difference," with an otherwise stubborn refusal to accept the rival web's superior attainment.

Such is the three-network "climate" today. Soon must come a realization that only by a spirit of cooperation and by addressing themselves to a competitive situation within a live-and-let-live framework can the networks fully regain public esteem and respect.

German TV Seeking To Eliminate Prejudices—Viewers Pay Attention

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

As the two children playing the roles of Mary and Joseph in a television show on the German TV net went from door to door in a futile search for lodging for the night, the German narrator in the background said, "These children are not like other children . . . I hope you will open your doors and hearts to them."

The 10 children who took part in the Christmas play on television were unlike other German children, because their skins were dark. The youthful actors were "Occupation Children," abandoned by their German mothers and Negro American soldier fathers. And the narrator of the Christmas drama was their foster mother, a German social worker.

After the play was finished, the foster mother recounted several incidents in the difficult lives of these children. Eight years previously, when they first entered her home, they were taught to write, "I am now a member of a family"—words completely unfamiliar to these children who had been moved from one orphanage to another in their brief friendless lives.

The foster mother, in her parallel between the Biblical story and the tale of these forgotten children, asked the German television audience to open their hearts and their homes to these neglected children, who are among West Germany's 100,000 illegitimate children fathered by American soldiers, and of whom 14,000 are Negro.

This program was, in a way, typical of the trend of German television productions, aimed at the eradication of prejudices in this country.

Ever since the disasters and horrors of the Nazi regime, West Germany has been trying to live down its dreadful reputation, at home and abroad.

And perhaps in a land where the television industry comes under federal and state government controls, and where the accent is on documentaries, cultural, and worthwhile programming, it is easier to do these penetrating topics that it would be in a land like America, where the slant is toward entertainment, and what the advertiser thinks the public wants.

West Germany currently has about 6,000,000 television sets. And each set owner pays a monthly fee of seven marks (about \$1.75) which is used to support the programming. Since there is no need for an advertising budget to underwrite the costs of the show, advertising is kept to a minimum—spot ads are permitted, lumped together for five minutes at the beginning and end of a half-hour evening show. But the advertiser or the agency never get into the television show production business. And for this reason, perhaps, the German television has the time, courage and money to tackle touchy subjects like those relating to the eradication of racial prejudices.

'Occupation Babies'

Another recent show hit at the same problem of the half-Negro children. Last April, the first of the "occupation babies" left over as souvenirs by the American GIs reached the age of 14—the age at which a German child who does not have the benefit of heading for a college education goes out to be an apprentice in industry.

Particularly trying were the times for the several thousand colored children, age 14, who were seeking work. And a probing German television show revealed the plight of some of these children, urging the German business people, industrial officials, and any folks coming into contact with the young people, to remember that they are of German nationality and should be accepted as individuals, trying to fit their life patterns into a difficult mold.

Probably the most ambitious project ever tackled by the West

German television was the 14-part documentary titled "Das Dritte Reich" (The Third Reich). The West German schools have often been criticized for not teaching the young people about the atrocities of the Nazi era, about the crimes committed against the Jews, about the guilt of the German people in this black period of world history.

And following several pre-Christmas anti-Semitic incidents two years ago, the South German Television of Stuttgart and the West German Television of Cologne prepared this 700 minutes of documentary. It took the viewers from the very start of the Hitler rise in 1933, through the atrocities of the Nazis in World War II, up to the end in 1945.

'We Germans Must Realize'

The cameras focused on the graveyards where the bodies lie of the German, American, French, English, Italian and Russian troops killed in the war, and showed the rooms-full of files of the fate of the 4,500,000 Jews who were the innocent victims of the mass slaughter. And the words of the announcer cut through every heart. "We Germans must realize that we have to answer for all this."

It's pretty hard to feed an audience the type of material that makes the watcher feel ashamed and guilty, according to some theories. But just who watched the grim revelations of history as "The Third Reich" unrolled? About 10 million Germans—or one fifth of the country's population—were watching every part of this series, a poll has revealed.

Not only that, but to make sure that the young people who were often unaware of the Nazi brutalities saw this show, it was rebroadcast subsequently, early in the evening, with special appeals to urge the students to watch the show. Now it has just been announced that it will be carried once more on the second television channel, starting in January 1963.

A previous hourlong documentary brought a similar problem to light for the German television viewers. Titled "Our Jewish Co-Residents," this filmed show interviewed Jews who are now living in West Germany. It queried them as to how they had survived the Nazi mass murders, why they had



"Hello World"
WILLIAM B. WILLIAMS
Make Believe Ballroom
WNEW
Mon. thru Sat., AM at 10, PM at 6:15
Represented By: MCA

returned to Germany, how they felt about living in Germany today.

The tattooed mark of a concentration camp stood out on the hand of one woman, as she revealed the disasters she had survived. Nonetheless, she said, she hoped to be accepted as an individual in the land of her birth. Another Jew who had returned from Israel left Germany after a brief stay, and moved on to Holland, feeling that the old anti-Semitism was not entirely erased.

Another Jew revealed the names of several former Nazi who are now holding influential positions in Germany. He told of his attitude, that he feels Germany is his homeland, and prefers living out his remaining years in this country. The documentary, dealing with many people with mixed feelings, cut deep at the topic of anti-Semitism, and was handled in excellent taste.

Not for Children

A recent documentary, at nine in the evening, began with a warning unusual for German television screens—"Perhaps your children had better not view this program." Cops and robbers? Criminals? Wild west shooting? No.

The film was a documentary about the burial customs of a remote African tribe, where the body of the deceased is set up at a party attended by the friends and relatives. Grim? Of course. But at least more true-to-life than the topics tackled on television in many other lands. And the theme stressed throughout is that "these are the customs of another group of people. Our customs may seem strange and barbaric to them. We

(Continued on page 111)

Year of the Video Think-Piece—A Positive Trend in Chicago

By LES BROWN

Chicago.

In Chicago television, 1961 was the year of the documentary. What had started out to be a sop for Newton Minow's FCC has become realized as a programming form with vast side benefits, and consequently one which even the station managements can get excited about. It is unquestionably the most positive trend in local television in many a year.

Practically no other kind of station-produced show has been able to reflect as much prestige and assorted other intangible profit on the outlets as have their video think pieces, which bespeak a general serious-mindedness and an awareness of, and insight into, the affairs of world, state and community.

If the telementaries don't find sponsors or get high ratings—and most of them do not—that's apparently more than compensated for in the flattering mail haul, the recognition by the intelligentsia ("we didn't know you cared"), the awards and citations from organizations, and in the press coverage, which is generally pretty lean for other forms of local programming. The Windy City reviewing corps has been known to effuse in the adjective department over a particularly good documentary opus, and many a station operator has come to find the newspaper notices almost as rewarding to read as a good profit and loss statement.

'We Do It Better'

In 1961 the stations became significantly competitive in the area of documentaries, each trying to claim the form as its own specialty. During the summer, one general manager bought ads in the metro dailies complimenting a competing station on a prime time special it had telecast the night before. The ad went on to say, in effect, "We do such shows too," with the clear implication, "but just a little bit better."

In all, an estimated 48 tv documentaries were produced by the four commercial stations last year, representing around 27 hours of

airtime in the aggregate. The total hours are more impressive against the fact that all the specials were presented in prime time and nearly all of them preempting paying programming, either local or network. It is impossible to get a figure on how much was spent on documentary production last year, but \$200,000 is regarded as a modest estimate for the total output.

It is an index to the new priority status of the documentary that at least two of the stations have shown no reluctance to spend a generous buck on them. Although it has abundant international coverage from the CBS network, WBBM-TV saw fit to send its foreign editor, Carter Davidson, to West Germany for a two-part film and later Frank Reynolds to South America for another two-parter. Not to be outdone, WBKB sent the team of Ronny Born and Sam Ventura to West Germany for a three-installment series (only one of which has been aired so far); invested a bundle on the Norm Ross-David McElroy two hour special on the anti-missile defenses around Chicago; and flew in poet-statesman Archibald MacLeish for an installment in its "Home Again" portfolio.

Numerically, WBKB topped the local tv stations in telementary production with a total of 16 shows last year, or 10 hours worth, including the every third week station contribution to ABC-TV's "Expedition" series. WBBM-TV did 13 specials for seven and a half hours, counting its half hour editorials, each of which contain 23 minutes of background footage. WNBQ likewise produced 13 for six and a half total hours, and WGN-TV made five documentaries for three and a half hours.

(The mania, by the way, also hit some of the radio stations, with WIND, WBBM, WGN and WFMT among the notable audio documentary producers.)

The tv stations showed a willingness last year to take on provocative, and even daring, subjects. WNBQ did a pair on the Chicago Crime Syndicate and the Black Muslim movement, WBBM-TV recently covered the social problem of the southern white "in migrants," WBKB surveyed the advances in sleep, heart and cancer research in separate shows, and WGN-TV did one on juvenile crime.

The One That Never Got On

A curiosity of the past year is that the documentary that reverberated loudest of all locally—both in the press and in conversation circles—was one that has never been televised in the Windy City. That was Denis Mitchell's "Chicago" film, co-produced by British Broadcasting Corp. and Chi station WBKB. Rumors from abroad, after the BBC showing, that it presented a distorted and unflattering portrait of Chicago caused the film to be lacerated, sight unseen, by certain papers and civic leaders. WBKB soberly put it on the shelf but probably will air it next year if the climate seems improved. It's understood that the station has an investment of around \$30,000 in the film.

As local television's best foot, the documentary will be put forward even more prominently in 1962. WBKB is projecting an Alex Dreier special on the smut peddlers, a followup to its "Inside Argonne" telementary of 1960, two additional installments of "The Face of Modern Germany," a series with Dr. Walter Alvarez on modern medicine, and other chapters in the "Home Again" series, just for a starter. Station also has a top secret telementary project which it refers to now as "Project J."

WGN has a special on improvisational theatre in the works and has blueprinted documentaries on hospitals in Chicago, on the city's contributions to music and on the history of the city up to its 125th anniversary. WNBQ is committed to at least one documentary per month at 6:30 p.m. Monday nights, and WBBM-TV is pledged to at least four editorials and quarterly "I See Chicago" outings, in addition to any telementary brainstorms that occur in between.



11th Season on Television

THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE and HARRIET

TELEVISED OVER ABC-TV EVERY WEEK

If You Haven't Got The Rating, You Haven't Got The Time... If You Haven't Got The Time, You Haven't Got The Rating

The Year TV Took the Fifth

By CARROLL CARROLL

To millions of people in all parts of the world, 1961 was "The Year of The Horse."

To thousands of people in the television industry, it was "The Year of The Minnow."

As anyone can tell you, a minnow is bait.

As everyone knows, 1961 was the year almost everybody found some fishy reason to bait television. This didn't give 1961 much distinction over any other year. Television has been under constant attack ever since radio's fairy-godmother waved her magic iconoscope and turned a sound effect into a picture, thus depriving millions of people of their last remaining chance to use their imagination for fun.

But it was in 1961 that television began to feel the force of Newton's Law.

Newton's Law, of course, concerns gravity.

And so, in 1961, Mr. Newton Minow baited television for its lack of gravity.

Under the force of this attack a lot of people who work in, and guide the destinies of, television promptly took The Fifth. Many took a quart.

Readers who may once have been children possibly remember a rollicking pastime called "pile-on." The rules were simple. When somebody was down, you piled on.

Patsy for the 'Pile-on'

So in 1961 television became the patsy for a national game of pile-on.

The game attracted an amazingly varied and interesting group of players. These, and their positions in the game, follow:

- 1) **Eggheads.** This group seemed to feel that it was okay for them to read as many detective stories and westerns as they chose to for relaxation but that, somehow, it was dangerous for the "peepul" to relax to that extent.
- 2) **Politicians.** This group understood that television involves stars and that stars get headlines. Q.E.D., television gets headlines.
- 3) **Liberals.** This bunch argued, interestingly, that the air belongs to all the people and, therefore, should concentrate exclusively on the burning problems of the moment instead of seeking to offer what seemed most wanted by a clear majority of the people to whom the air belongs.
- 4) **Historians.** One of them suggested that Madison Ave., the going symbol of tv, drains our national resources from the fountainheads of good-doing and pours our substance into the sewers of trade; forgetting that the fountainheads would soon dry-up if the so-called sewers failed to flush them.
- 5) **Educators.** This group held that the full force of television was being dissipated on the winds of entertainment. They felt that the very high as well as the ultra high, frequencies should be sustained exclusively on a steady diet of stimulating cereals for the cerebellum.
- 6) **Critics.** This undisciplined gang maintained that because much television entertainment is of a very low character it is fair to attack all of it with very low blows.
- 7) **The People.** They were ready to damn television at the first stroke of a poll-taker's pencil, watched it night after night and bought—with demonstrable regularity and ever increasing volume—the good products offered to them in the commercials which they vowed they never watched or listened to.

A Puzzlement

As the King of Siam is said to have said, "Tis a puzzlement."

The real puzzle is how television, clutched, as many claim, in the knotty hands of villains, fools and hucksters, continues to offer much that is so good.

That there is so much good stuff on tv is a miracle. That it is seen by so few is a pity. That there is not enough brain power in the world to properly service American television is a fact.

There are three networks on the air seven days a week, 18 hours a day. That adds up to 378 hours of programming a week.

There are four independent channels in New York and four in Los Angeles. Each of these eight is on the air for the same 18 hours a day, seven days a week. This works out to 1,008 more hours of competitive programming a week for a total of 1,386 hours of television programming; counting only the three networks, New York and Los Angeles. There's no need to play the numbers game any further. This amount of programming demands more brains than there are.

There has always been an ugly shortage of genius in the writing department of tv. Now, plain, ordinary competence has its back to the wall. What need is there for solid professional knowhow? Any nag can enter the field because there are so few thoroughbreds. And any exercise boy can be a jockey. Yet it is literally astounding that, with all its repetitiousness and all its meretriciousness, television manages to entertain and instruct so many people; delight so many children and give them, as well as their parents, a window through which to look upon a world most of them might never otherwise see.

To a much higher degree than television's detractors will admit, everybody can find what he wants on tv if he really looks for it. The trouble seems to be that people get what they want in direct proportion to the number of them that want it. This bugs the yorks out of the eggheads who honestly think they are entitled to a larger share of what they like, even though they may get it at the expense of equally deserving if, perhaps, not such intellectual people. These eggheads have a sort of reverse Marie Antoinette attitude. They want to take away the majority's cake and let them eat bread.

The air, the complainers say, is free. It belongs to the

(Continued on page 103)

By NORMAN JEWISON

A distant cousin to the numbers racket, once one of the most evil scourges targeted by law enforcement officials, is running rampant again. This time the victims are the millions of television viewers throughout the country, and the "evildoer" we're referring to is the rating, with his comical sidekick . . . the time-slot.

For in today's video picture, it's a sad, yet everyday axiom, that if you haven't got the rating, you haven't got the time, and conversely, if you haven't got the time, you haven't got the rating.

This is an alignment that's rather hard to beat. You've got to get the nice fat numbers with the decimal points to get any kind of a time slot consideration in the "peak viewing hours;" yet you've got to have a notch in these very same peak viewing hours to even become a contender for a healthy rating.

The ratings, as constructed today, are outmoded and non-representative. The fact that to win these "meters of public attentiveness" depends greatly on the time slot your show is seen in, rather than the quality of the program itself, compounds the felony.

There's nothing new in the continued discussion of the effectiveness of ratings. This has been gone into scores of times over the last decade, by individuals, and groups, far more competent than we, but we are not concerned here with discussing the rating systems, its faults and attributes.

We are, however, most distressed at the "team" of time and number rank that run together, and thus mean the difference between success and failure. A relatively poor show, with what is considered to be "class A" time in the peak viewing hours, is practically assured of a healthy rating, so it stays on the air. The sponsors want the mass audience, and to a certain extent this is most understandable, but what about the good show, that doesn't have a particularly good time slot?

It fails to get a healthy rating, and thus is either hurriedly shuffled or cancelled after only a short time on the air. This leaves us with a congestion of dull, unimaginative shows ruling the time slots. This is not reasonable, intelligent and hardly understandable. There have been shows on the air, just this past season, that have been greeted by the critics as fresh, delightful plot innovations, yet have been in "rating trouble" from the start. Such a show is the "Dick Van Dyke Show," headed by a refreshingly charming young comedian, who has been supplied with believable script situations, resulting in excellent entertainment. But the show didn't get a good rating, and now it's being switched in an effort to "save it." What does it have to be saved from? It certainly is in good taste. Its funny . . . Everyone who sees it likes it . . . so where and what is the trouble? The official word has it that the "time-slot is wrong."

Well why don't the networks replace a bad show with a good rating, with a really good show and get an even better rating?

Unfortunately, the sponsor involved won't give up a highly rated poor show and the fine shows are dropped, because they haven't been lucky enough to get a good time-slot.

Video programming can improve if it caters to the selective viewer, the one who wants a representative grouping of programs on his tv screen. Why must we have a plethora of westerns one year, detective shows the next and so on? There should be a versatility of shows, whether it be variety, western, private eye or animated cartoon. There shouldn't be a sudden rash of copyists of one successful formula, for all they do is cancel their own efforts in the long run.

It is most unfortunate that the sponsors won't put the quality of the programs above the level of the ratings. Every sponsor wants to be in the top ten; their interest is in the size of the audience upon occasion? What they fail to realize is that a minority in television is a vast majority in other fields. Shows aimed at a selective minority carry with them not only a greater appreciation of the program, but a vastly more effective result for the sponsor's message.

We are not declaiming that all of television should become a platform for artistic expression and hang the commercial aspects. We realize the need for sponsorship under the present system of programming. But we also note that audiences are becoming more selective, that their tastes have changed and are becoming attuned to the obvious patterns of tv show scheduling.

Take Sunday afternoons, for example. No one wants to buy time on Sunday afternoon. The public service, educational and "think" programs that are on view are pure "conscience money," as far as the networks are concerned. They can point to these shows and say, "Look at us, aren't we wonderful; look at the hours of worthwhile shows we carry!" Why don't they put on these shows in prime time? Because "formula" programs, the ones that fall into "this year's acceptance pattern," win these slots, while the worthwhile programs are seen on Sunday afternoons, the "cerebral oasis" of video. The agencies claim that no one wants to paint a picture, no one's going to look at, and no one wants to write a book that no one will read. So we turn to the mimeograph-like machines of success formulas, stick them in class "A" time, rack up the ratings and relegate the worthwhile shows to secondary viewing hours, or knock them off the air altogether.

Impossible Choice

The network actually isn't in charge of its programming. It's essentially a light socket, with the "bulb" being supplied by the advertising agency. The networks indulge in senseless competition, senseless waste of talent. It's deplorable when one of the networks announces a most worthwhile program for a specific time on one evening and another network has an equally worthwhile show on the same evening at the same time. This is totally unfair to the viewer, and in the long run even harms the sponsor, because he does not derive the maximum viewing attention he would get if he were willing to place his show on at another time, to cater to those who would watch his show and be interested in his sales message. It's the urge to "knock off the competition" and get that time-slot, that is ruining television.

There isn't enough of an audience, enough sponsors nor enough good shows to sustain three full networks, and as a result, they all suffer. We should have more

Who Says Gesundheit To Who?

By SOL SAKS

Hollywood.

If you ever want to know what your status is in the t.v. business, just sneeze on a set and count the people who say "Gesundheit" (only don't sneeze while the red light is on, because all you'll get is glares, I don't care if you're Troy Donahue unless maybe you're somebody like Abe Lastfogel and even then the prop man will just write "Gesundheit" on a small slate which he keeps handy for just such emergencies).

It's the most infallible status rating system I know.

Take note the next time you hear somebody on a studio lot sneeze. Unless, of course, the sneezer is your superior and then don't waste time taking notes but let out with a hearty "Gesundheit" if you ever expect to meet your payments on the Jaguar.

For instance, if the cameraman sneezes, the assistant cameraman says "Gesundheit," if the director sneezes, everybody except the producer, the star and supporting players under firm contracts respond—except the associate producer unless he is married to the star or has the live phone numbers or is a gin rummy pigeon, in which case it is optional.

If an agent sneezes, nobody even looks.

If the star sneezes, the walls resound with "Gesundheits" and MCA teletypes one in from New York.

Unless the show has been cancelled.

Then she could sneeze her pretty little head off and her own mother wouldn't give her a Kleenex.

Are you getting the idea?

Then There's the Ad Lib Sneeze

Now if a writer sneezes, there is no precedent to follow, because what is a writer doing on the set anyway? In a case like this you have to ad lib, because when a writer sneezes it's just a demand for attention and it's better not to encourage them, but on the other hand you should play it safe, because they sometimes get to be associate producers.

Only the immediate family and close friends "Gesundheit" for a bit player.

Unless she's pretty and your wife is out of town.

If a makeup man sneezes, all actresses respond and all actors playing 10 years or more younger than their age.

There are, of course, other rating systems like whose secretary gets who to get on the phone first, or who laughs at whose jokes, or who has the most obscure foreign sports car, or who goes home earlier, or who dares to be first to order a drink at lunch.

But this one is the most efficient and comprehensive. Because after all you don't put your neck out when you sneeze (unless, of course, the red light is on and you're not Abe Lastfogel) and everybody within earshot has to stand up and be counted.

For instance, you want to know whether your option is being picked up. Just walk past the personnel office, where the secretary is probably in the midst of that interminable conversation which all secretaries are always having about the dull things they did last night, and sneeze. If she doesn't even pause, you might as well look forward to renewing old acquaintances at the Unemployment Office.

If, however, she pushes down the hold button long enough to give you a bright smile and a seductive "Gesundheit" you can put in that requisition for new pencils with impunity and now you don't have to "gezundheit" for at least 13 weeks.

cooperation between all the networks, but this is regarded as some sort of "olympia" that will never be realized.

The program directors should assert themselves, as far as their product is concerned. We wonder, would they lose their jobs if they cancelled the bad shows in the good time-slots and replaced them with worthwhile shows? We hardly think so.

Who decides whether a show is good or bad? The critic? Hardly, for the critic has no real function in television. He can't warn an audience, as they do in the theatre. Once his views are read, the show is seen and gone. More shows should be previewed by critics, to put them in a reasonable position of authority and creative control. Television has lost such astute commentators of the viewing tube as John Crosby, merely because they were robbed of their true functions.

The industry should be willing to be judged by competent, intelligent critics, rather than by a rating system that takes a non-representative grouping of homes, refers to the same group, year after year, and allows this method to be the unquestioned standards by which the axe falls on months of creative thought and planning.

Content Undiscussed

The BBC, the English network, practices balanced programming. For years the English audience has been conditioned to selective listening and viewing. They don't try to completely smother the air with the shows that supposedly "everyone" is watching. "Everyone" turns out to be those who leave their sets on automatically in an area contacted by the rating system, and influenced by an erroneous concept of what is popular. There should be a vast range of programs for all tastes.

Shows should be reviewed by the critics prior to actually being seen. In this way the sponsor will exercise more care in what he chooses and the general level of shows will be raised. The sponsor should allow the creative people in television to control what makes up a program. He should merely select the time he wants and then turn it over to the experts. As long as this condition does not exist we will be victims of the destructive lack of perspective and will continue to be victimized by the juxtaposition of time and rating, rating and time.

Let's make it so that you can get the rating if you're good, not just if you appear at the right time.

France Alerted to Imminence Of 2d TV Channel But Wary Of Its Show Business Intentions

Paris. Posters around Paris indicate new video sets that will be able to pick up that second television channel without an addition of gadgets. Present set owners are assured that the extras for getting the new channel will only cost about \$30 to \$50. But just when it will be around is still not quite clear.

However when commercial interests put out their necks it is felt it can not be far off. Present estimates are for early '63 with a good probability of licensing private companies for programs, alerting vidfilm packagers and makers, but keeping control under the government even if ads will be allowed.

It is felt that the national arm, Radio - diffusion - Television Francaise, just does not have the money to do it on its own but the cultural, educational aspects will be severely safe-guarded by the RTF. But RTF head Raymond Janot pointed out in a recent talk that main interests are still focused on ameliorating the present one channel nationalized setup plus keeping up with radio, with the latter still important in France.

With over 2,800,000 tv sets in operation film interests are beginning to worry and again trying for that modus vivendi with it. Filmmites are against the growing plans to have the RTF make its own vidfilms. They feel a big side video production by present filmmites can smooth out things between them as has happened in the U. S. and Great Britain.

However Janot is trying to get present tv programming more diversified, better, and essaying the enlisting of higher powered talents and trying to rev up news aspects and keep radio programs high. He gave out all his video and radio plans in a long press conference not long ago. The following were his main points and promises to give video and radio viewers more for their annual license payments.

Radio Upbeat

Contrary to pessimistic predictions in the press of late, Janot insists that radio set sales are beating video. Last year 1,564,000 portable radios were sold to the 555,550 video sets, with 400,000 car radios also going in this period.

Transistor and car outlets usually go for the France I and France II stations which specialize in music, news and comedic shows. Growing FM stations are popular with the young who want the high fidelity output and 45 new FM emitters are in, or soon going into operation. France III and France IV will veer to FM to give it greater distance.

In summing up radio Janot gives the new breakdown of shows. France I will specialize in music (classic, light and jazz), and news events plus shows giving insights into news, art, and foreign aspects. Debates, variety shows and info on available live and pic entertainment, including critiques, will also be given.

France II will be regional to allow various parts of France to get on and reveal themselves. Musical shows from various spots, including dramatic offerings by decentralized legit centers will also be heard, and detective serials, song shows etc.

France III will be national in character and many programs will be done on such themes as the Franz Liszt 150th anniversary, Henrich Von Kleist's Anni, Victor Hugo, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and others. History, in political, social terms, will be aired as will be insights into dance, literature and theatre.

France IV will bank on FM and high fidelity with music favored of all types. Literary and poetry readings will be a part of it too. After his outline of radio Janot, of course, dedicated his talk primarily to video, which is the main air show biz facet in France today.

Janot stated that tv programming has to be varied and improved and intimates that it cannot be done with only one station. But he is silent on the exact coming of the second web though he feels it is imminent.

To try to please as much of the public as possible he says that all

types of shows are being mulled or already prepared, which will give entertainment and keep up the cultural and educational aspects due to its nationalized form.

TV is now at 55 hours per week with about 32% live and 68% either filmed, kinescoped or taped. Janot states there is now an emphasis on dramatic shows, both complete in one showing or as series, either filmed or live. Also, historical and social programs exploring various aspects of society are contemplated in series manner.

Many straight plays by state subsidized houses have been given, with boulevard comedies, plus a turning to filmed adaptations of noted short stories and books. An updated version of Balzac's "La Grande Breteche" won awards for French tv abroad, he says. Special dramatic shows for youth, taking in moppet-type programs, are also envisaged. But some months ago a kid slot turned out to be a discussion on the problems of unwed mothers.

Studies of pressing problems will also be hiked and shows on prostitution and racism were two of the most remarked and discussed programs this season. And special dramatic shows using stereophonic aspects, by ringing in radio to be placed behind viewers during the show, have been done with "The Persians" a notable hit.

A special variety show, giving key vaude and singing figures a whole show every month, has also gone well and more variety turns are being envisaged. Dance, opera, interviews, more vidfilms, quiz shows and vaude entries are also now in action.

Regular film showings, now about 10 per month, will be more severely selected. There will be series devoted to noted directors and their films. Yank companies mainly involved are UA, 20th-Fox and Columbia. Yank packagers, as well as locals who dub U. S. vidseries for use here, have also increased.

News reports have been changed with newscasters now shown standing instead of seated. Some are against it because it is uncomfortable and also means a lapel mike with a cord hidden in the clothing. But the fact that it is government controlled does not always allow complete freedom in news, though it is felt it has improved of late.

Janot points to more 15-minute dramatic series in the afternoons with each evening, key viewing time, having at least three differ-



FRED ROBBINS
"ASSIGNMENT HOLLYWOOD"
Syndicated Coast to Coast and Canada
(M.C., Host, Dee-Jay, Commercial Spokesman)
Personal Mgt.—Jack Beekman
Judson 6-2324 New York City

ent-type programs. He opines that when the second chain comes along neither will have the same type of show on at the same time so as to avoid that sort of competition.

Janot says that of course direct sporting events will be important as well as on the spot news, etc. Coproductions with other countries are contemplated for diversity and more series and even feature productions by the RTF itself as well as with film companies.

So Janot is bullish. But a VARIETY conducted sampling of viewer opinion displays some impatience with the production aspects of the programs and their general quality levels. More diversity is wanted and it is felt that private means, with the ability to get top talents, could bring this on. So, though things are burgeoning on the present channel, with good and bad points, what is wanted is a more hep show biz aspect that the second web, if it is partially licensed to private interests, could give it.

HONOLULU BOASTS 14 RADIO STATIONS

Honolulu, which had only two radio stations until after World War II, now has 14 AM outlets. KHAI, the newest entry, is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherman, of San Francisco. The 5,000-watter, at 1090 kilocycles, is headquartered in the Royal Hawaiian hotel. Moxie Whitney, orchestra leader at the Royal Hawaiian, is one of the station's initial voices. Format is along classical and semi-classical lines.



HUGH DOWNS

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The Four Freedoms of BBC

By KENNETH ADAM
(Director of Television Broadcasting, BBC)

London. Thirty-five years ago last Nov. I stood in an upstairs room at the top of a block of offices in the English Midlands town of Nottingham. This was a broadcasting studio, the first in my home town, and a source of wonder and pride. It was hung with several tons of curtains, and the microphone was slung in a great lumbering trolley-cum-cage. When you spoke it was as though you were on a mountain top. Your voice was thin and rarefied. I was a schoolboy, called upon to play the hero in a verse drama of "Aucassin and Nicolette." Opposite me played the wife of the local mathematics professor. She was fair, fat and 40, and I was deeply in love with her. When I got home, my father said: "Hm. all very nice but don't go and get it in your head that there is a career in broadcasting."

Ten years later, all that seemed very remote and old-fashioned. I was a journalist in London, and I came up one grey November afternoon from the subway at Oxford Circus and was attracted by a huddle of people outside a shop. I went up and joined them. They were all peering through a plate-glass window at a Lilliputian conjuror producing microscopic rabbits out of a doll's top hat. He must have been a good conjuror because sometimes his face went quite black, and sometimes he disappeared altogether. The crowd was just like a collection of children at a Punch and Judy show. Most of them, no doubt, like me, were seeing television for the first time, and even the blase Londoner, fed on daily marvels, found his imagination touched. Not everyone, however. One voice was heard saying that it was going to be a nine days' wonder, and another that no one would be able to watch for more than a quarter of an hour at a time. And then a policeman came along and moved us on, just as the conjuror gave place to a chimpanzee who seemed much less camera-shy.

Now, 25 years afterwards, VARIETY tells us there are 110 million television sets in the world, and I find myself looking after a Television Centre which is twice the size of St. Paul's Cathedral, and which has been built to produce 1,500 hours of electronic programs a year. It is a proud thing to be doing but it is not my career I am thinking about now but the BBC's, because it is, in all the essentials, the same BBC that was

spreading over the country in 1926, and was introducing television to the world in 1936, and has now consolidated its position as one of the leading broadcasting organizations anywhere. One that gives advice and help to many other countries in developing their own broadcasting systems; at any one time there are over 100 BBC staff helping abroad. And people come from all parts to look at Television at Television Centre, and, more, to study our constitution and practice. The Government statement that "the BBC will continue as the main instrument of broadcasting" in Britain does more than describe our domestic position. It means we represent Britain among fellow-broadcasters throughout the world. We regard this international position as vital because it sets a stamp, a world stamp, on national public service broadcasting.

BBC's Strength

What are the strengths of the BBC's position? I think they are four. You might call them our four freedoms. The first is that we are incorporated by royal charter, and not set up by special statute, or any other means. This is an important safeguard. It protects the conception of public service. The second is that the Board of Governors is the body corporate. They are trustees and stewards. The definition laid down for them in the last debate in Parliament before the first Charter was granted in 1926 was: "an independent body operating the Service in the interest of the public as a whole." It still holds good. When one of the BBC's producers had to make a film the other day for distribution overseas in connection with this 25th Birthday and he wanted to demonstrate visually the BBC's freedom, he asked if he could film the Board of Governors in session. There is much more to this than a mere form of words.

The third strength comes from the way in which we are financed. The license system has stood test of time. It provides a steady source of income directly related to a scale of payment by the public. In 39 years all the developments and expansions of the BBC have been achieved with only two increases in the license fee, and the Centre in which I sit now was built without borrowing a penny. The fourth strength comes from the limitation of the powers of the Government. There is no Minister for Broadcasting. Time after time the Postmaster General who answers questions at Westminster on technical matters will point out that it is not his function to intervene in program matters. Of course we are constantly subject to pressures. We listen, and if we think we should, we resist, and successfully. We are neither a market nor a platform.

Nor, of course, are we any longer, in television, a monopoly. Whether competition has been a good thing for the public is debatable; it has certainly been stimulating for us who work in BBC Television. We get about 40% of the audience overall these days. We would like it to be larger. We could do it, too, because on national occasions or when we go all out for sport, or light entertainment, we are at least as successful as our competitors. Five years ago, for instance, people were saying that perhaps it would be better if the BBC stuck to an educational role, and left show business to others. They do not say it so loudly now, and especially since the BBC won the prizes at the world's first television light entertainment festival at Montreux last spring, with a program which was in competition, by the way, with Fred Astaire, Perry Como and Sammy Davis Jr. Our light entertainment shows are turned out at the rate of 60 a month, and they range all the way from spectacle to situation comedy.

To get that 50% of the audience, which is still our aim, there is one thing we will not do, however, and that is to cut down on the number of "serious" programs, (incidentally we do not accept the view that "serious" and "entertaining" are mutually exclusive), which we put on at peak hours. We have no ghetto in BBC Television. We

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THAT R-REALLY GR-REAT 'SHEW'

All Kiddin' Aside, TV 'Still The Greatest Show on Earth'

By JACK BENNY

Hollywood. Television is the supermarket of the entertainment industry. It has something for everybody.

All you have to do is shop around until you find it. True, sometimes you get stuck with a bad piece of merchandise, but usually you can turn up a bargain.

So I would like to go on record with a few kind words for the tv industry. It sure needs them these days. To hear some people, you would think tv is about as popular as The Twist at the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

Complaints are hurled at the small screen from all angles and sources — government officials, educators, newspaper critics and by the public itself.

Some complaints are justified—especially concerning violence. I don't like to see violence on tv unless, of course, it's between an actor and a sponsor on some show opposite mine. That kind of bloodshed doesn't upset me at all.

Although I'm still considered a relatively young man, I have been on television 12 years. I also have four sets in my home, so when I'm not on it, I'm usually watching it.

People who criticize tv just for the sake of criticism or because it's the thing to do kill me. They usually don't take into consideration the number of hours television is on during the average week, the number of entertainment hours that have to be filled.

I don't like people who look at me as though I'm handing out free samples of bubonic plague when I ask them if they have seen any good shows lately. They explain in voices top heavy with frost that they don't watch tv—that a tv set is about as welcome in their homes as a herd of dancing bears.

I feel sorry for these people. They're missing the greatest show on earth.

To show you what I mean, just take your regular television guide, the one that you buy or else comes in your Sunday paper. In this little book you'll find roughly some 120 hours of television for one week.

Yippee, For Free

Take a week like I did . . . around the holiday season that's over now. It was a typical tv week, although there was an emphasis on the Yuletide period. I'll tell you the shows I was entertained by. It didn't cost me a cent. I didn't have to get dressed up. There was no parking problems. It didn't cost me—well, I've already covered that.

If I didn't think television was invented just so Bob Hope and Groucho Marx could make the income tax people happy, I would

say it was created for children. The shows kids can watch . . . Captain Kangaroo, Shari Lewis and her puppets, Bozo the Clown, Romper Room, Huckleberry Hound, Three Stooges, Yogi Bear, Magic Ranch, Soupy Sales, Bugs Bunny, Popeye and all the other wonderful cartoon people.

In the week I'm talking about, kids—and adults—were treated to a wealth of talent, sports, music, dramas, specials, feature films, some other good comedians, public affairs and kindred programs.

I even watched a few old movies. There were a couple that were offbeat—Jimmy Cagney didn't slug Pat O'Brien in one, and the other one was so old that Charlie Chan was in a patrolman's uniform.

All in all, television does a good job and has had some memorable moments . . . Ernie Kovacs' cigar went out . . . and Lloyd Bridges forgot where he was, and opened his mouth . . . the night Zsa Zsa Gabor admitted she was a lover of mankind . . . and Mickey Mantle cut himself shaving. Then there was the awful night music lovers like myself will never forget . . . Lawrence Welk beating time with his left foot!

I think television is a good thing. It's a great outlet for our emotions. It's entertaining and informative. But you have to know what you like. Me? I love it, that's all. It keeps my writers employed.

Weavers Nixed For Paar Show

A custom muted by time reared itself again last week in television, and as a result The Weavers were banned from appearing on the Jack Paar stanza over NBC-TV.

The folk-singing foursome was barred when they refused to sign loyalty oaths provided by NBC's standards and practices department. The oaths, asking them to state that they are not and never had been Commie party members, were rejected unanimously by the singers. Fred Hellerman, of The Weavers, said that his group felt strongly that no private establishment, in this case NBC, had the right to demand proof "of any citizen's patriotism." Hellerman and Lee Hays once invoked the Fifth Amendment during Congressional inquiries.

Paar was on vacation the night the singers were to have appeared. Sam Levenson was filling as host.

GLOBAL TALENT LEAD TO MEDIUM

By ED SULLIVAN

Spin a miniature globe of the world. Reach out your hand and stop it and it's fair to guess that on whatever country your finger comes to rest, our show either has visited or has imported performers from there to appear on our Broadway stage.



Ed Sullivan

Just for fun, I tried it last night. The first time I reached out and stopped the spinning globe, my finger came to rest on China.

It was only last summer that we were out there, in Hong Kong. One of the cutest things that ever appeared on our show resulted from that trip to Hong Kong. On the waterfront, we taped a group of cute Chinese youngsters singing "Fair Harvard," in Chinese! The touring Harvard Glee Club was about to appear in that colony so the priest in charge of these youngsters thought that the men from Cambridge, Mass., would be touched when they heard these Chinese youngsters welcoming them with the Harvard song. He was right.

On that same trip, we filmed the impressively poignant Canadian cemetery at Sai Wan, outside of Hong Kong. Here are buried the Canadian youngsters overrun by the Japanese on Dec. 7, 1941.

Recently, I was walking my dog on Park Avenue and a guest in our hotel stopped me. In a New York City hotel or apartment house, you get to recognize other residents, as a result of meeting them in the elevators or in the lobby. So you say hello to them and they say hello to you but rarely do you truly get to know them.

All I knew about this fine looking gentleman was that he was a Canadian named Price. He and his wife had lived in the next apartment, on and off, for years, on his business trips.

"I was very touched by your reference to the Canadian cemetery at Sai Wan," he told me and continued: "I was the commanding officer of the Canadian Rifles when the Japanese attacked Hong Kong and the story of the Canadian expedition to Hong Kong is a tragic one. We arrived there just two weeks before the Japanese attack of December 7, 1941. We were without transport and equipped with only light weapons because we had been rushed out from Canada to join the English garrison of about 7,000 fighting men. The Japanese used some 65,000 men against us so, at least in defeat, honor was satisfied but our casualties were very heavy. And in the following 3 years and 7 months, in Japanese prison camps our casualties were even worse. But none of us who survived ever had seen the Canadian cemetery at Sai Wan and that is why your reference to it, on your show, deeply touched all Canadians."

I suggested we'd be delighted to forward a copy of this footage on the Canadian cemetery. "That would be a tremendous thrill to all of us, at our annual reunion," he said. He gave me his card. It read Col. John Price and in the lower corner, "Canadian Delegation to the U.N."

I spun the globe again. When it stopped, my finger rested on Russia.

Russia

We went to Russia, for our State Dept. in August, 1959. We were there for four weeks and entertained 250,000 Russians in Moscow and Leningrad. To represent the U.S., I took along Rise Stevens, Negro star Margaret Tynes and Hawaiian Charles K. L. Davis, all in the operatic pattern. Also balanced.

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Another Old Rule Collapses: Clients Advertise Advertising

By HENRY C. ROGERS

(President, Rogers & Cowan)

Hollywood.

Am pleased to report that it has been a long time since I heard a television advertiser say, "We do not believe in advertising, advertising." The business has changed. Publicity and promotion are no longer stepchildren.

It was not too long ago that agencies would make recommendations to their clients to spend \$3,000,000 or \$5,000,000 for a television series—but they would forget one thing. They would forget that it is not enough to put a television show over.

They would forget that in buying print media, they were buying guaranteed circulation. In television there is no guarantee. They would forget that the only insurance policy they could buy to get maximum "circulation"—that is, a viewing audience, was to back up their program with advertising campaign.

I saw it happen every season. Two or three months before a show went on the air, but long after the television budget had been locked in, someone—agency or client—would say, "Incidentally, don't you think we should spend some money for promotion?" Too embarrassing to go back for another \$50,000, \$75,000, or \$150,000 for publicity-promotion and tune-in ads. Sometimes the problem was solved, more often it was neglected.

Agencies and clients now know that television is show biz. They now realize that in show biz, you must do more than just buy a show and present it. They realize that they must take a page from the books of the Cecil B. DeMilles, the David O. Selznicks, the Darryl F. Zanucks and the Samuel Goldwyns.

Gotta Do Something!

Network press and promotion departments are vying with each other in presenting dramatic and exciting ideas. The independent publicity organizations are wracking their brains to come up with unusual ideas to attract attention.

Is this good? Are we on the right track? Need ask?

Poll after poll, research project after research project have proven that fewer people are watching television. We had better do something to get them out of film houses and bowling alleys and back to the television set. Dramatic showmanship in publicity, promotion and tune-in advertising is the answer.

Long holdouts like General

Motors and Brown & Williamson have finally recognized the importance of promotion. Add them to advertisers like Du Pont, Westinghouse, Procter & Gamble, Lever Bros., Scott Paper, Bristol-Myers, Kaiser, Alcoa, General Foods, Campbell Soup, Quaker Oats, State Farm Insurance, R. J. Reynolds, and you can see the drift.

We all know that advertising helps the sale of a good product. It cannot make a bad product successful. A strong program promotion campaign can add rating points to a good show. It cannot save a bad show. It is just as simple as that.

As for specials, I don't think anyone can argue. With a special, an advertiser only has one time at bat. There isn't time to build audiences. Consequently, the advertiser knows that he must tell the potential television viewer in dramatic fashion what show he is putting on the air, on what network and at what time.

Consequently, the need for "advertising, advertising" in the television industry has now at long last become an accomplished fact. There is no doubt about the philosophy of the American businessman. He knows that if he has a good product, he must advertise it. He now knows that his television program is also a product that must be "advertised."

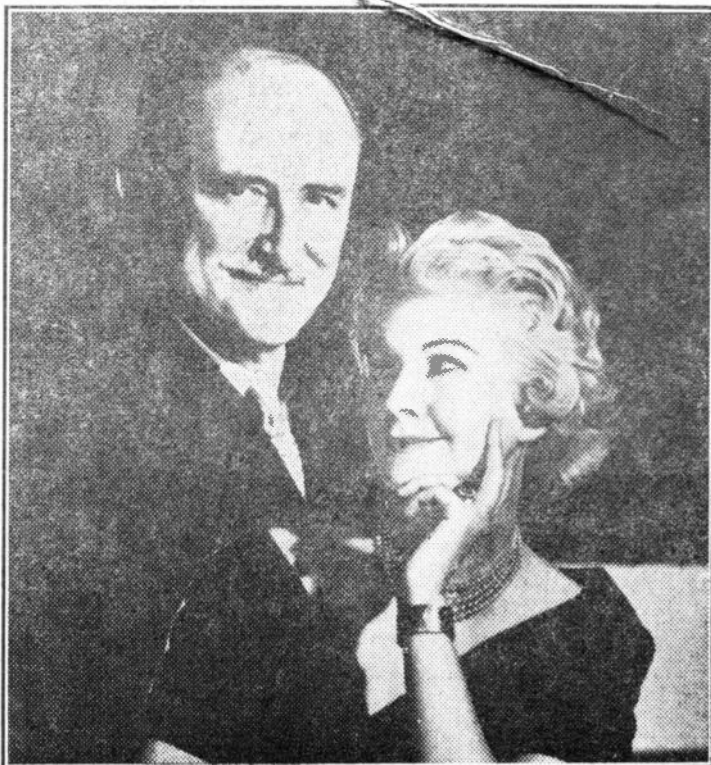
1-Shots Score 1-2 Punch on Nielsens

The Bob Hope (NBC) special and the fifth repeat of the Judy Garland film, "Wizard of Oz" (CBS) copped win and place honors in the Dec. 11 national Nielsen reports. "Dr. Kildare" hit the top 10, making it and "Hazel," its companion on NBC-TV's Thursday sked, the only new shows to make the list.

Bob Hope (NBC).....	32.9
Wizard of Oz (CBS).....	32.5
Wagon Train (NBC).....	31.8
Bonanza (NBC).....	29.9
Gunsmoke (10:30, CBS)...	28.2
Candid Camera (CBS)...	28.0
Gunsmoke (10, CBS).....	27.9
Kildare (NBC).....	27.5
Hazel (NBC).....	27.3
Red Skelton (CBS).....	26.8



JACK STERLING
C.B.S.



ED and PEGEE FITZGERALD

WOR's talking-est couple hold forth Monday thru Friday 12:15 to 1 PM—And on TV now and then!

What Makes a Good TV News Man? 'Typewriter-Fingers' With Blending of Personality

By JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE

One of the laudable developments in television is the increased attention given news by the networks, a move partly Minow-inspired but furthered by the discovery news could bring in important money. This was a detail local stations discovered long before but, no matter, news departments generally have benefited and so has the viewing audience.

However, if you look closely you'll note that the progress has been chiefly on the feature and documentary side. Most of the hard fresh news of the day on television is still served up by the networks via the standard 15-minute strips. This is proper, but how about improvements in the 15-minuter from the audience's side of the screen? Aside from technical advancements that allow more flexibility of presentation and make possible better film and tape segments are virtually nil. Let's itemize.

For one thing, too many producers and editors are still "picture happy." The theory that a certain amount of film HAS to be used is silly. There is nothing and never has been anything wrong with a man or a woman telling a story to viewers sans benefit of moving pictures. In the early days it was felt film should be used because tv news was still a novel commodity and film was the window dressing. At the time, this was sound reasoning. I remember the day just after the old "News Caravan" started I walked into the office of news chief Bill Brooks and told him I thought I should have about three minutes—barring evenings when some compelling story dictated a variation—in order to give a general picture of the news at the moment. I didn't get it and Bill, whose judgment was excellent, was right at that time. But times have changed.

For example, on tv today there's nothing I like better than to see an expert like Howard K. Smith, whom I've never met but whose work I admire, get in front of the camera without benefit of anything except himself and speak his piece. When he's through you know what he has said because it has been clear, concise and well and pleasantly presented. These are factors

of first importance for the manner of presentation is a vital point that sometimes gets obscured in the shuffle. Television news at its best is a blend of journalism and show business in the matter of format and in the manner of those on camera. A good newspaper reporter is not necessarily a good television reporter. I'm a supporter of the theory that the man or woman who gives news over the air should be a reporter, although there are exceptions, as in any field, and I freely acknowledge that some experienced announcers are very competent. Some 25 years ago when I was a newspaper reporter myself, doing radio on the side from the corner of a Kansas City city room, I was rabid on this subject, partly, I suspect, because I was interested in keeping down competition in a field that even then looked like a good one from my typewriter.

Now when I say "manner of those on camera" I mean just that. I'm not talking about looks, voice or any other one aspect except to the extent each contributes—and they do—to the overall. I'm talking mostly about the know-how, the tv savvy that enables the guy at the desk or in the field to come across. It's the clarity and to-the-pointness of his contribution; it's that certain felicity which makes him a welcome guest for when you enter a home on a tv screen you're a guest among the family. "News performance" is a more precise description of his work than is the simple term "news presentation." I know the word "performance" is sometimes frowned on in the news shops, which is foolish because it's accurate. As a matter of fact, it's a word that just as aptly fits the work of the best newspaper reporters and columnists. They inject into what WW always calls their "typewriter fingers" something of their own personality and experienced know-how. They're not just punching out a story, they are performing at their writing machines. And that's what makes them head-up above the crowd.

Liabilities

Getting back to the use of film and tape, judiciously handled they should be used only when they contribute through content and quality. If this seems obvious, you haven't been eavesdropping around the news shops. The comment, "the film isn't too good but it's all we had," is an explainer heard too frequently.

Another liability that is creeping into the picture, literally, is the foreign dignitary who can't be understood. In an interview a reporter, who speaks in easy-to-



MIMI BENZELL

Currently Starring in Hit Musical "MILK AND HONEY" Management Harriet Kaplan—Lilly Beidt

understand American, asks the man from another part of the world a question and the reply is unintelligible. It isn't the poor guy's fault. He's probably doing better with out language than we could do with his and in personal conversation he may not be too hard to grasp because your ear has time to adjust. But it's different in the quick switch of voices and brief statement technique of tv. Gromyko is a case in point, although by no means the worst example because sometimes you can understand him. Just the same I've watched and listened attentively while he replied to a tv query and damned if I know what he said. Of course, in his case probably I just missed another lie so it doesn't matter. The solution to this problem is simplicity itself. Show the person from overseas speaking, so people can see him, and let the man at the desk in the studio voice the gist of his words behind the picture. Elementary—seldom practiced.

Showmanship?

I see in current television news, too, some tendency to switch from the central studio to reporters elsewhere just for the sake of the switch and not because these men can report the yarn better or have covered the story personally. The device of switching to a newsmen at point of origination of news is solid when the development is a compelling one. This is especially so when it has been covered in person by the man who comes on camera. Even somewhat lesser but still substantial news sometimes can be handled to advantage in this way when the reporter has been on the story himself. Switching for a spot is also completely sound when the spot is given by an expert. Let's say on political or military matters, who airs his views with authority from his vantage point, which likely would be Washington. Otherwise, the man at home base cover a story taken from wire service material just as well as a man in the field using the same source. And he can do it quicker.

But tv is a mild offender compared with radio. Here, the old 15-minute strip largely has been replaced by the five-minute program. Take time out for commercials, openings and closings and there are about three minutes available for news. Yet it has become regular practice to inject into these brief segments a report, live or recorded, from a staff man overseas or somewhere at home that takes, with intro, a minute. That's one third of the show. Stories that warrant such an allotment of time on so brief a program are few. The men at home base can cover two and sometimes three good stories in a minute when he's boiling things down. And a five-minute program should be loaded with news.

When it's sifted down the true test of either a television or radio news show is the way it leaves its audience. If the coverage has been adequate in scope and if it has been so presented that viewers and listeners have a clear recollection of what they have seen and heard, a feeling that they know what is going on, the program has been successful. To attain this a staff of top tv reporters and analysts, knowledgeable management and smooth technical operation are all required. Oh, yes, money helps, too. But, generally, if the show is there I think the money will come in.

Nominations For the Cutting Room Floor

By STOCKTON HELFFRICH

Just let the loudness of thunder increase: a few more holdouts get religion. Not all of the recalcitrants, but at least a few more.

If 1961 proved anything to us policemen, it is that more of the policed sought safety in virtue. More of them, and in concert yet, discovered there is extra mileage in morality. They took the pledge, sincerely in some cases, less so in others.

Truth is, in fact, damn near everyone was looking for a fire to put out, convinced there must be many to go with all the smoke. Being a fire-fighter came close to comprising a status symbol. And mixing that metaphor, the bucket brigade was bolstered with so many deputations of emergency policemen that the traffic for us gatekeepers bottlenecked and jammed as far back as the cynical eye could see.

All of which is to say there was hardly a soul around any longer unprepared to T-H-I-N-K. Used to be you saw that word THINK and you clicked like an IBM. Come 1961, in television, no longer just so. We went from THINK to MINOW and that new watchword for months had the industry in a tizzy, as if you didn't know. Can't see it hurt us. From where I sit (how's that for a disclaimer?) a fair share of the criticism was a long time overdue despite, as Code Authority Director Robert D. Swezey qualified it, critical "charges and requests . . . obviously unwarranted." Nailing it down he added, "On the other hand, some (criticisms) are so well founded that only in hypocrisy can we deny them."

The Hill & Knowlton folks analyzing thought-leader criticism of television advertising found the barbs concentrated on such things as repetition, the number of commercials, taste (too much "bust, belly and behind"), and those plugs identified as being "insulting to the intelligence," short on "believability" and long on "exaggeration."

Re taste, have never yet found myself in discussion of it without someone presuming same a gatekeeper's automatic preoccupation. Well, yes and no. Although taste considerations seem inevitably always to be with us, they do fluctuate in nature from year to year. Personal Products Advertising—deodorants, depilatories, bath oils, corn and callus removers, cold and headache remedies, foundation

garments, laxatives and, it figures, toilet tissue, not to mention scouring agents for toilet bowls—all of these obviously present acceptability problems. I have to assume the Hill & Knowlton "bust, belly and behind" summation relates in some way (1) to the degree of audience exposure to these classifications of advertising in all media, (2) to the number of individual copywriter and production excesses at large extolling them and also, it appears, (3) to the number of placements of certain of these at questionable times of day in the broadcast schedule. Who does not know my old wheeze about copywriters who approach laxative copy as though they were writing a Cook's Tour of the alimentary canal? And variations, but for sure, have shown up, to mix the metaphor, in other channels of proprietary classifications assiduously exploring the nasal tract, the axillary, the spaces between the toes and even the cleavage between that somewhat fetish-ridden area of secondary sex characteristics common to women.

But exceptions notwithstanding and saturation peaks aside, experience supports the observation that the potential for improvement in Personal Products Advertising increased during 1961. Approaches generally seemed to us in the New York Code Office more positive in specific classifications. In others, where comparatively the upgrading continues too modest (there's a felicitous phrasing!), at least a greater degree of audience tolerance was won through sheer latter day consumer familiarity with the facts of life and with the products ameliorative to them. Taste, in brief, continued to vary with time and as a result of so many surrounding influences that it was judged as we went along: relatively, approximately, conditionally and always with the realization that we were aiming for the best while showing some honesty in admitting to, and working to eliminate, what was clearly the worst.

More Than a Hope

Granted it is the kind of observation which perpetuates a diaphanous like me in office for a further stretch, I sincerely believe, all the clouded atmosphere notwithstanding, television advertising and the programs which it supports are gravitating towards what honest folk have long believed desirable. But then I am an eternal optimist of sorts and have long held that, in this industry as elsewhere, people invariably want to be better than they are and/or than they are alleged not to be. Scoundrels are fewer than the sheep taken in by them. All that the average Joe of moderate influence needs is a good trend, the straight facts and

(Continued on page 113)



JIMMY NELSON

DANNY O'DAY, FARFEL, AND COMPANY
Opening Jan. 16, Riviera, Las Vegas
Still Selling Nestle's "Chaw-Clit"
Direction: WM. MORRIS AGENCY



DEAR FRIENDS:

Thanks for your Prayers and Good Wishes.

Sincerely, MEL BLANC

An American Success Story

Author Loathes The TV Medium That Made Him A Multiple Bestseller

By ALEXANDER KING

It all started something like this: Sometime in 1955 I began to write my autobiography. By the spring of 1957 I had 184 pages done, and while reading my manuscript, late one afternoon, I suddenly suffered a colossal hemorrhage from one of my stomach ulcers. My poor frightened wife called a doctor, who instantly ordered me off to a hospital. I was rushed through the streets of New York in an ambulance which clanged its way uptown through the theatre crowds of Times Square, and within the next eight hours my bankrupt circulatory system was enriched by six blood transfusions.

During the 17 days of my stay in the hospital I suffered many bitter misgivings about the future of my book. Would I live long enough to finish it? Would I have a long convalescence which would prevent my continuing with the job? Would some well-meaning editorial idiot hire some literary hack to complete my work in case I never got home alive? And other such thoughts.

At any rate, I did manage to survive somehow, and when I finally emerged from my sickbed, I took my 184 pages up to my friend Albert Hirschfeld for a critical appraisal. I brought it to him because Al, whom I have known for almost 40 years, was sure to give it to me straight. Incidentally, Hirschfeld has a wonderful hook of his own on the market at the moment. It is called "The American Theatre," and covers four decades of playgoing by means of his fabulous caricatures.

Well, he loved the book and suggested that I let S. J. Perelman look it over. He also thought that Perelman, who is an old friend of ours, might be able to suggest a likely publisher for my opus.

All this I did. Happily enough, Sid Perelman was enthusiastic about my manuscript, too, and in fact he took it personally up to Simon & Schuster, his own publishers, to see whether they were in the mood to launch it. It turned out that the publishers liked it well enough, and the only problem was, could I get it done in time for the oncoming season?

I not only got it done; it was actually published in November of 1958, and for a couple of weeks I was a very happy man, indeed.

So far so good. Only it wasn't really quite so far, and it certainly wasn't quite so good—for the simple reason that nobody really gave a damn about an autobiography written by a comparative nonentity, no matter how witty or sincerely the job might have been done. That is to say, all the pros in the publishing and theatrical world were familiar enough with my name, but most of the individuals in the professions quite naturally expected to get my book for nothing; with a suitable inscription, of course.

And then a really unexpected catastrophe fell down on me. There was a sudden strike of newspaper delivery people, and the couple of decent reviews I did get in the Times and the Herald Tribune were completely unavailable to the reading public.

You can imagine my despair. So, I ran frantically up to S&S, in the hope that somebody there would be able to think of some emergency measure that might help to rescue my treasured masterpiece from seemingly inevitable oblivion.

To tell you the truth, nobody was very optimistic about my chances. They'd managed to unload about 5,000 copies of the book (which covered their expenses as well as the \$1,200 of my advance), and, by and large, they had pretty well decided that meanwhile they had all better concentrate on the saleability of some of their other books.

As a matter of fact, the original picture for my cover jacket, which I had painted myself, was still standing in somebody's office at the time, and the editorial occupant of that cubicle made it pretty plain to me that this work of art was seriously obstructing the

traffic around the place.

It was a heck of a mess. And then somebody suggested that it might be a good idea if I went on a couple of radio programs and tried to peddle my stuff to the public directly. Some authors had already done this, with mixed or even doubtful results, and I certainly was eager to try it—no matter how questionable the outcome.

The first program I appeared on was a radio broadcast that took place early Saturday mornings, and when I arrived at the studio the place was jammed with foot-loose, bewinged airplane hostesses and several troops of colored Boy Scouts. What's more, everybody was munching chocolate-covered breakfast cereals which the sponsor had freely showered all over this semiconscious audience.

I was shattered, of course, and when one elderly idiot showed me a dozen admission tickets that he had garnered for other broadcasts for the rest of the day, I'm afraid I was really rather rude to him. That audience simply got me down. There obviously weren't any book buyers among these people, and I was sure that most of them probably had great difficulty in deciphering even the large print on their comic books.

The man who ran that unbelievable program was one of those gravel-voiced homespun types that absolutely give me the willies. He told jokes out of old Farmer's Almanacs, and all I can tell you is that by the time it was my turn to join him on the podium, I was so nauseous I had to hold a protective handkerchief in front of my face.

Somebody had typed some wisecracks out of my book onto a sheet of paper, and although the chief gazebo, or whatever the devil he was, had the volume itself right on the table, I was convinced that this mildewed oaf had never bothered to read even the publisher's blurb on the outside.

He beamed at me, of course, and said, "And how do you feel this fine morning, Mr. King?"

"I feel like a prematurely born baby," I said. "I've been listening to you for the past half hour—and I can honestly say that I've never before in all my life been immersed so rump-deep in wholeness."

I really don't know whether anyone in that unfortunate gathering had the vaguest idea what I had said—all I can tell you is that they gave me a great big hand. This unexpected applause heartened me sufficiently to take complete charge. I ignored the questions of my interlocutor from then on and just proceeded to tell a couple of the briefer anecdotes out of my book. The time passed quickly enough, and when it was all over several of the people on my benefactor's staff came around to congratulate me.

"You were a wonderful guest," one of them said to me. "You ought to go on tv. You ought to go on the Jack Paar show. I think you'd be very good, and he'd like you."

Well, I'm not going to torture you with any minute recital of what happened to me in the next few weeks. Suffice it to say that I appeared on 11 different radio and tv shows, and the results, as far as my book sales were concerned, were almost negligible.

But, finally, I did make the Jack Paar show, which was broadcast in those days, live, from the old Hudson Theatre. The first time I was on, I didn't make my appearance until about 10 minutes of one, which meant that I had actually about four minutes on the air.

I was sweaty with anxiety, of course. I realized that I had to do or say something really startling if I expected to make any sort of impact on the listening audience. Fortunately, I'd had a letter that very morning from a dear newspaper critic in Texas, a man totally unknown to me, who had loved my book and deeply sympathized with me for my multifarious physical ailments.

Among other things, he had



BOB RUSSELL

Creator of "YOURS FOR A SONG"
An ABC-TV Presentation by
arrangement with
ROBERT R. RUSSELL
PRODUCTIONS, INC.
250 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

written me the following: "I understand you have only the fraction of one kidney left. I heard, or read recently, somewhere, that kidney transplants from one person to another have become feasible lately, and if this is really so, then please feel free to call on me. I have two sound kidneys, and you are welcome to have one of them. I would not offhand guarantee the soundness of any of my other organs that come in pairs, but I am quite sure that my kidneys are altogether normal and healthy."

Well, I quoted this letter verbatim on that first Jack Paar program, and all I can tell you is that that studio audience laughed for a full minute and a half.

I was in.

I was in in more ways than one, since my publisher received orders for 28 thousand books in the next six days. That first volume of my autobiography eventually sold over 150,000 copies in hard cover, and about 2,000,000 copies in paperback.

So did my second volume. The third one is on the bestseller lists and doing fine, too.

I have, in the past three years, appeared almost 200 times on tv and radio, and that original book jacket drawing of mine that was in everybody's way when my book wasn't selling was exhibited in nearly 50 bookshop windows all over the country.

During that time about 100 authors have peddled their products on the Paar show, and only Jack's own book managed to sell anywhere near as well as mine. Which only goes to prove that there is, after all, no surefire road to success, even if you do get exactly the same breaks as the guys who somehow, mysteriously, made it.

The real irony of the whole matter lies, of course, in the fact that I absolutely loathe most of tv and think that as an entertainment medium it hasn't got a chance of redemption in its present form and setup.

But thanks, just the same.



ED HERLIHY

The B In A Newsman's Bonnet — From Bizerte To Berlin

By IRVING R. LEVINE
(Mediterranean Director, NBC News)

Rome.

Many of the big news stories of the past year seemed to occur in places with names beginning with the letter "B"—Bizerte, Belgrade, and, of course, Berlin.

Belgrade proved a number of things. It showed that a Balkan country with almost no experience in international conferences could provide more efficient radio and television radio and television facilities for a great influx of reporters than even Geneva itself. More significantly, it proved that the United States should not be overly concerned while forming policies about the sentiments of so-called non-committed nations. Had the United States resumed nuclear tests on the eve of the conference (as did the Russians), many of the 25 leaders gathered there would gladly have stoned the American Embassy. Russia's action was criticized only intermittently by the list of speakers and often in moderate terms. Intimidation seemed to work. Since many of the unaligned leaders had come to power by fighting Western colonialism, they reflexively took anti-Western positions on almost any issue. Happy exceptions were mature nationalist leaders such as India's Nehru and Burma's U Nu.

The tragedy of Bizerte was not without its sidelights of grim humor. For example, the mayor of Bizerte showed an unseemly anxiety about getting his family and himself out of the city when the French attacked. He was replaced, but not before he became known as the "Deserter of Bizerte."

The biggest news story of all was Berlin with its incredible concrete wall and its terrifying prospects as a threat to peace. Many aspects of the divided city remain in the mind of a reporter. But probably the saddest sight I saw in Berlin because of its long-term implications was at the Brandenburg Gate which is on the dividing line between East and West Berlin. Children from East Berlin carried bouquets of flowers to Communist police standing guard there. The children were thanking the policemen for protecting their city against Western aggression. Neither Kafka nor Orwell ever wrote of a greater distortion of facts in innocent minds. There are other sights that burn themselves into the memory on a tour of East Berlin. The tourist bus stops on Friedrichstrasse, the only street where East German police still permit holders of non-German passports to cross. Passports are inspected briefly by a Communist police officer who politely says "Danke Schoen" to each passenger.

Then the driver carefully navigates the bus zig-zag past concrete

barriers which the Communists have placed in a staggered pattern to prevent a car from dashing through in a high speed escape. The West Berliner who had been the bus guide in West Berlin is, as a German, not allowed to cross the dividing line of his own city and he sits on the curb awaiting your return. An East German guide joins the bus on the Communist side of the line and announces completely non-propagandistic facts about the sights you see: The bunker in which Hitler died—now simply a grass-covered mound. An electrical equipment plant named after Joseph Stalin. A gigantic monument honoring the 20,000 Soviet soldiers who died in the battle for Berlin. Stalin-Allee, or Stalin Avenue, with its Soviet-baroque architecture which causes a former Moscow resident to think he is back in Moscow. The guide points to apartment houses under construction in East Berlin, but when someone notices that there are no workmen around and no stockpile of construction material, the guide has no explanation. Understandably, she could not be expected to explain that all prefabricated concrete blocks, intended for apartment houses, were taken for the construction of the concrete wall that now divides the city.

Back in West Berlin with the West Berlin guide, the bus drives through streets where the heavy traffic is a contrast to the few cars on the road in the Communist part of the city and the stores stocked with luxury goods are the most striking material-contrast to the drab window displays on the other side.

Regardless of which side of the concrete curtain they live on, Berliners take pride in their sense of humor and particularly in their custom of affixing nicknames to many things. West Berliners say that their East Berlin neighbors have become bitter under Communist rule and that the nicknames they apply to people and things now reflect bitterness rather than humor. For example, East Germany's Minister of Justice, a woman named Hilde Benjamin, is called "Red Hilde" and bearded Communist leader Walter Ulbricht is nicknamed "The Goat's Beard." West Berliners I've spoken with think that their pet names reflect a livelier sense of humor. This may be so, but even West Berliners' nicknames seem Germanically heavy to an outsider. The new square-shaped Symphony Hall is called "Symphony Garage," the new modernistic opera house is affectionately called the "Crumb Cake" because of the rough texture of its stucco-type front wall, and a new West Berlin office building is known as "Bikini House." It's been given the name "Bikini House" because it has a protruding balcony on top and an open strip across its middle. Even churches are not immune. A church, resembling a Nissen hut because of its curved roof, was dedicated to Saint Canisius. The Germans call it "Saint Nissen's." On West Berlin's main street stands a church which was bombed hollow during the war. It was decided to leave it amid the chrome and glass new structures as a reminder of the horrors of war. The Germans aptly refer to it as "The Decayed Tooth." Still another church, quite new, is a low edifice of modernistic design that falls short of what its architects must have hoped to achieve. It looks something like an electric generator substation, and Berliners have been quick to notice this. It's not irreverently known as "God's Power House."

People of prominence, of course, are nicknamed. 83-year-old Chancellor Konrad Adenauer is "Der Alte," "The Old Man." West Berlin Mayor Willy Brandt is "Sonny Boy" and it takes only one glimpse of his scrubbed, alert, eager face poised on his high white shirt collar to realize why.

Everything has a nickname but the fence of concrete blocks that divide Berlin. West Berliners, strain as they will, cannot generate good humor about it. They call it simply "The Wall of Disgrace." It would be difficult to think of a more fitting name.

'No Article This Year'

By MILT JOSEFSBERG

Hollywood.

After a dozen annual articles for *VARIETY*, I finally and firmly came to the decision—no article this year.

Okay, so it's *VARIETY*'s anniversary. Big deal. Hoo bah. Everything and everybody has an anniversary once a year. My wife and I have a wedding anniversary every year, and by an odd coincidence it comes in the same month as *VARIETY*'s, January.

So every Jan. 26 on our anniversary does *VARIETY* write an article for me and my wife? It does not. On January 26 does *VARIETY* call us up on the phone and sing, "Happy Anniversary To You, Happy Anniversary To You, Happy Anniversary Dear Hilda and Miltonnnnnnn. Happy Anniversary to Youuuuuuuu?" It does not! It's true that I did get a card once from *VARIETY* on my wedding anniversary, but this was pure coincidence. It was one of those "Fractured French" cards, and when my wife saw it she wouldn't speak to me for a week.)

However, in all honesty I must admit that the above soliloquy is not the sole reason for not writing. To be truthful, I'm not writing my usual epic this time because of topic trouble. No, it's not that I was short of topics—I had too many of them. Let me explain.

Since there's no doubt that I'm a brilliant genius, dozens of topics popped into my mind. However, I discarded them one after another for varied reasons. First I thought I'd write a character study called, "I Remember George." I'm referring to George D. Lottman, the man I worked for as a budding pressagent so many years ago. The late great Lottman who employed them all for A (For Al Lewis) to Z (for Zolotow, Maurice). George's publicity staff, at one time or another, boasted such well known names as Al Lewis, the writer-producer-director, Sid Garfield of CBS publicity, Al Rylander who heads up NBC's exploitation, Hank Garson, the tv and film writer, Paul Mosher of NBC, Les Zimmerman of Rogers & Cowan, Milt Josefsberg, the writer who won't write an article for *VARIETY* this year. Lottman was also indirectly responsible for Mel Shavelson and Jack Rose taking brief baths in the muddied waters of public relations. And, finally let me list the last of the living Lottman alumni (alphabetically, not chronologically or talent wise): Maurice Zolotow, the Broadway Boswell, who has biographed most of the big street's big shots. His most recent achievement was putting Marilyn Monroe between covers. (That doesn't sound right, "Putting Marilyn between covers." But it sounds good.)

George D. Lottman was an unusual man of many moods and di-

verse talents. Most people remember him as a pressagent. I prefer to remember him as a songwriter even though he only wrote the lyrics for two songs that I remember. Yet the words he wrote for those two tunes will be heard as long as our country and our civilization continues. It's a most peculiar parlay, but George D. Lottman wrote the lyrics to what amounts to our Navy's National Anthem, "Anchors Aweigh." And Lottman also wrote the English lyrics to the Hebraic chant, "Eili Eili."

So—No Lottman Salute

But I'm not going to write about George. If any of his disciples should perpetuate his memory I'd like to nominate Zolotow. Maurice may not have known George D. Lottman best, but he certainly can bat out a better biography than any of the current chop of scribes.

So "Topic One," George D. Lottman was dropped. I tried another subject and came up with a topic tentatively titled, "Pet Peeves and Peculiarities of Comics I Have Known." Now there's a lovely literary subject for any comedy writer who digs unemployment. And, once again, I must be tiresomely truthful and admit that I enjoyed a wonderful relationship with every comic who ever hired me. I know this confession automatically disqualifies me from ever appearing as a guest on David Susskind's "Open End." I further realize that other comedy writers reading this will accuse me of apple-polishing the bosses. But despite the reputation of writers rapping the comics, I'm happy to state I've always admired all of my employers, especially the one who took me to lunch for my birthday, bought me several drinks in honor of the event and then canned me that afternoon for being drunk. I can see Jack Benny reading this and saying to himself, "Thank goodness people won't think it was me. Lunch I might take him to, but several drinks—never!"

My attitude towards the funny men who have hired me has always been similar to that of Jay Burton, the famed writer, bon vivant, and thumbsucker. Some years ago when Burton first started scripting for Perry Como he grew tired of the constant queries from people wanting to know what the "real" Perry Como was like. Finally Burton had business cards printed, and as soon as anyone asked the inevitable question, Jay handed the inquirer a neatly engraved card bearing the legend, "Yes, Perry Como is a nice guy." Goodbye Topic 2.

Topic 3 was immediately eliminated because it was titled, "How It Feels to Collaborate on a Script With a Beautiful Blonde of the



BILL SHIPLEY

Opposite Sex." I never got started on this particular project. It was a good idea, but my wife wouldn't let me do any constructive research on it.

Topic 4 was going to be a brief autobiography called, "Memories of a Mental Midget," but my wife scotched that one too. Oddly enough she didn't object to the title. Her beef was that when a man begins reminiscing it shows his age, and somehow she felt that my showing my age would make her feel older.

Topic 5 was called, "I Saw the U. S. A. the Bob Hope Way," and consisted of memorable moments of the five years and 382,000 miles I spent with Bob during the late '30s and early '40s. Topic 5, while rich in subject matter and filled with fond memories, died from the same ailment and reasons as Topic 4.

Finally I came to Topic 6, titled "I Gave Two and Three-Tenths Years of My Life to My Agent . . . or . . . 23 Years With the Same Man." Topic 6 was not a treatise on fidelity, but told of my spending nearly a quarter of a century with the same agent. I had real funny, funny gags like when we signed as client and agent. I should have been suspicious when he slipped a ring on my finger and put the words, "Till death do us part," in the contract. Oh, lots of jokes. But then I figured that it's a kicked subject. Knocking agents is the second most popular indoor sport in Hollywood. Too many jokes about their agents. Some one should defend them. Like when Joey Bishop appeared with Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin and said, "Why doesn't somebody talk about the good the Mafia does?" So goodbye my last topic—topic 6. I won't rib agents. After all, some of my best friends are agents. I respect them. And to tell the truth, I need them.

So that's it. I have no topic. I have no article. All I can do is start making notes for next year's article immediately. Or at least I'll jot down notes on why I can't write one.

'Networks Neglect The Kids': Keeshan

Minneapolis.

Here for personal appearances at Minneapolis Symphony orchestra children's concerts, Bob Keeshan, television's "Captain Kangaroo," asserts "the networks are neglecting the youngsters."

He said "we have the only daily program on the air nationally, and there surely is room for others."

Keeshan expressed the belief that this situation will remain "until the tv industry develops the patience necessary to permit the healthy growth of a program."

"A show must produce results immediately or it's shoved off the air," he explained. "There is no time for developing either a workable format or a sizable audience. The result is that the networks are content to turn children's programming over to the local stations, for better or worse."

Keeshan pointed out that "even 'Captain Kangaroo' had a rocky beginning."

"But CBS and the sponsors stood firm and this gave all a chance to grow up with the program," he said. "We're now in our seventh year, and it's amazing, I believe, how much more we cram into our program now than we did when we first started."

TV Alternatives for Britain

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

What does the future hold for British television? The first stage in answering that query will become known within the next three or four months when the Pilkington Committee, which for more than a year has been inquiring into the future of broadcasting services, will submit its report to the Government. That report will be the first step towards the legislation which will be enacted by 1964 when the existing BBC Charter and commercial tv licenses are due to expire.

Speculating about Pilkington has been a favorite pastime in the British tv industry for the past year or more, and that will undoubtedly go on until the report finally comes out. Meantime there is surprising confidence in both camps. BBC has put in a claim for an extra channel and for permission to run regional radio programs. Commercial tv interests have also staked a claim for a competitive channel, and powerful press, radio and tv combines have been agitating for commercial radio. They all believe they are going to get what they are asking for.

Lines Up To 625?

Additionally, several groups are in the running for pay tv, if the Pilkington Committee and the Government gives the go-ahead. And there is also a powerful agitation to switch line standards from 405 to 625, thus conforming with most of Europe, and for the introduction of color. There is confidence, too, that these claims will also be conceded, though the switch in lines may present technical problems and be introduced on a long-term spreadover basis.

It seems to be generally expected that 1964 will herald an expansion in British tv and radio services, but how the final legislation will take shape, may well depend on several unpredictable factors. Of prime consideration will be the economic state of the country at the time and the Government of the day may be reluctant to authorize the terrific capital expenditure involved in setting up new networks, if the country's finances are in a bad way.

Re Conservatives

There is little doubt that the Conservative party, which was responsible for authorizing commercial tv in the 1954 Television Act, still favors expansion for the competitive system, though it will have to recognize the volume of political and public pressure towards giving BBC an equal chance in competing for viewers. In normal circumstances, the Conservative Government would undoubtedly still be in office come 1963, when the new legislation will be introduced in Parliament. But these are not normal times. There may conceivably arise a situation within the next 12 to 18 months when the Govern-

ment may decide to go to the country and if that were to happen and the Conservatives were defeated, a Labor Government might take a different view.

As the Opposition during the passage of the 1954 Act, Labor showed its open hostility towards ending the BBC monopoly and giving a charter to commercial tv interests. Undoubtedly, some of that prejudice still holds good. It would, of course, be absurd to suggest that an incoming Labor Government would end the concession granted to the Independent Television Authority, but they may be lukewarm towards giving them extended services.

Profits 'Immoral'

One of the unique features of the commercial tv maneuvers for a second channel has been the subtle campaign inaugurated early last year by Norman Collins, deputy chairman of Associated Television. He admitted outright that the profits of the independent companies were "immoral." The only way to curb these high earnings, he suggested was to provide the commercial companies with commercial competition. In other words, a second independent network competing for audiences and advertising revenue would be the moral solution. That campaign has undoubtedly had its effect in high places, though there are a few sceptics who believe that the profit intake will only go up if there is a second commercial web.

They base their argument on precedent. At the time when commercial tv was being launched there were justified fears among the national press and magazines that they would suffer as advertising revenue would be hived off to sustain commercial tv. Though some papers and periodicals have fallen by the wayside, press advertising has, on the whole, shown a substantial increase; and it is felt that this pattern will continue if there is added tv competition.

One of the principal moves by most of the commercial interests is designed to end the mosaic by which the three principal regions are divided among the four major companies. They all want a straight-forward seven-days a week operation, and not to be restricted to a five-day and a two-day week as happens at present. In the event that the second commercial channel is authorized and that point conceded, there appears to be little doubt that Associated Rediffusion and Associated TeleVision would become rivals for the London area, while Granada and ABC-TV would share the North of England. Two newcomers would have to be brought in to operate the Midlands region, which is now run by ATV on week days and ABC-TV at weekends.

BBC Quiet

The BBC has not been making a great deal of noise about its campaign, but in its own quiet way (Continued on page 109)



JACKSON BECK

Announcer Actor Narrator
Radio TV Films
Judson 2-8800
Representative: Marjorie Morrow
Paramount Theatre Building, New York



PAUL TAUBMAN

Mr. Paul Taubman conducting The Symphony of the Air in an ALL-GERSHWIN TRIBUTE at Carnegie Hall, March 18.

'Why Don't You Write a Play?'

Or How to Plant Seed of Discontent in \$1,000-a-Week Comedy Writer's Household

By HUGH WEDLOCK, JR.

"Why don't you write a play?"

Herman Schlump was a tv comedy writer. He wasn't a big shot, but he wasn't a small shot. You might say he was a middle shot.

As part of the writing staff with one of the top comics in the business, Herman got a check for \$1,000 every Wednesday afternoon—less his agent's commission and the various deductions, of course. Every Thursday morning, Ethel Schlump took the check to the Bank of America, Studio City Branch, and deposited \$300 in their checking account. When she received the balance of the check back from the teller, \$100 went into Ethel's purse (the Schlumps always liked to keep a little cash on hand for emergencies) and then she went next door to the Glendale Federal Savings & Loan and put the rest of Herman's weekly stipend into their savings account where it drew 4½% interest from the day of deposit.

This arrangement, Herman working every week, and Ethel going to the banks with the same regularity, had kind of a squareness about it—but there were compensations too. Ethel didn't have to go to the Laundromat anymore. She and Herman had their own washing-machine—and dryer—now, twice a week a woman came in to do the heavy cleaning, and once a week the gardener came to cut the lawn and trim the hedges. Ethel, of course, watered the lawn herself the other five days (she wanted to, it gave her something to do) and Herman did it on Sundays, if the script was finished.

Once in a while, if Herman got home at a fairly decent hour, he and Ethel would either go to a movie or call some other comedy writer up and they would visit. Then the night would be spent talking "shop," knocking the comics, other writers, and all the tv shows, except maybe David Brinkley.

Now you may get the idea that Herman and Ethel lived a pretty dull life—and if you do, you could be right, but don't forget, Herman didn't know this, because Herman isn't as bright as the average person reading this article. After all Herman is only a plodding tv comedy writer working six, and sometimes seven days a week for a lousy \$1,000, and getting nowhere in the Arts.

Well, anyway, to coin a phrase, "One day, it happened." Herman had just come out of the parking lot from the gas station across the street from the studio (there was no parking space on the studio lot for him) and he bumped into a top tv writer who, at the moment, was on his way up to see a producer

about a huddle for an idea that could make a story that he was willing to put down on two pages if the series hadn't used "the family needs a second car" theme yet for a springboard. (Wow).

"How's it going?" asked the top tv writer. "Murder," said Herman, "especially when you gotta do 35 stories a season."

Through With Ratrace

"I'm through with this ratrace," said the top tv writer. "I only do two or three a year and then I stay with the play."

"What play," asked Herman.

"Oh I thought you read about it in *Variety*," said the t.v.w. "I've got this play I knocked out and Dave Merrick wants to take an option on it. My agent's in New York now. As soon as I get the word, I'll fly back and will set the deal. Then they can shove this racket. It really stinks, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," answered our naive, hard working, financially well off, talented and dull back, "but what can I do? I'm stuck. This is all I know."

"Oh don't be a jerk, Herman," said the top, "you're a hell of a comedy writer—you should write a play, too. Why, do you realize every time you write a situation comedy, that if you added one or two elements to the story, you practically got a play. Look, you do a script a week—alright, so Broadway's a little more demanding—so you take three weeks, five if you have to. By the time you kick it around with the producer, the director, the actors, extra pieces of business fall in, you polish it up on the road, and by the time you come to New York, you got a smash. Then you'll only have to write this jazz when you feel like it, not because you have to."

The seed of discontent was sown in Herman's brain, right then and there. He knew the top tv writer was right. He knew the only way to get respect in this business was to be important—and the only way to be important was to write a play. Herman made up his mind. All day long while he was struggling with the funny stuff for the top tv comic, he kept thinking of nothing else but the play. And when he got home that night he told Ethel all about it and he asked her how she would feel if he quit his job and went after the jackpot?

The Li'l Woman

Fortunately, Ethel wasn't the fainting type, Ethel just gave up. Here was a girl who, less than three years ago, did her own housework, her own laundry, her own hair, her own nails—she never did her own grass because she



BUCKLEY (BUCKY) KOZLOW

ANNOUNCER — ACTOR
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lived in an apartment in the Bronx and that was not her responsibility, but here was a girl who was living the life of a parttime sybarite, even though she didn't know the meaning of the word—and she was not about to give up this life. "Write a play, Herman? What are you nuts or something? Do you know how tough it is to write a play? Didn't you read Moss Hart's 'Act One'? Don't you know you can work for a year, maybe longer, without a penny coming in? Suppose it's a flop, then what? So suppose you wrote a play. Herman, I'll bet right now there are a hundred guys writing plays and they would quit tomorrow if they could get your job—you know why, Herman? Because you are working for a top tv comic and you are getting a check every week and they aren't!"

Herman was on the verge of protesting Ethel's argument, but her last words about weekly check discouraged him. Then deep, deep down in his subconscious the horrible thought occurred to him that maybe, even if he wanted to, maybe he couldn't even write a play. However he saw no point in admitting this to his wife, but little by little he let her talk him out of such foolishness—and he even agreed with her that writing for a top tv comic was a pretty good way to make a pretty good living.

But there was one thing Herman insisted on—and he made Ethel promise that she would let him do it. If this show was ever dropped, and he was let out—while he was laying off—instead of freelancing, knocking around, trying to sell a story here and there—instead of that, Herman would write a play. Ethel said she had no objection to that—that was the smart way to do it—and Ethel is right—and Herman is right—but Herman will not do it, ever, because Herman is not smart—Herman is a \$1,000-a-week tv comedy writer, who next year will be asking for \$1,500 and settling for \$1,250—and it will get tougher and tougher, and tougher, and tougher and tougher...

WRAP UP 'CHEYENNE' FOR '62-'63 SEASON

Hollywood.

Warner Bros.' "Cheyenne" series received what's believed to be the first renewal for next season, with another semester assured for the western series on ABC-TV.

It will be the seventh year for the Burbank lot's most durable series. Clint Walker stars in the oater. Next season will also be Walker's seventh and last under his present WB contract.

Nixon's 'Man In Crisis' May Be TV Series

Hollywood.

Feelers are out to package the life of former Vice President Richard N. Nixon as a television series. Show would be based on Nixon's autobiog, "Man In Crisis."

David Oppenheim, who recently exited Saudek Associates, has been talking with Nixon about producing the video series.

LAMENT FOR SHOESTRING AND ORCHESTRA

By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

"Did it ever occur to you," my friend asked, "that we would call them the good old days?"

"Call what the good old days?" I asked.

"Radio," he replied irritably. "Haven't we been talking about Radio as we used to know it?"

It was true that we had been talking about Radio as we used to know it but it had never occurred to me to call it the good old days. I said as much.

"You're not writing tv," my friend said.

"I've written tv," I said.

"Well, then?" my friend asked in a tone indicating there could be no further argument.

He wasn't one of the more famous writers in the business but his name had been on plenty of good scripts. His income had occasionally run as high as \$90,000 a year. How good a craftsman he was I had reason to know firsthand, we had been teamed up on jobs from time to time. His experience went back 30 years. He had worked in Chicago, New York and Hollywood. Earlier this evening he had phoned to say he was in New York from the Coast for a couple of days to ask what I was doing, hence his presence in my livingroom with a drink in his hand.

"Well, I say those were the good old days," he asserted and with some of that sternness he used to assume when we were collaborating and I did not agree with something. He wasn't the older of us but he made more money so he could be stern when I disagreed.

"I'm willing to look back on Radio as the good old days," I said. Unlike my friend, I did not stay switched to tv writing after four years of it but returned to Radio, in which I stayed until last year. Now of course Radio drama is dead. I'm writing a book.

"Hey," my friend said, his face lighting up, "remember the time we had Carole Lombard on that script—when was it?"

"I don't know," I said. "1941, wasn't it?"

"Around that time," He laughed reminiscently. "I'll never forget it. Right in front of the whole damned agency she said the script stank."

"It was our script," I reminded him.

"Of course it was our script." He sounded as annoyed with me as he always had when I seemed slow getting a point. "But didn't she say it was because they should have gone for the first storyline we submitted?"

"Yeah," I conceded. "That's what she said." He was having such a good time remembering the look on the faces of the agency crowd, among them the guys who had said our first storyline stank and ordered a second, that I decided not to remind him that Carole's demand for a return of the first storyline caused us to stay up 48

hours rewriting the script in time for the show.

"A guy could always depend on Carole to stand up for what she knew was best," my friend said. I agreed that was so. "Of course, our first storyline did give her more to do." That had been the case too.

He stopped chuckling and we sat for several silent minutes stripping the little beads of moisture from our glasses—not our spectacles, our drinking-glasses. At length he said, "I don't care. Those were the days."

'Radio Drama Is Dead'

"Look," I said, "Radio drama is dead. They finally took it back of the barn, knocked it in the head and buried it. What's the use of crying?"

"Because it's dead," he said. "You're supposed to cry when something you loved is dead."

"Oh, cut it out," I said. "Something you loved. I wish I had a buck for every time I heard you ask whatever made you allow yourself to get sucked into such a business."

"That was just rhetorical," he said, placidly. "Just rhetoric. I had a course in Rhetoric once and had to make some use of it. Besides there was more dough in it."

"What, Rhetoric?"

"Pour me another drink."

"Just a minute," I said. "You mean to tell me you're not making more than you did writing for Radio?" He was working all the time.

"It's the truth," he said. "It's because of all the time-lag in tv. Didn't it used to be no more than two weeks sometimes between an okay on an assignment, the broadcast and the check. Okay, now it's two, three and even five months."

"But look at the difference in prices."

"I don't care. It doesn't even out. And something else. There's nowhere near the artistic satisfaction."

"The what?" I asked.

"You heard me, the artistic satisfaction. You want me to tell you what's wrong with tv? You want me to tell you?"

"Okay," I said. "You tell me." I rose and took his glass to refill it.

"Too much dough," he told me sententiously.

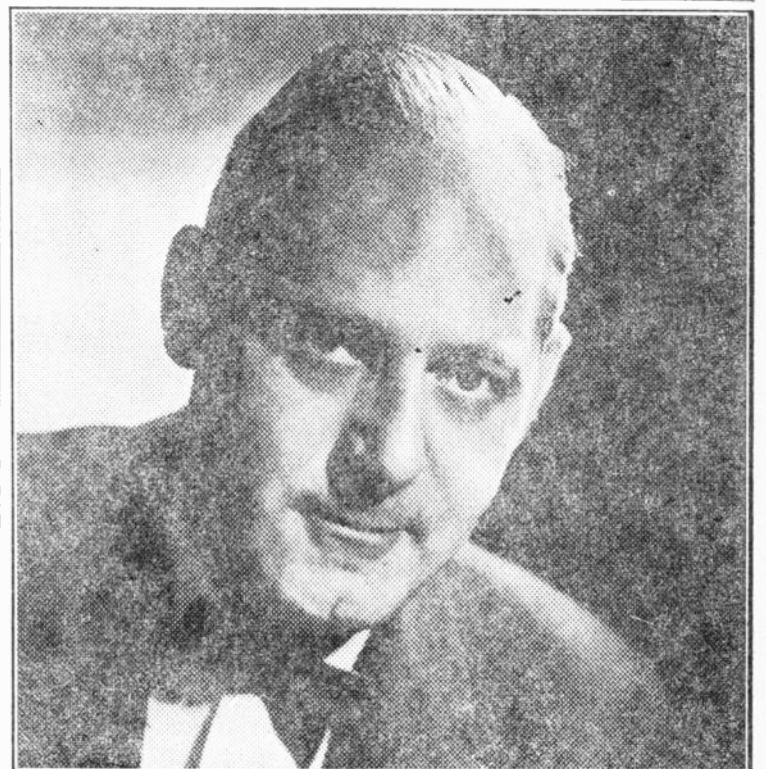
"You just said you're not doing so well."

"Too much dough," he repeated, stubbornly. "It wasn't enough that the medium itself required more dough for production than Radio, they had to go multiplying the costs with spectaculars and the like which everybody thought they had to try imitating." He took the fresh drink I gave him. "Lux Theater used to have a weekly budget of around 23 thousand. We all wondered how they could sell that much soap but look at some

(Continued on page 106)



JAY JACKSON
ANNOUNCER, M.C., NARRATOR
JU-2-8800



BEN GRAUER

NBC

RADIO

TV

There's No Escape From 'Rating Blues'

By MAX LIEBMAN

Back in the legitimate theatre, after a decade of producing television shows, I was able to bear up under all the new costs and hazards because of the joy of knowing my show was beyond reach of the sorcerers who make up the tv ratings. The theatre, during my absence, had not become survey-prone. A producer was still considered competent to run his business without the divinations of the necromancers. He could rely on his boxoffice to tell him he had a hit or else had till Saturday night to get out of town.

Simple, eh? Why, downright pastoral.

Well, we opened our revue, "From The Second City," to generally favorable notices, some exceptionally good, and also won immediate enthusiastic word of mouth. The window was reasonably lively, the mail orders didn't break the postman's back but we were "building." This early prosperity and continuing public esteem emboldened us to think of ourselves as a moderate hit. But in a matter of weeks the boxoffice disagreed with our estimate. The pleasant rise in receipts stopped. Then they sank a bit and finally held at a maddeningly consistent level. We were doing well enough to meet the payroll and afford some promotion, and not well enough to enjoy the relaxation that comes to a producer when his show has found its place. We were an "in-between."

Suddenly it wasn't simple any more. Suddenly I knew something else: I was caught in the numbers racket again—there was no escape from the "Rating Blues." We found our rating in the boxoffice statement. This was a thing of inexorable fact, not of speculation and fancy as in tv. A boxoffice statement is a rating you can't dissolve in a clutch of Bloody Marys. But you can "explain" it away. I realized—rather, I remembered—the great wealth of folklore in the theatre that sheds a disarming light on all hostile circumstance.

There have been classics among the excuses for poor theatre business. A whale on exhibit at a Hudson River pier was once called too much competition for 32 theatres, and once (genuinely) Milton Berle's Tuesday show in the early days of tv wrought destruction. It has always been too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry. Groucho Marx, when he was in the theatre, had a collection of zany alibis that were usually accepted in all solemnity. The late Gene Lockhart was embarrassed when an actress in his company took seriously his quip that the slump could be attributed to the death the day before of the Bishop of Vienna. The actress regretted the passing of the eminent churchman, but thought his timing a little unecclesiastical.

Our general manager at the theatre, a stranger to perturbation, could be considered one of the most imaginative men patrolling a boxoffice. When I once complained that the night's receipts were lower than the matinee's, his look asked me why I had found that worth mentioning.

"It's dark at night," he said, and his gesture invited me to examine the sky.

Darkness as a causative of poor business in an industry catering to after-dark customers eluded me. But I didn't pursue it further. I knew that the "explanations" did not alter the mathematics on the statement.

How Not to Live With a 'Hit'

This boxoffice dissidence was all the more galling because the impression remained widespread that we were indeed a hit. I was showered with congratulations, and my friends acknowledged our success by imploring me to help them purchase choice seats. ("Purchase" was a word of reassurance that they couldn't hope for passes to a sellout). Other friends, confident the show was in for a season-long run, said they could hardly wait for Spring vacation so they could take the kids. You don't disavow a hit, so you don't urge their sorely needed immediate support. The upkeep on a success image can run into money.

Meanwhile, back in the lobby, my general manager was singing the tunes in the extensive Shubert Alley repertoire: "Baby, It's Cold Outside," "Wait For The Silver Lining," "There's A Great Day Coming Manana," "Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered"—(con spirito).

The next time I do a television show, I shall be well fortified with the optimistic spirit that I find in the theatre. I am confident that I can establish to the satisfaction of a tv sponsor that a low-rated show serves him best. Any researcher worth his salt can make a fine case for the absence of listeners from any given tv show. The family is all down at the store loading up on the sponsor's product.



RALPH CAMARGO
ANNOUNCER—ACTOR—
NARRATOR
Billie's Registry
PLaza 2-7676

"Comfort Me With Apples..."

By STAN DELAPLANE

San Francisco.

Over the weekend, I did a tv show. I feel quite dismal at these things. But tv people are convinced that if you play barrelhouse piano, you will be a heartbeat on the violin.

"It is just like writing," said the tv people. "Only here you say it. Make it comfortable for yourself."

* * *

"If you will sit here," said the makeup man, "we will put on something to cut down the glare. Now just make yourself comfortable."

I should say this was done in a large studio. There was a good deal of moving cameras—these things are mounted. They require the same energy as if you were moving a grand piano. There was plenty of noise and activity.

"If you are going to do this sort of thing regularly," said the makeup man, "you should get a hairpiece. We all come to it," he said with a sigh. "Are you comfortable?"

"Certainly," I said uncomfortably. The makeup man began spreading brown grease on my face and drawing pencil lines on my noggin. "A little optical illusion," he said with a smile.

* * *

"The main thing," said the director standing beside me, "is to have fun with it. Relax."

"Think of it this way," he continued with a holy look in his eye. "You are in your own living room. A couple of friends have dropped in. You chat. That's all."

"Who are my friends?" I asked.

"Your friends tonight," said the director consulting his script, "are Rosemary Clooney, one of America's top recording artists, and her talented husband, the famous actor, turned director, the distinguished Jose Ferrer."

"Close your eyes," interrupted the makeup man. "I want to cover up those bags."

"Do you think they will want to be my friends?" I said. "When I look so terrible?"

"Just be comfortable with them," the director advised.

* * *

Well, no use going into details of this shambles. I can only say that when I stepped down on the line, "I have as my guests . . ." I not only stepped down. I tripped over the rug, too.

I tripped over several lines. Between takes—this means each time they take the picture, over and over and over and over—the makeup man hustled up with powder and puff in hand.

"Don't forget what I said about the hairpiece," he said.

"I shall never forget it," I said bitterly.

"All right," said the director, "let's do it once more. Take 11."

* * *

This important production will appear somewhere and will cover 27½ minutes.

I started at six in the evening. I finished at 3 a.m. next morning.

"You looked great," said the director. "You looked comfortable."

I wish I'd said that.

The Angry Manheim

By MANNIE MANHEIM

Hollywood.

I have been asked by some who are on the outer fringes of the television dodge, whether Perry Mason is all that he's cracked up to be.

Certain suspecting viewers have urged me to comment upon Mr. Mason's unbroken string of victories in the courts—but the request is that I probe into depth and not simply offer the obvious observation that Mason always wins and the district attorney loses.

Reluctantly, then, we examine microscopically, the case against Lawyer Mason: Our first suspicion is directed toward Lieut. Tragg of the Homicide Dept. of Earle Stanley Gardner's successful domain. And what do we find?

Well, we're not about to accuse Lawyer Mason of splitting fees with Officer Tragg but we do suspect a certain amount of hankypanky. Those who are ardent Masonites are aware of Tragg's soft-spoken, extremely polite demeanor; that he is a veteran on the force and devotes all of his time in tracking down suspects who later find themselves in that miniature courtroom, being defended by Lawyer Mason.

Now this can't be all coincidence. Not for a period of five years. So, as we said before, we must believe that there is a link some place between Tragg and Mason.

Delving deeper into depth, we, reluctantly again, must charge that Lieut. Tragg has made at least 200 false arrests. Now, that doesn't look very good for the Los Angeles Police Department, a most efficient group.

We must further charge that Tragg, by picking up the innocent defendant each week, also places the District Attorney in a most unpleasant light and actually makes Mr. Burger, the D.A. appear to be incompetent. We can go further than that—during the five years of Mason's exposure on the tube, District Attorney Burger has been the literal laughing stock of those in the law business. This is most unfair to an honest public official.

It is our feeling that Chief William Parker of the Los Angeles Police should call Tragg in for a heart-to-heart. Parker might ask Tragg how come you don't ever catch a guilty killer?

Why Always the Gal?

Our probe also reveals that a certain amount of guilt should be charged to the Colgate people who sponsor Mason's weekly victories, courtesy of Tragg. Although, Colgate's commercials are not truly germane to Tragg's indiscretions, we cannot neglect to take note of the injustices pictured in the Colgate commercials wherein their boy and girl bad-breath scenes have yet to reveal any unpleasant breath in the males of the duos—always the females.

Our research discloses that regardless of whether the male and female are about to kiss in a car, a boat, at an airport, or wherever, it is always the male who disappears from the scene because of the female's lack of Gardol.

Of course we don't connect Lieut. Tragg with the commercials but researcher doesn't pass up a trick, as they say around the stationhouse.

We don't desire to cast any aspersions upon the legal ability of Mr. Mason nor do we complain about the private detective work done by character Paul Drake. It's just the whole picture that causes us to wonder whether Drake's job isn't a cinch because Tragg has hustled in the innocent ones? And hasn't Drake prospered financially, too, otherwise where would he get the money to purchase those outspoken sport jackets?

We do compliment Mr. Mason upon his dignified manner which reminds us, although we hesitate to mention an unpleasant moment in our electronic history of those quiz contestants who had all the answers and played it cute and coy.

Another point, quite unimportant but still a point, is that, invariably, Lieut. Tragg can open any desk drawer and come forth with a shooting iron. This situation has made such an impression upon us that we are considering the purchase of a new desk complete with revolver-drawer. We were going to mention that the filing cabinets at Tragg's precinct seldom have more than one or two folders in them—but we won't hang the rap for that on to Tragg as it's quite obvious that the prop men who have charge of filing cabinets in the medium of tv are not about to put many folders in them. In Sheriff Andy Griffith's files, there's absolutely nothing except a coffee cup or pot. But Sheriff Griffith is a long way from Lieut. Tragg of Homicide—but, for some unknown reason, we believe that if Andy Griffith were hired to handle Tragg's job, he might very well arrest a guilty killer and Lawyer Mason would then find that he was not the Babe Ruth of the Courthouse.

Now if we can get Jose Melis to quiet down the midnight volume of his orchestra, our mission for this year would be fulfilled.



BILL STOUT

"THE VERDICT IS YOURS"

Monday thru Fridays

CBS-TV



BROOKE TAYLOR

Management, FRANK COOPER ASSOCIATES

The Actor As Actor

By EUGENE BURR

A few months ago, doing a Dupont Show of the Week, I managed to stir up a minor tempest in a miniature teacup by perpetrating what columnists, network executives and other fauna indigent to the wasteland were pleased to call weird casting. I had Cesar Romero, longtime suave Latin of the leaping celluloid, playing a heavy dramatic role as an Austrian Jew in a concentration camp; Frank Lovejoy, he-man hero, as a Nazi colonel; Jerry Lester, erstwhile harlequinading host of the no-longer-open Broadway Open House, playing a straight dramatic role; Paul Tripp, the Mike Todd of the moppets while his Mr. I. Magination was functioning, in a sharply etched and bitter characterization; Enzo Stuarti, a fine singer who had just clicked handily at the Persian Room, in a delicate and pivotal dramatic role; Cliff Norton, a fine comic, playing a far-from-comic fellow named Hitler; Edward Atienza, another singer, as a companion-piece named Himmler; Lou Nova, the occasionally horizontal heavyweight, pretending to be an SS captain; and a hitherto unpublicized young actress named Sandy Smith in the lone feminine role. As a concession to accepted sanity, such stalwarts as Russell Collins, Tom Gorman and Doug Parkhurst were also in the cast; but their presence wasn't enough to still the bleats of wonder at the "unconventional" selections listed above.

Despite the yawns of the innocent, however, the casting wasn't unconventional at all. It was merely the fortuitous concentration in a single show of a practice I've been following since the days when dinosaurs roamed through Shubert Alley. It's a practice based on the hardly startling theory that a good actor knows how to act.

This, it would seem, is self-evident. Yet it's amazing and discouraging to realize how many of the impassioned amateurs who are entrusted with the task of allocating jobs to actors fail either to realize it or to act on it. It's so much safer, of course—particularly if you have little more than a nodding acquaintance with either your job or the field in which you work—to latch on to a personality-purveyor who happens to have the personality you're seeking at the moment, or to hire an actor who has just finished playing approximately the same role in a different play. That way, you're safe. You're also denying to the good actor a chance to prove that he knows the fundamentals of his craft. Or his art, if you want to get stuffy and studio-ish about it.

For to the good actor (and "good actor" is really tautological, since an actor is either good or else no actor at all) his own personality, his body, his face, his voice are merely the instruments upon which he plays. If he's conscientious, he perfects those instruments—but he uses them merely as means to convey, to the best of his powers, the maximum impression of the character written by the playwright, and to achieve, through them, the maximum emotional effect upon an audience. They are the means, not the end, of his art.

The actor superimposes the creation of the playwright upon his own personality. It's only the amateur who permits his own personality to determine the limits of the characterization. And it's only the amateur who casts according to personality or type. If you know what you're doing, you know that sincerity and technique and emotional contact with the audience in one type of role guarantee the actor's ability in other types; you know that effective interpretation of a serious song indicates the ability to interpret a role effectively; you know that a man who can sway an audience at will in comedy can sway them at will in tragedy too, providing he's mastered the basic instruments of his trade. And, if you know your own business, you know whether or not he's mastered them. The late Leslie Howard was one of the greatest of drawing-room actors; he was also the greatest Hamlet I've ever seen. (And the Hamlets I've seen include everyone from Barrymore to Evans and Olivier).

Type casting (and its mongoloid cousin, personality casting) takes two-thirds of the excitement out

of theatre and theatre-going. It levels out the wasteland so feelingly described by the Minow that tries to act like a whale. It takes the heart and the blood out of acting, and denies the theatregoer or viewer the thrill of watching an actor act. Yet it's the usual approach to the choice of actors for any series of roles. It almost always has been—stretching back from today's television to the balmy days when Broadway floated high on a river of bootleg gin. Because, of course, it's easier. And it hides any lack of talent or knowledge or perspicacity on the part of the fellow who's doing the choosing.

How Bogey Got 'Bagged'

On the ironic side, take the case of Humphrey Bogart. For years on the stage, before he was more than a vague name to the gold-filled Hollywooders, Bogey was a leading man, mostly in drawing-room comedies; you rarely saw him behind the proscenium without the protection of a hard-boiled shirt and similar accoutrements of the pre-depression princeling. Then Gilbert Miller, a knowing and highly talented theatreman as well as a producer of plays, cast him as Killer Mantee, gangster chieftain, in "The Petrified Forest." The type-casters shuddered and echoed their warnings of doom; but Bogey's performance was sensational. It was so sensational that, when the play was bought by the satraps of the cinema, Bogey was bought along with it. He duplicated his stage impersonation on celluloid, to equal acclaim. And from there on in, this fine actor, who for years had been permitted to appear only in the etsy-petsy vagaries of parlor comedy, was permitted to appear only as a gangster or thug. One restriction was of course as ridiculous as the other.

Of the many tragedies that type casting has caused, probably the most pathetic was the case of Moffat Johnston. Johnston was, without question, one of the greatest actors on the American stage. He appeared in play after play, in roles that ranged from tragedy to comedy (in the latter category, he was the original male lead in "Twentieth Century"), from Nazi generals to French detectives to Bowery bums. In each, he was superb. In each, he so sublimated his own personality, he so completely and convincingly wrapped himself in the characterization provided by the author, that it was quite literally difficult to recognize him from part to part. And, of course, he wasn't recognized. The critics knew it was the same actor—after all, they had programs to tell them. So did a few playgoers. But general recognition was denied him—while personality players, not worthy of strutting on the same stage with Johnston, leered and postured and permitted the enamored public to sample their gimcrack wares, and went on to acclaim and swollen bank accounts and places in the Pantages pantheon.

Johnston was not only a good actor; he was also an intelligent man. As a good actor, he refused to abandon his ideals of good acting; as an intelligent man, he knew what they were costing him. So at last, in desperation, he wrote a play for himself in which he would play a detective who appeared in no less than 17 complete and dissimilar disguises in the course of the three acts. In that way, he felt, the public would be forced to realize the extent and effect of his powers; they would be forced to realize that all these parts were being played by the same man.

The play was tried out in summer stock, and was successful enough to get backing for a Broadway showing. It opened its pre-Broadway tour in Philadelphia, and the reviews were a series of hosannas. At long last, Johnston was receiving the acclaim that, through long and weary years, had been his due. Before the play reached Broadway, he died.

Anyhow, ironic or tragic—or just downright stupid—type casting remains the standard and the rule.

Except, once in a while, when the chance comes, to cast actors instead of personalities, and so bring the excitement of a long-lead "living" theatre to the television screen.



JOE FRANKLIN'S
"MEMORY LANE"
WABC-TV, New York

\$2,000,000 Desilu Production Slate

Hollywood.

With 20 shows rolling at its studios this month for an alltime high, Desilu has come up with a \$2,000,000 production slate of new television and feature film product for the first quarter of 1962. Desi Arnaz, Desilu prexy, said the lineup of wholly owned and coproduction deals constituted the company's most ambitious program in a decade.

Projects either completed or definitely set are:

"The Victor Borge - Desilu Comedy Playhouse," with Borge as host-narrator-performer in a comedy anthology series of 39 shows being filmed in association with CBS. Project is under the direct guidance of Jerry Thorpe, Desilu's v.p. over programming.

"Fair Exchange," a one-hour situation comedy created and produced by Cy Howard and written by Artie Julien and William Templeton. Eddie Foy Jr. heads the Anglo-American cast.

"The Two of Us," half-hour comedy series in color with live action and animation co-produced by Elliott Lewis and Claudia Guzman. Written by Julian and starring Pat Crowley, Russ Brown and Bill Mumy. Pilot has been completed.

"Swingin' Together," starring Bobby Rydell in half-hour situation comedy. Co-production deal with Ludlow Productions is being produced by Howard B. Kreitsek.

"College Humor," half-hour situation comedy with music starring Bing Crosby's sons, Phillip, Lindsay and Dennis. Howard W. Koch is producing the show which is being made in association with Frank Sinatra's Essex Productions.

A feature film starring Lucille Ball, "Full House," has been set back to early April.

TV: If Paul Revere Hadn't Taken That Horse Ride

By GERALD ADLER

(Managing Director, NBC Int'l Great Britain)

London.

Give or take a few horse shoes for Paul Revere or eye-whites at Bunker Hill and Americans might still be singing the "God Save the Queen" lyrics when the band strikes up what we all think is really "My Country 'Tis of Thee." And with this Colony of ours still British, how different American television would be today:

"The Untouchables" would be about India. Perry Mason, as a good British barrister, would sport a powdered wig. "Tic Tac Dough" would be called by its British title, "Criss Cross Quiz"; and while the grand prize on the famous Hal March quizzer would still have been 64,000 it would have been in shillings, or about \$9,000. "Route 66" would undoubtedly be named after Britain's only superhighway, "The M 1" and could probably only last for 13 episodes (the M 1 is rather short). The title of "Naked City" would have new meaning as, in the tradition of the British bobby, not a single member of the squad would wear a gun. And with the continued serial so popular in the Mother Country, "G.E. Theatre" would be a cliff hanger, with each story running for six episodes. Finally, just as it is on "Sunday Night at the London Palladium," the big act on "The Ed Sullivan Show," week in and week out, would be none other than—"Beat the Clock!"

The programming battle cry would not only be "Down with violence!" It would also be "Up with sex and freedom!" We would have prime time programs just like those back in England, where in recent months viewers have been offered frank studies of such subjects as rape, infidelity, homosexuality, prostitution, abortion, birth control and venereal disease. These would even be cheerfully interrupted, as they are in England, by cheerful messages from such sponsors as Thomas Hedley, Ltd. (known in the Colonies as Proctor & Gamble). The crew at the "87th Precinct" would have to avoid all violence but, taking their lead from the BBC's successful "Inspector Maigret," would be allowed to inquire who is sleeping with whose mistress in just so many words. Boys would be inspired to play not with guns but with girls.

Here FIDO

"Saturday Night at the Movies" would mean just that and not an NBC series—all because of FIDO. This is not an English spaniel, but an organization of exhibitors headquartered back in the Mother Country that is known in full as the Film Industry Defense Organi-

zation. FIDO threatens a theatre boycott of producers who sell features to television. And Bobby Kennedy could gnash his teeth all he wanted to—under the Queen's far more liberal laws this is not an illegal restraint of trade.

On the other hand, we wouldn't be plagued with the custom of starting network shows on the hour and half hour. For the Colonies could have the same privileges as those enjoyed back in Britain today, with major network shows beginning at such times as 9:35 and 10:06.

But gone, for the most part, would be our luscious weather girls. Instead approaching low pressure areas would be described in the most staid BBC manner by the most staid Whitehall types, probably sent over to help with the subjugation. For how can we organize a revolution tomorrow if we don't know if it's going to rain? And how do we know what it's going to do after watching a technically correct but uninspiring forecast? The impenetrable British calm and understatement, so appealing in moments of crisis and strife, would ruin our weather shows. We'd be hard put to concentrate on learned paper being read to learned society. Neutral tones are OK for politics, but to get across the weather the announcer must care (and he should care—we are all on the same side). General Kennedy might well run into a disastrous storm as he tries to cross the Delaware, all because he missed the significance of a forecast of tempest and turmoil that was delivered with the same tone and expression that usually tells of changeable dull periods. The fifth column of deadpan weather men would stop the Movement in its tracks.

Of course we would also have the anomaly of the advertising magazine. As with today's television in Britain, every station would carry a couple of soap operas that are one continuous series of commercials. While a "Dr. Kildare" set fractures on one channel, the competition would fracture equally large audiences with a series like "Jim's Inn." "Evenin', Jim. Pint uv best bitter, please." "Evenin' Charlie. Say, that's a smashin' new raincoat wheredya get it?" "At all leading stockists, Jim, it's an Ajax only five guineas an' the best part is that it's waterproof on both sides another pint please Jim." Because we would not be permitted sponsored programs, the FCC (as does Britain's ITA) would insist that these playlets contain nothing but advertising. Please, Sir Newton, don't send us to gaol—we didn't realize that some honest entertainment had crept in among the commercials.

And keeping track of the programs of these various companies would be not one TV Guide, but a separate program magazine for each network. Throughout Britain today there rests atop every television receiver two program weeklies—one published by the BBC, the other by ITV—each carrying the program listings for its own network only. This is because each of the networks retains the copyright in the titles and descriptions of its own programs. Carrying the tradition to the Colonies, pity the poor citizen of N.Y. or L.A. as he struggles homeward each Friday weighted down by seven different program journals.

Thus we can see that were we still British, some of the changes would be improvements, some the contrary. But we would each be paying a license fee to Her Majesty's Post Office for the right to own a tv receiver. Commercials on the air or not, that £4 would be due each and every year. And yet all stations would be restricted by Her Majesty to a maximum of 50 hours of broadcasting per week. We'd be paying \$11.20 per year for the privilege of only seven hours of programming per day.

What's that? No "Late, Late Show?" Not even "The Late Show?" And no "Today" until tonight? Don't tread on me! No taxation without nauseazation.

C'mon lads, into the harbor with these zoomars.



DAN INGRAM
"THE DAN INGRAM SHOW"
WABC-RADIO, New York

In the fir

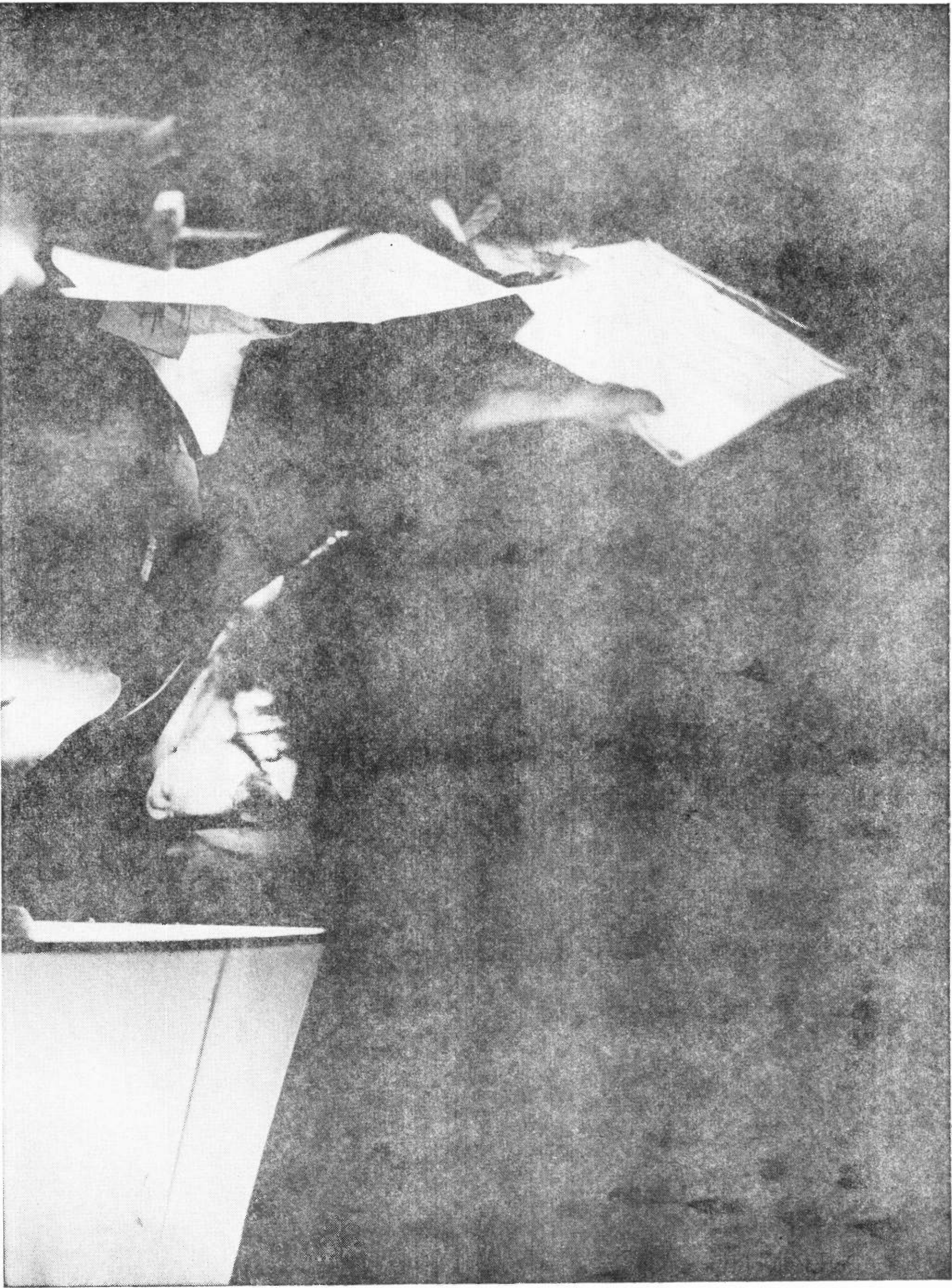
...in the first place, there was this network called ABC-TV... followed in the second and third place by those other two networks called Z & Y. And this network called ABC-TV, rated first according to the latest Nielsen figures,* further demonstrated its popularity by placing 8 of its programs in

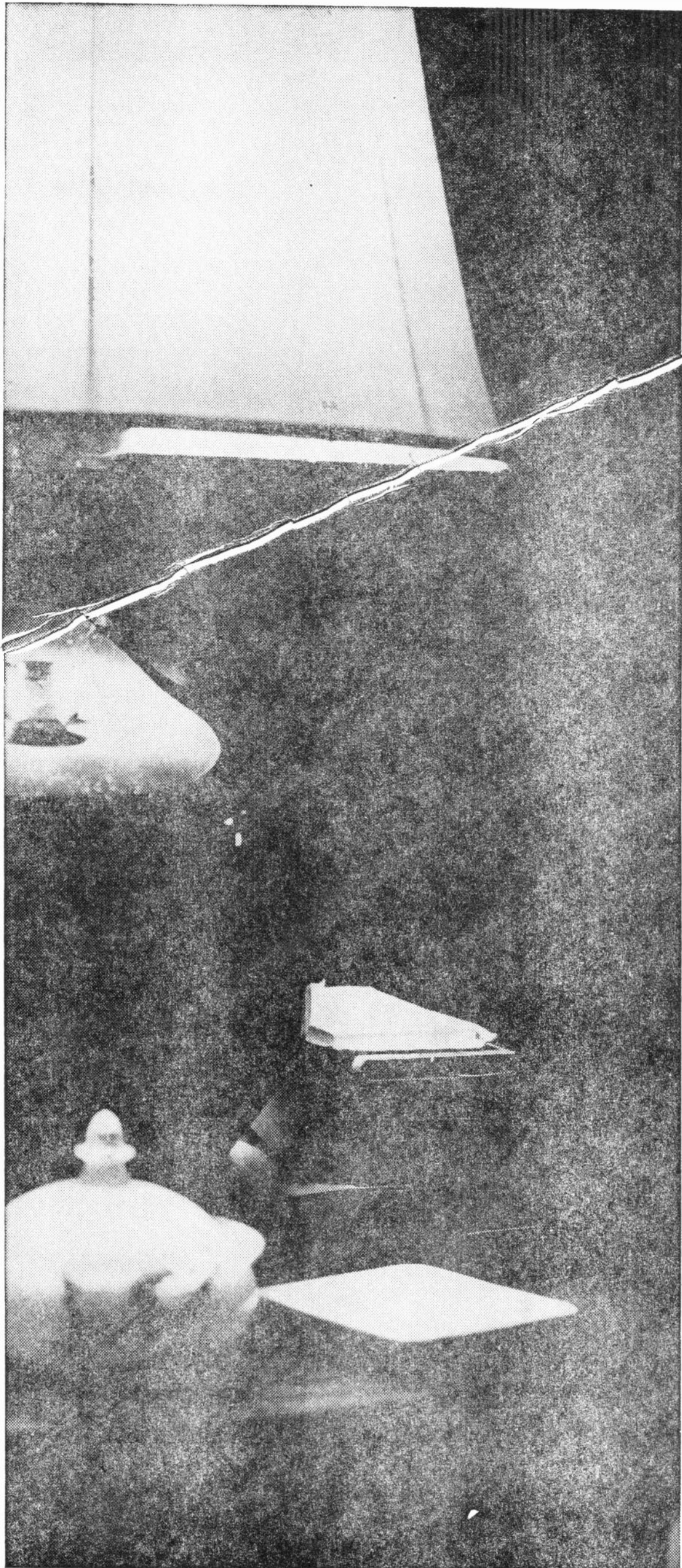
st place

the top 20. And did this where it counts most—where the watchers can watch all 3 networks. Which is, in the first place, the truest test of program popularity.

ABC Television

*Source: Nielsen 24 Market ratings, week ending December 23, 1961.
Average audience, Sunday thru Saturday, 7:30-11 PM.





Work in Progress:

The Roosevelt Years

On the third floor of a modest Manhattan apartment, a work is in progress.

It is probably the most ambitious Work yet undertaken by Television. It is the Work called *The Roosevelt Years*.

The apartment is that of the most intimately concerned of the many consultants on the Work. It is the apartment of the world's greatest living authority on Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Without Mrs. Roosevelt's records and remembrances, the Work could hardly be complete. Her spirit is bringing to the Work an intimate dimension that could come to it in no other way.

Other workers are at work in vast numbers on the vastness of *The Roosevelt Years*. Norman Corwin and a large staff of writers are coping with the outsize dimensions of those years. A large staff of editors is sweating down tons of source material.

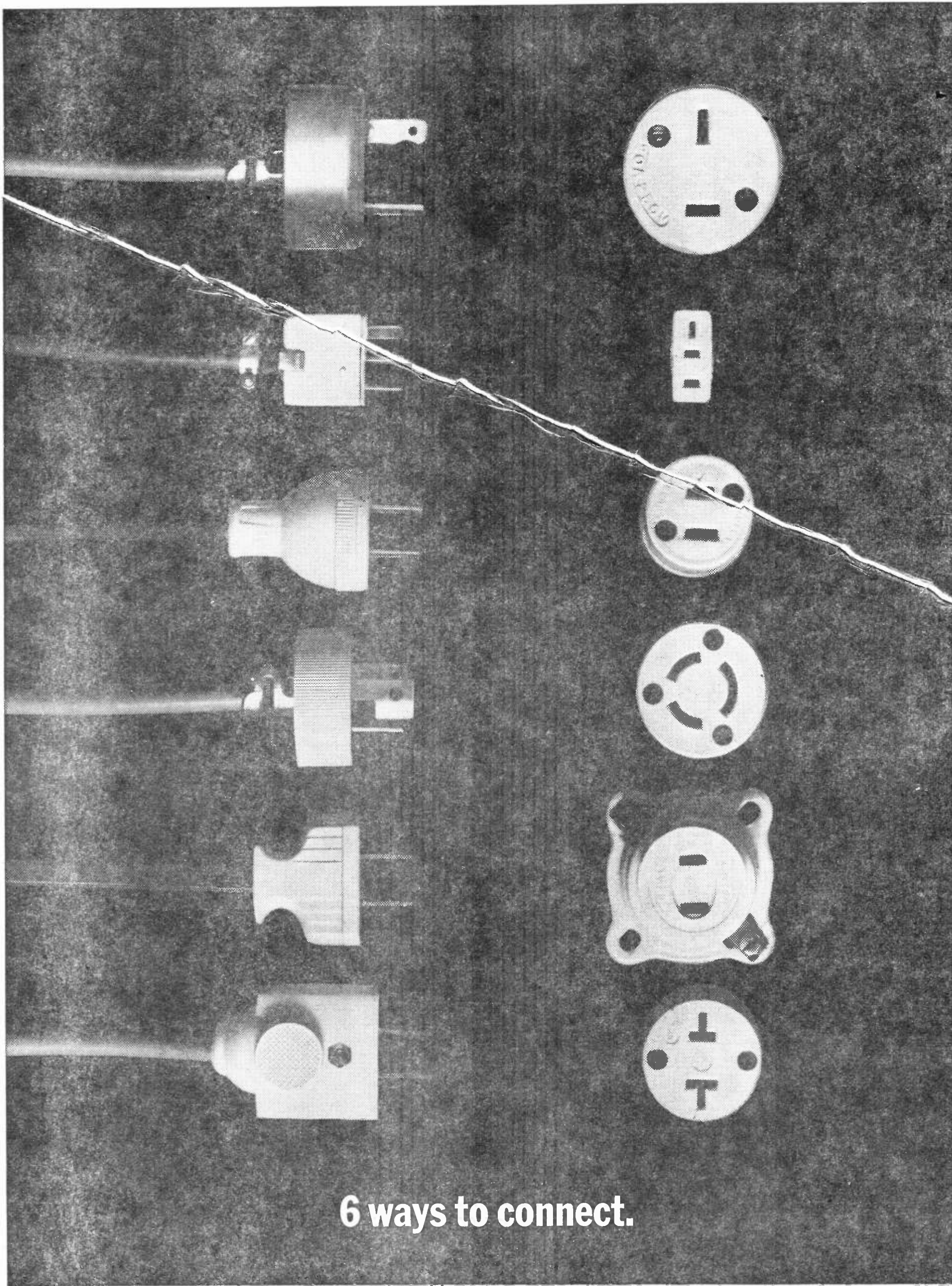
Charlton Heston, who began, in the Roosevelt years, to grow toward his present stature in the drama world, will stand in for the voice and vigor of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Robert D. Graff and Ben Feiner, Jr., executive producer and producer, respectively and respectfully, of the Churchill series, are bringing the same insights to *The Roosevelt Years*, in the same capacities.

You will not see the results until the Fall of 1962.

But we thought you'd like to know that such a Work is in Progress.

ABC Television



6 ways to connect.

(Each of the 6 ABC owned radio stations connects you with the mass buying public in its own way)

Shocking—how some people try to enter every market in the same way. This single-prong approach doesn't fit when you really want to connect in six of the biggest, and yet very different markets. It explains why the big switch is to the six superb ABC owned radio stations. Our power generates from what we call The Flexibility Factor, a skillful fusing of all types of programming to the needs of each local mass audience. All six great radio stations are operated by dedicated radio men, with an understanding of today's radio, and a talent for

making the use of our stations profitable for the advertiser. Spark your selling with the high-voltage versatility of WABC, WLS, WXYZ and KGO: make a connection with John Blair & Company. You'll light up with information on KQV from Adam Young, Inc. and learn what's watt on KABC from The Katz Agency. See how our varied live-wire input can boost your output.



ABC OWNED RADIO STATIONS
 WABC NEW YORK WLS CHICAGO KGO SAN FRANCISCO
 KQV PITTSBURGH WXYZ DETROIT KABC LOS ANGELES

GLOBAL HORIZONS UNLIMITED

Divertissement: Macabre

(Paul Monash, the producer of 'Cain's 100,' another new NBC show, also had a problem scene in the first show. 'We had a man killed in what I thought was a tasteful way,' he explained. 'Then the network suggested that perhaps we could just have him arrested instead of being killed.'—Cynthia Lowry, Aug. 25)

Breathes there a fan with taste so high
He doesn't like to see them die,
By knife or pistol, roped or maced—
But always in consummate taste?

By hurling (from an aperture)
Or deep within *l'affaire d'amour*,
Bottled, broiled, or baked in beeswax,
Cicatized or tied in cheese-sacks,
D.O.A., or decimated,
Energized (or enervated),
Fractured, frenzied, fainting, frantic,
Galvanized by charge gigantic,
Hanged when hooded, hacked in haste—
But always in consummate taste?

Immersed in wine, impaled, or ill,
(Jay-walking Jack admiring Jill),
In kayak, kissing, killed by kin,
(Or laughing at absurd *East Lynne*),
Mobbed while crying "Memento mori,"
Nudged to Nemesis (or Glory),
Squeezed by octopi in ocean,
Paralyzed by poisoned potion,
Quavering (or even quipping),
Raped by Jack (whose hobby's ripping),
Slain by sword drawn from its sheath,
Gnawed by Saber-Tooth's great teeth,
Shot in ulna, vest, or waist—
But always in consummate taste?

Slain like Xerxes, Zwingli, York,
(Or, as a baby, dropped by stork),
By rack or wreck, embraced or chaste—
But always in consummate taste?

And if in killing we can't be tasteful,
Put them in jail—which is less wasteful.

Richard J. Stonesifer

SHOWMAN FOR INT'L EXCHANGE

By VAL PARNELL
(Managing Director, ATV)

London.
Ever since I found I had some influence as a showman, I have worked hard to make my outlook more and more international—



Val Parnell

believing simply that entertainment and the exchange of artists and ideas can be a big factor in helping one nation to know another.

For many years in the theatre I strove to bring a truly international atmosphere to popular entertainment. Not only because the new blood moving between the world's capitals helped to keep the theatre alive, but because every successful star can help in some way to sweep aside the average myths and barriers which one people may build up against another.

Now in television, the task has become much heavier and far more important. As managing director of Associated TeleVision, a powerful company in a powerful world-wide medium, I feel keenly the need to make the most of the impact that millions of tv screens is bringing to ordinary people across the globe.

We have in our hands the most important medium of communication ever known. No one in history ever had a greater chance than we have in this age of anxiety to foster goodwill, to cut down outmoded prejudice by giving ordinary people in their parlors the chance of seeing how their opposite numbers in other lands think and live.

It is because I believe so strongly in this kind of cooperation that I am glad to write for the 56th anniversary issue of *VARIETY*, which has done much to make show business an international affair.

And this might be the right time—and the right place—to consider the kind of cooperation in international tv we would like to see in the future.

It seems clear enough to me that tv can make a real contribution to knowledge among the world's peoples only if the traffic of programs is given a real chance to flow freely in both directions.

A few years ago, the Americans had much the same world monopoly of exported tv programs as they had in the cinema in the heyday of Hollywood. Today, as British films and British artists get a stronger foothold in the U.S.A., so do our television programs.

TV Improves—On H'wood

Now it is certainly true that Hollywood gave the world, in general terms, a somewhat distorted view of American life. TV has done better. Out of America, as well as entertainment programs, have come a spate of documentary and serious programs which have done a vast amount to offset the Hollywood picture and give people in Europe a balanced picture of American thought and events.

But it is essential from every angle that this should not be a one-way traffic and that programs from Britain and other parts of the world should be given a fair chance of a showing on the American networks.

We in Associated TeleVision have made a big effort to present British TV to the world. Since 1955, through our subsidiary company Independent Television Corporation (ITC), we have sold abroad a run of British-made TV programs worth \$29,400,000.

In 1961 alone, 2,800 British-produced half-hour programs have been sold in the dollar area. One of them, "Danger Man," won a place on the CBS coast-to-coast network at a peak viewing hour.

In the Western Hemisphere, our
(Continued on page 107)

THE BIRTHDAY—THE BIG ONE

By SAM KURTZMAN

Hollywood.
Not too long ago Clifton Fadiman wrote an excellent article in *Holiday* magazine on the subject of turning 50. Al Capp did an amusing syndicated column on the same subject a few months ago. Some seasons back one of the networks presented a dramatic show dealing with this theme that was both powerful and touching. Apparently all writers were turning 50.

Being a writer, I knew that it would have to happen to me too. But it did not scare me.

Like any fearless American, I decided to face it. Taking a deep breath and tensing my muscles, I walked into a dealer's showroom and bought a sports car, complete with cap and gloves and can of paint for writing clever slogans on the doors. As soon as I think of one I'll write it.

Going on 50 was nothing to be worried about. I asked my barber for a crew-cut simply because it was autumn and the days were warm. Don't think I was trying to act like a youngster. I certainly did not subscribe to *Boy's Life*, although I did begin buying *Playboy*.

Obtaining that collection of rock and roll records was simply a personal research into that kind of rhythm. Believe me. Nothing wrong with a man of 49 going for the Platters or Johnny Mathis. I don't have to limit myself to Rimsky-Korsakov and Lawrence Welk.

Writing for information about the Grand Prix just meant that I could think young. It wasn't meant to make me appear juvenile any more than taking up the Flamenco guitar was to make me appear romantic. It's just that I was developing new facets.

Any other reason was absurd. And if I never had an interest in sports, couldn't I walk down the Boulevard and listen to the ball game with a plug in my ear? Transistors aren't only for kids, you know.

What I'm trying to say is that the impending birthday did not worry me.

Not at all.

And then, last December, on the 11th day, it happened.

At a quarter to seven in the morning my wife kissed me and shouted, "Happy birthday, dear!" And here I must explain something. I did not faint because of fear of getting old. It was the earliness of the hour.

And at breakfast I did not scold the children because I had become a grumpy old man. It's just that I did not think it appropriate to eat corn flakes with 50 lit candles around the plate.

So let's make one thing clear. I was in the best of spirits when I met my 50th year on this earth. Although I did try to verify the calendar by phoning the Naval Observatory at Arlington for the exact year according to sidereal time, and although I kept checking the month and day on all newspapers, and although I kept adding and subtracting and conferring with chronometry experts at U.C.L.A., I wasn't trying to postpone my birthday. It was just to make sure that the day of merriment had arrived.

Only one thing I objected to. Those loud-mouthed newscasters on radio and television didn't have to shout the date. I knew what day it was. They didn't have to rub it in.

Besides, I wasn't the only one. There were plenty of others in the same boat. There must have been lots of babies born that day 50 years ago.

JFK Changed Everything

When quite solicitously my wife inquired what kind of party would be appropriate, it wasn't bitterness that prompted me to tell her to draw the shades, turn off the lights and sit quietly.

"That's all the celebration necessary," I explained. And it wasn't because of acrimony. I just didn't feel important enough for everybody to make a fuss over.

"For God's sake," my wife argued. "Aren't you taking this a bit too hard? The other writers didn't fall apart. They wrote funny things about it."

"Sure," I answered. "A 50th birthday used to be a jolly occasion until John Fitzgerald Kennedy came along. This young man became President of the United States at the age of 43 and loused everything up for anybody over 44."

My wife understood. She quietly bit her lip and craftily maneuvered her face to our clothes drier to evaporate any tears that might form.

"And I'm no kid of 44. I'm a full grown boy of 50."

Just then the door-bell rang, and some friends dropped in. Trying not to put a damper on the party, I joked, "Anybody know some sad birthday songs?"

But it wasn't a good joke.

Then another couple arrived. The husband was a famous comedy writer who could cheer anybody up with his quick barrage of one-liners. But tonight he was thoughtful. Maybe because I didn't go for his first eight or nine gags.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," I answered. "It's my birthday."

"Which one?" he wanted to know, almost sensing what was causing the gloom.

I didn't answer. I just shrugged, gently, not really asking for pity.

"Oh, the big one," he guessed.

I nodded.

"Too bad," he commented. Then he sat down.

Later more friends came. They all wore informal sports clothes, but for some strange reason I happened to have on a dark suit and a somber tie. There was nothing mournful or funereal in my manner, although I did find myself sitting in the middle of the room while everybody seemed to be staring at me.

They just sat in a circle and looked at my gray hair. Why couldn't they gaze down? Why couldn't they stare at my young shoes?

Pretty soon everybody began leaving, and wishing me the very best. I thanked them and hoped to see them again under happier circumstances.

That night was very dark.

It may have only seemed dark. We usually do not draw the drapes in our bedroom, as we like the view of the city lights. But that night I must have pulled them shut.

Although there were no real flowers in the room but only the ones on the wallpaper, I could have sworn that I smelled their fragrance. Were they moving closer and surrounding my bed? Was someone standing over me, speaking in mellifluous phrases?

No. It must have been the radio announcer. We had set the clock to let us fall asleep to FM music. What's strange is that they played only one piece of music. I'm sure they played only Faure's Requiem.

The night wore on and on.

Why did I have to be 50?

In the morning a wonderful thing happened. I awoke.

'Unencumbered By Extended Narration'

By GEORGE KIRGO

I hate to blow my own horn, but did you see the reviews of my last (latest, that is) special, "Yves Montand on Broadway"? Two facts emerge from these critiques: (1), that "Yves Montand on Broadway" was an hour show; (2), that it was an unqualified success.

From a personal point of view, it marked the apex of my television-writing career. It was probably the finest song-and-dance special I've ever written.

Don't laugh. It's not easy to write a song-and-dance special. Everybody's so busy singing and dancing that the spoken word has to fight to be heard. This is especially true when you're dealing with talents like Yves Montand or Polly Bergen or John Raitt. Nobody wants them to talk; audiences are satisfied just to hear them sing. Or, if you've got a Bobby Van or a Helen Gallagher, as long as they're dancing, that's enough.

Thus, producers—and even the performers themselves—are content to let them do what they're paid for: sing and dance. They're making a serious mistake. Some singers and dancers go their whole lives just singing and dancing—often with disastrous results. Their speech becomes atrophied, they're never booked for talk shows, they lose the ability to communicate. I know one major star who can't order a meal unless Harry Sosnik is conducting behind him.

Fortunately there's a trend toward the spoken word in musical specials. Lately even the commercials have begun to be spoken. A script means extra expense and effort—but it's worth it, as those producers and performers for whom I've written will, I'm sure, testify. Take Yves Montand. After the show, he cornered me on the studio floor and went on and on about what he thought of the script. Since he spoke in French, I'm not quite certain of what he said. But he couldn't have been nicer.

Another reason for hope is that the critics, pioneers as always, are devoting increasing attention to the scripts for song-and-dance specials. For example, John P. Shanley of the *N.Y. Times* pointed out that the Montand show was "unencumbered by extended nar-

ration." Bob Williams of the *N.Y. Post* astutely observed that there were "no wasted words." And Ben Gross of the *News* was as discerning as ever in noting that the "bright and gay hour" consisted of "song and inconsequential talk." I've never had such raves!

Most gratifying of all was Gross' comment, "Inconsequential talk"—that's my trademark. Call it continuity; I'm not sensitive. After all, what's a show without continuity? I'll tell you what it is—it's a show that doesn't continue!

Tain't Easy

Don't think it's easy to write inconsequential talk; it's the toughest thing in the world. Take an apparently simple introduction like one I wrote for John Raitt. I had John say: "Now . . . here is Yves Montand." Sounds simple, doesn't it. Believe me—ask any writer—it's not simple. Do you know how long I struggled over that "simple" intro? Trying all sorts of variations, like "Here now is Yves Montand," "And now here he is—Yves Montand," "This is Yves Montand," "Yves Montand, here he is," "I want you to meet Yves Montand," ad inf. No, it's not easy, it's not simple. It sounds simple because it's so absolutely right: "Now . . . here is Yves Montand." Flows, doesn't it? But only after gruelling labor, hours of soul-searching, and at least two cups of black coffee.

Do you see—you producers of song-and-dance specials particularly—do you understand now the value of the spoken word? If your latest show failed to please the critics, was it because you wrote your own continuity? Was it because you hired anybody to do it? Someone who wrote lines like: "And now here is Art Carney." (What's right for an Yves Montand is not necessarily right for an Art Carney. An Art Carney requires something a little different, like: "And now . . . is Art Carney here?")

Don't underestimate the worth of *le mot juste*. Song-and-dance specials don't need many words, just the right ones.

And trust in the critics. Many of them are as perceptive as the one who wrote of my last show (latest, right?): "The script was perfect; you could hardly tell there was one."

TV In 10 Years: From Infancy To Old Age

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Behind the criticism of television programming—which increases in quantity, severity and loudness—there is the constructive hope that something can be done to make television better in the way of art, entertainment and education by Government fiat or good-will or internal reform. The hope of reforming television seems to motivate all the attacks on it from Government officials, critics on newspapers, persons within the industry, and well-known citizens of good-will. I agree with the criticism. But I don't see any hope of improvement. The decline of television is inherent in the nature of television. No matter what laws or resolutions are passed, television is bound to grow more banal as time goes on. In a mere 10 years—from 1949 to 1959—television lived through infancy, childhood, adolescence, maturity and is now dying of old age. I don't see how the process can be arrested.

Let us see why this is so. Unlike other forms of emotional and intellectual communion, television alone is non-regenerative. On the one hand, it soon exhausts its audience. On the other, it rapidly exhausts the creative workers on the other side of the picture tube—the writers, directors and performers. Television drains away their energies relentlessly but, unlike the situation in the theatre and the cinema, does not provide a breathing space and a happy ambience in which the soul can renew itself for another assault. Television exists in a repetitive time-cycle of daily, weekly or monthly broadcasts, and this is as true of the educational and uplifting program, such as "Open Mind," as it is true of the western show.

Television is debilitating to an audience. During its popular years, it was usually watched every night in the week for as long as five hours a night. The effect was to dull the senses as time went on. Those who continue watching television become afflicted with a chronic apathy. They sit in torpor watching the little images flicker by, without any emotional response. Ennui is engendered even in the stupid. Great entertainment personalities—a decade in the making—quickly come and quickly go, having bored the audience. To arouse the audience out of its lethargy, the television producers inject more massive doses of sexual sadism, bleeding corpses, torture and mutilation, unusual techniques of murder. This too soon sates the audience. One can get satiated with anything on a daily diet.

The Escape Medium

Because television is available without even the trouble of walking a block and because it is free, one begins by using it to escape from fatigue after a day's work in the office or factory. The more intelligent, the more sensitive, quickly find, after six months of televiewing, that their fatigue is not erased as it would be if they had seen a good movie in a theatre. And even those watchers who make fewer demands grow bored. They may continue to watch it but like sleepwalkers in a hypnotized state.

I think the best kept secret in the television industry is the enormous decline in the total number of viewers, and in the intensity of viewing in 1961 as compared to, say, 1951. The surveys with their "top 10" only reveal what percentage of persons looked at what. But how many were watching television that night? Nobody knows for sure. There is no boxoffice in television. (After all, 75% of 20,000,000 is less than 50% of 40,000,000 viewers). And the surveys do not attempt to define the pleasure, pain, boredom, or excitement of the viewer. Nor do they tell us whether he really wanted to watch the program or was just killing time.

My impression is that there must be at least a 25% drop in the number of persons who regularly watch television as it was watched 10 years ago. Almost all the persons with whom I come into contact—and I am including persons on every cultural and economic level of society, including the working class—have entirely given up watching television. In many families of which I have some knowledge, only younger children, under age 10, still faithfully watch television. And nobody talks about the programs they saw last night (except when Jack Paar is involved in one of his periodic crises—Paar is the last personality in television who engenders controversy and anecdote and "did you hear what he said last night?" and even Paar is getting worn out by the pressures and will retire when his contract is fulfilled). There is rarely the excitement of looking forward as people used to look forward to the Sid Caesar "Show of Shows" on Saturday night, the Milton Berle "Texaco Star Theatre" on Tuesday, the "Philco-Goodyear Playhouse" on Sunday when one saw the hour dramas of Paddy Chayefsky, Robert Alan Aurthur, Tad Mosel, and N. Richard Nash.

The television audience decreases steadily but the advertisers don't know it. The surveys tell them, on the basis of projecting a percentage of a cross-section of a 3,000 sampling, that they are reaching an audience of 30,000,000 when they may, in fact, be reaching an audience of 7,000,000. Nobody knows for sure. Everybody in the industry is aware on the basis of his own circle of friends that fewer and fewer adults are watching fewer and fewer programs, but everybody assumes that the "masses" are still faithful. Nobody wants to find out how much the faithful have shrunk. Why drive the sponsors back to advertising in newspapers and magazines?

Television, because it is repetitive, gives neither its writers nor its performers an opportunity to regenerate themselves. The movie star makes one or two films a year. He shoots in France, Italy or Hawaii as well as Hollywood. He works with different directors and new kinds of stories. The television star is a machine grinding out the same piece of sausage once a week with the same director on the same sound-stage in Burbank. The Chayefskys were driven out of television not so much by sponsor taboos or rising costs of production as by this non-regenerative quality of television. To write a good play is one of the most difficult works of man but when it is done for television it is over and forgotten after one performance and "all's to do again." They had to do it four to six times a season. No relief from the pressure. It just isn't possible to invent the incidents and conceive the characters for six good ones

how plays a season. Not even Chayefsky could do it. For the theatre one writes a play and each night it plays to an audience of only 1,200 persons and it runs for two years and you have the leisure to contemplate the material of your next play without the deadening pressure of the television profession in which your best products are as evanescent as your worst.

I can see no fundamental reform that would cure the ailments of television. The good old days of 1951 are gone, never to return. Television will continue to decline into senility. There will be plenty of apathetic boobs willing to drowse their way through filmed situation comedies, westerns, crime shows and cartoon situation programs. But for those of us who seek entertainment or diversion and want to hear singers and bands and comics, we'll go to night clubs, or just buy a few beers at the neighborhood tavern and talk to our friends for laughs if we can't afford a night-club. If we want to see a play we'll go to the theatre. If we want to see moving pictures we'll go to a movie house, where the films can be experienced on a proper screen and projected in focus. For television there is no hope, regardless of whatever reforms may be imposed on it from without or within. It can only go on doing what it is now doing but more and more clumsily. It is nobody's fault really. It is just the nature of the television beast.

Once You Know How It's Easy

By MAX SHULMAN

(SCENE: THE PROGRAM PLANNING OFFICE OF A LARGE TELEVISION NETWORK. AT RISE WE FIND TWO PROGRAMMING EXECUTIVES, BOTH NAMED "DUB SPRIGGS," ENGAGED IN AN EARNEST CONVERSATION)

DUB #1: I suppose the thing to do is play it safe and come up with another half-hour comedy. But I guess I'm some kind of a nut. I just don't believe in playing it safe.

DUB #2: Exactly the way I feel! Reach for the stars, not the mud.

DUB #1: Right! Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

DUB #2: Precisely! It's better to die on your feet than live on your knees.

DUB #1: Sound thinking! All right, what kind of program should we come up with if we're not going to do a comedy?

DUB #2: You know, nobody's ever done a series about the coast and geodetic survey.

DUB #1: Or about midgets.

DUB #2: Or about dental technicians.

(THERE IS A LONG SILENCE)

DUB #1: Come to think of it, what's wrong with doing a comedy series if it's offbeat.

DUB #2: Not a thing—just so it isn't too offbeat.

DUB #1: Offbeat, but identifiable.

DUB #2: Right! Fresh, but familiar.

DUB #1: That's the ticket! New, but old.

DUB #2: All right. Let's start by eliminating what we don't want to do. First of all, we definitely and positively don't want to do another domestic comedy.

DUB #1: Right! Our hero cannot be a married man.

DUB #2: Right! But that brings up a problem—how are we going to get kids into the series? You got to have kids for comedy.

DUB #1: Maybe he could be like a widower with a bunch of kids.

DUB #2: That's the Fred MacMurray Show.

DUB #1: Maybe he could be the kid's uncle and he lives with his sister who's a widow.

DUB #2: Bob Cummings.

DUB #1: All right, so he doesn't have to live with his sister. Maybe the sister is dead, too, and he is raising the orphan himself—and, better still, with the help of a Chinese houseboy.

DUB #2: Bachelor Father.

DUB #1: I got an idea. Let's make the kid Chinese and the houseboy an orphan.

(THERE IS A LONG SILENCE)

DUB #2: What fools we are! The answer is staring us right in the face. Why don't we have the guy married, with a wife and kids?

DUB #1: Great! And he's in show business.

DUB #2: But he's also a hillbilly.

DUB #1: And an undercover man for the F.B.I.

DUB #2: Brilliant! There it is, all in one package—glamor, intrigue, homespun humor.

DUB #1: You see, pal, there are few problems that will not yield to the hot, white light of sustained thinking.

DUB #2: Right! Man is but a reed—the weakest thing in nature—but he is a thinking reed.

DUB #1: Right! The man who won't be beat can't be beat, and the man who can't be beat won't be beat.

DUB #2: Well, buddy boy, all I can say is—

DUB #1: Yes?

DUB #2: We've done it again.

(THEY EMBRACE SILENTLY, NOT TRUSTING THEMSELVES TO SPEAK.)

THE WALL

By AL SCHWARTZ

Hollywood.

The wall had gone up practically overnight. Tall and formidable it sealed off E. Television from W. Television; E. Television, the haven for educational programs, and W. Television defined as a huge Wasteland. The wall had been built in such a hurry it cut off Huntley from Brinkley.

Tension had been mounting steadily. The issues had been defined and the battle lines drawn. On the East side of the wall stood Lawrence Spivak, Professor Baxter, and Eric Sevarid, their I.Q.'s bared and ready for combat. Facing them on the West wall was a battery of experienced stalwarts: Robert Stack, Jim Arness, Perry Mason their ratings unshattered and sharpened, alerted for quick retaliation. Uncertain days lay ahead.

The mood of the times was best summed up by one viewer in the following manner: "Thank God we live in a democracy where we still have freedom of the dial!"

The Complete Script

By JULES ARCHER

George Outthink, Amherst '55, worked for an ad agency in the East 50s which was too Madison Avenue to have a Madison Avenue address. Thanks to George's brilliant psychosensory campaign idea, "Smell what has happened to Schmiel's," the agency was on the verge of pining this \$20,000,000 deodorant account. Schmiel Brothers needed one tiny extra push.

And George had it. Why not convince the Schmiels that the agency handling their tv package, "The Poconos Kid," didn't really have any idea of the show's impact when it sprang into the homes of the vast land. Why not show the Schmiels how it played in the average livingroom?

The account exec decided to toss it in the waving blender and see what fizzed. So they hired a tv repairman in New Jersey to bug a typical suburbanite's set. The house he chose belonged to Seymour Y. Gassmeyer, 51-year-old candystore owner.

One week later the agency received a tape of the first completely integrated audience-and-cast show in tv history. The Schmiel Brothers were invited to listen, and smell what had happened to Schmiel's when it jumped off the script and into the circuits. This was what they heard:

SUSIE: Johnny! Commercial's almost over!

JOHNNY: Coming!

ANNOUNCER: . . . and now our story.

POCONOS KID: I didn't want to kill nobody special. But they was too many kids wantin' a quick reputation. Like my pappy always said—

MR. GASSMEYER: Turn that darn set down or I'll kick it in!

JOHNNY: Okay, Pop. okay! . . . How's that?

SUSIE: Now I can't hear it!

MR. GASSMEYER: Good. So go do your homework.

POCONOS KID: . . . where I kin find Doc Zweibach?

OLD-TIMER: Sure. Effen you answer me a question first.

POCONOS KID: Whaddaya wanna know?

MRS. GASSMEYER: Susie! Where's the change from the lunch money?

SUSIE: Ain't any, Mom. I had the special.

(BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!)

POCONOS KID: You hear somethin', Old-Timer?

OLD-TIMER: Trouble! Down yonder—Doc Zweibach's place!

POCONOS KID: Come on—it's a fight goin' on!

JOHNNY: Leggo this pillow! Leggo, I'm warnin' ya!

SUSIE: You big pillow hog. You already got two! Mom!

MRS. GASSMEYER: Stop it, stop it, stop it! My nerves can stand your fighting maybe, but not the sofa legs!

MR. GASSMEYER: Off is going the tv, I'm warnin'—

JOHNNY: Okay, okay, we stopped . . . Here's your darn old pillow, stinker. Satisfied?

DOC ZWEIBACH: . . . thought I'd never see you again. Kid, I -- I -- gimme your hand . . .

POCONOS KID: Doc, they put 28 slugs in you!

DOC ZWEIBACH: Ain't nuthin', Kid.

POCONOS KID: Who done it, Doc?

DOC ZWEIBACH: Buncha emotionally disturbed gun-slingers, Kid.

MRS. GASSMEYER: Johnny! Your gym shorts from school is not so beautiful on the buffet. In the hamper, please!

JOHNNY: Okay, Mom. First commercial!

DEPUTY: . . . so I'll take yer guns, Kid.

POCONOS KIDS: Ye're crazy! I didn't kill Doc. I was jest payin' a call --

(HOUSE DOORBELL)

MRS. PERLMAN: Hello, hello, hello! Surprise, Mrs. Gassmeyer! I hope I'm not disturbing the children from the tv?

MRS. GASSMEYER: Disturbing-shmurburbing! It must be years, Mrs. Perlman, honestly. So come in, come in!

JOHNNY: Please, Mom?

MRS. GASSMEYER: So come in the yard, Mrs. Perlman.

ANNOUNCER: . . . to our story in a moment. But first -- friends, how many times have you said, "I wish I had a --"

SUSIE: (FROM KITCHEN) you freep! That was the last icecream sandwich. You give me that --!

(SLAP. WALLOP.)

SUSIE: (WAILING) Mom!

MRS. GASSMEYER: Johnny, leave your sister alone!

JOHNNY: I got here first! She tried to grab it off me!

MR. GASSMEYER: So wait already and I'll give you both six-guns, and you can have a shoot-out at the old corral.

ANNOUNCER: . . . and get it today! Thank you.

POCONOS KID: (NARRATION) . . . I got out of Gravestone in a hurry, with a posse tailin' me. There was jest one thing to do. I hadda find those emotionally disturbed killers, and bring 'em back to the head-shrinkin' clinic in Gravestone . . .

(PHONE RINGS)

SUSIE: Susie on the ring-a-ding . . . Oh, hi, Joanie . . . No kiddin' . . . He did? . . . How dreamy! . . . He did?

. . . He didn't! . . . He did? . . . Oh, yum yum!

JOHNNY: Oh, murder! Can't you lower the decibels?

SUSIE: You shut up!

(TV VOLUME BLASTS)

BARTENDER: . . . Take yer money an' git, mister.

POCONOS KID: What's comin' off here, wise guy --

MR. GASSMEYER: The tv set is comin' off here, is what! Johnny, I warned you! (Click)

JOHNNY: Oh, Pop! That's a dirty trick!

MR. GASSMEYER: So report me to the S.P.S.A.!

At the end of this tape, the Schmiel Brothers decided that "The Poconos Kid" would need a new sponsor, and their \$20,000,000 would be used in newspapers, matchbook covers and whispering campaigns to the effect that their competitors' deodorants had a base of whale ore. But George Outthink kept them in tv and won the account for his agency. His plan was little short of genius, and may shortly be imitated by every agency on the Avenue. Schmiel Brothers still sponsor "The Poconos Kid."

Only now the scripts are written with space breaks every three lines to allow for audience participation.

COMES THE REVOLUTION—

By JAMES J. GELLER

Hollywood. If television is a "wasteland," the inevitable corollary would follow that it sustains regularly heavy financial losses. Instead, the current annual statements of profit exceed all previous years. The princely terms and residuals paid to performers, directors, producers and packagers lend credence to a bizarre postulate that toiling in a "wasteland" can be beautiful and fruitful in an Affluent Society.

During one of the recent probes of the medium in Washington at the taxpayer's expense, it was established to no one's astonishment that the questionable programs are the responsibility of sponsors and networks. Who else? There's no point in squandering public funds to settle a truism taken for granted by the occupants of 50 million American homes.

Thus far I've searched the FCC reports in vain for any fire directed against the ineffectual writers who supply the programs and the vastly more ineffectual employers who systematically champion them week after week.

Let's begin with a commonplace: a project which demands a new script each week or month should first assess the writer above all components involved in the enterprise. Networks and account-executives will lavish upwards to a whopping \$500,000 for a "special," not counting the line charges for a single hour. If you scrutinize the budget, you readily discover that the expenditure for the script is insignificant compared with the players and direction.

I often speculate who was the first to decree that members—I mean the genuine ones—of the auctorial craft should be grateful for a disproportionate share of the cash awards. Whoever inaugurated this arbitrary rule should in association with his supporters be propelled in some special kind of hell. Let us hope that this inequitable policy be reversed to the rightful advantage of any skilled and imaginative writer.

In the beginning was the word, but not according to many of the soulless spirits entrusted with the teevee channels. Perhaps in the near future, an able writer will be honored not only with a fastidious critical acclaim but in the cold coin of the realm; his pickings should be quadrupled over anyone participating in the festivities. Now then, in the preparation of those richly touted "specials" in which the original themes demand infinitive variety, mood, natural dialog, and a kinship with humanity, the ancient canard that mass audiences are allergic to sublime composition, must be rejected.

Knowing A Writer: A True Gift

It is true that in publicity hand-outs, advertising, commercial teevee trailers, and announcements, the author's identity is lost in the maze of super-abundant credits. It is also true that a deplorable omission of rational editorial judgment in the selection of competent authors ruined many a program. It would be redundant to cite the countless players who were paralyzed because of mediocre material. It can be said that the network, sponsor and agency emissaries who are often directly accountable for the program fiascos, have a glorious dexterity for clinging to their posts. If the opulent purchasers of the time slots and their ambassadors were gifted with a little more editorial acumen, there would be fewer failures.

Nobody need remind me that there are many other teevee offerings such as panels, news, sports events, interviews and the like in which the author's role is merely perfunctory or negligible; consequently, I exclude these pearls from my velvet and chaste strictures. My targets are those weekly series, "spectaculars," and others of allegedly high dramatic voltage.

Confronted with a voracious appetite which even four decades of old movies cannot appease, television is a glutton for all kinds of material, good or bad. Since a big gap exists in the medium suitable for civilized presentations, it offers dazzling and endless opportunities for stunning, touching and lively entertainment. If queried on this score, everyone within the sphere of influence piously concurs.

When the ruling set accepts a

script or adaptation, it proceeds under an erroneous theory that the manuscript is flawless. No writer or group of writers possess the divine afflatus to furnish weekly or monthly masterpieces. Let us also doubt the infallibility of the network and agency officialdom. Small wonder that the bulk of the programs are guillotined after the initial run.

I am often amazed that the tv overlords haven't rendered sufficient heed to this critical aspect. They should recollect, if old enough, that back in the golden era of vaudeville, a 10 or 20-minute sketch was worked over meticulously and tried out of town before hitting the big time. Even versifiers, one-act specialists, and short story professionals consume unlimited hours while communing with the creative muse.

Admitted that the exigencies of tv schedules does not permit this freedom. There is, notwithstanding, a practical escape from this dilemma which in my effort to be constructive, I offer as an unsolicited suggestion. As the first step, I recommend that the network delegate some one with intellect, wisdom and enthusiasm and back him with good, old fashioned collateral in his serious quest for the most brilliant authors and playwrights who conceivably might be attracted to teevee. Those who signify a willingness should be engaged with a minimum of delay. By permitting the writer three months for a first draft teleplay and, say, one month for revisions, the time element is conquered. The same process is repeated with a dozen additional writing talents assigned to different chapters. This experiment could undoubtedly prolong the program's longevity and popularity.

If a script is approved under the above circumstances, it should then be tested before any size audience. If so, any weaknesses in the writing, playing and direction can be remedied before release over the air. If the author lived up to his reputation, he should be quickly signed for two more segments the same season and upon the most generous terms ever enacted. The same terms and conditions shall apply to the other 12 members of the writing staff who likewise discharge their obligations with outstanding literacy and enjoyment. Yes, I am not un-mindful that under my simple plan the total writing cost might at first glance stagger the sponsor but if it is phrased with a cogent and sincere argument, he might agree that authors of eminence are the safest investment for a weekly teleplay on any coast-to-coast network.

In order to survive, American teevee is inseparably linked to private economy. The huge annual billings of the network chains keep soaring consistently, but it is not axiomatic that the commercial instinct of Madison Avenue and the networks matches their direful editorial accomplishments.

Anyone attempting to follow my not-so-startling scheme should wage warfare against the underlings who profusely scatter the story content around as a witness gesture to impress the boss. The obscure byliner of this immortal treatise once looked after the story requirements for a half-hour anthology series sponsored by Eastman Kodak. I was instructed to submit copies of the themes to Eastman's national agency which spared no time deploying two youthful representatives and the client's special film adviser in offices adjacent to mine on the lot. This trio in turn transmitted scores of mimeographed copies of my recommendations to the Supreme Troika, viz. the local and New York top council of the agency and the company's brass in Rochester with copious, irrelevant, and indecisive opinions. The submissions which managed to escape wholesale slaughter and excommunication were purchased and duly assigned to adaptors.

As soon as a director and the leading player approved a teleplay, I had to hand over 15 copies to the three satellites parked at the studio who again repeated the routine by dispatching them on to their superiors for final accord. Not even the author of "Titus

Hollywood. There's something far more shocking than having a tv series cancelled out from under you.

That's having it renewed.



Stirling Silliphant

In 1874 for a slant around the Horn.

If the series gets picked up for a second year, that's two you blew. And if you go three or more, well, mate, there goes one-tenth of your adult life, one-tenth of your own prime time.

Selling and working on a tv series is most nearly comparable to coming down with some virulent disease which isolates you from friend and family. You darn near die of it until, finally, it goes away, leaving you thin, shaken and just that much older.

Pat—that's my incredibly long-patient wife—and I have lost virtually all our friends since I became infected with the virus "Naked City" and its twin disease "Route 66." The dinners and parties we've been on the way to, but had to pass at the last minute, the appointments broken, the engagements necessarily refused, add up to more points than the current sky-high Dow-Jones industrial average. Because with a series some crisis is always forming around the next corner. Run, don't walk, to the nearest exigency.

In the days when I wrote pictures "Adronicus" would have emerged unscathed if any of his brainchildren risked this traumatic experience.

Too frequently the unconscious will of these frustrated editorial sages triumph; indisputably, a major cause for the inexhaustible teevee flops.

Among the immortals, the dramatic muse rates the topmost praise in the arts. I am sure that one network vice president in charge of programming was conversant with this dictum. In a recent issue of VARIETY, he endeavored a practical and sound application but failed; He lamented the dearth of distinguished writers for a high-budgeted series of one hour plays. Although his offer was a little more liberal than is customary, he encountered no sweeping success and brooded over his disappointment. I began to bleed for him. With my inveterate second nature of flying to the aid (for an emolument, of course), of a network executive in distress, I immediately airmailed him a blueprint that would lead him out of the wilderness. If I'm not lacking in ordinary modesty, it was a revolutionary concept for television. It made an impact upon him, because he replied that my proposal is "intriguing and monumental in scope and that it demands careful consideration . . . and the proposal would be turned over to the 'West Coast.'" I shall refrain from further boring the devout readers of this family journal except to conclude that the young, fancy spokesman for the West Coast office with his inadequate mentality, brushed me off quickly over the phone in a voice touched with feline softness. When I reported this short colloquy to the vice president at the New York end, it proved to no avail. The vice president's sentiments switched to the side of his California colleague. Thus the old school-tie prevailed.

Let us trust, nevertheless, that the editorial incompetents be replaced by those more sympathetic and objective toward the creative efforts of anyone justly acclaimed for his writing achievements beyond television.

I GOT THIS IDEA, SEE!

Daring Plan to Keep TV Stanzas from Aging And Also Advance Sociability

By STIRLING SILLIPHANT

Hollywood. There's something far more shocking than having a tv series cancelled out from under you.

That's having it renewed.

Lower that eye brow, please. This kid's for real.

Every time you sell a series, you're signing away at least one year of your life, just as surely as though you'd signed aboard a clipper-ship

What's so incredible about tv is that any of it manages to be good under the conditions of its making, that out of so much haste and compromise, anything at all of quality and taste can emerge.

Just A Catchphrase

The accusation that the medium is a vast wasteland is just another of those egghead slogans so much in vogue in our slogan-motivated society, another dialectic jab without reference to the facts of the trouble.

Better to call tv the wonderland it is where miracles are performed every day by harassed writers, actors, directors, producers and technicians, all shooting from the hip—the most adroit collection of creative talent ever gathered into one community.

What is dreadful is not the work these people do, but the fact that their work could be better—and isn't—because of that one implacable enemy—that ole debbil time.

The way to better tv, obviously, is to eliminate the enemy—to take the time element and the pressure of "not how good, but how soon" out of the medium.

How? Very simple. Also very revolutionary.

All you have to do is: limit the playing time of any single series to one season!

They only made 26 "Medics," but the show is remembered as a landmark. Sam Peckinpah did a superb series last season called "The Westerner." It only went 13 weeks, but it will survive in the minds of viewers far longer than some of the trash which seems to clutter up the set perpetually. Our original half-hour "Naked City" went only one season before we were unceremoniously booted off a network for being too "scamy" and "sick"—Madison Avenue for realistic.

Now that the hour-version of "Naked City" is in its second season (and "Route 66" ditto), I am constantly reminding my producer and partner, Herbert Leonard, that we're apparently doing something terribly wrong somewhere. Obviously, if a show catches on with the public and makes points, the creator is failing to do his best work. He can only be spared from extending this failure season after season by an automatic cancellation after the first year.

We limit the number of terms any single citizen can serve as President of the United States, don't we?

Do you question the wisdom of our Founding Fathers?

So I say—one season per series. Finis.

Everybody Starts & Ends Even

Look what this will do. If the creators know they're only coming up to bat say 32 times, they're going to have to raise the standards of each of those 32 episodes. Their reputations, hence their income, is going to depend on how good the shows are, not how many points they earn in the ratings systems or how many seasons they perpetuate themselves.

This will instantly eliminate the need to scrounge for popular subjects and let the creator follow his creative instincts to produce, if he feels like it, unpopular stories.

In the fabric of drama and literature, the most artistic, the most significant works, have frequently been those appreciated by the fewest number of people, those intelligent and perceptive enough to coin slogans, for example.

How can tv ever hope to escape

the brand of "wasteland" if it continues to be as popular as it is?

So, now we're clear on that first step, right? Just one season for everybody. Also that makes the tv jungle more competitive, because every year everybody starts all over again scampering for food.

My plan also eliminates the so-called "cycle" effect in tv.

There won't be time to "play it safe" or to copy somebody else. By the time he's on and you're not, he's off, and you certainly can't make it next year with his dead idea.

Another part of my plan to organize the time element in tv is to set inflexible deadlines for buying new shows, just as there are market weeks in the rag business—a time to order cruise wear, summer styles, winter fashions.

My suggestion is that we set New Season Week as the last week in January when all the buying for the coming Fall Season is done during one glamorous seven-day period in Hollywood.

And we do away with the filming of pilot shows, that elephant burial ground for millions down the drain. We simply introduce to the prospective buyer the producer, his writer, his cast, answer all questions simply and intelligently, then permit the buyer to read a typical script, plus a half-dozen extensive story treatments. All decisions are final. No merchandise can be returned or subsequently cancelled.

I appreciate this will work a terrible burden on the agency buyers. It assumes they must have as much foresight and intelligence as the producer himself who has to make the same kind of advance decision. It also assumes they know how to read, which, of course, terrifies me, because right here I can see the entire plan standing in frightful jeopardy.

By concentrating all buying decisions into the one week, the manufacturer, that is, the man who ultimately pays the whole tab, will already be saving a fortune inasmuch as agency and network biggies will only have to fly out to the Beverly Hills Hotel for one week a year instead of the many rush-rush panic or look-see flights now the comfortable and luxurious order of the day.

But look what it does for the poor harassed producer and writer. He now has five months to prepare scripts for a June shooting date, which in turn permits him to have his shows polished and at maximum impact by fall air dates.

Now, there are additional elements in my plan. There's . . . I beg your pardon.

You want to talk to me—privately? Outside?

But—I don't know you. And it's dark out there. And . . .

HELP!

Liss, Jones in Europe For Sophia Loren TV'er

As the fourth in the NBC-TV "The World Of—" series, the life & times of Sophia Loren will get a full hour going-over by Don Hyatt's special projects unit. Producer-Director Gene Jones and writer Joe Liss are currently in Paris and move on to Rome and Naples, along with a film crew, for updated documentation of the Loren saga to be telecast Feb. 27.

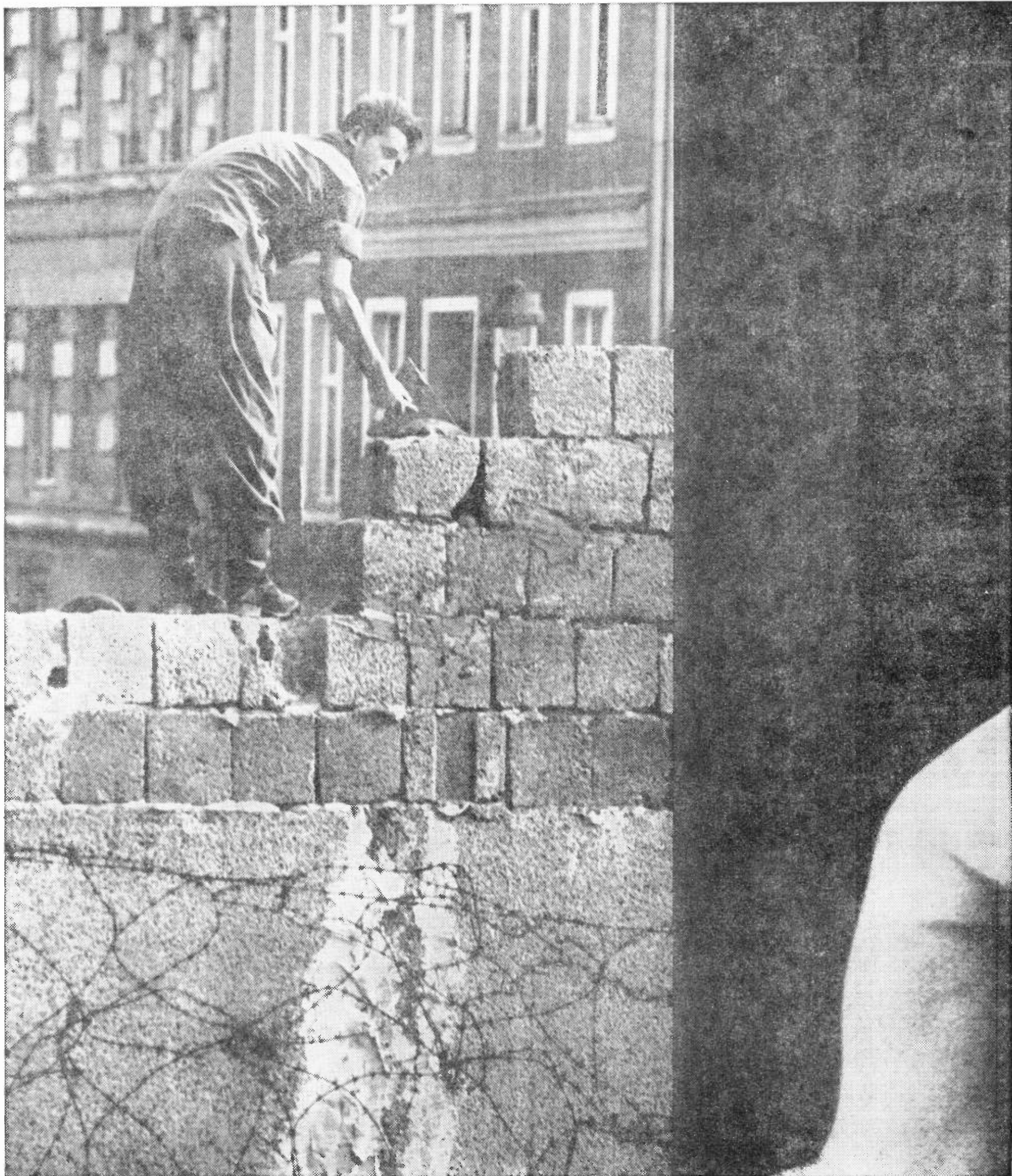
This will follow the Jimmy Doolittle story, which gets an airing Jan. 18. Previously Bob Hope and Billy Graham were given the "World Of—" treatment.

SG Rolls With Four

Hollywood. Screen Gems rolls four pilots during this month, three of them on location. They consist of three hourlong films, "Empire," Richard Egan starrer to be filmed in Santa Fe; "Defiance County," to be shot in Napa, and "APO 923," which will be filmed in Hawaii, and the half-hour comedy, "Archie," to be filmed here.

Among those testing for "Archie" is Eddie Shaw.

"THE ART OF DOCUMENT"



On Tuesday, December 26, NBC gave Americans a comprehensive perspective on the Berlin crisis and the events leading up to it. The program was NBC White Paper No. 8: Khrushchev and Berlin, narrated by Chet Huntley. Irving Gitlin was Executive Producer and Fred Freed Producer-Director. ■ The next morning New York critics had this to say: "The perspective was sharp and clear... the art of documentary reached a height." (Jack Iams, Herald Tribune); "A pictorial triumph... if NBC White Papers achieve nothing else, they demand—and challenge—a viewer to become better informed about the world situation." (Kay Gardella, Daily News); "Once again the NBC News Department has shown how television journalism can play its part in awakening the country to the cruel realities of the world situation." (Jack Gould, N.Y. Times). ■ NBC White Paper climaxed a year in which NBC has sought to

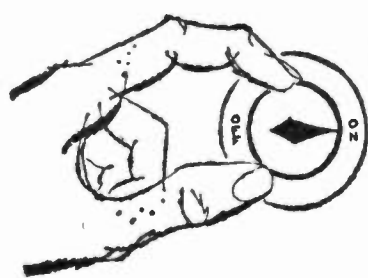
ARY REACHED A HEIGHT"



inform America of these realities, to make them meaningful, with the most comprehensive news coverage, the most responsible analysis in broadcast journalism. ■ It is a significant measure of success that more people watch the news on NBC than on any other network. ■ Among the many, wide-ranging major information specials to be presented by NBC News during the first three months of 1962 are: Our Man in Vienna (Jan. 24); NBC White Paper No. 9: The Battle of Newburgh (Jan. 28); Debutante '62 (Feb. 9); Loyal Opposition (Feb. 11); White Paper No. 10: Red China (Feb. 25); The Land (Mar. 13); and U. S. Route #1 (Mar. 29).



NBC TELEVISION NETWORK



THANK YOU for all your help
in keeping millions of television
sets tuned to the commercials
on our clients' shows.

ADVENTURES IN PARADISE	Dial Soap, Dash Dog Food, Armour Canned Meats, Pepsodent
ANDY GRIFFITH	General Foods: S.O.S. Soap Pads
BACHELOR FATHER	Dial Soap, Armour Canned Meats, Chiffon
CHECKMATE	Pepsodent, Airwick, Menley & James: Contac
CAIN'S 100	Sunbeam Shavemaster
CALVIN & THE COLONEL	Pepsodent, Imperial Margarine
CANDID CAMERA	Clairol
CBS REPORTS	Menley & James: Contac
DANNY THOMAS	General Foods: S.O.S. Soap Pads
DEFENDERS	Kleenex Tissues, Kleenex Napkins, Kleenex Towels, Delsey Tissue, Imperial Margarine
87TH PRECINCT	Sunbeam Shavemaster
GARRY MOORE	Johnson's Wax: Klear, Holiday, Off
GUNSMOKE	Johnson's Wax: Klear, J-Wax, Raid
HALLMARK HALL OF FAME	Hallmark Cards
HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL	Pepsodent, Airwick
I'VE GOT A SECRET	Clairol, Menley & James: Contac
KRAFT MUSIC HALL—PERRY COMO	Kraft Confections
MRS. G. GOES TO COLLEGE	General Foods: S.O.S. Soap Pads
PETE & GLADYS	Menley & James: Contac
THE WORLD OF—	Purex
RED SKELTON	Johnson's Wax: Klear, Raid, Holiday
ROOM FOR ONE MORE	Dial Soap, Chiffon
ROBT. TAYLOR'S DETECTIVES	Sunbeam Shavemaster
SURFSIDE SIX	Dial Soap, Dash Dog Food
UNTOUCHABLES	Dial Soap
WHAT'S MY LINE?	Menley & James: Contac
WINDOW ON MAIN ST.	Paper Mate

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO • HOUSTON
TORONTO • LONDON • FRANKFURT • MEXICO CITY • MONTREAL

That R-Really GR-reat 'Shew'

Continued from page 85

lerina Nora Kaye and Scott Douglas and in the musical comedy tradition Marge & Gower Champion. In the "pop" field, show-stopping accordionist Dick Contino, tapdancer Conrad Buckner, the Barry Sisters, Eddy Manson, illusionist Marvin Roy, American circus tightrope star Hubert Castle and for the Russian youngsters, the balloon act of The Shirleys and the hilarious platespinner Erich Brenn.

In our trips around the world and in our contacts with foreign performers who come to our stage, we have learned that people are people the world over. Russian audiences loved the American performers. Their applause was ear-shattering. Our 36 Russian musicians idolized our American conductor, Elliot Lawrence.

In Moscow, we gave nightly outdoor performances at Green Theatre in Gorky Park. It seated 10,000 but starting with our opening night we played to 14,000 Russians. One night I secured 40 tickets for some visitors from the American College of Surgeons. Just before intermission, I told the Russian audience, through my interpreter, that sitting with them were these American doctors, emphasizing that our surgeons were in Russia to confer with Russian surgeons, for the benefit of all.

Russians are deeply emotional people and, when they heard this, it touched off a cheering demon-

stration that ever will be unforgettable. Each Russian family that attends a show brings along a small bouquet of flowers. At the end of an act, if they have enjoyed it deeply, a youngster representing the family walks right up on the stage and presents the flowers to the artist. On this night, unable to reach the American surgeons, the Russians threw these bouquets of flowers through the air at them. None of us had ever witnessed such a delighted turmoil.

Leningrad, because of its fantastically heroic defense of the city against the Nazis, occupies a special niche in the annals of Russian heroism. Opening one performance, tapdancing Conrad Buckner badly hurt himself in a prodigious leap from an elevation, climaxing in a sliding "split." His left heel apparently hit a board in the stage floor which was slightly higher than the rest. Two Russian women doctors, who were in the audience, rushed backstage, phoned for an ambulance and speeded him to a Leningrad hospital.

When they brought him back to the theatre, young Buckner was on crutches but he insisted that he would appear in the finale, which was built around Rise Stevens' "Getting to Know You," in Russian. At a certain musical cue, our entire cast joined her on stage, one half of the line of stars lifting small Russian flags above their

heads and the other half of the line of stars lifting small American flags over their heads. As Miss Stevens sang her last note, I'd reveal a small Russian and a small American flag and cross the staffs of them, so that the flags were flying together.

This always exploded a storm of applause, indicating the true feeling of the people of Russia, as contrasted to their Commie leaders.

On this particular night, because Buckner was standing on crutches, in the finale, I told the people of this city noted for heroism, pointing to Buckner, how deeply we appreciated the concern of the two Russian women doctors and how grateful all of us were for the expert care he had received in the hospital. And then I added:

"I told Conrad not to come out in this finale but he said to me: 'One does not come to Leningrad—to surrender.'"

Bedlam broke loose in the audience. Gower Champion told me later that even our performers were misty-eyed as they saw the Leningrad audience go wild. As the storm of applause died down, again through my interpreter I said to the audience:

"Because of the heroism of your city of Leningrad and because I have been told that each family in this city lost at least one man in the war, I'm certain that there is not a mother in Leningrad—just as there is not a mother in the United States—who ever again wants to send her husband or her son to war." Pandemonium broke loose. The audience surged forward to the orchestra pit. They threw (Continued on page 106)

East Vs. West Coast Union Strife; 3,000 Miles Yet Worlds Apart

By ART WOODSTONE

There is reason to assume, sometimes, that New York and Hollywood are not only in different countries but are small nations at war who bomb each other by mass media and reach occasional truces by Boeing 707 Jet.

New Yorker David Susskind may still not like Hollywood, but the mistrust the east has for the west—and visa versa—is evidenced more acutely in the attitudes and acts of organized labor. Indeed, some of the most graphic pages in the history of television are about the nearly cataclysmic differences between the Hollywood-oriented union and the New York-oriented union.

Most other unions can keep their internecine strife a secret to all but the most enterprising reporters and the management of AFL-CIO. Not so in television. The reason differences in television unionism have been so easy to detect is largely because this is show business, not the electrical business, the automotive business or even the trucking business. Show business is the world of talent, and talent, as everyone knows, assumes the right to speak out, and, when it speaks, to speak histrionically—doubtless stimulated by the same deep passions that made it turn to acting, writing or directing in the first place.

Today, the members of Screen Actors Guild and the American

Federation of Television & Radio Artists only have the kindest public words for each other. But once upon a not too distant time, the AFTRA crew in New York looked upon those screen actors on the Coast as "the country club set." SAG looked on the boys in New York as "hungry commercial announcers, not actors."

There is truth to both remarks, just enough truth to have singed each union in turn. Distrust has not completely disappeared, but has been hidden because the two unions believe there is a greater good for organized acting in tv if partisanship can be muted.

One Union, Two Philosophies

The calm on one front does not mean that the war of the coasts has ended. Even today, there is grave dissension in the ranks of not two competing unions but one union—the Directors Guild of America.

Believing that the Director's Guild is run by the same breed of film-oriented, 40-hour week, Malibu and BevHills boys that have found a home in SAG, many of the union's little fellows in New York are smarting. But the pain is not due to a genuine social cleavage of poor man and rich man, but to conflict that seems due more to the mutual ability to understand or to face the problems peculiar to these (Continued on page 109)

Television: The Pimple Of The Performing Arts

By GERALD F. LIEBERMAN

It thundered onto the American scene, this thing called television. Suckled on the breast of the moving picture industry, it gobbled up its reluctant mother, then mangled its kin; radio, the nightclub field, and the last remnants of vaudeville and the legitimate theatre. As it plunged forward it dealt a near fatal blow to the reading habit of America; such as it was; and when it had wrought its carnage it stood up before us and we saw that it needed a diaper change.

How does it happen that an infant able to eat those who gave it life should inherit only the foppish qualities of its creators? The answer is simple. It conquered only the conquerable, the weakest element of civilized social order. Art and knowledge, always vulnerable to marauders, was easily victimized by television. But when it came up against the powerhouses of realism—economics, politics, and moral folkways—television defaulted, and turned instead to filing challenges at the corpse of idealism already rotting in the road.

For all its vulnerability idealism always has been and always will be the greatest threat to the realists, so with the approval of its co-conspirators, the hatchmen of economics moved in on the infant television; and after stunting its growth it proceeded to brainwash the child. Now the pattern was set, for the economist has always been the handmaiden of the politician, who in turn is the servant of the professional moralist, who in its turn is generally a professional freeloader and always has been.

Ministry of Fear

Today television is a ministry of fear, the mecca of the petrified practitioners of the art of subservience. This generally applies to the ushers, the executives, and the so-called creative minds in between. The only courage in anything connected with the medium is found among the stagehands.

Television is the loudest exponent of its maturity, an egotist thoroughly blind to its own ignorance, and it offers growth statistics which on the surface substantiate the claim. But its growth is like that of Lenny in Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men"; for all its muscle and power it remains a characteristic imbecile.

Television people roar their challenge at the slightest hint that it is infantile. Yet its behavior shows nothing else. It is easily frightened, subject to tantrums, eager to take the lollipop offered it by economic big brother when it has been a good little boy and done what it was told to do. And for all its claims to adulthood it clings to the childish habit of playing games with itself; of making believe it is something it is not, the way children bestow rank when they play soldier: "I'll let you be a Colonel if you let me be a General."

In this same way television awards title and rank to people which in no way indicates their true function.

This not only applies to individuals and groups but to proclamations.

So we find within television and its entourage talent agencies that know nothing of talent, assistants who are hindrances, associates with whom nobody will associate, producers who are destroyers; and a code of good practices, which, rather than establish good practices establishes the boundaries of the strained limits to which it estimates bad practices will be tolerated.

In creating these misnomers there is self-justification, for nothing can be expected to nurture the seeds of its own destruction, and truth, always a destroyer of fancy,

would be most destructive in television. Were it not so, were truth to be applied, we would find titles such as Head Smiling Boy, Vice President in Charge of Sponsor Appeasement, Associate Personality Kid, Coordinator of Tantrums, Assistant Parasite. And television stations would be awarded the Seal of Obedience.

A good set of teeth does not a stirring performance make, nor do good ideas flow from the brainless putty mass into which God has carved a pleasant smile, and good manuscripts cannot be found in the pockets of Ivy League suits—the pants are too tight.

'Boring' From Within

That the profusion of gutless wonders who permeate television likes things as they are is the reason for the medium's constant search to find now ways to bore us. If, by some chance, they were released from the bond of conformity in which they are snuggled they would make fools of themselves. They would have to produce, and their ineptitude would show, so they cling to the status quo. The television industry is like the new born babe, which, once freed, immediately resumes the curled position of incubation.

There have been, and we can only hope there will be with greater frequency, dissenters within. But, when on those rare occasions, a David Susskind takes the lead or a Jack Paar takes a walk (whether it be out the studio door, or up to the line of demarcation separating West from East Berlin) there is chaos. Then, with the cunning of a female cat, television selectmen regain their high pitched voices and draw attention to the tripe Susskind has produced, and they pass the dirty word that he, Susskind, has taken the last bite out of the caviar can that fed him.

As for Paar, they insidiously leak stories which have nothing to do with the matter at hand, condemning him for past happenings in which they had previously defended him. They say he was always hard to handle and in need of constant supervision, they never know when he might dwell on some unmentionable subject, like tile palaces. Yet they themselves talk of nothing else, for the upholstered throne room has become the symbol of their status-conscious world.

* * *

What can be done? I, for one, see little hope of it ever being what it might have been and I think we should give up on it, concentrate our efforts elsewhere. I think the areas victimized by television can draw encouragement from the publishing field.

When television drove away the million-copy bestseller the publishers came up with a lot of lesser sellers and their own paperback revolution. Things began to happen. If the phenomenal million-copy seller is gone it is replaced by the equally phenomenal \$10 bestseller, and the \$1.95 paperback. But publishing has not concentrated all its efforts here, nor has it ceased to offer more than has ever been offered before for as little as 25c.

Movies have struck back by making the product they have sold to television look sick when compared to what they are offering in the movie houses.

I think nightclubs can do the same thing, but first they must concentrate on better food at lower prices, and they must experiment with their floorshows.

The legitimate theatre can survive if it would stop concentrating on the big ticket and follow closely the happenings in the book trade. Am afraid vaudeville was already dead, but there is some hope that stirring signs of fortitude might once more make virile the denatured father of television, radio.

And don't forget pay television.

When all this has happened we may suddenly look behind and see the terrible infant coming on fast with a display of courageous idealism that makes the restimulated areas of the performing arts appear to be on a treadmill. By then television will have nothing to lose for it will have been abandoned by economic big brother in the same way economic big brother has always abandoned things that were no longer useful to it. Like the railroads—but that's another story.

The Year TV Took the Fifth

Continued from page 83

people. And this is completely true. Under the U. S. system of television broadcasting the air is unquestionably free. It costs the individual absolutely nothing to view thousands of hours of broadcasting. If he likes none of it, he may, according to our Constitution, turn it off. Programs that enough people turn off automatically cease to exist. Every night, at millions of television knobs, tens of millions of Americans vote for what they want to see and what they don't want to see.

Qualitatively what they have to vote for could be improved by reducing the quantity of it. This would do two things. It would cut down the number of outlets for creative experimentation, thus further limiting the area for creativity for the very limited creative talent in tv. And it would thus further reduce a citizen's scope of selection of things to see.

Those who suggest that the quality level of material might be raised by toll television, suggest that the additional money toll-tv promises a man will attract better creative talent than commercial tv now buy. This supposes that because a man makes more money he will automatically create better material. It doesn't work out that way. But it would work out that way if toll-tv charged for what's on the air, the air would cease to be free.

Those who suggest regulatory bodies with broad powers to police what is broadcast are courting censorship and asking for officials to do what the people themselves can do better because there are more of them.

At the present time the free air of the United States is being protected by the law of personal preference. That which the citizens do not want, they do not watch. That which is advertised and offends, they will not buy. It may be a slow process but it's a certain one.

That which is instructive and cultural will be found and watched by those seeking instruction and culture. These people have no right to demand that their neighbors sacrifice the entertainment they enjoy and, perhaps, need. Because no matter how much cultural and educational material is broadcast, people will not look at it unless they are interested in it. This has been repeatedly proved.

For this reason control of the television channels rests, and must always rest, in the hands of the citizens of the United States.

Vast Minowland

Continued from page 81

erns back." Minow didn't answer, but just stared at the phone in horror. Freddie's voice came through again, "And don't look for a plane. I've also built a launching pad."

Minow recovered, "But how could an intelligent young man like you want Westerns back on television?"

"Because I'm a young boy with no outlets," answered Freddie, "and when I see a Western hero I associate with him for 29-and-a-half minutes, minus commercials. It relieves my aggressions."

"Please don't force me to do this," pleaded Mr. Minow.

"You'll do it or else," growled Freddie.

Mr. Minow sighed and his shoulders slumped. "All right," he muttered, "I'll call Sonny Werblin and Abe Lastfogel. I know in this crisis they'll come through with the type of programs I hate."

In two weeks everything the critics liked to rip was back on the air, and one morning soon after, a mushroom cloud rose over an isolated area of the Pacific. It was thought that Russia had tested again, but Mr. Minow sighed with relief. He knew that Freddie had dumped his bomb.

This is what our newest studio looks



'All the world's a stage', said a noted English playwright. And four centuries later, BBC Television adds some startling dimensions to these words.

Today—BBC tv is engaged in a programme of *co-production* with important, world-wide film and television organisations. It is a plan involving a far-reaching exchange of ideas, talent and facilities. And the result will be more television entertainment with an exciting international flavour.

A number of these co-produced series are already in front of the cameras. *The Third Man* (2nd Series) and *Zero One* are just two of many to come. Watch for them!

TELEVISION CENTRE WOOD LANE LONDON W12



like!



The Third Man

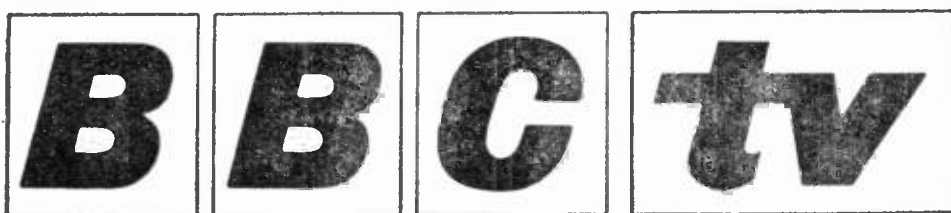
Michael Rennie again stars as Harry Lime—at his sophisticated best, in and out of trouble with both the law and the underworld from Singapore to Seattle.

2nd series of 38 episodes; co-produced by BBC tv and Third Man Corp. World distribution, except USA, by BBC Television; USA distribution by NTA

Zero One

Nigel Patrick as chief of International Air Security—with a beat that covers the wide world of international airline routes.

39 episodes; co-produced by BBC tv and MGM. World distribution, except the Americas, by BBC Television; North and South America by MGM.



THE BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION

630 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK 20 NY TELEPHONE CIRCLE 7-0656

If You Think It's Fun To Diversify, Just Try It

By ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN

London.

If Britain's Pilkington Committee, due to report this year on the future of television and radio, were to recommend that the whole thing be renationalized—which is unthinkable—the commercial tv companies would still be in a position to make good profits.

Even the pessimists concede that the worst that can happen is the retention of the jolly old status quo with all its stupidities and anachronisms, and it is hard to see how it can be otherwise with so much capital locked up and so many people employed in making product.

But let us be even gloomier and what do we find? Diversification.

ATV, my favorite London company (the one that employs me) is in piped tv and radio rentals, 10-pin bowling alleys, long-playing gramophones, canned office music and God knows what else. A-R owns the 100,000 capacity Wembley Stadium. Sidney Bernstein of Granada bought McGibbon & Kee, a prosperous book publishing business, and claims that as a cinema chain they actually diversified when they went into TV!

But this is a personal column, so let's get down to people. Or more precisely, me.

With everybody doing what don't come naturally, I thought to myself, "Christiansen, if it's good for the big battalions it must be good for you, too."

So in 1931 I diversified. I wrote articles on journalism for the Left Wing weekly New Statesman. I published my life with Lord Beaverbrook under the title *Headlines All My Life*. I became an actor and played the part of myself in a sci-fi movie thriller, "The Day the Earth Caught Fire." I took part in B.B.C. radio programs and made the occasional tv appearance on both ITV and BBC as a newspaper pundit. I became a director of a local radio station in Essex. For ATV I helped with documentaries, officiated at the birth of my brainchild—a Sunday afternoon tv newspaper—among other things.

And I now go on record with the view that diversifying is damned hard work that brought high tax rewards to the British Treasury and wheezes on the bronchial tubes of the Christiansen family breadwinner. For a quiet time give me an editorship on one of Lord Beaverbrook's papers any day.

Some odd situations also developed. For instance...

I found myself employed by two Vals simultaneously—Val Parnell, boss of ATV and Val Guest, the movie producer. One day an advertising character telephoned to say that Val had agreed to pose in a newly-marketed raincoat and would I do so, too? No fees; just a free raincoat and maybe one for the Missus, too—but good publicity for one and all.

Sure, I said; and as I was working for Parnell at that time I asked Sheila Dyett, his secretary, when the pix were going to be taken. Nothing doing, said Sheila, and I went on my way somewhat puzzled as the other Val was not in my mind that day. Nor did I doubt Sheila's word as I couldn't see Val Parnell with his £80,000 a year from ATV being exactly attracted (any more than I was) by the chance of posing with me in return for a free raincoat.

Then Val Guest phoned and all became clear. I was to be billed in the ad as one of the stars of "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" and thus the movie would get a national advertising campaign for free. Okay. Okay. I caught on.

Then "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" got me into trade union difficulties. In order to play the part of the newspaper editor in the movie I joined British Actors Equity. I paid my \$30 entrance fee as a probationary member in April, unaware that by October Equity would be locked in mortal combat with the commercial tv companies. So here I was, under contract to ATV as its editorial adviser and in dispute with ATV as an actor who might possibly be cast as the editor of the Fleet Street series "Deadline Midnight!"

I prophesied that despite my appearance in it "The Day the Earth

Caught Fire" is going to be fine boxoffice in the U.S. and all over the world as well as in Britain. It is the story of the accidental simultaneous explosion of two nuclear experiments by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. which throws the world out of axis and out of orbit. London and New York first get typhoon weather, then Arctic conditions, while the Eskimox sweat it out and so on.

With the Berlin crisis and Khrushchev letting off 50-megaton bombs and the U.S. firing hundreds of thousands of needles into the stratosphere, the script gets more topical every day.

Spotlight On Judd

In fact it has got an "X" Certificate in Britain while "On the Beach" made when the international situation was calmer, got an "A."

Watch out for a newcomer who will go places—Edward Judd, playing the part of one of my reporters. On the set I got on well with everyone except Judd. Once when I fluffed my lines he suggested I should write them on the inside of my hand, to which I replied that I would prefer to inscribe them on his backside. But we made it up as I had much sympathy for him playing alongside an amateur. Having seen the movie two or three times I feel in my critical bones that poor Judd ain't dead but very much alive.

My reminiscences are to be published by Harper's Jan. 17 in New York so I may be in the U.S. around that day. Same title as in the U.K., and according to the advance blurb, which says I am cynical, selling at around \$5. If any actor wants to pay me out by becoming a journalist here's his chance!

I wrote three special chapters for the U.S. version including one called "Thunder from the Waldorf Towers," an account of Lord Beaverbrook's attitude to the Americans which puzzles many people, but Harpers decided to stick to the British version.

One quote might amuse VARIETY's showbiz readers:—

Beaverbrook: Vivien Leigh will be damaged by going abroad with her ex-husband on holiday."

Myself: "I don't think so. Nothing damages actors and actresses. Indiscretions merely attract the public in a greater degree to the boxoffice."

Beaverbrook (to a guest): "There you have a whole of the Daily Express in one sentence."

But if I were asked to review

the book, I would confess that if I could do it all over again it would be much better. (So would my performance as an actor—can you hear me, Hitch?)

On tv my "Sunday Newspaper of the Air" idea eventually got airborne after 18 months, under the title, "The Time, the Place and the Camera."

It started off as the Sunday Globe, but after several changes Val Parnell dreamed up the final one while sunning himself on the Riviera. I liked it because it was the longest title that could possibly be devised, whereas all the British tv shows nowadays have one-worders like *Tempo*, *Monitor*, *Tonight*, etc. (If you can't be short, be long!)

But the biggest tv story of the year has not reached print till now. Lunching with Max Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook's son and Chairman of Beaverbrook Newspapers, I told him some of the rich anecdote that surrounds Val Parnell and Lew Grade, ATV's bosses.

Max was fascinated and invited me to bring them to dine with him at the Daily Express office. For those who do not know of the remorseless campaign that Beaverbrook's papers have conducted year in year out against commercial tv this news will not seem sensational.

But, believe me, it is as though Khrushchev was invited to call on Pope John in Rome.

Max, Val and Lew got on famously, and after dinner the four of us toured the building while the paper was being printed.

To my astonishment Val admitted that he had never seen a paper put to press before, nor had Lew. They were as pleased as a couple of schoolboys when their names were set into type on a linotype machine. And Lew admitted that running a tv station was a child's play by comparison with publishing a newspaper.

There ought to be a moral to all this, but I regret to say that at the time of writing the Beaverbrook newspapers are still banging away at commercial tv. I suppose that the good propagandist must be patient, so I will let you know how things are going in the next birthday issue of VARIETY in 1963!

British Border TV

Carlisle, Eng.

Viewing figures are up for Border Television, the commercial company covering north-west England and southern Scotland.

A second full audience survey report shows that the service now covers 77,000 homes, an increase of more than 23% over the figures when the station opened Sept. 1. This figure represents about 45% of the possible maximum coverage.

Lament For Shoestring

Continued from page 89

of the budgets now. Nobody can experiment, nobody can take chances. You were a staff-writer at KNN in the '30s, you know how simple it was to get going with some project which it didn't matter if it turned out to be no winner."

The Coast Technique

"Allen was in town the other day," I said. Allen was an old-line writer for broadcasting too and now heads one of the big Coast agencies. My friend's look asked what this had to do with what he'd been saying. "He had to come to New York to see about some squabble with one of the agency's clients," I explained. "The thing is, this client had been kicking about their show. Well, after Allen told me what the row was all about I said, 'What's the matter with you? You say you can't find a new idea for the client. Call up two or three good writers, get them down to your office, have them put their feet up and within an hour you'll have a new idea and a good one. Does tv now have a rule against doing things that way?' 'Yes,' Allen told me, 'yes, tv now has a rule against doing things that way. Or at any rate our agency does in the case of a budget the size of this client's. What I now do when I have to look for a new show, I saunter over to one of the independent film-outfits and ask 'What have you got for X dollars?' They then play for me what they've got and I either pick something there or go to another outfit. You see there's so much dough in-

volved our agency will no longer take the responsibility of dreaming up a show."

"So why are you arguing with me?" my friend wanted to know.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "Habit. I was pretty shocked at Allen's revelation of the inside story. And I couldn't help thinking of the way shows such as 'Mayor of the Town' and 'The Whistler' and 'I Was There' were started at costs not to exceed \$1,000 apiece."

"Okay, there you are," my friend said. "There was more artistic satisfaction—think of all the good sustainers the networks ran, for instance the old CBS Radio Workshop."

"Yes," I conceded. "That was some show."

"Is there anything like it on the air now?"

Next day he called me up to say, "Hey, you've been analyzed. What does it mean when you dream about a shoestring?" I asked if he had dreamed about a shoestring. "Of course," he said irritably. "What do you think I meant? When I woke up I remembered I dreamed of standing there, a violin in my hand and with a big orchestra at my back, and though you know I can't play anything I was making some good music come out of that violin, even though," and his voice took on a puzzled note, "it was strung only with one shoestring."

"It means you hate your father," I said. "Tell me, where were you playing. At the funeral they didn't bother to hold for Radio drama?"

That R-Really GR-reat 'Shew'

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kisses to the Americans on stage and they threw flowers. Women were weeping and dabbing their eyes with handkerchiefs. Some of them threw their arms around Elliot Lawrence. Others patted him on the back. These are the moments that you never forget.

Satchmo

In West Germany, where we went to entertain our troops, Mrs. Sullivan and I took Louis Armstrong and his wife to dinner one night. After dinner, before going back to the Berlin Hilton Hotel where we all were living, we stopped in at the carnival grounds where they were holding the "Oktoberfest." It was near midnight and only a handful were in the carnival area. Suddenly, crowds of people started gathering. First they came by 2's, then by 4's, then in squadrons. The magic word had gone out that Satchmo had arrived and within 15 minutes, the crowds multiplied to such a fantastic extent that they sent in an emergency call for additional police. All they wanted to do was to look at Armstrong or touch him.

So, you can imagine the job that Louis Armstrong has done for America, all over the world, as a roving ambassador. I've never seen anyone handle crowds so easily as Satchmo. And he never loses that wonderful smile.

In Spoleto, Italy, when we went there a few years ago to do a show woven about Gian Carlo Menotti, I persuaded Armstrong's manager and friend, Joe Glaser, to have Armstrong and his band join us over there. "But he's dead tired, Ed," said Glaser.

However, Satchmo decided to go and it was on that occasion that he almost died. It's a long drive from the airport at Rome through the mountainous country that leads to Spoleto and it was blazing hot.

At 5 a.m. the next morning Menotti was roused from sleep by one of his household servants. "Mr. Armstrong is dying—he's gasping for breath," the frightened servant told the composer.

Menotti, in that emergency, indicated the stuff of which he is made. It was he who summoned the ambulance—it was he who ordered oxygen tanks from an adjoining town—it was Menotti who alerted the Spoleto Hospital that Armstrong soon would be there and was in desperate condition. Dr. Schiff, who travels with Armstrong, says that he will never forget the professional speed with which Menotti made all of these arrangements. Dr. Schiff, of course, could not speak Italian so Menotti proved a God-send.

"I'll be all right, Pops," whispered Armstrong to me as I helped stretcher-bearers lift him into the small ambulance. The walls of his hospital room were almost covered with cablegrams from all over the world—stars, statesmen, G.I.'s he had entertained. It was an outpouring of affection such as you rarely witness. For 48 hours, it was touch-and-go.

News services and Italian newspapermen established a "death watch" on the ground floor of the hospital. Never before or since has the cable office at Spoleto handled such a volume of newspaper stories. All over the world, people wanted to know how Armstrong was getting along.

Our producer, Bob Precht, went to Eileen Farrell, who was there to sing in one of Menotti's operas. "Eileen," he said, "how about you singing with Satchmo's band?" Eileen and her managers, Ruth O'Neill and Bill Judd, agreed instantly, and Eileen was nothing short of sensational. A few years later, on one of our shows, from Las Vegas, I had Eileen and Armstrong sing a duet in commemoration of those grim days and nights at Spoleto.

These were some of the thoughts that were going through my mind, on a recent night when Stanley Burke, then president of the UN Correspondents' Association, graciously introduced me at a glittering affair.

The Hotel Pierre ballroom was draped with the flags of all the UN member-nations.

On the dais were the President of the General Assembly, Monji Slim; U-Thant, who succeeded the late Dag Hammarskjöld; our Ambassador to the UN, Adlai Steven-

son; Russia's Valerian Zorin; Armand Berard of France; Sir Patrick Bean of England; India's C. S. Jha; China's Dr. Tingfu Tsiang; Tunisia's Habib Bourguiba; Ghana's Alex Quaison Sackey and all the other UN ambassadors.

UN of Show Biz

At the tables in the ballroom were members of UN delegations and celebrated personages such as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. At the tables, too, were UN correspondents from nearly every country on the globe.

Burke, in his intro, told the assembled UN ambassadors that our tv show qualified as a special UN ambassador—"because Ed Sullivan brought to his tv stage performers from nearly every country in Europe and Asia—and has traveled all over the world to bring back to United States and Canadian audiences, representations of the artistic cultures of so many UN nations."

As he introduced me, my mind housed a lot of flashbacks: the Eskimos in our audience at desolate Kotzebue, on the Alaskan shore of the Bering Straits, when we did a show for the G.I.s on the first stage ever erected above the Arctic Circle; the misty day at Ireland's Blarney Castle, when our cameras and sound equipment were carried up the winding and slippery Castle steps to the top deck, where, scared to death, I leaned backwards to kiss the Blarney Stone, fearful all through it that I was going to slide from the grip of the Irish caretaker; the days when we were filming the wonderful Philippine Dancers at the Brussels World's Fair; the day previous, when we filmed the battlefield of Waterloo, not many miles from Brussels, and the interior of the very house where Napoleon slept, the night before Wellington overthrew him.

It was a montage of memories of experiences in Israel, Germany, Austria, Italy, Japan, Honolulu, England, France and Cuba.

Castro

In Cuba the night before Castro reached Havana, I taped an interview with him at the small town of Matanzas.

"Many Americans fear that you are backed by Communists, Fidel," I told him. Castro pointed to his bearded soldiers.

"Around their necks," said Castro "they are wearing scapulars. They have religious medals pinned to their uniforms. How could they be Communists? I, too, went to Catholic schools. How could I be a Communist?"

There were other thoughts that crowded through my mind; taping a show with Maurice Chevalier at Estoril, just outside of Lisbon; taping a show in Cirque d'Hiver, famous Paris circus, with Burt Lancaster, Gina Lollobrigida and Tony Curtis; taping a show with Gregory Peck in England and recently taping a comedy excerpt outside of London with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope; taping an excerpt with Kirk Douglas in Munich; taping Israeli dancers and singers, around an army campfire, outside of Tel Aviv; taping Brigitte Bardot in Paris on two occasions; taping Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, the late Louis Calhern, Eddie Albert and Paul Ford in Japan; riding with Charlton Heston in his chariot, as he circled the stadium in Rome; taping excerpts of shows in Italy, with Clark Gable, Sophia Loren, Anna Magnani, Gina Lollobrigida; filming a show in Lisbon, with Maurice Chevalier.

And always learning that people are people, the world over. Miss Bardot and Brando are supposed to be difficult to get along with, I always found them to be delightful human beings.

The oddly amusing thing about all this is that I never had the vaguest idea I'd ever be part of showbusiness. I started out as a sports writer and I still spend more time reading the sports pages than I do the television pages. Nobody in our family has ever been in showbusiness. In the Sullivan clan, there have been lawyers, priests, civil engineers, and my brother is in the construction industry, but not a single entry in showbusiness. It was a series of complete accidents that precipitated me into show business.

Global TV Horizons

Continued from page 97

programs have been screened in 20 countries—a striking success all the way from children's puppet shows like "Supercar" to really star-studded adventure serials like "The Four Just Men."

And the days are over now when only New York could afford to fly in stars from all over the world for their network shows. We fly the top names across the Atlantic regularly for "Sunday Night at the London Palladium"—and lately we have recorded Britain's first big series made with a top American star, Jo Stafford, at our new \$12,600,000 studio centre at Borehamwood, Hertfordshire.

Where do we go from here?

Global Color TV Inevitable

Well, we know that international trade in tv can do nothing but grow. All over the world tv is expanding. In Britain we believe that an extension of our tv time to absolute freedom cannot be delayed indefinitely. And inside a few years, the exchange of programs in color is inevitable.

How are the world's networks going to cope, how are they going to keep on pushing up their standards, spending more money for better programs, unless a quality world market is built up?

It is true that in ATV we have rightly become more choosy about the shows we buy from abroad. More and more it is becoming obvious that one country will only buy the best from another.

Today we are not only planning to export our light entertainment, but our drama—the biggest output in British television—and documentaries. Already we have exchanged programs with Soviet Russia, already our backroom boys are looking ahead to the age of Space TV, when live programs will be bounced around the world via satellites.

We know that it will not be all that long before items will be linked live from New York, Tokyo or Moscow direct into our current affairs programs like "The Time, The Place—And the Camera."

So it is inevitable that over the next few years television will become even more international.

How do we use it to reflect life in the different countries as well as contributing top entertainment on a worldwide "network?"

Well, we in ATV have already pioneered a form of drama documentary designed to inform as well as entertain. Twice weekly for four and a half years we have screened "Emergency—Ward 10," a serial about everyday life in a British hospital.

"Deadline Midnight" reflects a true picture of life in a big Fleet Street newspaper office, "Harpers West One" tackles life in a big store, "Call Oxbridge 2000" deals with the life of a young doctor in general practice.

Tremendous care is taken to give these locations and characters and the stories around them an absolutely authentic air. We know from the ratings that they have enormous appeal—and we believe that they are the kind of programs which could do a great deal to help people overseas understand Britain, its citizens and its institutions.

World Education & Culture

We shall take our place, too, as a contributor to world education and culture once the tv net is flung wider. The series of French lessons we made actually in France could be usefully screened in any English-speaking country. The same goes for the several series we have created about art—more recently "Five Revolutionary Painters" and "Landscape Into Art"—conducted by Sir Kenneth Clark, the eminent British authority on art.

And we would like to show the world a glimpse of some of the outstanding lecture series given by Alan Taylor, the Oxford historian, on "The First World War" and "Prime Ministers of England."

We have been in business only six years. There is a long way to go, there are countless problems before us as we look forward, with **VARIETY**, to the expanding world of show business.

But there is also a great challenge to meet. As a young company, ATV salutes the more venerable **VARIETY**—certain that both of us are on the brink of the most exciting chapter in the history of show business.

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Nighttime and Daytime Overall Costs Include: Production Expenses, Actors, Musicians, Writers, Freelance Directors, Set Construction, Royalties, Agency Directors

COSTS DO NOT INCLUDE TIME CHARGES OR COMMERCIALS

Figures Are Gross—Including Agency Commission

Agencies listed by initials: Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne; Bozell & Jacobs; Benton & Bowles; Campbell-Ewald; Campbell-Mithun; Carson-Roberts; Cunningham & Walsh; Doherty Clifford, Steers & Shenfield; Donahue & Coe; Doyle, Dane, Bernbach; Dancer, Fitzgerald & Sample; Erwin, Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan; Foote, Cone & Belding; Fuller, Smith & Ross; Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli; Knox-Reeves; J. Walter Thompson; Kenyon & Eckhardt; Keyes, Madden & Jones; Lambert & Feseley; Lennen & Newell; McCann-Erickson; Meldrum & Fewsmith; MacManus, John & Adams; Norman, Craig & Kummel; Needham, Louis & Brorby; Ogilvy, Benson & Mather; Reach, McClellan; Sullivan, Stauter, Colwell & Bayles; Tatham, Laird; Warwick & Legler; Young & Rubicam.

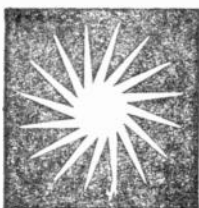
PROGRAM	NET- WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
ABC Evening Report	ABC	\$5,000	Columbia Pictures	D&C	ABC News Prod.
			E. R. Squibb & Son	C&C	
			Mobil Oil Co.	Bates	
World of Bob Hope	NBC	113,000	Purex	Weiss	Donald Hyatt
ABC Midday Report With Alex Dreier	ABC	3,700	J. B. Williams	Parkson	ABC News
ABC News Final	ABC	5,500	Sun Oil	Esty	ABC News
			International Auto Sales	D&C	
			Squibb	D&C	
Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet	ABC	53,000	Brunswick	McC-E	Stage 5 Prod.
			Edward Dalton	K&E	
			Mobil Oil	Bates	
			Peter Paul	DFS	
			Warner-Lambert	Bates	
Adventures in Paradise	ABC	95,000	American Chicle	Bates	20th Cent. Fox
			American Tobacco	Gumbinner	
			Armour	FC&B	
			Block Drug	SSC&B	
			Brillo	JWT	
			Brunswick	McC-E	
			Corning Glass	N. W. Ayer	
			General Cigar	Y&R	
			Jergens	C&W	
			Keystone	Bresnick	
			Miles	Wade	
			Mobil	Bates	
			Polaroid	DDB	
			Schick	Compton	
			Union Carbide	Esty	
Alcoa Premiere	ABC	105,000	Aluminum Co. of America	FS&R	Revue Prod.
All-Star Golf	NBC	23,000	Kemper Insurance	Frank	Sidney Goltz
			Reynolds Metals	L&N	
The Alvin Show	CBS	60,000	General Foods	P&B	Format Films
American Bandstand	ABC	2,000	Adams Corp.	Z. R. Daniels	Click Corp.
		(Per Segment)	Amer. Chicle	Bates	
			Blumenthal	Schorr	
			Colgate	Bates	
			Gillette (Toni)	North	
			International Shoe	Krupnick	
			Lehn & Fink	FS&R	
			Mars	NLB	
			Milton Bradley	Noyes	
			M M M	MacM, J&A	
			Noxema	SSC&B	
			Smith-Corona-Marchant	BBDO	
			Vick	Morse	
			Welch	Manoff	
American Football League	ABC	300,000	Participating		ABC
		(Per Game)			
American Football League			Bristol-Myers	DCS&S	
Post-Game Scoreboard	ABC	7,300	General Mills	DFS	
Armstrong Circle Theatre	CBS	47,500	Armstrong Cork	BBDO	Robert Costello
As the World Turns	CBS	2,500	P & G	E&B	Allen Potter
		(Per Segment)	Alberto Culver	Compton	
			Lipton	Y&R	
			Stealing	DFS	
			Quaker Oats	JWT	
			Nabisco	McC-E	
			Pillsbury	Campbell-Mithun	
Bachelor Father	ABC	53,000	American Tobacco	Gumbinner	Everett Freeman
			Armour	FC&B	
Baseball Game of the Week	CBS	30,000	Falstaff Brewing	DFS	CBS Sports
Bell & Howell Close-Up!	ABC	78,000	Bell & Howell	McC-E	ABC-TV
Bell Telephone Hour	NBC	135,000	Bell System	N. W. Ayer	Barry Wood
Ben Casey	ABC	105,000	American Chicle	Bates	James Moser
			Block Drug	SSC&B	
			Brillo	JWT	
			Bristol-Myers	OB&M	
			Con. Cigar	EW&R	
			Dow Chemical	McM, J&A	
			General Cigar	Y&R	
			M M M	McM, J&A	
			Mobil Oil	Bates	
			North American Phillips	LaRoche	
			Noxema	SSC&B	
			Polaroid	DDB	
			Warner-Lambert	Bates	
			Wynn Oil	EW&R	
Jack Benny Program	CBS	70,000	State Farm Insurance	NLB&B	Fred De Cordova
			Lever Bros.	SSC&B	
Joey Bishop Show	NBC	58,000	American Tobacco	SSC&B	Lou Edelman
			P & G	E&B	
Bonanza	NBC	120,000	Chevrolet	C-E	David Tortort
The Brighter Day	CBS	2,500	Lever Bros.	JWT	Leonard Blai
		(Per Segment)	Kellogg	Burnett	
			Quaker	JWT	
			Alberto Culver	Compton	
			Drackett	Y&R	
David Brinkley's Journal	NBC	29,000	Douglas Fir Plywood	Cole & Weber	Ted Yates
			P P G	Maxon	
Bugs Bunny	ABC	53,000	Mead-Johnson	K&E	David Depatie
			Blumenthal	W&S	
			General Foods	B&B	
			Mars	NLB&B	
			Mattel	Carson Roberts	
Bullwinkle	NBC	39,000	General Mills	DFS	Jay Ward-Bill Scott
			Ideal Toy	Y&R	
			Beech Nut	Y&R	
Bus Stop	ABC	110,000	Brillo	JWT	Wm. Self
			Bristol-Myers	Y&R	
			Brown & Williamson	Bates	
			Johnson & Johnson	Y&R	
			Mobil Oil	Bates	
			North Amer. Phillips	LaRoche	
			Singer Sewing	Y&R	

(Continued on page 109)

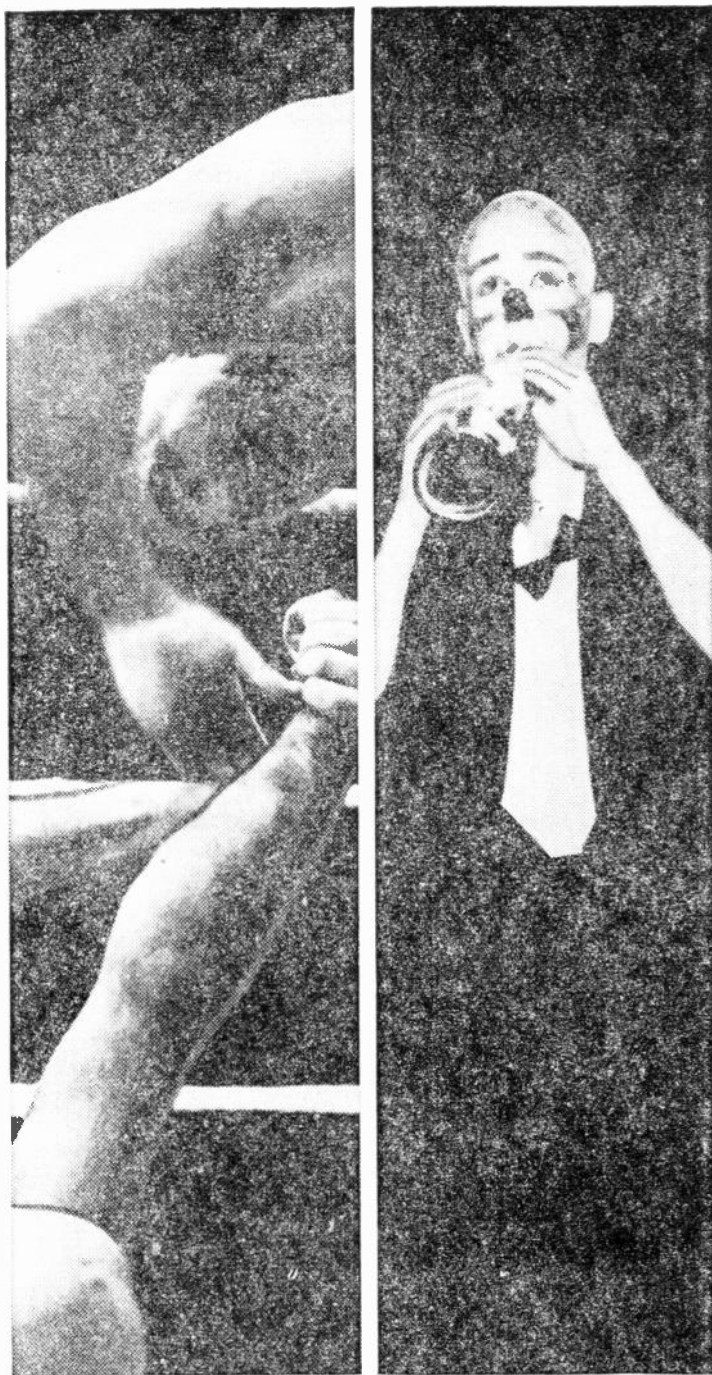


'TV' sounds simple; deceptively simple. 'Associated-Rediffusion' sounds much more complex; and it is. Set out to give the best of television to the vast family of Londoners, with all their various tastes—and often to all of Britain as well—and you quickly have a very complex pattern of programmes. The Big Top, and the pick of the pops; drama and comedy; plays, films, musicals; music itself, for imagining, remembering—or forgetting; streamlined series like 'Echo Four-Two'; human documents, like the programmes of Daniel Farson; panel games and variety; national and world affairs in 'This Week' That's not all, but it's enough to show that 'Take Your Pick' is more than a very popular show—it's just what Associated-Rediffusion likes people to do. Which (not surprisingly) is why over nine million Londoners do it.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION
gives
LONDON
the best of all
TELEVISION



TELEVISION HOUSE • KINGSWAY • LONDON WC2



East Vs. West

Continued from page 103

two separate worlds within a world.

The Directors Guild is the outcome of a recent merger of the old directors unit in Hollywood with the newer, smaller Radio & Television Directors Guild in New York. Trained in royal fashion by Cecil B. DeMille and directors of that ilk, the Hollywood group at once imposed a very large initiation fee on all rookies of the two-coast union, a fee that some lesser figures, like associate directors, still cry over. Then, because nearly everything DGA does in Hollywood is freelance, where the concept works well, the powers in Hollywood imposed freelancing on some New York staff men, and, without going into any detail, suffice to say that these New Yorkers now stand to lose money or, worse, their jobs.

Lack of Unity

There is no unity of directors, not really. In order for Hollywood to "accept" RTDG, it decided to reject a small New York group of film directors who come under the banner of the Screen Directors International Guild. Pulling out of merger negotiations with SDIG is said, in part, to have been prompted by a faint aura of "jealousy" about the very existence of film directors in the unimportant world outside the proper Beverly Hills orbit. Naturally, this division between SDIG and DGA can lead to even more trouble than the divisions cropping up within the latter union itself between its country club set and the "poor working slob."

So mistrustful is Hollywood of New York that Screen Actors Guild, based mainly in Hollywood, rejected an opportunity for out-and-out merger with the American Federation of Television & Radio Artists, headquartered in New York. (And this despite the advice of a highly-paid labor consultant, hired jointly by both unions, who recommended merger.) Today, SAG and AFTRA have a working agreement, however, that seems to work fairly well in avoiding the jurisdictional squabbles that just two years ago were tearing deeply into the fabric of both actor guilds.

British TV

Continued from page 88

has stated its case for its second channel and extension of radio services. On the introduction of color, however, it has been making a lot of noise in public as its experimental service has been running successfully for some years, and it has been inhibited by the Government's persistent refusal to give the signal until the Pilkington report is published. At the Corporation's new Television Centre there is a duplicate transmitting gallery waiting for the word "off" to start its second service. That is the measure of the BBC's confidence.

In the course of its 12 months inquiry, the Pilkington Committee has taken written and oral evidence from thousands of organizations. Everyone and his brother wanted to get in on the act. Television, radio, press, advertising, motion picture and legit groups were interviewed as they have vested interests to protect. But there were also documents from churches, schools, local authorities, welfare organizations — almost everyone who wanted to comment on the potential influence of television and radio for good or bad. This volume of evidence makes it a gigantic labor of love for the Committee and there is always the danger that they may have labored in vain.

Not to be forgotten is the fate of the Beveridge report in 1952. With only one dissident, it came out strongly against the introduction of any form of commercial tv or radio. There was a minority report signed only by Selwyn Lloyd, now Chancellor of Exchequer, in favor of commercial tv. It was that minority report which was accepted by the Government and provided the framework for the legislation which came into effect in 1954.

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Continued from page 107

PROGRAM	NET- WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
Cain's 100	NBC	\$110,000	Beech Nut	Y&R	Charles Russell
			Block	Grey	
			International Latex	Bates	
			Lorillard	L&N	
			Mead-Johnson	K&E	
			Sunbeam	FC&B	
Calendar	CBS	3,100	Participating		Thomas H. Wolf
Calvin and the Colonel	ABC	56,000	Lever Bros.	JWT	Joe Connelly, Bob Mosher
Candid Camera	CBS	52,000	Bristol-Myers	Y&R	Bom Banner
Captain Kangaroo	CBS	10,000	Lever Bros.	JWT	
			Kellogg	Burnett	Dave Connell
			Continental Baking	Bates	
			Toy Tinkers	George Bond	
			Matey	J. N. Prewitt	
			Gerber	D'Arcy	
			Colgate	Bates	
			Crayola	Chirurg & Cairns	
			(Binney & Smith)		
			Sweets	Henry Eisen	
			Colorforms	Kudner	
			General Toy	Webb	
			Bordens	Y&R	
Car 54—Where Are You?	NBC	54,000	P & G	Burnett	Nat Hiken
CBS Reports	CBS	100,000	Participating		Fred W. Friendly and Jack Beck
Century Abroad	NBC	75,000	Elgin	MC-E	Chet Hagan
Checkmate	CBS	123,000	Socony Mobil	Bates	Dick Berg
			Menly & James	FC&B	
			Liggett & Myers	JWT	
			Colgate	Bates	
			Polaroid	DDB	
			Kraft	JWT	Nick Vanoff
			Participating		Norm Blumenthal
			(Per Segment)		
Cheyenne	ABC	100,000	American Tobacco	BBDO	Art Silver
			Ed Dalton	K&E	Burt Silver
			Mars	NL&B	Sidney Biddell
			Miles	Wade	
			Mobil Oil	Bates	
			P & G	B&B	
			Whitehall	Bates	CBS News
			Carter	Bates	
			Brown & Williamson	Bates	Bob Finkel and Eddy Rubin
			Nutri-Bio	Walker & Crenshaw	Gene Banks
			Participating		
			(Per Segment)		
			Brown & Williamson	Bates	Herbert Brodtkin
			Lever	OB&M	
			Kimberly Clark	FC&B	
			Kellogg	Burnett	Screen Gems
			Best Foods	GB&B	
			Eastman-Kodak	JWT	Walt Disney
			RCA	JWT	
			Colgate	NC&K	Rod Amateau
			Philip Morris	Burnett	
			Colgate	L&N	Herbert Hirschmann
			L & M	DFS	
			Singer	Y&R	
			Sterling	DFS	
			Warner-Lambert	L&F	
			DuPont		Various
			(Average)	BBDO	
DuPont Show of the Week	NBC	100,000	P & G	B&B	Charles Fisher
			(Per Segment)	Compton	
			Alberto Culver	DFS	
			Sterling	JWT	
			R. T. French	McC-E	
			National Biscuit	North	
			Toni	Bates	
			Whitehall	C-M	
			Pillsbury	M-E Productions	
			Best Foods	Y&R	
			Drackett	Morse	
			Vick	Bates	Don Hewitt
			Whitehall	Y&R	
			Goodyear	Bates	
			Carter	Buriett	
			Philip Morris	Grey	Boris Kaplan
			Block	McC-E	
			Helene Curtis	Bates	
			International Latex	DFS	
			L & M	K&E	
			Lincoln-Mercury	FCB	
			Sunbeam	Esty	
			Union Carbide	L&F	
			Warner-Lambert	GB&B	V. Fae Thomas
			Ralston-Purina	DF&S	Leslie Midgley and John Sharnik
			Liggett & Myers	EW&R	
			Participating		Eugene B. Rodney
			General Mills	BBDO	Robert Maxwell & Rudy Abel
			Campbell Soup	BBDO	Malitz Proda
			Gillette	Compton	
			Con. Cigar	Wade	Screen Gems
			Miles	Esty	
			R. J. Reynolds	Y&R	20th Cent-Fox
			Kaiser	JWT	
			L & M	Bates	
			Whitehall		Eugene Burr
			Participating		
			(Per Segment)		
			Participating		Richard Irving & Samuel A. Peeples
			General Electric	BBDO	Irving Cummings Jr.
			General Foods	B&B	Stanley Rubin
			P & G	B&B	Aaron Reuben
			(Per Segment)		Lucy Ferri
			Liggett & Myers	DF&S	Norman MacDonnell
			S. C. Johnson	B&B	
			Remington Rand	Y&R	
			General Foods	B&B	
			Hallmark	FCB	George Schaefer
			Mars	NL&B	Screen Gems
			Mobil Oil	Bates	
			Polaroid	DDB	
			Ralston Purina	GB&B	

(Continued on page 111)

CONTINUING DOMINANCE!

...and now a clean sweep!

VARIETY

Wednesday, December 27, 1961

VARIETY-ARB SYNDICATION CHART

VARIETY's weekly tabulation based on ratings furnished by American Research Bureau, highlights the top ten network shows on a local level and offers a rating study in depth of the top ten syndicated shows in the same particular markets. This week five different markets are covered.

In the syndicated program listings of the top ten shows, rating data such as the average share of audience, coupled with data as to time and day of telecasting competitive programming in the particular slot, etc., is furnished. Reason for detailing an exact picture of the rating performance of syndicated shows is to reflect the true rating strength of particular series. Various branches of the industry, ranging from media

buyers to local stations and/or advertisers to syndicators will find the charts valuable.

Over the course of a year, ARB will tabulate a minimum of 247 markets. The results of that tabulation will be found weekly in VARIETY. Coupled with the rating performance of the top ten network shows on the local level, the VARIETY-ARB charts are designed to reflect the rating tastes of virtually every tv market in the U. S.

(*) ARB's October 1961 survey covered a multi-week period. Syndicated shows sharing one of the weeks with an alternating or special program are listed, with the multi-week rating of all programs in the time period given.

CHICAGO

STATIONS: WBBM, WNBQ, WBKB, WGN. *SURVEY DATES: OCTOBER 15-28, 1961.

TOP SYNDICATED PROGRAMS					TOP COMPETITION				
RK.	PROGRAM—DAY—TIME	STA.	DISTRIB.	AV. RTG.	AV. SH.	PROGRAM	STA.	AV. RTG.	AV. SH.
1.	Huckleberry Hound (Mon. 6:00)	WGN	Screen Gems	16	39	Report; CBS News	WBBM	15	
1.	Manhunt (Wed. 9:30)	WGN	Screen Gems	16	23	Brink. Journals	WNBQ	23	
2.	Death Valley Days (Wed. 9:00)	WGN	U.S. Borax	14	20	Bob Newhart	WNBQ	27	
3.	Third Man (Fri. 9:30)	WGN	NTA	13	22	Target	WBKB	24	
3.	Yogi Bear (Tues. 6:00)	WGN	Screen Gems	13	31	Report; CBS News	WBBM	16	
4.	Quick Draw McGraw (Thurs. 6:00)	WGN	Screen Gems	12	28	Report; CBS News	WBBM	15	
4.	Suspicion (Fri. 8:30)	WGN	MCA	12	19	77 Sunset Strip	WBKB	28	
5.	Brave Stallion (Sat. 4:00)	WGN	ITC	11	38	Tugboat Annie	WBKB	9	
5.	Pony Express (Sat. 3:30)	WGN	NBC Films	11	41	NCAA F.B.	WBKB	10	
6.	Mr. Magoo (Wed. 7:00)	WGN	T.P.I.	10	17	Wagon Train	WNBQ	27	
6.	Sea Hunt (Tues. 7:00)	WGN	Ziv-UA	10	18	Joey Bishop	WNBQ	22	
						Dick Van Dyke	WBBM	16	

10 of the TOP 10 Syndicated Programs

on WGN-TV Chicago—naturally!

WGN-TV, Chicago—consistently, week after week, month after month, year after year, earns higher ratings for more syndicated programs than any other Chicago station!

WGN-TV, Chicago—consistently has more top rated syndicated shows than the three competing network outlets combined!

This is a firmly established Chicago story — and now let's look at feature film ratings in the November, 1961, ARB report.

4 of the TOP 5

local feature films

on - ica o

Station "X"	Day/Time	Rating	Rank
WGN-TV WGN Presents	Sat., 10:15-12:15 a.m.	27.1	1
WGN-TV WGN Presents	Fri., 10:15-12:15 a.m.	15.0	2
WGN-TV WGN Presents	Sun., 10:15-12:15 a.m.	13.9	3
WGN-TV WGN Presents	Wed., 10:15-12:15 Mid.	13.7	4
WGN-TV Playhouse	Sun., 4:00-5:30 p.m.	13.5	5

for Best Movies . . .
More Newscasts . . .
Most Outstanding Features . . .
Exclusive year-around Sports . . .
. . . and for availabilities . . .

WGN

TELEVISION

CHICAGO

WGN-TV, 2501 Bradley Pl., Chicago 18, Ill.
Phone: LAkeview 8-2311
WGN-TV, 220 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.
Phone: MUrrayhill 7-7545
Represented by Edward Petry & Company, Inc.

Four Freedoms

Continued from page 84

believe that minorities can be turned into majorities. Opera, ballet, the arts, current affairs, we deal with them all at times when the maximum potential audience is there. Take music. We do not accept the view that concerts cannot be done on television. Every fortnight for the last three years, for about eight months of the year, we have had an audience for fine orchestras with great soloists equal to 500 times the capacity of the largest concert hall in Europe. In opera we have a regular policy which aims, at least, at one full length opera a month. Television ballet has developed with us to the point where even the most conservative, as well as the finest ballet in Europe, that of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, has signed a contract with the BBC to produce three ballets a year for three years on television, and it was a splendid sight in the gallery of a studio at Television Centre not long ago, to see the famous choreographer Dame Ninette de Valois sitting alongside our producer rehearsing "The Rake's Progress."

It seems inescapable that our rivals must adopt a style of programming designed to attract the largest, steadiest, most predictable audience so that their advertisers will have confidence in them. But with us it is possible to put the "customer," not the stockholder or the advertiser, first all the time. We make mistakes, of course. We have our failures and our flops. Sometimes we underestimate the audience; sometimes we overestimate it. But at least we can see that audience not as a mass, but as individuals with diverse needs and interests, all of which, not just some time or other, but at the time most suitable and convenient for them, we want to serve.

Among social historians there seem to be two schools of thought about the BBC. One is that it was the last fling, the final explosion of Victorian paternalism; the other that it was the prototype and model of a new administrative form. There may be truth in both theories; the important thing, we feel who work in it today, is that our past provides us with a sense of purpose, and that our present forbids us to be prigs. We do not see, as some do, public and provider glaring at each other over a Berlin Wall, but as friends in an alliance with mutual and enlarging rewards.

German TV

Continued from page 82

should try to know and understand our neighbors."

So a new television series here is titled "The Power of Belief." It plans to investigate, explain, show every major religion of the world. One feature on Mohammedism, another on Buddhism, Christianity, Judaism, all will be dealt with by a team of German photographers and reporters who have travelled throughout the world for a year to prepare these shows.

Currently there are close to a million Italian and Greek workers employed in West Germany to help out with the acute labor shortage here. And the West German television recently announced that it will occasionally show an Italian-language program, especially for these viewers who are far away from home and lonely, eager to hear their own tongue spoken. It has asked the West German viewers to understand that these foreign workers, who are so welcome as workers, are also to be made welcome however possible in West Germany.

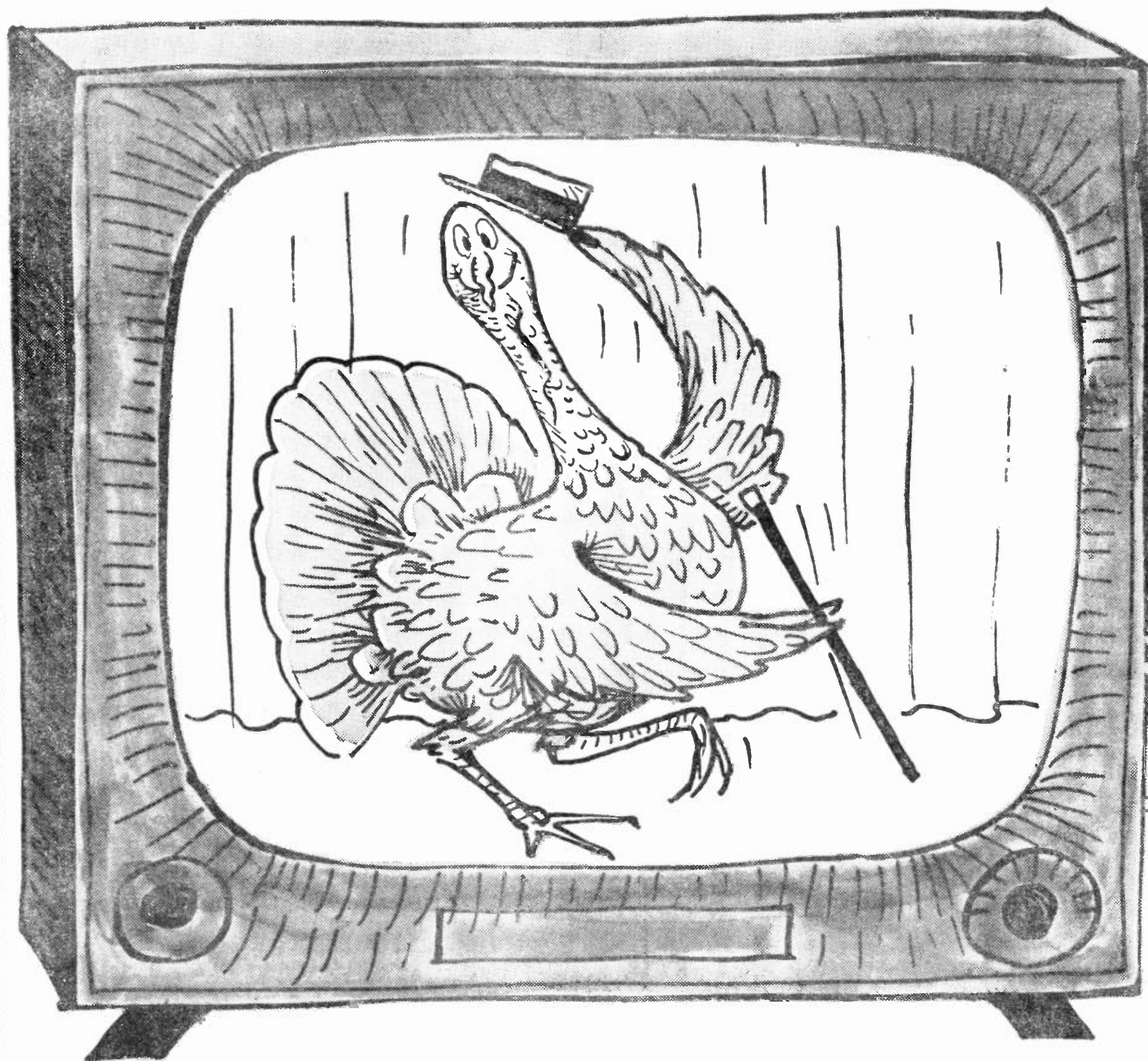
With all the flaws of government red tape, censorship controls, dull officialdom and slow procedures, the West German television is still coming out ahead on the international scene as it dares to provoke and challenge its viewers with topics relating to racial prejudices. And what should be of significance to the Americans, where the tv audiences are often sated with old movies and light vaudeville, the people here watch the television shows that deal with these thought-provoking themes. And so the medium is actually being used as it was originally planned, to educate and inform instead of merely to entertain.

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Continued from page 109

PROGRAM	NET-WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
Have Gun, Will Travel	CBS	\$59,500	Lever	JWT	Frank R. Pierson
Hawaiian Eye	ABC	100,000	Whitchall	Bates	
			Alberto Culver	Compton	Warner Bros.
			American Chicle	K&E	
			Carter	Bates	
			Lorillard	Grey	
			Nordco	LaRoche	
			Noxzema	SSC&B	
			Whitchall	Bates	
Hazel	NBC	57,500	Ford	JWT	James Fonda
Hennessey	CBS	60,000	P. Lorillard	L&N	Jackie Cooper
Here's Hollywood	NBC	2,800	General Foods	Y&R	
Alfred Hitchcock Presents	NEC	57,500	Participating		William Kayden
Chet Huntley Reporting	NBC	23,000	Lincoln-Mercury	K&E	Jean Harrison
Huntley-Brinkley Report	NBC	24,000	Revlon	Grey	
Ichabod and Me	CBS	52,500	Mutual of Omaha	B&J	Reuven Frank
I Love Lucy	CBS	22,000	R. J. Reynolds	Esty	Reuven Frank
International Showtime	NBC	80,000	Texaco	B&B	
			Toni	North	Joe Connelly & Bob Mosher
			Quaker Oats	JWT	
			Socory Mobil	Bates	
			Participating		Desilu
The Investigators	CBS	100,000	Derby Foods	McC-E	Patrick Plevin
It Could Be You	NBC	2,700	Sandura	B&G	
I've Got a Secret	CBS	37,000	Seven-Up	JWT	
Laramie	NBC	110,000	Texaco	C&W	
Lassie	CBS	48,000	Participating		Richard Irving & Michael Garrison
Lawman	ABC	51,500	Participating		Steve Cates
Leave It to Beaver	ABC	48,000	Participating		Goodson-Todman
			Campbell Soup	BBDO	John Champion
			R. J. Reynolds	Esty	Robert Golden
			Whitchall	Bates	Jules Schermer
			Mars	NL&B	Bob Mosher
			Peter Paul	DFS&S	Joe Connelly
			Polaroid	DDB	
			Ralston Purina	Gardner	
			Ralston Purina	G B & B	
			Participating		Robert Scherer
Shari Lewis Show	NBC	16,500	Mentolatum	JWT	John Guedel
Art Linkletter's House Party	CBS	2,500	Toni	North	
			J. B. Williams	Parkson	
			American Home Products	Bates	
			Lever	JWT	
			Carnation	EWR&R	
			Pillsbury	EUNETT	
			S. C. Johnson	NL&B	
			Drackett	Y&R	
			Kellogg	EUNETT	Roy Winsor
			Vick	Morse	
			Quaker Oats	JWT	
			American Home Products	Bates	
			East Foods	M-E Prods.	
			Alberto Culver	Compton	
			Nabisco	McC-E	
			Scott	JWT	
			Staley	EWR&R	
Make Room for Daddy	NBC	63,000	Participating		Lou Edelman
Make That Spare	ABC	16,500	Brown & Williamson	Bates	Sports Programs
			Brunswick	McC-E	
			Mennen	Grey	
			P & G	Compton	Bill Self
Margie	ABC	55,000			Hal Goodman
					Larry Klein
					ABC-TV
					Alan Ludington
					Warner Bros.
Matty's Funday Funnies	ABC	36,000	Mattel	Carson-Roberts	
Maverick	ABC	100,000	Erillo	JWT	
			Con. Cigar	EWR&R	
			Ideal Toys	Grey	
			Jergens	C&W	
			J & J	Y&R	
			Kaiser	Y&R	
			Keystone Camera	Bres.	
			Ludens	Mathes	
			Mattel	Carson-Roberts	
			Peter Paul	DFS	
			Schick	Compton	
			Gulf	Y&R	Chet Hagan
			Vick	Morse	Don Feddersen
			Pillsbury	C-M	
			Kellogg	EUNETT	
			Toni	Wade	
			Hartz Mt.	Hartman	
			Lever	BBDO	
			Scott	JWT	
			Staley	EWR&R	
			Quaker	JWT	
			Best Foods	M-E Productions	
			Gerber	D'Arcy	
			R. T. French	JWT	
			Studebaker-Packard	D'Arcy	Arthur Lubin
			Dow Chemical	NC&K	
			Oldsmobile	C-E	Bob Banner & Joe Hamilton
			S. C. Johnson	NL&B	
			R. J. Reynolds	Esty	
			General Foods	Y&R	Ily Averback
			Participating		Joseph Seibetta
Mister Ed	CBS	47,500	Sweets	Henry Eisen	Sam White
Garry Moore Show	CBS	130,000	General Mills	DFS	
			Chevrolet	C-E	Peter Tewksbury
Mrs. G. Goes to College	CBS	54,000	American Chicle	Bates	Herbert Leonard
The Jan Murray Show	NBC	2,800	Beecham	K&E	
			Brillo	JWT	
			Bristol-Myers	OB&M	
			Brown & Williamson	Bates	
			Haggard	Locke	
			Ludens	Mathes	
			Speidel	McC-M	

(Continued on page 113)



These days, the price of a turkey is too darned high

You know that overrating ratings can lead to a hit show that reaches a costly quantity of non-prospects. And the cash register will ring up a turkey.

Also you know that even if you reach the right prospects — but with the wrong commercials — it's another kind of turkey. Equally costly.

You know, too, that the advertiser who does not move swiftly to get the right show, at the right time, may see his competition get the business. And he gets the bird.

In these days of spiraling costs, choosy consumers and speedy competitors — who can afford a turkey of any kind?

Doesn't it make sense to want a whole combination of smart programming, swift daring, and creative selling commercials?

Don't you need an agency which is best equipped, on all fronts, to bring down your cost per sale — and bring up your profits from television?

YOUNG & RUBICAM, Advertising

Cutting Room Floor

Continued from page 86

an honest leader. If you want to claim it took, first Governor Collins and then Parson Minow and now Conscience Swezey to revive that old time religion, so go ahead. Could be.

What intrigues me, interwoven throughout the more obvious duties delegated to this office where implementation of the Television Code is concerned, is the stickier and harder to isolate matter of believability touched upon by those Hill & Knowlton chaps. This kind of thing is tougher to do something about because believability takes so much more know how and finesse at the ad agency level where, understandably, a major concentration is so often directed to effectiveness in terms of sale.

How far out of my province do I get, technically—how far out of bounds is any Code-subscribing clearance office, doing its best to implement the good taste and other Television Code ground rules—if we raise a demur on believability in that word's broader sense? When a 60-second commercial introduces some glamorized doll in a setting more fabulous than something from the Arabian Nights, should we or someone else or a combination of us in the trade have anticipated the difficulty for common sense viewers of taking seriously this chick's purring endorsement for a commodity which she is pushing that just is not suited to the artificial context created for it?

Maybe I risk smearing the whole of television advertising by excerpting such a blip as this but only if some lug quotes me out of context. But how else is there to get after these exaggerated production handlings which reflect too little that is real for the average among us and too often, for that matter, nothing with which even in our daydreaming fantasies we can identify? Such insulting to the intelligence absurdities patently invite incredulity, subconscious or otherwise, when projected on a television screen towards which very discerning husbands, wives and children are focussing their attention. A substantial number of viewers by now are sophisticated enough to expect and deserve more solid facts.

No one will argue that laundry products should not be recommended for everything from a baby's diapers to lingerie. But what of those which are promoted in some commercials where invariably a slickly groomed housewife is caressing her cheek with the finished product? What of that washday "whiteness" which is extolled in a sort of white-on-white haberdashery tradition? Or take the demonstrations of some cosmetic soaps which face a model to the camera in a kingsized bathroom lathering her forehead, her cheekbones and chin in the neatest—but most unrelated—fashion compared with actual facewashing. Or certain cigaret smoked by glamorized models in tropical settings where more natives would ordinarily abound than do great numbers of us. Then sprinkle these in turn, punctuate them, with claims about eight-out-of-10 or one-out-of-six or three-out-of-four who do this, that, or the other as though what, in certain cases, may be no more than a handful sampling should be taken, by consumers presumed to be gullible, as having universal application. These are the indefinable gray influences hard to isolate in letter and in spirit. The aura created by their unbelievability surrounds and colors the believability of more basically realistic pitches with which any reasonable viewer is willing to identify. And finally, detractors of this next argument notwithstanding, the good things advertisers and their agencies do are judged in the context of these "bad" things done by, presumably, other advertisers and their agencies.

1961 took us along a progress road marred only by such puerile litter. If it is true that "every litter bit counts" methinks it obvious all of us might do well to concentrate in the year ahead on tidying up the television landscape.

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Continued from page 111

PROGRAM	NET-WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
National League Football Game of the Week	CBS	\$275,000	United Motors Service	C-E	John Pokorski
National Football League 1961 Games	CBS	300,000	Div of Gen. Motors		
National Velvet	NBC	47,000	Ford	K&E	Don Cook
			Marlboro	Burnett	
			General Mills	BBDO	Robert Maxwell
			Lorillard	Grey	
			Polaroid	DDB	
			Rexall	BBDO	
			Smith-Corona	BBDO	
			20th Century-Fox	Schlaifer	
			Anheuser-Busch	Gardner	Lew Kusserow
			General Mills	Knox-Reeves	
			Seiberling	M&F	
			Participating		Perry Smith
NBA Pro Basketball	NBC	18,000			Lew Kusserow
NBC Major League Baseball	NBC	30,000	Bristol-Myers	Y&R	Ralph Peterson
NBC News Afternoon Report	NBC	4,500	General Mills	DFS	Ralph Peterson
NBC News Daytime Report	NBC	4,500	U. S. Time	Doner	Al Wasserman
NBC White Paper	NBC	70,000			Fred Freed
					Sports Program
					Sports Program
NCAA Football Pre-Game Warm-Up	ABC	14,000	Union Carbide	Esty	
NCAA Football	ABC	275,000	Amoco	D'Arcy	
			Fritos	EW&R	
			Gillette	Maxon	
			Humble Oil	McC-E	
			R. J. Reynolds	Esty	
			Sunoco	Esty	
			Bristol-Myers	DCS&S	Sports Program
			General Mills	BBDO	
			Brown & Williamson	Bates	Quinn Martin
			J & J	Y&R	
			Mead Johnson	K&E	
			Miles Labs	Wade	
			Mobil Oil	Bates	
			Scott Paper	JWT	
			Allstate	Burnett	Roland Kibbee
			Beech Nut	Y&R	
			Sealtest	N. W. Ayer	
			Anheuser-Busch	Gardner	Perry Smith
			Ford	JWT	
			Narragansett	DCS&S	
			National Brewing	Doner	
			Phillips Petroleum	L&F	
			Wiedeman	DCS&S	
			Participating		Jean Kopelman
Number Please	ABC	2,300	Quaker Oats	JWT	Jack Kuney
1,2,3—Go!	NBC	16,500	Texaco	C&W	
On Your Mark	ABC	2,100	Audion-Emence	DHL	Lloyd Gross
Our Five Daughters	NBC	2,200	Gold Medal	MWS	Sonny Fox
Outlaws	NBC	100,000	Participating		Eugene Burr
Jack Paar Show	NBC	4,700	Participating		Frank Telford
Password	CBS	2,900	Participating		Paul Orr
			J. B. Williams	Parkson	Bob Stewart and
			Toni	Wade	Frank Wayne
			Vick	Morse	
			Mentholatum	JWT	
			Scott	JWT	
			Lever	SSC&B	
			Thomas Leeming	Esty	
			Alberto Culver	Compton	
			Pillsbury	C-M	
			Hartz Mountain	Hartman	
			Participating		Gail Patrick Jackson
			Carnation	EW&R	Parke Levy
			Participating		Ira Skutch
Perry Mason	CBS	114,000	American Tobacco	BBDO	Dick Powell
Pete & Gladys	CBS	53,000	Bulova	SSCB	
Play Your Hunch	NBC	2,700	Hertz	NC&K	
			Max Factor	K&E	
			Pillsbury	C-M	
			Reynolds Metals	L&N	
			Participating		Bob Stewart
Dick Powell Show	NBC	125,000	American Home Products	Bates	Bob Stewart
			Lorillard	L&N	
			Carter	SSC&B	Dan Wise
			Revlon	Grey	
			Gulf	Y&R	Chet Hagan
			Participating		Bill Burch
Price Is Right (Daytime)	NBC	2,900	Participating		Endre Bohem
Price Is Right (Nighttime)	NBC	40,000	P&G	Compton	Irving Pincus
Pro Football Kickoff	CBS	11,000	Campbell Soup	BBDO	Tony Owan
Projection '62	NBC	75,000	J&J	Y&R	Phil Sharp
Queen for a Day	ABC	2,900	P&G	B&B	Jules Levy
					Arthur Gardner
					Warner Bros.
Rawhide	CBS	110,000	Armour	FC&B	
Real McCoys	ABC	58,500	Chesebrough Ponds	Compton	
Donna Reed Show	ABC	54,500	General Cigar	Y&R	
			J&J	Y&R	
			Mead Johnson	K&E	
			Mobil Oil	Bates	
			North American-Phillips	LaRoche	
			Simoniz	DFS	
			Whitehall	Bates	
			Nestle	McC-E	Art Rush
			Chevrolet	C-E	Herbert B. Leonard &
			Philip Morris	Burnett	Leonard Freeman
			Sterling Drug	DFS	
			Beech Nut	Y&R	
			Elock	Grey	
			Bulova	SSC&B	
			Chemstrand	DDB	
			Helene Curtis	Weiss	
			International Latex	Bates	
			Johnson & Johnson	Y&R	
			Lanolin Plus	Daniel & Charles	
			Leeming	Esty	
			Maybelling	Post & Merr	
			Mogen David	Weiss	
			Noxma	SSC&B	
			Paper Mate	FC&B	
			R. J. Reynolds	Esty	
			Union Carbide	Esty	
Roy Rogers Show	CBS	16,500			
Route 66	CBS	130,000			
Saturday Night at the Movies	NBC	160,000			

(Continued on page 115)



TED BATES & COMPANY INC.

Advertising

666 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BEVERLY HILLS
LONDON*
PARIS**

MONTREAL†
TORONTO†



NETWORK TELEVISION

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

American Bandstand	ABC-TV
Camouflage	ABC-TV
Make A Face	ABC-TV
Day In Court	ABC-TV
Number Please	ABC-TV
Seven Keys	ABC-TV
Queen For A Day	ABC-TV
Who Do You Trust	ABC-TV
Yours For A Song	ABC-TV
Ben Casey	ABC-TV
Hawaiian Eye	ABC-TV
Naked City	ABC-TV

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

The New Breed	ABC-TV
Naked City	ABC-TV
Surfside 6	ABC-TV
Bus Stop	ABC-TV
Make That Spare	ABC-TV
Bob Cummings Show	CBS-TV
The Defenders	CBS-TV
Robert Taylor's Detectives	NBC-TV
Los Angeles Angels Baseball	KHJ-TV
Sugar Bowl Football	NBC-TV
Cotton Bowl Football	CBS-TV

CARTER PRODUCTS, INC.

Hawaiian Eye	ABC-TV
Sunday News Special	CBS-TV
Douglas Edwards With	
The News	CBS-TV
The Jack Paar Show	NBC-TV

COLGATE-PALMOLIVE COMPANY

Ben Casey	ABC-TV
American Bandstand	ABC-TV
77 Sunset Strip	ABC-TV
Captain Kangaroo	CBS-TV
Mighty Mouse	CBS-TV
Jan Murray Show	NBC-TV
Here's Hollywood	NBC-TV
Football Bowl Games	NBC-TV
Thriller	NBC-TV
Robert Taylor's Detectives	NBC-TV
Dick Powell Show	NBC-TV
Perry Mason	CBS-TV
Checkmate	CBS-TV
Ed Sullivan Show	CBS-TV
Laramie	NBC-TV

CONTINENTAL BAKING COMPANY, INC.

Captain Kangaroo	CBS-TV
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Morton Frozen Foods Division

Day In Court	ABC-TV
Seven Keys	ABC-TV
Queen For A Day	ABC-TV
Make A Face	ABC-TV
The Texan	ABC-TV
Who Do You Trust	ABC-TV
Yours For A Song	ABC-TV
Number Please	ABC-TV
Camouflage	ABC-TV
Calendar	CBS-TV
Surprise Package	CBS-TV
I Love Lucy	CBS-TV
Video Village	CBS-TV

FOOD MANUFACTURERS, INC.

Uncle Ben's, Inc.

Who Do You Trust	ABC-TV
Camouflage	ABC-TV
Number Please	ABC-TV
Day In Court	ABC-TV
Seven Keys	ABC-TV
Queen For A Day	ABC-TV
Yours For A Song	ABC-TV
Make A Face	ABC-TV
The Texan	ABC-TV

INTERNATIONAL LATEX COMPANY

The Today Show	NBC-TV
87th Precinct	NBC-TV
Thriller	NBC-TV
Cain's Hundred	NBC-TV
Robert Taylor's Detectives	NBC-TV
Saturday Night Movies	NBC-TV
Outlaws	NBC-TV
Tall Man	NBC-TV
The Jack Paar Show	NBC-TV

MOBIL OIL COMPANY

American Football League	ABC-TV
Cheyenne	ABC-TV
Ben Casey	ABC-TV
Naked City	ABC-TV
The Corruptors	ABC-TV

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Say When	NBC-TV
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STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED

Yours For A Song	ABC-TV
Camouflage	ABC-TV
Make A Face	ABC-TV
Day In Court	ABC-TV
Number Please	ABC-TV
Seven Keys	ABC-TV

Queen For A Day	ABC-TV
Who Do You Trust	ABC-TV
I Love Lucy	CBS-TV
Calendar	CBS-TV
Video Village	CBS-TV
Surprise Package	CBS-TV

WARNER-LAMBERT PRODUCTS

Division of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.

Day In Court	ABC-TV
Camouflage	ABC-TV
Yours For A Song	ABC-TV
Seven Keys	ABC-TV
Queen For A Day	ABC-TV
Who Do You Trust	ABC-TV
Adventures of	
Ozzie & Harriet	ABC-TV
Ben Casey	ABC-TV
87th Precinct	NBC-TV
Robert Taylor's Detectives	NBC-TV

WHITEHALL LABORATORIES and BOYLE-MIDWAY

Divisions of American Home Products Corp.

Seven Keys	ABC-TV
Camouflage	ABC-TV
Queen For A Day	ABC-TV
Number Please	ABC-TV
Who Do You Trust	ABC-TV
Day In Court	ABC-TV
Yours For A Song	ABC-TV
Jan Murray Show	NBC-TV
Here's Hollywood	NBC-TV
Young Dr. Malone	NBC-TV
Concentration	NBC-TV
Love Of Life	CBS-TV
Secret Storm	CBS-TV
Edge Of Night	CBS-TV
House Party	CBS-TV
The Untouchables	ABC-TV
Hawaiian Eye	ABC-TV
Lawman	ABC-TV
77 Sunset Strip	ABC-TV
Follow The Sun	ABC-TV
To Tell The Truth	CBS-TV
The Price Is Right	NBC-TV
Have Gun, Will Travel	CBS-TV
Sunday News Special	CBS-TV
Douglas Edwards With	
The News	CBS-TV
Bowl Football Games	CBS-TV
Leave It To Beaver	ABC-TV
Mr. Ed	CBS-TV
Twilight Zone	CBS-TV
Frontier Circus	CBS-TV
Ichabod and Mo	CBS-TV
Lawrence Welk	ABC-TV



Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Continued from page 113

PROGRAM	NET- WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
Say When	NBC	2,700 (Per Segment)	Participating		S. Robert Rowe
Search for Tomorrow	CBS	2,500 (Per Segment)	P&G	B&B	Frank Dodge
The Secret Storm	CBS	2,500 (Per Segment)	American Home Products	Bates	Roy Winsor
Seven Keys	ABC	2,100 (Per Segment)	Participating		Carl Jampel
77 Sunset Strip	ABC	109,000	American Chicle Beecham Polaroid Reynolds Tobacco Whitehall	Bates K&E DDB Esty Bates	Warner Bros.
Dinah Shore Show	NBC	120,000	American Dairy S&H	C-M SSC&B	Henry Jaffe
Red Skelton Show	CBS	68,000	Best Foods S. C. Johnson	L&N FC&B	Cecil Barker
Sky King	CBS	31,000	Nabisco	McC-E	MacGowan Prod.
Sing Along With Mitch	NBC	77,000	Ballantine Buick R. J. Reynolds	Esty Burnett Esty	William Hobin
Gale Storm Show	ABC	23,300	Participating		Alex Gottlieb
Straightaway	ABC	44,000	Auto-Lite	BBDO	Phil Shuken
Ed Sullivan Show	CBS	110,000	Colgate Revlon P. Lorillard Schlitz Philip Morris Warner-Lambert Scripto General Foods Bristol-Myers Armour Bristol-Myers Brown & Williamson Gillette Noxzema Pontiac Speidel Union Carbide	Bates Grey L&N JWT Burnett BBDO M-E Productions OB&M DCS&S FC&B Y&R Bates Maxon SSC&B MacM, J&A McC-E Esty	Bob Precht
The Summer Sports Spectacular	CBS	40,000	Participating		CBS Sports
Surfside 6	ABC	105,000	Alberto-Culver Brillo Lever Bros. Mead Johnson North American Phillips P. Lorillard Speidel Union Carbide	Compton JWT BBDO K&E LaRoche L&N McC-M	Warner Bros.
Tales of Wells Fargo	NBC	110,000	Participating		Earle Lyon
Target: The Corruptors	ABC	105,000	Alberto-Culver Brillo Lever Bros. Mead Johnson North American Phillips P. Lorillard Speidel Union Carbide	Compton JWT BBDO K&E LaRoche L&N McC-M	Four Star
Tall Man	NBC	52,000	Participating		Edward J. Montagne
The Texan	ABC	2,400	Participating		Rorvic Prods.
Theatre '62	NBC	130,000	American Gas Assn.	L&N	Fred Coe
Danny Thomas Show	CBS	64,000	General Foods	B&B	Sheldon Leonard
Threshold	NBC	100,000	Bell System	N. W. Ayer	Bob Bendick
Thriller	NBC	105,000	American Tobacco Beech Nut Block Colgate International Latex Max Factor Pillsbury Sterling	SSC&B Y&R Grey Bates Bates K&E C-M DFS	Fletcher Markie
Today Show	NBC	3,200 (Per Segment)	Participating		Robert Northshield
Top Cat	ABC	51,000	Bristol-Myers Kellogg Whitehall R. J. Reynolds	Y&R Burnett Bates Esty	Hanna-Barbera
To Tell the Truth	CBS	35,000	Participating		Gil Fates
Truth or Consequences	NBC	2,100 (Per Segment)	Participating		Ralph Edwards
Twentieth Century	CBS	40,000	Prudential	R. McC	Burton Benjamin & Isaac Kleinerman
Twilight Zone	CBS	54,000	Liggett & Myers	DFS	Buck Houghton
U. S. Steel Hour	CBS	65,000	U. S. Steel	BBDO	George Kondolf
Untouchables	ABC	110,000	Alberto-Culver Armour Beecham Miles Labs Whitehall Block B&W Colgate International Latex Max Factor Pillsbury Sunbeam Warner-Lambert	Compton FC&B K&E Wade Bates Grey FC&B Bates Bates K&E C-M FCB L&F	Desilu
Robert Taylor's Detectives	NBC	110,000	P&G	B&B	Sheldon Leonard & Carl Reiner
Dick Van Dyke Show	CBS	53,000	Bristol-Myers Mentholum J. B. Williams Kellogg Scott Lever Quaker	Y&R JWT Parkson Burnett JWT OB&M JWT	Robert Prialux Bertram Berman
Sander Vanocur Saturday Report	NBC	6,000	Participating		Heatter-Quigley
Verdict Is Yours	CBS	2,500 (Per Segment)	Participating		Heatter-Quigley
Video Village	CBS	2,400 (Per Segment)	Eldon Toy	K&E	Howard Christie
Video Village, Jr. Edition	CBS	4,000	Ford	JWT	
Wagon Train	NBC	120,000	National Biscuit R. J. Reynolds General Electric J. B. Williams Polaroid Union Carbide	McC-E Esty Y&R Parkson DDB Esty	Don Herbert Edward Sobol
Watch Mr. Wizard	NBC	13,700	All-State	Burnett	Gil Fates
Lawrence Welk Show	ABC	40,000	Kellogg Participating	Burnett	Don Feddersen Prods.
What's My Line	CBS	39,500	Gillette	Maxon	Roon Arledge
Who Do You Trust?	ABC	2,100 (Per Segment)	Liberty Mutual	BBDO	
Wide World of Sports	ABC	60,000	Toni	North	Eugene Rodney
Window on Main Street	CBS	60,000	Scott	JWT	
Young Dr. Malone	NBC	2,600 (Per Segment)	Participating		Carol Irwin
Loretta Young Theatre	NBC	2,400	Participating		John London

(Continued on page 116)

TV In Hong Kong In Upward Swing; '61 Turning Point

By ERNIE PEREIRA

Hong Kong. Television, which never really caught on in this energetic and resourceful town of 3,000,000 people since its inception in 1957, is now beginning to get into stride. As 1961 ended, television was experiencing a boom, auguring brighter prospects ahead for it.

Rediffusion TV, solely engaged in tv broadcasting here, has reported an undisclosed profit for the first time after having been for years in the red. TV here has definitely "turned the corner," according to Mark Miller, the tv controller of program. Not only has the demand for sets gone up but so has the number of program hours been increased from 38 to 50 per week.

All this is significant. A young Englishman, Miller, who was flown out to Hong Kong from England over a year ago to set things right in tv here, apparently has achieved a measure of success by giving better programs.

Some 10,000 tv sets are now out. This represents a 50% increase over the number of sets in circulation in 1960. Sets are bought outright by viewers who pay a monthly rental of about \$4.50 to Rediffusion for use of programs and maintenance.

Just what should the peak tv subscription be?

No market research was ever made to find out this, but it is believed that the maximum figure would be about 50,000 sets for a viewing public of 200,000 reckoning that one set, on an average, will be watched by four persons.

The Colony's economic situation and the fact that tv is considered a luxury to large segments of the proliferating population whose purchasing power is woefully weak are factors which weigh against any bigger envisaged figure. Rediffusion is confidently hopeful of reaching this 50,000 target in the next few years. TV sets are presently being bought at the rate of about 400 a month.

\$22 a Minute Com'l

Sale of commercials has risen—it costs \$22 to advertise a product for one-minute tv time.

TV is operated here, as it is already known, on a closed wired circuit. The one black spot in the overall tv picture, bright as it looked at the end of the year, was this:

Hopes to start broadcast tv from a site which was expected to have been picked during the past year have considerably cooled down.

Rediffusion, it is known, had been investigating the possibility of broadcast television to expand its service with the purpose of tapping potential viewing groups of people living in satellite towns.

Now, it seems, an extension of tv to these areas, will be done via the wired circuit system which is servicing only the Colony's urban districts.

Color tv, because of its technical complications, is something too far ahead for Hong Kong to think of having. Perhaps it will eventually come in the march of progress.

TV sets sold here are made in Britain and Japan. The price range is from \$95 to \$120 per set. Speculation was once rife that a tv plant would be started here to make sets in the Colony, but this has turned out to be sheer talk.

Rediffusion TV spent about \$195,000 in 1960 in buying tv films from America and Britain, with the U.S. easily the bigger market. It is believed that the company in 1961 spent about the same money in buying films from these two countries, although it has dropped well over a dozen programs, "Count of Monte Cristo," the "Lilli Palmer Show," the "M Squad," "Lassie," and "Robin Hood" shows being among them.

NBC, Warner Bros., CBS, Screen Gems, ABC and Granada now supply films to Rediffusion which, for an undisclosed reason, is not buying from MCA.

Westerns, because of the international language they speak, are the most popular viewing fare. "Laramie," "Maverick," "Cheyenne" and "Bronco" enjoy high ratings with viewers.

Canadian Radio In Upbeat, Attributed To Better Programs

By PAUL GORMLEY

Ottawa

Radio in Canada is a long way from the deathbed coma so many attribute to it. Canadian Broadcasting Corp.'s radio sales went up 17% over last year's, to total \$2,280,000 in the fiscal year just past, and sales of AM receivers upped 7.1% in Canada in the same year. Canadians bought 1,423,795 AMers in 1960 compared to 1,329,189 in 1959.

1961 figures aren't available as this is written but indications are that radio will grow in all respects. There was, for example, a 27.2% gain in set sales at the end of the first quarter.

Broadcasting stations increased, too. In the last decade, 65 new privately-owned AM stations premed in Canada to bring the total to 196 privaters, 28 CBC, and the list shows specific signs of growing at a good rate according to upcoming applications before the Board of Broadcast Governors.

There has been a real switch in production formats. Short, fast-moving shows seem to be the style. Example: Swift-Canadian Co.'s 10-minute stanza, running five days a week, starring Giselle Mackenzie.

The upped AM sales didn't just happen. All radio stations have put on brisk, effective sales drives, increased both the power and the number of staffers to sell. But they wouldn't have sold a minute of air-time if they hadn't been able to back up their gabbing with okay shows. CBC's webs, both running coast to coast, Trans-Canada using only CBC stations, Dominion using affiliates, carried airers like Don Messer's hoedowners, Trans-Canada Matinee, John Cameron Swayze, others. Radio had its steady faves as well, such as CBC "Wednesday Night," a cultural top-ranger; "Songs of My People," CBC "Stage" drama stunts and symphony sessions. Specials like the "Royal Wedding," boxing and hockey drew even bigger audiences, and bigger bankrolls.

Canadian Assn. of Broadcasters, grouping the non-CBC stations, believes a big force in upping AM's business has been the postwar boom in immigration, with more than 2,000,000 new Canadians arriving since the war. This cued more than 60 AMers to air foreign-language shows. Talks stanzas are big business, too. Toronto's CHUM collected hefty attention with its "Speak Your Mind" stanza. In Montreal, CKGM's "Open Mind" got into strong controversial items with live audiences.

While 6,000,000 Canadians watched this country's football classic, the Grey Cup game, via video, another 1,000,000 listened to the airer on AM. At the same time, even more heard the game on CBC's shortwave in the far north and Europe.

TV Sparse In Some Sectors

It is estimated that about 3,500,000 Canadian homes do not have television, a million of them live beyond tv's reach. They dial AM regularly and both CBC and private stations cater to them.

Production design has moved fast to aim shows at one person at a time. Once, radio produced for the people in the living room. Now it aims at people in kitchens, bedrooms, automobiles, on park benches, in offices. The housewife has returned to radio for background sound as she does her household chores and programmers know it. CBC figures hundreds of thousands of homemakers dial its "Trans-Canada Matinee."

Broadcasters figure, also, that tv watchers have learned to turn off the video when it doesn't give them what they want, and turn on the AM set. And they slate clear and loud that tv audiences are growing extremely particular about the fare on the screen. As CBC's president, J. A. Ouimet put it, "Either the audience doesn't have a television set for the program, or the set doesn't have a program for the audience." Ouimet doesn't see AM and tv working in a complementary scheme. Sounds logical, he said: radio with music when video has drama, or football on tv

(Continued on page 152)

Estimated Weekly Network TV Program Costs

Continued from page 115

PROGRAM	NET-WORK	COST	SPONSOR	AGENCY	PRODUCER
Your First Impression	NBC	\$2,400	Participating		Wes Kenney
		(Per Segment)			
Yours for a Song (Nighttime)	ABC	28,000	Alberto-Culver	Compton	Harry Salter
Yours for a Song (Daytime)	ABC	2,500	Lever Bros.	JWT	Harry Salter
		(Per Segment)			
Your Surprise Package	CBS	2,300	Participating		Allen Sherman
		(Per Segment)			
SPECIALS					
All Star Football	ABC	\$100,000	Carling	LF&S	Lester Malitz
			R. J. Reynolds	Esty	
Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic	CBS	30,000	Ford	K&E	Robert Saudek
The Blue Bonnet Bowl	CBS	75,000	Carter	SSC&B	Howard Reifsnnyder
			United Motors Service	C-E	
Victor Borge Special	CBS	220,000	Div. of G. M.	MacM,J&A	George Schlatter
David Brinkley: Our Man in Vienna	NBC	70,000	Pontiac	McC-E	Reuven Frank
Carnegie Hall Salutes Jack Benny	CBS	200,000	Westinghouse	C&W	Bob Banner
			Sara Lee	Burnett	
Chevrolet Golden Anniversary	CBS	200,000	Motorola	C-E	Henry Jaffe
Chun King Chow Mein Hour	ABC	100,000	Chevrolet	EBDO	Stan Freberg
The Coming of Christ	NBC	90,000	Chun King	BBDO	Donald Hyatt
Bing Crosby Golf Tournament	ABC	125,000	U. S. Steel	Maxon	Sports Programs, Inc.
			Gillette	EW&R	
Bing Crosby Specials	ABC	275,000	MMM	L-B	Bob Wynn
			Motorola	W&L	
East-West Football Game	NBC	90,000	U. S. Time	Bates	Perry Smith
			Colgate	Compton	
Connie Francis Show	ABC	130,000	Eversharp	Esty	
Gator Bowl	CBS	75,000	R. J. Reynolds	McC-E	Greg Garrison
			Savings & Loan Foundation	K&E	Joe Gallagher
Golden Showcase	CBS	125,000	Beecham	SSC&B	
			Carter Prod.	C-E	
Good Ship 'Hope'	NBC	75,000	United Motors Serv. Div. of G. M.	R-McC	David Susskind
U. S. Grant	NBC	90,000	Breck	McC-E	Leland Hayward
Hollywood: The Golden Years	NBC	90,000	Elgin	McC-E	Chet Hagan
Home for the Holidays	NBC	75,000	Union Central Life Insurance	B&B	Donald Hyatt
Bob Hope Show	NBC	375,000	P & G	Maxon	David Wolper
Chet Huntley: Face of Spain	NBC	80,000	Mohawk	Burnett	Roger Gimbel
Japan: East Is West	NBC	60,000	Chrysler	McC-E	Jack Hope
JFK Report	NBC	40,000	Westinghouse	K&E	Reuven Frank
			Lincoln-Mercury		Lew Hazam
Danny Kaye Show	CBS	500,000	Participating		Gerald Green
			General Motors	C-E	Bud Yorkin
Ernie Kovacs Specials	ABC	100,000	Con. Cigar	EW&R	Norman Lear
Let Freedom Ring	CBS	23,000	American Motor	Geyer	Ernie Kovacs
Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade	NBC	15,000	Lionel	Webb	Michel Grilikhes
			Remco		Ed Pierce
NBC Special News Report	NBC	20,000	Gulf Corp.	Y&R	Chet Hagan
New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts With Leonard Bernstein	CBS	14,000	Shell Oil	K&E	Roger Englander
Orange Bowl	ABC	79,000	American Home Products	T-L	Sports Programs
			Buick	McC-E	
Peace Corps Progress Report	NBC	33,000	R. J. Reynolds	Esty	
The Power and the Glory	CBS	300,000	United Motors Service	C-E	
Purex Specials for Women	NBC	40,000	Elgin	McC-E	Gerald Greene
Sound of the Sixties	NBC	225,000	Motorola	Burnett	David Susskind
Thanksgiving Day Circus	NBC	14,000	Breck	R-McC	
Thanksgiving Parade Jubilee	CBS	13,000	Purex	Weiss	George Lefferts
			Westinghouse	McC-E	Bob Wells
Tournament of Roses Parade	NBC	75,000	Remco	Webb	Ed Pierce
The United Nations Handicap	CBS	17,500	Nestle	McC-E	Paul Levitan
U. S. Time Corp. Specials	ABC	120,000	Polaroid	DBB	
Vincent Van Gogh: A Self-portrait	NBC	70,000	Minute Maid	Bates	Bill Bennington
Westinghouse Presents	CBS	150,000	F. & M. Schaefer	BBDO	Pete Melnar
Westinghouse Specials	ABC	100,000	U. S. Time Corp.	W&L	Joseph Cates
Wizard of Oz	CBS	300,000	Lincoln-Mercury	K&E	Lew Hazam
			Westinghouse	McC-E	Gordon Duff
			Westinghouse	McC-E	Various
			P & G	B&B	MGM (Movie)

Only 2 Hours From B'way & It's Like Mars—A Radioite's Bucolic Heaven

By MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

West Shokan, N. Y.

As a sleek modern automobile travels, I'm only a little more than two hours from Broadway. But the difference between this life and the one I left when I gave up my apartment at 230 Central Park South in Manhattan wouldn't be much greater if I'd move to Mars.

My permanent address today is a barn (remodelled some) in West Shokan, New York. West Shokan is a village of two score homes in the Catskills with the post office and general store housed together. My friends, the storekeepers, help me out with such major problems as how best to keep the white-bellied field mice out of my barn—and they sent strong-arm reinforcements when I had my burglar.

My barn is up the hill a piece from the store and to left and right are wooded mountains. The view from my front porch hung among the trees like a bubble is an ancient apple orchard and beyond, stretching away for 40 miles, a great lake (really a reservoir that supplies water to you city people), with the

loveliest mountains in the world rising in back.

My barn is redwood on the outside and inside the panelling is redwood pine. Everywhere bookshelves reach to the ceiling and all the tables and window seats are piled with the volumes I'm working on at the moment—from John Gunther's "Inside Europe Today" to the newest garden guide, W. H. Auden's and Ogden Nash's poetry, and the latest Agatha Christie mystery.

I am up at 5:30 a.m. in summer to watch the sun rise and to inspect my growing things—a row of tall red, pink and gold hollyhocks lined up against the north wall, windowboxes of scarlet petunias and geraniums, my rose border and the walled cutting garden awash with color. The wall was made by a 76-year-old stone mason, almost the last of his craft.

A humming bird hovering above a sweet william almost (but not quite) comes to my hand; a deer family, mother, father and baby, scamper into the woods. The transplanted ramblers on the stone wall

seem to be taking root nicely. Since last week we have made considerable headway against weeds. These I check, finding that everything is going moderately well in my little kingdom.

The occasional columnist who mentions me these days (old listeners from all over the country send me the clippings as well as cookies, fudge and seeds for my garden) call me retired.

Well, I can honestly say I tried. I was tired and thought I'd enjoy doing nothing for awhile. But I reckoned without my erstwhile agent as well as a certain editor. First it was a book about the radio years. The week I turned that over to the publisher and in consequence was feeling a little lost and lonely, came a telephone call from Martin Stone, head of the Herald Tribune radio network. "I used to appear on his 'Author Meets the Critics'." Could he and Harry Thayer, manager of WGHQ, a local station, stop by to see me? They came and before they left, we were all agreed that it would be nice for me to do a radio show from my home three times a week.

That's been going on now for more than a year and we have had such guests as Eleanor Roosevelt, Sam Levenson, Helen Gahagan Douglas, Jinx Falkenburg, Rex Stout and of course local editors, poets and just people. Bill Nimmo, Tiny Ruffner, Gladys Hurlburt and Pegleg Bates are often on because

they, too, have come from Broadway to the Catskills.

In 1959, I refused to sign a new contract with Lester Lewis, my agent. Reason—I didn't want to work. Lester said, "That's all right, I'll do what I can for you anyway."

One frigid morning last January he telephoned that the J. B. Williams Co. wanted me to do a television commercial. I answered, as I had several times before, "You know I don't want to work."

Later that day the president of the company called. He and his wife just happened, he said, to be driving up to the Catskill the next afternoon. Could they stop by? They did. I gave them tea and tried to behave modestly when they praised my snow-draped landscape.

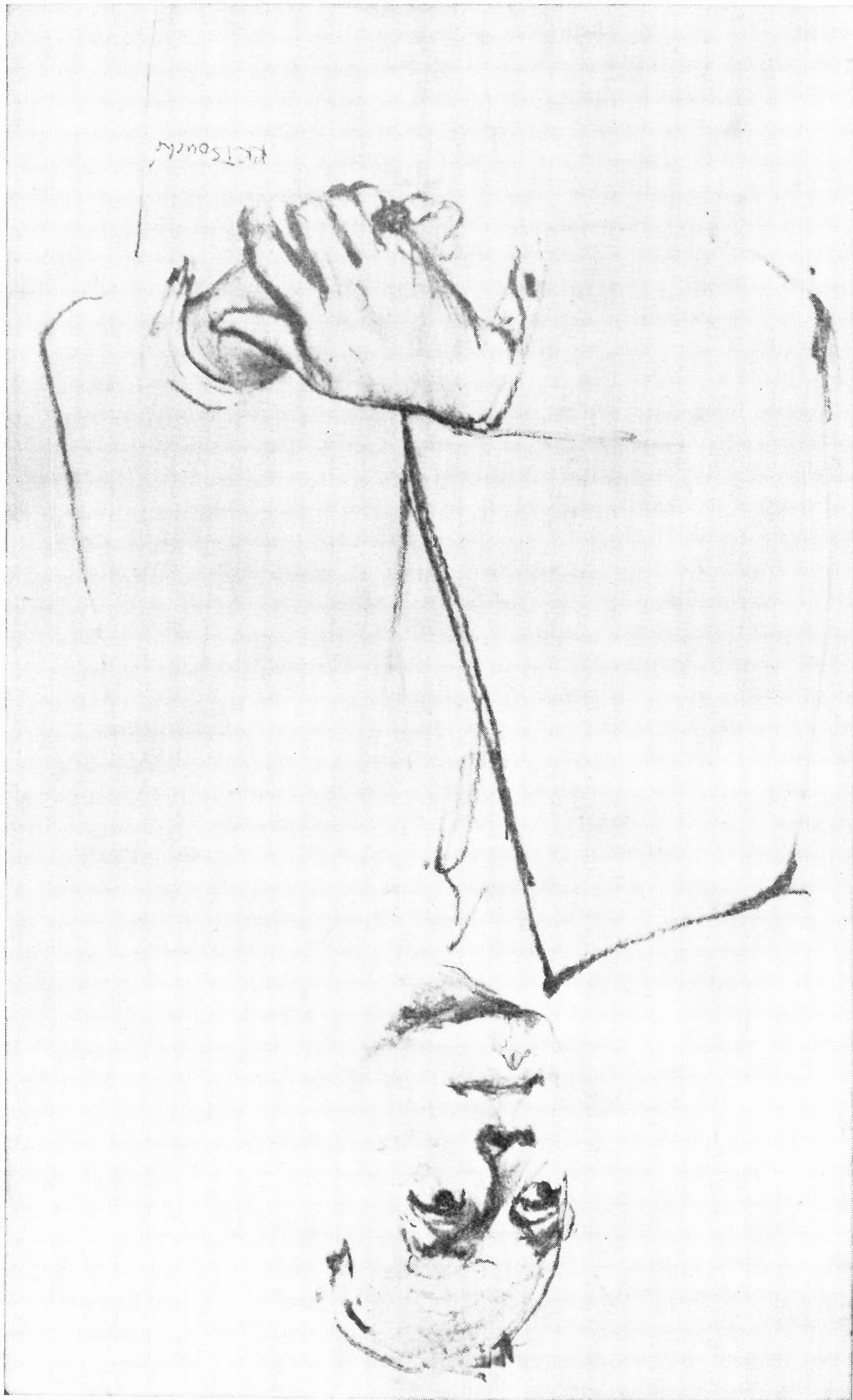
Suddenly Edward Kleiter, looking round at the 200-year-old beams in my livingroom, exclaimed "This would be a fine place for television!"

Secure in the belief that it would cost a fortune, I answered airily, "Oh, in that case I might do those commercials." Three days later I was doing them.

In the midst of our worst snowstorm of that blustery winter, a great truck came bearing technicians. Executives plowed through the drifts in their Cadillacs. A hairdresser, a makeup artist and even a few scriptwriters brought the roster up to 25 or 30.

In my livingroom which still

(Continued on page 154)



ALABAMA
Anniston
Atmore
Auburn
Birmingham
Boaz
Centre
Cullman
Decatur
Demopolis
Elba
Evergreen
Fayette
Flomaton
Florence
Foley
Fort Payne
Gadsden
Geneva
Greenville
Guntersville
Hartselle
Huntsville
Jackson
Jasper
Linden
Marion
Mobile
Montgomery
Opelika
Piedmont
Russellville
Scottsboro
Selma
Sheffield
Sylacauga
Talladega
Tallapoosa
Tuscaloosa
Tuscumbia

ARIZONA
Bisbee
Casa Grande
Clifton
Douglas
Flagstaff
Globe
Nogales
Phoenix
Prescott
Safford
Scottsdale
Tempe
Tolleson
Tucson
Willcox
Yuma

ARKANSAS
Arkadelphia
Benton
Brinkley
Camden
Clarksville
Conway
Corning
DeQueen
El Dorado
Fayetteville
Fort Smith
Harrison
Helena
Hope
Hot Springs
Little Rock
Marked Tree
Mena
Monticello
Morriston
Mountain Home
Nashville
North Little Rock
Paragould
Paris
Pine Bluff
Prescott
Rogers
Russellville
Springdale
Stuttgart
Warren
West Memphis
Wynne

CALIFORNIA
Arcata
Bakersfield
Banning
Barstow
Bishop
Blythe
Coalinga
Corona
Crescent City
El Centro
Eureka
Fort Bragg
Fresno
Gilroy
Glendale
Hanford
Hemet
Indio
King City
Lancaster
Lodi
Lompoc
Los Banos
Madera
Marysville
Merced
Mojave
Napa
Needles
North Hollywood
Oceanside
Oxnard
Palmdale
Palm Springs
Paradise
Pomona
Porterville
Red Bluff
Redding

Ridgecrest
Riverside
Sacramento
Salinas
San Bernardino
San Diego
San Gabriel
San Jose
San Luis Obispo
Santa Ana
Santa Maria
Santa Rosa
Sonoma
Stockton
Sussexville
Truckee
Tulare
Ukiah
Vallejo
Ventura
Wasco
Watsonville
West Covina
Yreka
Yuba City

COLORADO
Brighton
Colorado Springs
Cortez
Delta
Denver
Englewood
Fort Collins
Gunnison
Greeley
La Junta
Lakewood
Longmont
Loveland
Monte Vista
Fueblo
Rocky Ford
Salida
Sterling
Trinidad
Walsenburg

CONNECTICUT
Bristol
Danbury
New Haven
Old Saybrook
Putnam
Waterbury
Willimantic

DELAWARE
Dover

FLORIDA
Avon Park
Belle Glade
Bradenton
Chipley
Clearwater
Clermont
Clewiston
Cocoa
Cocoa Beach
Crestview
Dade City
Daytona Beach
De Funiak Springs
Deland
Eustis
Fernandina Beach
Ft. Lauderdale
Fort Myers
Fort Pierce
Gainesville
Green Cove Spring
Haines City
Hollywood
Homestead
Jacksonville
Jacksonville Beach
Lake City
Lakeland
Lake Worth
Live Oak
Madison
Marianna
Melbourne
Miami
Milton
Mt. Dora
Naples
Ocala
Orlando
Pahokee
Palatka
Panama City
Pensacola
Perry
Port St. Joe
Quincy
Sarasota
Sebring
Starke
St. Augustine
Stuart
Tallahassee
Tampa
Titusville
Valparaiso
Vero Beach
West Palm Beach
Winter Haven

GEORGIA
Adel
Albany
Alma
Ashburn
Atlanta
Augusta
Bainbridge
Baxley
Blakely
Bremen
Brunswick
Euford
Calhoun
Cairo
Cartersville

Claxton
Cleveland
Columbus
Cornelia
Commerce
Dawson
Decatur
Douglas
Eastman
Fort Valley
Gainesville
Griffin
Hinesville
Jessup
La Grange
Louisville
Macon
Madison
Manchester
McRae
Millen
Monroe
Moultrie
Nashville
Perry
Quitman
Rockmart
Sandersville
Savannah
Statesboro
Sylvania
Thomaston
Thomasville
Tifton
Valdosta
Vidalia
Warner Robins
Washington
Waycross
Waynesboro
West Point
Winder

IDAHO
Blackfoot
Boise
Burley
Caldwell
Coeur D'Alene
Grangeville
Idaho Falls

Kekoma
LaFayette
Logansport
Mount Vernon
N. Vernon
Peru
Portland
Princeton
Salem
South Bend
Terre Haute
Vincennes

IOWA
Boone
Burlington
Cedar Rapids
Centerville
Charles City
Cherokee
Creston
Davenport
Des Moines
Estherville
Fairfield
Fort Dodge
Grinnell
Knoxville
Maquoketa
Newton
Ottumwa
Perry
Storm Lake
Waterloo
Webster City

KANSAS
Arkansas City
Chanute
El Dorado
Goodland
Hays
Hutchinson
Junction City
Kansas City
Lawrence
Manhattan
Marysville
Merriam
Parsons
Pittsburg



Eddie Cantor—"ASK EDDIE CANTOR"

Jerome
Lewislon
Mescow
Nampa
Payette
Pocatello
Preston
Rupert
Sandpoint
Soda Springs
Twin Falls

ILLINOIS
Alton
Anna
Aurora
Cairo
Carbondale
Carmi
Charleston
Dixon
Galesburg
Harrisburg
Kewanee
La Grange
Lawrenceville
Lincoln
Litchfield
Mt. Carmel
Murphysboro
Oak Park
Paris
Peoria
Fittsfield
Robinson
Rockford
Salem
Urbana
Watseka

INDIANA
Anderson
Bocnville
Elkhart
Evansville
Fort Wayne
Goshen
Hammond
Indianapolis
Jasper

Russell
Salina
Topeka
Wichita

KENTUCKY
Albany
Benton
Bowling Green
Columbia
Corbin
Cumberland
Cynthiana
Danville
Fulton
Glasgow
Grayson
Harlan
Harrodsburg
Henderson
Hopkinsville
Lebanon
Leitchfield
Lexington
Louisville
London
Madisonville
Mayfield
Maysville
Middlesboro
Morganfield
Mt. Sterling
Munfordville
Murray
Neon
Newport
Paducah
Paintsville
Paris
Fikeville
Prestonburg
Richmond
Russellville
Scottsville
Somerset
Vanceburg
Whitesburg
Williamsburg
Winchester

ON OVER 1,600 AM RADIO STATIONS IN AMERICA!

LOUISIANA
Alexandria
Amite
Bastrop
Baton Rouge
Bogalusa
Covington
Crowley
Denham Springs
De Ridder
Eunice
Ferriday
Franklin
Golden Meadow
Hammond
Haynesville
Homer
Houma
LaFayette
Lake Charles
Leesville
Merksville
Minden
Monroe
Morgan City
New Iberia
New Orleans
Oak Grove
Opelousas
Rayville
Ruston
Shreveport
Springhill
Thibodaux
Ville Platte
West Monroe
White Castle
Winnfield
Winnsboro

MAINE
Augusta
Bangor
Farmington
Portland
Presque Isle
Rumford
Sanford
Skowhegan
South Paris
Waterville

MARYLAND
Cumberland
Easton
Lexington Park
Rockville
Waldorf
Westminster

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston
Fall River
Haverhill
Lawrence
Lynn
New Bedford
Newburyport
North Adams
Orange
Springfield
Ware
Westfield

MICHIGAN
Albion
Allegan
Alma
Ann Arbor
Bay City
Big Rapids
Charlotte
Coldwater
Escanaba
Flint
Hastings
Hillsdale
Holland
Houghton Lake
Ionia
Ishpeming
Jackson
Kalamazoo
Marine City
Menominee
Mt. Clemens
Muskegon
Owosso
Saginaw
St. Helen
St. Johns
St. Joseph

MINNESOTA
Albany
Albert Lea
Anoka
Alexandria
Austin
Cloquet
Crookston
Ely
Fairmont
Faribault
Hutchinson
International Falls
Little Falls
Long Prairie
Luverne
Mankato
Morris
Montevideo
Ortonville
Pine City
Red Wing
Redwood Falls
St. Peter
Windom
Winona

MISSISSIPPI
Aberdeen
Amory
Brookhaven
Centerville
Clarksdale
Cleveland
Columbus
Corinth
Grenada
Greenville
Greenwood
Gulfport
Hattiesburg
Hazelhurst
Indianola
Iuka
Jackson
Kosciusko
Laurel
Louisville

Lucedale
Macon
Meridian
McComb
Natchez
Newton
Oxford
Pascagoula
Picayune
Tupelo
Starkville
Vicksburg
Waynesboro
West Point
Winona
Yazoo City

MISSOURI
Boonville
Brookfield
Cape Girardeau
Carrollton
Caruthersville
Charleston
Chillicothe
Clinton
Columbia
El Dorado Springs
Farmington
Festus
Lebanon
Marshall
Mexico
Mountain Grove
Neosho
Osage Beach
Portageville
Potosi
Rolla
Sedalia
Ste. Genevieve
St. Joseph
St. Louis
Springfield
Warrensburg
Warrenton

MONTANA
Anaconda
Billings
Butte

Dillon
Glasgow
Glendive
Great Falls
Helena
Kalispell
Lewiston
Livingston
Missoula
Shelby
Wolf Point

NEBRASKA
Alliance
Chadron
Crawford
Falls City
Hastings
Holdrege
Kearney
Lexington
Lincoln
McCook
Omaha
O'Neill
Scottsbluff
Sidney
Superior
York

NEVADA
Carson City
Elko
Ely
Fallon
Las Vegas
Reno
Sparks

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Berlin
Dover
Hanover
Manchester
Nashua
Newport

NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City
Bridgeton
Maplewood
Newark
Pleasantville
Vineland

NEW MEXICO
Alamogordo
Albuquerque
Artesia
Aztec
Carlsbad
Clovis
Farmington
Gallup
Hobbs
Las Cruces
Portales
Roswell
Ruidoso
Santa Fe
Silver City
Socorro
Truth or Consequences
Tucumcari

NEW YORK
Albany
Amsterdam
Baldwinsville
Batavia
Bay Shore
Beacon
Binghamton
Boonville
Buffalo
Corning
Dundee
Dunkirk
Elmira
Elmira Heights
Fredonia
Glen Falls
Gloversville
Hornell
Ithaca
Jamestown
Kingston
Liberty
Little Falls
Lockport
Malone
Newark
New York
Norwich
Olean
Pachogue
Potsdam
Remsen
Riverhead
Rome
Salamanca
Saranac Lake
Saratoga Springs
Syracuse
Wellsville

NORTH CAROLINA
Albemarle
Beaufort
Belmont
Black Mountain
Burlington
Canton
Chapel Hill
Charlotte
Concord

Wallace
Washington
W. Jefferson
Whiteville
Wilmington
Wilson
Winston-Salem
NORTH DAKOTA
Bismarck
Carrington
Fargo
Hettinger
Jamestown
Minot
Oakes
Rugby
Valley City
Wahpetan

OHIO
Ashland
Canton
Chillicothe
Cleveland
Columbus
Conneaut
Hamilton
Hillsboro
Ironton
Jackson
Marietta
Middleport
Portsmouth
Springfield
Tiffin
Toledo
Wellston
Washington Court House
Wooster
Youngstown
Zanesville

OKLAHOMA
Ada
Alva
Blackwell
Chickasha
Cushing
Elk City
Frederick
Guthrie
Guyton
Henryetta
Hobart
Lawton
McAlester
Miami
Oklahoma City
Okmulgee
Pauls Valley
Poteau
Shawnee
Stillwater
Tahlequah
Tulsa
Vinita
Woodward

OREGON
Albany
Ashland

Bloomsburg
Butler
Canonsburg
Carbondale
Carlisle
Chambersburg
Charleroi
Chester
Clearfield
Columbia
Connellsville
Ebensburg
Elizabethtown
Emporium
Erie
Franklin
Greensburg
Harrisburg
Johnstown
Kittanning
Lancaster
Latrobe
Lewistown
Lock Haven
McKeesport
Mifflintown
Milton
Norristown
Oil City
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
Pittston
Punxsutawney
Roaring Spring
Sayre
Shamokin
Shippensburg
State College
St. Marys
Titusville
Tyrone
Uniontown
Waynesburg
Wellsboro
Wilkes-Barre
Williamsport

RHODE ISLAND
Providence
Woonsocket

SOUTH CAROLINA
Abbeville
Anderson
Bamberg
Belton
Bennettsville
Bishopville
Camden
Cayce

Kingsport
Knoxville
LaFayette
Lexington
Madison
Manchester
Martin
Maryville
McKenzie
Memphis
Millington
Murfreesboro
Nashville
Oak Ridge
Oneida
Pulaski
Ripley
Rockwood
Rogersville
Savannah
Shelbyville
South Knoxville
Sparta
Springfield
Sweetwater
Tazewell

TEXAS
Alice
Alpine
Amarillo
Andrews
Austin
Ballinger
Bay City
Baytown
Beaumont
Beeville
Big Spring
Borger
Breckenridge
Brownsville
Brownwood
Bryan
Cameron
Carrizo Springs
Center
Childress
Clarksburg
Cleveland
Colorado City
Crane
Cuero
Dallas
Del Rio
Diboll
Eastland
El Campo
El Paso
Floydada
Ft. Stockton
Galveston
Gladewater

Logan
Provo
Richfield
Salt Lake City
Spanish Fork
Ft. George
Tooele
Vernal

VERMONT
Barre
Brambleboro
Montpelier
White River Junction

VIRGINIA
Abingdon
Arlington
Bassett
Bedford
Big Stone Gap
Blackstone
Charlottesville
Chase City
Clifton Forge
Clintwood
Covington
Culpeper
Danville
Emporia
Fairfax
Fredericksburg
Gate City
Gloucester
Harrisonburg
Hopewell
Lawrenceville
Leesburg
Lynchburg
Mt. Jackson
Narrows
Norfolk
Petersburg
Pulaski
Radford
Richlands
Richmond
Roanoke
Rocky Mount
South Hill
Staunton
Stuart
Vinton
Virginia Beach
Warrenton
Williamsburg
Winchester
Wytheville

WASHINGTON
Aberdeen
Anacortes
Bellingham
Bellevue
Blaine
Chehalis
Chelan
Colfax
Ephrata
Grand Coulee
Kelso
Kennewick
Longview
Moses Lake
Olympia
Othello
Pasco
Port Angeles
Prosser
Pullman
Puyallup
Quincy
Raymond
Seattle
Spokane
Sunnyside
Tacoma
Toppenish
Vancouver
Wenatchee
Yakima

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley
Buchannon
Charleston
Clarksburg
Fairmont
Fisher
Grafton
Huntington
Logan
Matewan
Montgomery
Morgantown
New Martinsville
Parkersburg
Princeton
Ravenswood
Richwood
Ronceverte
Spencer
St. Albans
Weirton
Welch
Wheeling

WISCONSIN
Antigo
Appleton
Ashland
Beaver Dam
Chippewa Falls
Eagle River
Eau Claire
Elm Grove
Green Bay
Hartford
Hayward
Kenosha
Ladysmith
Madison
Marinette
Medford
Menomonie
Milwaukee
Oshkosh
Park Falls
Phillips
Platteville
Plymouth
Portage
Prairie Du Chien
Rice Lake
Richland Center
Ripon
Shawano
Tomah
Watertown
Waupaca
Wausau

WYOMING
Buffalo
Cheyenne
Cody
Douglas
Evanston
Gillette
Laramie
Newcastle
Powell
Rawlins
Thermopolis
Torrington
Wheatland
Worland

ALASKA
Seward

HAWAII
Hilo
Honolulu

PUERTO RICO
Mayaguez
Ponce
San Juan
Yauco

VIRGIN ISLANDS
Christiansted, St. Croix

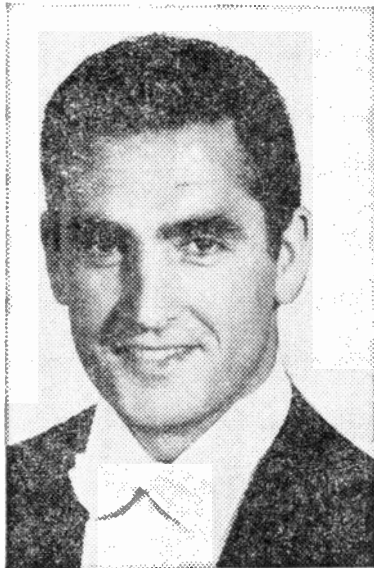


Al Petker — President

PS

Produced and Syndicated
By The World's Largest
Radio Station Service
Organization

AL PETKER
PERSONALITY SCOPE
BEVERLY HILLS,
CALIFORNIA



Jacques Bergerac—"LOVE LETTERS"

Dunn
Elkin
Fayetteville
Forest City
Franklin
Fuquay Springs
Gastonia
Greensboro
Greenville
Hamlet
Henderson
Hendersonville
High Point
Kannapolis
Kings Mountain
Kinston
Laurinburg
Lincolnton
Lumberton
Madison
Marion
Mt. Airy
Murphy
New Bern
Newton
N. Wilksboro
Plymouth
Reidsville
Sanford
Scotland Neck
Shelby
Statesville
Tabor City
Tryon

Astoria
Brookings
Burns
Coos Bay
Coquille
Corvallis
Cottage Grove
Dallas
Enterprise
Forest Grove
Gresham
Hillsboro
Klamath Falls
La Grande
Lakeview
Lebanon
Lewisburg
Medford
Ontario
Pendleton
Portland
Prineville
Redmond
Roseburg
Salem
Shippensburg
St. Helens
The Dalles

PENNSYLVANIA
Altoona
Barnesboro
Bellefonte
Berwick



George Raft—"THE BUNCO GAME"

Charleston
Cheraw
Clinton
Dillon
Florence
Fountain Inn
Gaffney
Georgetown
Greenville
Greer
Hampton
Johnston
Lake City
Laurens
Loris
Marion
Myrtle Beach
Newberry
N. Augusta
Orangeburg
Rock Hill
Spartanburg
Sumter
Union
York

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen
Belle Fourche
Brookings
Hot Springs
Huron
Pierre
Rapid City
Sioux Falls
Watertown
Winner
Yankton

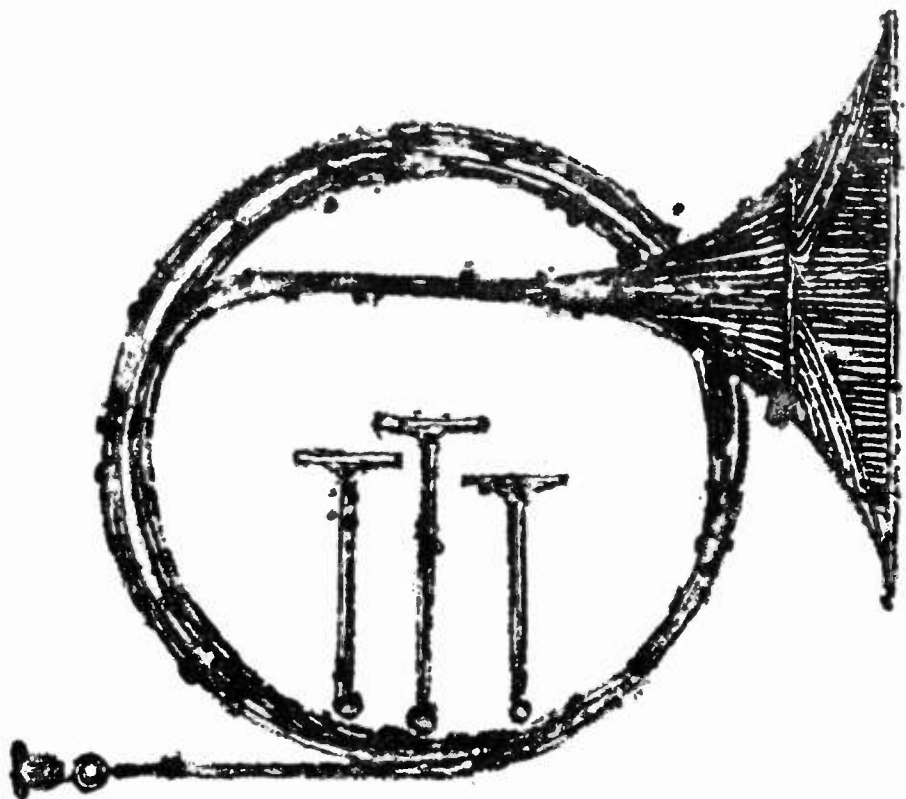
Graham
Hamilton
Henderson
Hereford
Hillsboro
Houston
Jasper
Junction
Karnes City
Kearney
Killeen
La Grange
Lampasas
Laredo
Littlefield
Livingston
Longview
Lubbock
Lufkin
Marshall
McCamey
Mineral Wells
Monahans
Nacogdoches
Navasota
Odessa
Orange
Pampa
Paris
Pasadena
Pecos
Perryton
Port Arthur
Port Lavaca
Post
Raymondville
Rosenberg
Rusk
San Angelo
San Antonio
San Marcos
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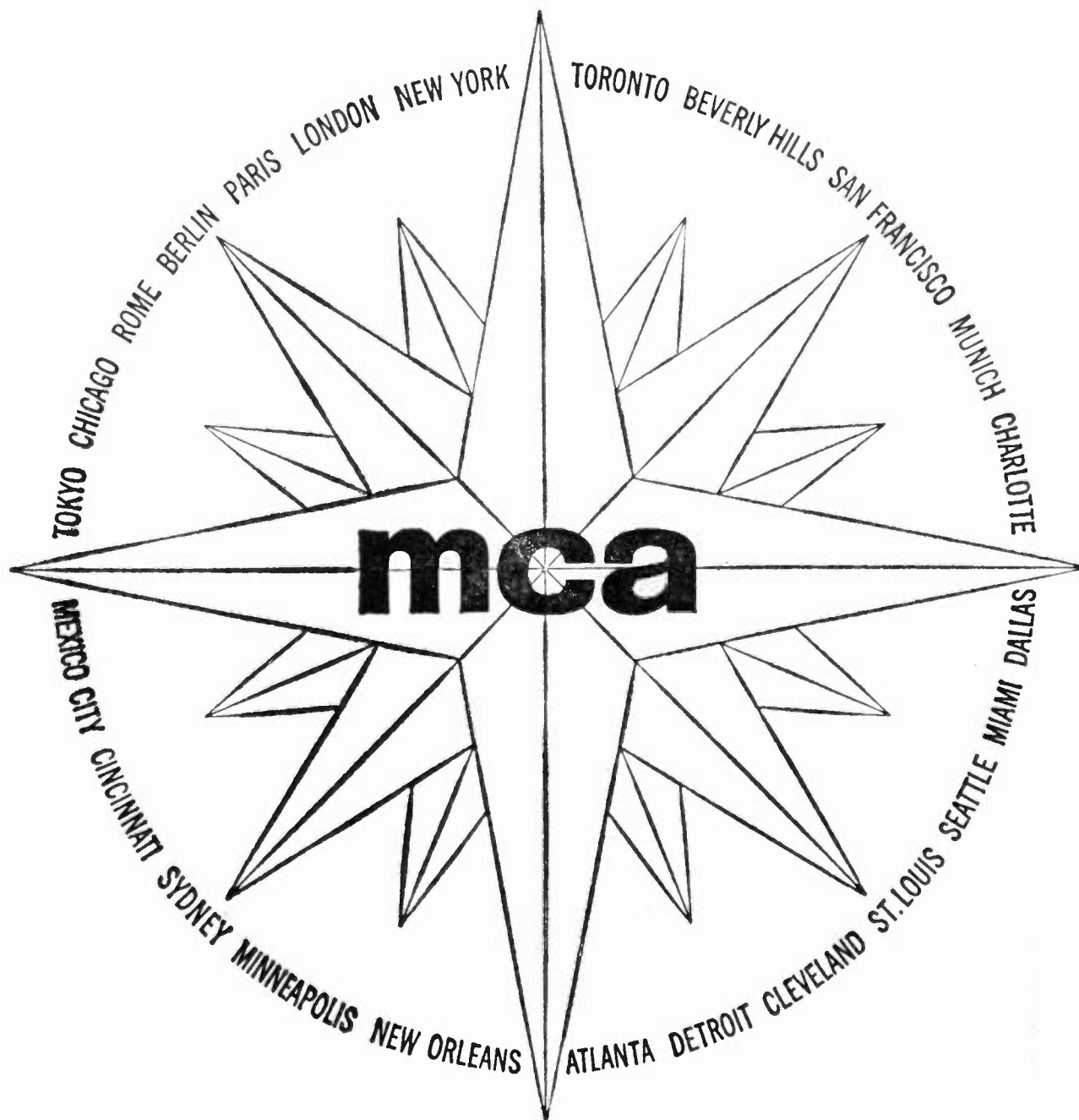
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MEXICAN TELEVISION — 1961 REPORT

Mexican Television is nearing adolescence: 1962 marks its eleventh year. Commercially operated and privately owned, television in Mexico has been strictly a Mexican job. Because no electronic equipment is produced in the country, the transmitters, cameras, videotape units, etc., are imported but the human element is native.

In a period of only eleven years, Mexican TV, now operated by Telesistema Mexicano, S.A., has grown into an industry with a monthly payroll of about one and a half million pesos. The number of people on the payroll is very close to one thousand. Another million and a half pesos, or perhaps more, is paid to talent. Television is now, without any doubt, a larger source of income for talent—actors, singers, comedians, musicians, mimes—than either the movies or the stage.

These figures are the result of only five years of hard work. It was in 1955 when the three channels 2, 4 and 5—installed in Mexico City merged into the corporation called Telesistema Mexicano, S.A. Two years after this merger, the three channels were out of the red. In the last three years, Telesistema has expanded to achieve a nation-wide operation. Telesistema now feeds seventeen stations, owned, partly owned or affiliated with it. Of these seventeen stations, four are repeaters.

Channels 2 and 4 service Mexico City (five million inhabitants) and with microwave links up in the hills (Channels 3, 6, 7 and 9) reach some twelve States. The potential viewing audience covered by these repeaters is estimated at another five million people. Channel 5 in Mexico City covers only the metropolitan area. All programming to feed the repeaters originates from Channels 2 and 4 in Mexico City. This operation constitutes the only and permanent network.

Ten TV stations are spread over the northern section of Mexico, located in large cities. (See Map, circles.) Monterrey and Guadalajara have studio facilities and all ten stations have one. In some cases two, AMPEX videotape units. Mexico City has five. Today most of the live programs and commercials are taped for distribution. Not long ago Telesistema purchased a large AMPEX videotape Mobile Unit, self-powered, with 25 KVA.

Three new local stations will be on the air very soon, in the cities of Merida, in the southeast, and Culiacan and Ciudad Obregon, in the northwest. (See Map, dots.)

Mexicans of all ages and conditions are becoming more and more addicted to TV. Sales of receiving sets are going faster than ever and today the estimated number of sets in use is figured at just under, if not slightly over, one million. Of these, six hundred thousand add to the entertainment of the Mexico City homes. Four of the local stations operating near the Mexico-U.S.A. border (two in Tijuana, one in Mexicali and one in Nuevo Laredo) have a potential viewing audience in the U.S. territory, with an estimated 400,000 sets.

Channels 2, 4 and 5 in Mexico City are on the air daily, with schedules that vary from ten to sixteen hours. Channel 2 begins its telecasts at eight in the morning and ends around midnight. Channel 4 opens at three-thirty in the afternoon and closes around one o'clock in the morning. Channel 5 starts at three in the afternoon and signs off at midnight. The three channels offer the audience a choice of some sixty programs every day. Around seventy per cent of all programs originating Mexico City are produced in the studios, either, live or taped.

Telesistema's working force has almost reached the 1,000 mark, as mentioned above. They are all together in one

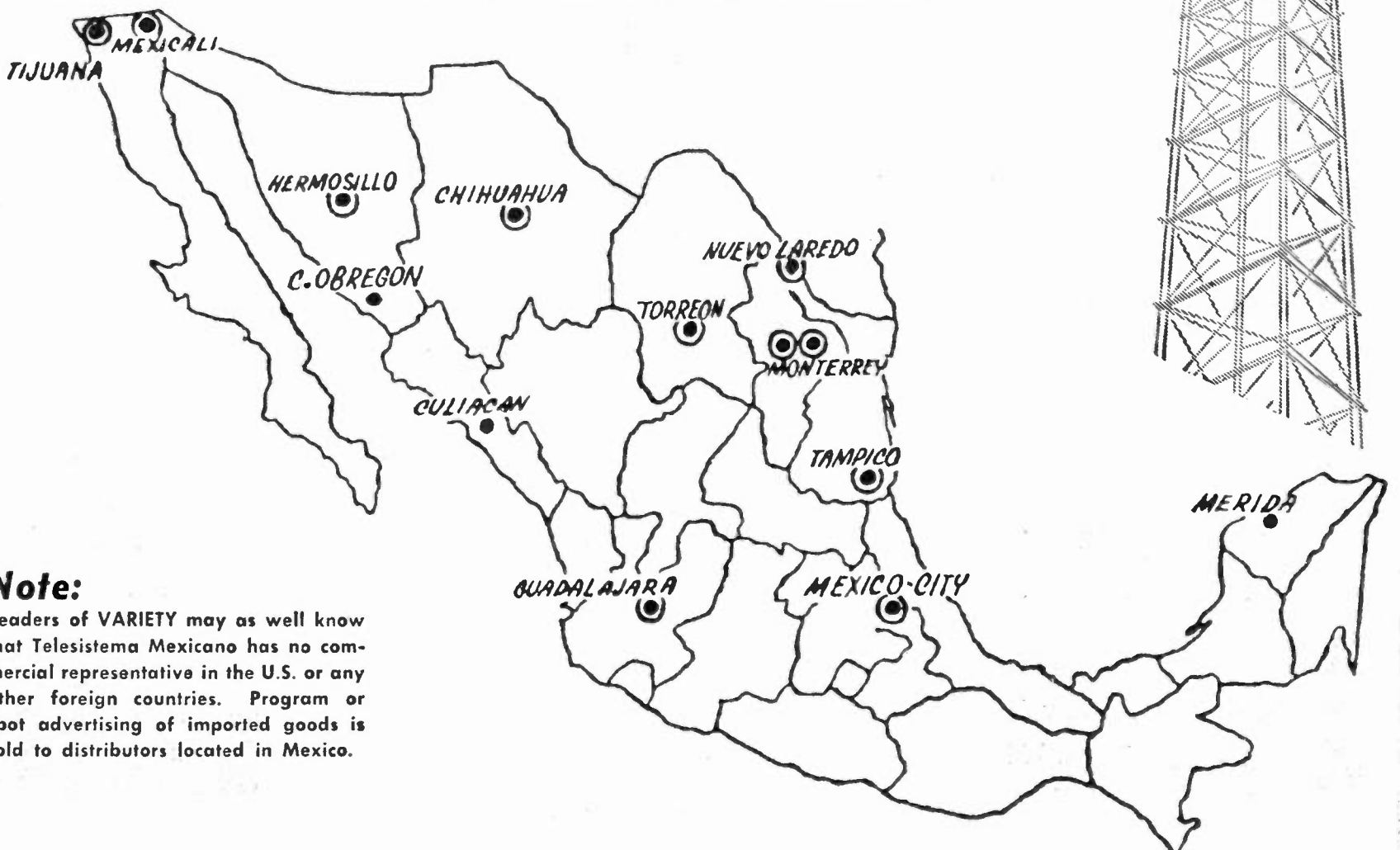
building, called "Televiscentro," housing eighteen studios and all facilities. Everything needed for broadcasting is within or atop the building: the towers, the transmitters, the master controls, the videotape units, the film projectors. But each channel has its own staffs. Yet, the location of the equipment and the facilities all close by, including set building, prop department and maintenance, means a very large cut in the costs of operation. Thus the company is able to adjust itself to the economic conditions that prevail in the country and which calls for low tariffs. In fact, rates for time and facilities are exceptionally low as compared to those in the U.S.A.

Mexicans are very happy with TV, mainly the middle-income groups. Their preference is clearly shown in the ratings. Month after month and year after year, nine of the first ten programs are Mexican shows, mainly drama, comedy and musicals, all produced in the studios. As of this writing there are being telecast forty-two Hollywood film programs, dubbed into Spanish, every week.

Aside from the seventeen stations and repeaters operated by Telesistema, Mexico has six independent stations located as follows: one in Guadalajara, one in Monterrey, one in Nuevo Laredo, one in Nogales and two in Ciudad Juarez.

As in the U.S.A., television programming is carefully watched in Mexico by the Government. There is a clear trend towards more informative, as well as an increase in educational and culture programs. Now and then certain groups complain about the excess of TV violence in American films series.

The little screen has increased the popularity of theatrical actors and actresses and, while in 1951 Mexico City had only two or three legitimate theaters, there are now about twenty.



Note:

Readers of *VARIETY* may as well know that Telesistema Mexicano has no commercial representative in the U.S. or any other foreign countries. Program or spot advertising of imported goods is sold to distributors located in Mexico.

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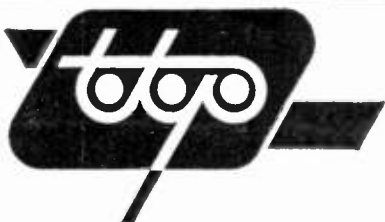
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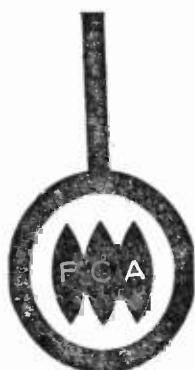
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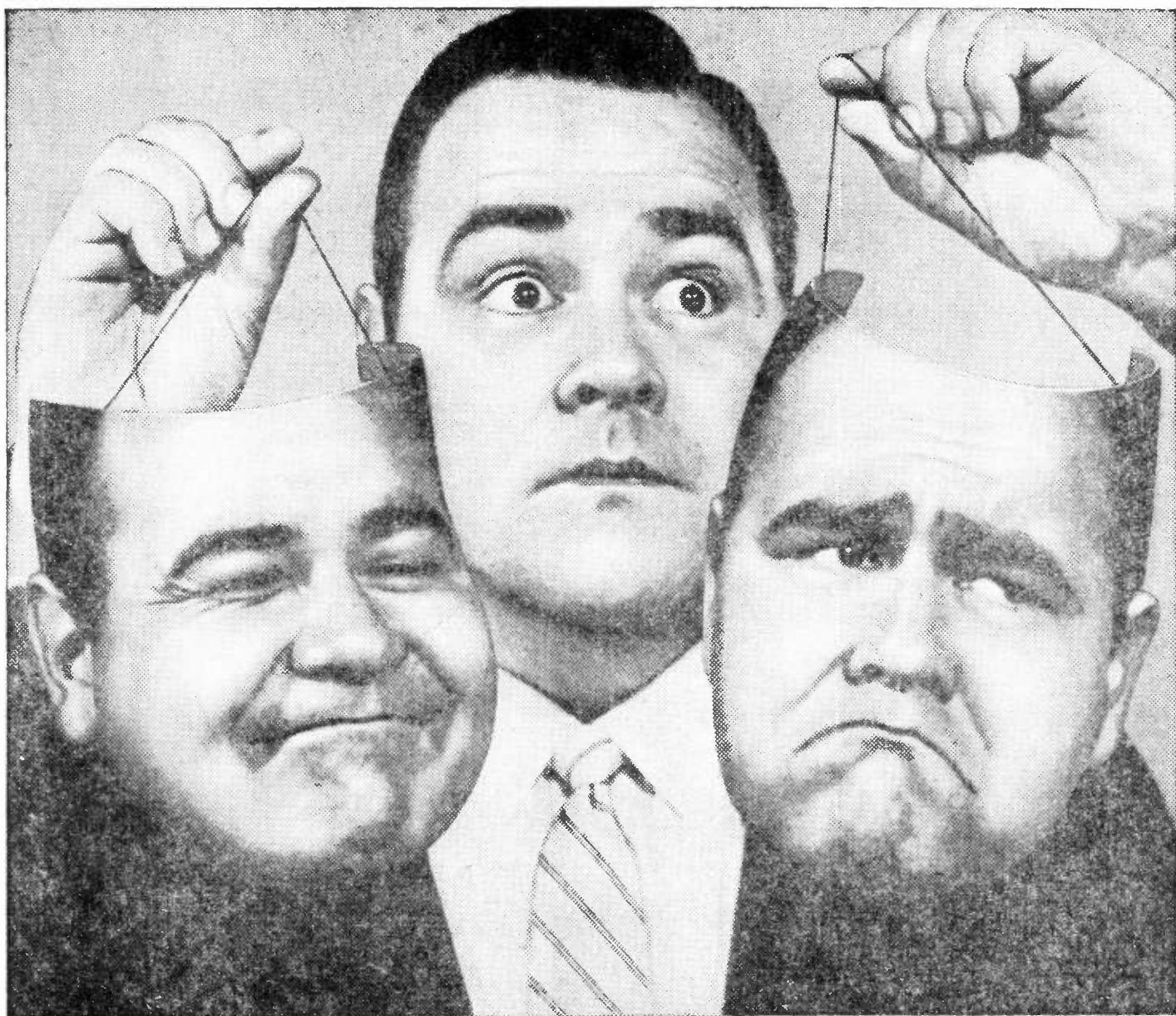
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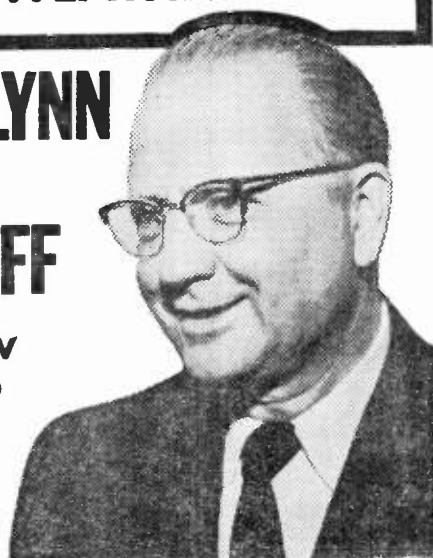
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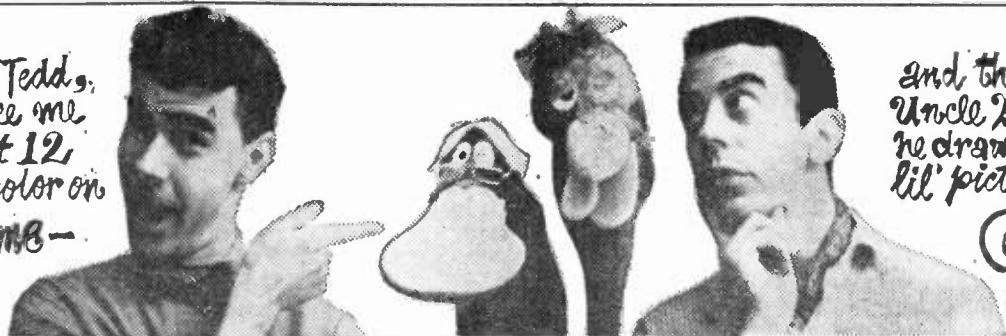
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TV Director McLaglen: 'If Violence Becomes Necessary, Then Use It'

Minneapolis.

Andrew McLaglen, who has directed numerous segments of television's "Have Gun Will Travel," "Gunsmoke," "Rifleman," "Gun-slinger" and even "Perry Mason" series, which undoubtedly are as replete with what its critics consider "violence" as anything on video, defends its use when "it's essential."

Here with his wife to visit the latter's family, McLaglen told an interviewer that, like others, the adverse criticism of tv which he hears most "is that there's too much emphasis on violence and sex in it."

As far as he himself is concerned, McLaglen said that he believes violence should be used when it is necessary to the point of the story, when it's sometimes absolutely necessary, but only then.

"We get characters into violent situations and we have to get them out," he explained.

Canadian Radio

Continued from page 116

with Greek mythology on AM. Good in theory, but not in practice, he added; "Too many people still look to radio for all or most of their broadcast fare."

Radio and tv may be complementary at times, Ouimet believed, but they will go their own ways.

Canadian radio has cleaned up its own rugs in recent years. As in the United States, AM showed a trend to rock 'n' roll which grew to practically take over the disk-spinner shows and filter into almost any shows except news. The trend was reversed about a year ago in Canada when the pressure went on the last few holdout stations. BBG kept a close watch on programming with the hanging threat that licenses wouldn't be renewed if the stations didn't come around to airing better shows. The smart-aleck gabber also went out with the rock 'n' roll craze and with the exception of a few announcers and deejays who will never reform because they know nothing else, listening to AM in Canada is once again a pleasure at almost any time—and dialers can pick those times.

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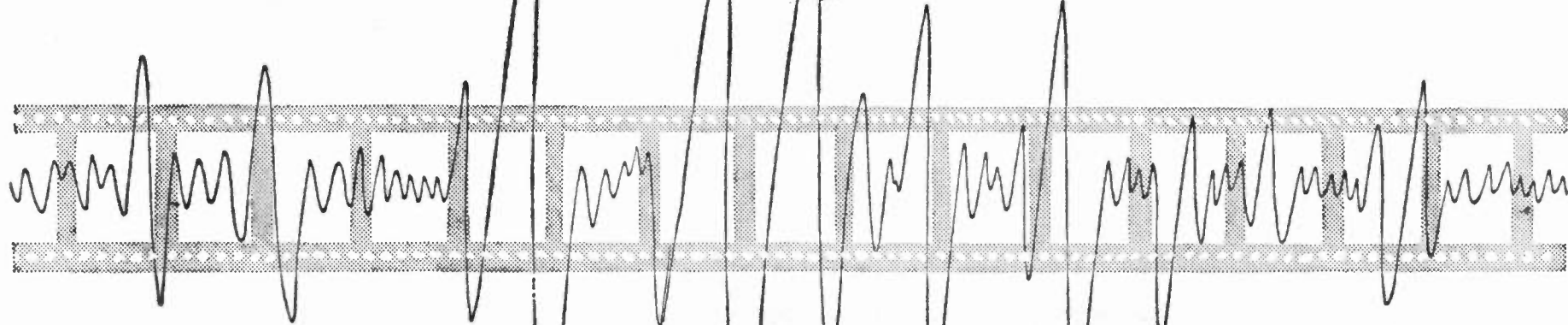
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Bucolic Heaven

Continued from page 116

smells of the hay it held all those years, two cameras taped my efforts for Contil shampoo. In my little study the executives viewed each take and passed on it. By 5 p.m. we had finished and I had changed from my working uniform (blue dress with white collars and cuffs) back to the pants and smock that I wear in the Catskills.

Lester, volunteer agent (I hope this won't wreck him with his union), has produced other profitable deals, one involving a dress, another a cookbook. But he mailed me the papers and I didn't have to go to New York.

"You do better not working," he quipped recently. I reminded him that he's doing pretty well as my "former" agent—he still gets his 10%.

I haven't been to New York for months and hope I'll not be going soon. Only a dire crisis could send me there. I did put on a corset once, though, in that period. This was when WGHQ opened its new transmitter and I sat on a dais at the Governor Clinton in Kingston, N. Y., among such visiting celebrities as Ambassador Jock Whitney, Senator Jacob K. Javits, Walter Thayer, president of the Herald Tribune, and Martin Stone. Delightful as the gentlemen were, I couldn't get home fast enough to tear off my gala attire.

The air up here has been breathed only by me. The only noise is bird song, insect hum or cricket chirp. In fall the color is unbelievable. In winter everything is covered with snow that falls as lightly as down and stays unsullied for months. On a little redwood platform outside my west window, chickadees and nuthatches banquet on suet and seed that I put there. Weekends come my regulars, old friends who are fugitives, poor things, from the city. They efficiently garden in season, cook, wash dishes and do any chores that require getting down on your knees (mine are rheumatic). A 72-year-old neighbor keeps my lawn mowed.

What's it like to be away from New York City's rat race? Answer: it's heaven! I've never been so serene and contented in my life. So come up and see me sometime.




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The Theatre In The English Provinces

Biz Up—No Dependence on Yank Acts, Which Are Overpriced Anyway—Completing the Cycle, TV Now a Fountainhead of Talent

By **LESLIE A. MACDONNELL**
(Managing Director, Moss' Empires Ltd.)

London. About three years ago when I joined Moss' Empires with the job of looking after some 15 theatres, even my best friends told me I was stark raving mad, and to quote one or two of them I needed the job like a hole in the head. What was the reason for this pessimistic outlook? It was quite simple. There was no business in the provincial theatres.

Admittedly, our three properties in London, namely, the Palladium, Victoria Palace and the Hippodrome, were all pretty well fixed up but literally they were subsidizing the rest of the provincial theatres.

What is the position today?

I am happy to report a very more optimistic one, and I can sincerely say that whenever we play first class attractions in the provinces we do first class business.

What are the reasons for this great change around in a comparatively short space of time? In my opinion they are many.

Firstly, television's impact is no longer as strong as it was three years ago and people are now accepting tv as a service and not just as a novelty; consequently, they are returning to the theatre in much greater numbers.

Secondly, the type of entertainment that they are being offered has radically changed. Three years ago we were running a series of twice-nightly music halls. Now, we are running theatres and the majority of our attractions are once-nightly.

Variety as such is as dead as the proverbial dodo and only occasionally can we get away with a twice-nightly variety bill, and then only with the biggest names. By this I do not mean that we never play variety—on the contrary, we wrap it up and sell it as a spectacular with boys and girls, scenery, costumes, etc., and many of the acts working together in production. By doing this, it can often run six weeks in a major city whereas the same acts would only last one week. This, naturally, is a blessing to the booking committee because with the shortage of supply, it is more than a considerable help.

In addition, we play ballet, opera, D'Oyly Carte, straight plays, revues and similar once-nightly attractions for which the public will pay almost double compared to the old music hall prices.

The position as we find it today is that there is room, except with rare exceptions, for a modern theatre in practically every major city in the country, but what used to be regarded as the No. 2 dates have no hope whatsoever and the majority of these theatres have already been closed.

It may seem paradoxical that three years ago even some of our own people in the company felt that it was a waste of time to persevere and keep on pouring money down the drain as far as the English provinces were concerned, whereas now the exact opposite point of view is taken and we have acquired one new theatre, namely the Palace Manchester, and plans are actively in hand for the building of two possibly three new theatres in the next two or three years.

In other words, the five-year plan should work out that we have as many theatres at the end of five years as we did at the beginning, with the exception that they will be modern and literally of London Palladium standard.

Yank Angle

Where do our American friends come into this picture? Very rarely, I am afraid, because the very few American headliners who would be boxoffice in this country are certainly boxoffice in their own country, so why should they spend 30 or 40 weeks in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Birmingham, etc., when they can possibly pick up more money by staying in their own backyard.

I am not being too critical when I say that the majority of the American artists who do want to come here are overpriced and more and more are relying on British attractions, and strangely

enough many of these attractions have been created by television so we are turning the complete circle.

In other words, these attractions who almost put us out of business are now earning a very lucrative living by coming back to the live theatre having created a new public by their television exposure. One of the outstanding examples is the BBC's Black & White Minstrel Show.

It is quite reasonable to suppose that my company were not going to spend large sums of money in modernizing, refurbishing and neon-lighting their theatres in the provinces, but I am happy to say that in many theatres we have completely re-seated the auditorium, have installed modern stagelighting equipment, and have spent anything up to 30 to 40% more on the orchestra, for example, to get higher standard of musicianship, all of which has paid off.

Booking Aspect

Another very important aspect is the booking position. Three years ago, I literally did not know what attractions we were playing on Monday next, whereas in the majority of our main provincial theatres for 1962 they are already completely booked, but booked with attractions which can be at this moment underwritten as far as their profitability is concerned. This is naturally a complete turn around in a short period of three years. When I say completely booked, there is just the odd week or two possibly lacking.

I don't want to sound too cynical, but I am afraid that my buying visits to America have become more and more of a social visit, because although I can, on behalf of my company, have a fairly liberal cheque book, it becomes more and more difficult to find the worthwhile attractions that are suitable for our theatres.

On my last trip (which incidentally was my 58th round trip) after travelling 15,000 miles I was only able to buy one show and two specialty acts, and then at the last minute the girl in the specialty act decided to get married and go out of the business so I ended up with one, which is currently playing the Palladium with great success. Hardly a worthwhile trip.

The reason of course that it is difficult to find suitable acts in America is that most of them come from Europe anyway, and it is much simpler to slip over to Paris, Hamburg or Copenhagen where one doesn't have to amortize the cost

of bringing back the act to their own Continent.

In conclusion, it has been pretty hard going but I now think we are over the worst and look forward to a continued upsurge of business.

Nineteen sixty-two looks as if it is going to be better than this year, and this year is certainly better than last year, so we are certainly moving in the right direction. After all there is nothing like "The magic of a visit to the live theatre."

Why Australian Talent Powders

By **RAYMOND STANLEY**

Melbourne.

General opinion here is that once an Australian artist makes it overseas he's not likely to return for legit appearances. It's not that he scorns the land of his birth, but he likes the money available elsewhere.

Whilst on recent visit to the U.K. this writer quizzed several Aussies in the theatre world. Those contacted were most cooperative and talked freely. Only Peter Finch ignored the request for an interview.

In almost every case those who were seen said they would prefer to live Down Under but lack of employment opportunities kept them away.

Actors like Keith Michell and Leo McKern would enjoy a return for theatre engagements but "receive no offers." Neither is adverse to settling back in Aussie permanently.

John Bluthal, now playing Fagin in London production of "Oliver," puts it more bluntly. "Let's face it," he says, "for an Aussie actor in Australia its rock bottom! The conditions and treatment of local artists are absolutely appalling. "Why should an actor like myself—and many others—who could earn a good living in Australia, pack up with wife and family and leave to face the tough competition of a place like London, knowing full well that we have to start from scratch? Because there seems to be no room back home. There's little or no recognition for talent any innate ability. Many of the managements—particularly in television—are tough businessmen who want to turn over a quick buck."

West Berlin 1961 Aide-Memoir

By **HANS HOEHN**

Berlin.

Despite the fact that W-Berlin is a political hurricane, 500 pix are annually shown, big-scale festivals are regular, top foreign ensembles and performers keep finding their way. Here is W-Berlin's show biz of 1961 in capsulated superlatives.

Highlight of the Year	Cultural Festival (Sept. 24-Oct. 10)
Most famous guest	Igor Stravinsky
Best visiting stage ensemble	Theatre Guild-American Repertory Co.
Best acting—female	Helen Hayes in "Glass Menagerie"
Best acting—male	Ernst Deutsch in "Before Sundown" (local)
Most successful playwright	The late (1942) Carl Sternheim (several local productions)
Best local stage direction	Erwin Piscator for "Death of a Salesman"
Most glamorous event	"My Fair Lady"
Financially most disappointing	"West Side Story"
Foreign ensemble	"Prairie Saloon" (German musical)
Most surprising local hit	Italy's "La Notte"
Best film—foreign	None
Best film—domestic	Jayne Mansfield
Most photographed foreigner	Wicki's "Miracle of Malachias" (reportedly near \$1,000,000)
Most expensive German film	Berlin's Stachelschweine (Porcupines)
Best cabaret ensemble	Viennoise Ice Revue
Best ice show	AFN-Berlin
Best radio station	Eichmann trial
Most important TV program	Lionel Hampton
Most cheered jazzman	Dave Brubeck
Best criticized jazzman	Connie Francis
Most popular songstress—foreign	Heidi Bruchl
Most popular songstress—domestic	Elvis Presley
Most popular singer—foreign	Freddy Quinn
Most popular singer—domestic	Connie Froboess
Cutest local songstress	Arthur ("Atze") Brauner
Most active local pic producer	

Germany Drips With Arts Fests

Berlin.

The Germans are music-conscious people, especially when it comes to longhair. Here an incomplete lineup of 1962 festivals, the places in alphabetical order:

- Ansbach:** Bach Festival, July 26-Aug. 2.
- Augsburg:** 10th German Mozart Festival, May 27-June 4.
- Augsburg:** Augsburg Summer Festival, July 8-Sept. 2.
- Augsburg:** Festival At the "Rote Tor," July 13-Aug. 31.
- Bayreuth:** Franconian Music Festival, June 1-7.
- Bayreuth:** Wagner Festival, July 23-Aug. 25.
- Berlin:** Berlin Cultural Festival, Sept. 24-Oct. 10.
- Bonn:** 23d Beethoven Festival, Sept. 16-Oct. 2.
- Brunswick:** Festival of Contemporary Chamber Music (first wk. in Nov.).
- Constance:** International Music Festival, June 18-July 15.
- Darmstadt:** Festival of Contemporary Music, Sept. 7-10.
- Donaueschingen:** Donaueschingen Festival, Oct. 21-22.
- Essen:** 37th German Bach Festival, Oct. 4-8.
- Hanover:** Festival of Contemporary Music, Jan. 19-22.
- Hitzacker:** Summer Music Festival, July 29-Aug. 6.
- Kassel:** Kassel Music Festival, Oct. 5-8.
- Munich:** Nymphenburg Summer Festival, July 5-22.
- Munich:** Munich Festival, Aug. 13-Sept. 9.
- Nuremberg:** 10th International Organ Festival, June 24-July 2.
- Nuremberg:** Evening Recitals, July 29-Sept. 2.
- Passau:** European Festival Passau, June 22-July 13.
- Schwetzingen:** Schwetzingen Festival, May 19-June 11.
- Weisbaden:** International May Festival, May 1-22.
- Wuerzburg:** Mozart Festival, June 17-July 1.

(In addition to these festivals, there are several anniversaries celebrated in Germany this year: The 80th anniversary of Bela Bartok's birth, the 50th anniversary of Gustav Mahler's death, the 10th anniversary of Arnold Schoenberg's death, the 75th anniversary of Franz Liszt's death and the 150th anniversary of Liszt's birth. Not to forget the countless number of congresses, courses and competitions.)

Shaws Vs. Cathay in Malaya

Singapore & Hong Kong Film Operations Many-Faceted and Dynamically Expansive

By **OOI TAW CHIEW**

Singapore.

This metropolis and the back-country region of Malaya are dominated, cinematically, by two corporate entities. (1) Cathay Organization controlled by Dato Loke Wan Thau and (2) Runme and Run Shaw, otherwise known as Shaw Bros. Together theirs in a practical monopoly in terms of production, exhibition and distribution of films.

Additionally, the Shaws operate a chain of eight Amusement parks, a cross between a Royal Easter Show and a Disneyland in Singapore and the Federation of Malaya. Each covering acres, they afford recreational facilities plus showcasing for industrial and trade exhibitions.

Shaws cinema circuit now numbers 127 theatres, many air-conditioned such as the Capitol and Lido here. Properties include Hong Kong, Thailand, South Vietnam, Taiwan, the Borneo territories, Malaya and Singapore.

It is the Shaws' policy, per Publicity and Advertising Director, William H. Goodwin, to give its paying guests the "best in entertainment. Such as "King of Kings."

Operation of cinemas, amusement parks, film production studios is just a part of the manifold activities of the brothers. They are one of the largest distributors of motion picture films in the world. In Singapore and Malaya, the product of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Warners and United Artists is exclusively channeled through them. A Shaw affiliate distributes Universal. Shaws have also exhibited the product of RKO-Radio and Columbia, while Republic Pictures, until it ceased production, circulated here via Shaw.

Cinerama is exclusively licensed to Shaws here.

"A King In New York," with Charles Chaplin, was acquired by Shaws for release in Singapore, Thailand, Philippines and Hong Kong.

Shaw Bros. is the sole distributor for Associated-British-Pathe, Anglo-Amalgamated, Lion International (British Lion and other Independents), Miracle Films, Britannia Films, Regal International, Renown Pictures and several other British producers.

Lot's Italian Epics

Shaws in recent years acquired practically all spear-and-sandal Italian films for South-East Asia. These include "The Last Days of Pompeii," "The Revolt of the Gladiators," "Nights of Lucrece Borgia," "The White Devil" (Hadji Murad)

and "Hercules & the Queen of Lyddia" (American title: "Hercules Unchained"), "Aphrodite the Goddess of Love" and the recently-shown "David & Goliath."

From Germany, Shaws handled UFA's "The Girl In the Tigerskin" and others while negotiations are underway for a longterm distribution deal with UFA. Shaws' other sources of supply from Germany are Carol Hellman's Omnia Films, Transocean, Neufilm and Union Film, all of whom are in close contact with the Shaw representative in Europe," states a Shaws' press statement.

Just recently Shaw Bros. of Hong Kong signed with Toei of Japan for co-production of three features annually utilizing stars of both lands. First to be filmed is a modern drama to be shot early next year. The still-valid existing deal for Shaws to handle Toei product in South-East Asia was extended for two more years calling for 15 items per annum.

Shaws' production studios in Singapore and Hong Kong, produce averagely above 60 feature films in Mandarin, Cantonese and Malay. Its Merdeka Films Studio in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, in partnership with Ho Ah Loke, has turned out five full-length black-and-white features since its inception early this year.

Shaw cinemas, offices, branches, printing sections, studios etc., provide regular employment to 5,000 men and women, excluding the 10,000 "extras" and casual workers employed in film productions and other occupations in Singapore, Malaya and Borneo.

Asian Film Fest

Shaw production studios have been responsible for a succession of top box office attractions including technicolored "Hang Tuah," which has been shown in "Art Houses" in the United States and "Sumpah Orang Minyak" (the "Oily Man") which together have won awards at Asian Film Festivals in the last five years. Hang Tuah, based on a Malay legend, was presented at the Berlin Film Festival two years ago. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is distributing it in the Middle East. Recently, Shaws Chinese coloured-historical "Diao Charn of the Three Kingdoms" won awards for the Best Actress (Lin Dai), Best Direction, Best Music and Best Scenario. Seventh Asiatic Film Festival held in Tokyo April 4-9, 1961, saw Shaws' "Back Door" sweeping the field of

(Continued on page 182)

August Strindberg, Genius: Swedish Type

50 Years After His Death He's a Demigod in Native Land Which Abominated Him When Living—Was a Mass of Angers, Prejudices and Progressive Ideas—Enormously Fertile Playwright

By FREDERIC FLEISHER

(In last year's Anniversary Edition, correspondent Fleisher described a Swedish genius of the cinema, Ingmar Bergman. It happens that at the present time Sweden is preparing to celebrate the 50th year since August Strindberg's death. He, too, had the flamboyance of high talent, incredible drive and energy. His characteristics and his artistic standing are indicated below.—Ed.)

Stockholm.

August Strindberg was a man driven and fascinated by opposites. He was sincerely and enthusiastically carried away by his loves which were always mixed with hate. At times he wanted to be a man of the people and at other periods, under the influence of Nietzsche, he had only contempt for the "masses." In his youth Strindberg planned to study medicine but shortly afterwards he tried to become an actor. He was fascinated by occultism and different religions and felt persecuted by evil spirits. He was equally attracted to scientific research and even tried to chemically produce gold. His literary favorites included such varied authors as Shakespeare, Zola, Hans Christian Andersen and Mark Twain.

Throughout his works and life Strindberg was spontaneous and extremely involved in everything he did. He often claimed he wrote out of anger and his anger was almost constant though its targets changed. He attacked many aspects to Swedish society and sought to gain revenge on his enemies and loves through his writings. Most of his friendships and loves led to violent breaches and he often felt spiritual persecuted by his former friends and loves.

Strindberg's works were characterized by spontaneity, straightforwardness and explosiveness. It is here that Strindberg's translators have failed him as they have been unable to convey his vitality and eruptiveness. Even the better translations of Strindberg's works, which have become available in more recent years, are almost always watered down versions. Many translators, however, have either had an insufficient knowledge of English or Swedish to come anywhere close to presenting the real Strindberg. All translators have been unable to catch Strindberg's constant revolution and shattering intensity.

During the 1961-1962 season most Swedish theatres are commemorating the 50th anniversary of Strindberg's death with at least one production of one of his plays. The Swedish Broadcasting Co. (government-regulated monopoly) is airing one Strindberg play each month during an eight month period which started in October.

Strindberg was born in 1849 and died on May 14, 1912. Soon the copyrights on his works will run out. Against this background a survey of Strindberg's finances during his lifetime and changes of attitudes towards his works may be justified.

Strindberg's prolific literary output was enormous. His collected works, which include dramas, autobiographies, short stories, novels, essays and poetry, numbers 65 volumes. The Strindberg Society in Stockholm is in the process of publishing his collected letters. Seven 400-page volumes have already been released and it is believed that the entire collection will fill 14 volumes in all.

Always in Jam

Although Strindberg was immensely productive, he was constantly in financial troubles. Temperamentally explosive, he often changed publisher and for many years experienced difficulty getting theatres to stage any of his plays. A victim of a persecution complex which drove into periods of almost total isolation, his easily irritated personality made for major complications in his relationships with the many publishers who tried, usually without much success, to support and encourage him.

Strindberg published his first major work, the play "Master Olaf," at his own expense. The following year, 1879, a Stockholm publisher took on his novel "The Red Room," which was immediately heralded as an outstanding work of Swedish prose. Somewhat later Karl Otto Bonnier, the young son of Albert Bonnier who had founded what is today Sweden's largest publishing house carrying over 200 new titles annually, wanted to become the publisher for the new generation, and he had been quite taken by some of Strindberg's writings. With his father's permission, Karl Otto Bonnier contracted the debt-plagued Strindberg in 1883. Although Strindberg had expressed strong anti-Semitic feelings, he saw an opportunity to improve his finances through his tie-up with the Jewish publishing family, and he persuaded Bonnier to pay off his debts.

Hardly a year after the firm of Bonnier contracted Strindberg, "Married," the famous collection of satiric short stories about marriage, was put on the market. In the book Strindberg had emphasized the importance of the physical side of marriage relations and this gave rise to a storm of protests. Finding no legal support for an attack on Strindberg's discussions of sex, the author's enemies charged him with "blasphemy" as he had made a slurring reference to the Lord's Supper. Living in Switzerland at the time, Strindberg saw no reason to return to Sweden to defend his work in court. Worried over the situation, Karl Otto Bonnier rushed to the Continent and persuaded Strindberg, nervous and apprehensive, to return with him.

His Famous Trial

On arrival in Stockholm Strindberg was met at the station by friends and here he made his first "platform speech." The trial of "Married" opened the next day and lasted a month, but in the end Strindberg was acquitted. Immediately flooded with orders for the book from all over Scandinavia, Bonniers decided, however, not to print a second edition.

The court decision did not purify Strindberg—or his publishers—in the eyes of many persons. Three years later, in 1887, a Stockholm school teacher published a booklet, "Strindberg's Literature and Immorality Among School Children."

The following years, Strindberg's persecution complex right-Kiddo routine.

grew to such proportions that some feel that he crossed the border into insanity. His divorce from Siri von Essen, who is believed to have been his first and great love (Although Strindberg loved Siri von Essen intensely he later sought equally intense revenge when he portrayed her as Laura in "The Father" and Tekla in "Creditors"), his breach with Bonniers, his second and only few month long marriage and numerous other emotional problems can be regarded as causes of his so-called "Inferno" crisis. Living in Paris in 1894, Strindberg experienced a conversion which he described as "the big crisis at the age of fifty, revolutions in the soul, desert wanderings, devastation, Swedenborg's hells and heavens." Strindberg wrote two books in French describing his Inferno crisis.

After this period of Strindberg's life he entered another one of extreme productivity. During the last 15 years of his life he wrote 29 plays, 15 books of prose and a volume of poetry. After his "Inferno" crisis Strindberg apparently released much of his previously repressed originality. His first post-"Inferno" play was the three section of "The Road to Damascus," written between 1898 and 1901, showed that he was no longer a realist or a naturalist, but he had chosen to portray an inner reality, where words and motions became symbols.

During the last few years of his life Strindberg tried to run his own little theatre as he still had difficulty getting Swedish theatres to produce his works, and those who were interested did not want to stage his more recent plays. Operating his own theatre Strindberg soon

found himself facing economic disaster and his publisher Bonnier came to his rescue.

During the final four years of his life Strindberg was seriously ill and he began to negotiate with Karl Otto Bonnier to turn over the exclusive rights to his works. He settled for \$40,000—a tremendous figure at the time. In 1912, when Karl Otto Bonnier went to see the ailing writer to discuss the publication of Strindberg's collected works, the publisher saw the morning paper headlines: "Siri von Essen, August Strindberg's first wife, deceased." August Strindberg died a few weeks later.

During his lifetime, Strindberg's dream and chamber plays received little attention in Sweden. A few years after his death Max Reinhardt visited Sweden with his productions of these plays and laid the ground-work to their later appreciation. They did not gain a secure position until Olof Molander, a leading Swedish stage director, actor and one-time head of the Royal Dramatic Theatre, staged a number of them during the Thirties and Forties. During the past two decades Ingmar Bergman has also staged several of Strindberg's chamber plays.

At the time of his death, his greatness had only begun to be recognized in Sweden. Strindberg was a much too disputatious figure for the Swedes to calmly evaluate his importance. They were too involved in his life and his attacks on aspects of the Swedish society. A few years ago, however, a Swedish professor of literature summed up his importance as follows: "Each of us who writes Swedish now is—with or against his will—a student of Strindberg."

Be Kind to Critics?

By HOWARD M. TEICHMANN

One of the glaring omissions in the brand new Dramatists Guild dandy little Minimum Basic Agreement is a paragraph stipulating the Rights, Privileges, and Responsibilities of the playwright toward the critic after the party of the second part has written a murderous review of a play ascribed to the party of the first part.

Now you and I know that this sort of thing, a bad notice, happens from time to time. The fact that it happens to some of us more than it happens to others is why this little article is being written in the Christian Science Reading Room on Fifth Avenue rather than in the master's study of a villa overlooking Cap Ferrat.

By next year, it is to be hoped, the Minimum Basic will contain such a paragraph, and it is my privilege to be able to give you a small pre-season glimpse into the advices and suggestions which our subcommittee is drawing up. Following a disastrous opening night, a complete psychoanalysis of several years' duration is recommended. After that, a number of actions may be taken to fit many situations.

Suppose, for instance, you are at a picnic and a critic shows up. In such cases, always bring along a small child. After the adults have seated themselves at the picnic table, a good idea is to prod the little fellow to crawl under the table and sink his teeth into the critic's leg. This is a foolproof method as no matter what they say, no Critic would kick a five-year-old kid full in the face. Not publicly, at least.

Other situations in which the playwright might find himself are as follows: you are trapped in between floors in that self-service elevator with a critic who has just panned you. It will be a matter of hours before you are freed. Do not entertain him with the plot of your next play as it is well known that, under such conditions, many critics are poor sports and have no appreciation of art. An offer to share the hidden cache of Miltown which you have strapped around your waist will, under the circumstances, create a more favorable field of conversation.

Another possibility: you are jetting to the coast, first class (as the studio is footing the bill). The man who is seated next to you turns out to be one of those critics who gave it to you last time out. To insure a pleasant flight, refrain from saying you are not a playwright, as he will say "you are telling me, huh," and that will only cause more bad blood.

It is a lovely summer day. You are steering your little sailboat (the power cruiser they took away from you two flops ago) and you see a critic who was dissatisfied with your last effort being swept out to sea by that undercurrent they have arranged off the Hamptons. As he drifts by your bow, do not attempt to save his life as chances are his wife will never forgive you and will knock all of your plays as they ride to the theatre in a taxicab.

Suppose you give up the writing of plays and begin to practice dentistry in Montpelier, Vt. A critic who once slaughtered you rushes into your office with a terrible toothache.

Now about arguing with a critic regarding his artistic opinions. An eight-year study by our subcommittee has revealed that a playwright trying to prove to a critic that a bum notice was not justified stands as good a chance as a customer in a hurry trying to get his bill from a waiter. We do not recommend artistic arguments for, while the playwright has his integrity, the critic has his own integrity as well as a newspaper or magazine to back it up.

Nor do we recommend the "You were absolutely right, Kiddo" approach. These critics are not dummies. After all, they are smart enough not to write plays themselves so they will not be taken in by the you-were-absolutely-



H. M. Teichmann

Do not attempt flattery upon first encounter after a failure by telling him that in your set he is considered the critic's critic. He knows only too well that the critic's critic is the lady he married.

Of course, when you come face to face with them you can ignore them but this is not a good idea either as after a while, these critics will begin to notice that you are not pestering them and that will give them the thought that you are trying to curry favor, and then they will macerate you the next time around.

It is far, far better to adopt the look of a martyr and go around the streets saying they are only doing a job. The worst that can happen then is that a friendly policeman will pick you up and you will be sent to a rest home where you will be allowed to do nothing except take flights of fancy such as these. Either that, or you will end up writing another play for them to review.

Move Over, Nostradamus*

By GEORGE OPPENHEIMER

I have been asked by thousands of my admirers to set down my predictions for the theatre year of 1962.

Jack Paar will take Peggy Cass and a camera crew to Laos. On his return he will take the same aggregation to the U.S. Senate.

There will be published a new autobiography, "Money Or Your Life—or Both," the story of Gerold Frank as told to Brendan Behan.

David Merrick will produce a version of "Oedipus Rex," which will be about to fold until a woman in the audience will come on stage and shoot Oedipus. The woman will state in an exclusive interview, "I did it first for the sake of the mothers of the world and secondly for David Merrick who so kindly hired me." At the request of the actor's widow and children, Equity will arbitrate and decide that it was for the good of the show, now slated to run two years, thereby providing scores of actors (an actor will be shot every week) with employment.

Claudia Cassidy of the Chicago Tribune will bitterly attack the original company of a New York musical comedy smash because one of the chorus girls died and was replaced.

The Old Vic will do a New Wave drama. The understudies for "An Evening with Yves Montand" will quit, giving as their reason "little opportunity for advancement."

Theatre '62 will present a new play by Samuel Beckett with no actors at all. In their place will be a wind machine (representing the author), a broken Victrola record and two Mexican jumping beans. Critical opinion will be divided, one pro, one con, two on the fence and three missing.

Jerry Wald will announce a forthcoming epic, "The Life of Jerry Wald." The script will be written by Arnold Toynbee and Jerry Wald.

Tennessee Williams' new play will be titled, "Daddy-Withered-Legs."

Marlon Brando will walk off the set of "Mutiny on the Bounty," little realizing that shooting was completed and the set had been closed down for two months.

The "Young Dr. Kildare" series will do a Western episode entitled "Have Erysipelas. Will Travel."

Frank Sinatra, Peter Lawford, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jr. and others of the clan will do a roundtable panel discussion of David Susskind.

The New York theatre will fold. Immediately thereafter there will be a booking jam.

Roger L. Stevens will resuscitate the New York theatre. Critical opinion will be divided.

*A fortune-telling act on the French circuit, circa 1555.

Argentina's Oil Boom & Show Biz

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires. "La Dolce Vita" has reached Comodoro Rivadavia, most southerly straggly and struggling Argentine oiltown, where hitherto life has been rugged, men are men, and women . . . at a premium.

Formerly "Comodoro" was little more than a name, hard to pronounce after several "claritos" at a cocktail party. The climate is as tough as the surrounding Andean range can make it, with wind always howling down from the mountains, or up from the Atlantic seas.

Originally Comodoro was a port, from which wool sailed up to distant Buenos Aires, from immense surrounding sheep farms, run by dour Scots or unlettered Welsh settlers. Then oil became a Comodoro staple, inefficiently extracted by the State oil organization. Farmers hate the thought of finding oil on their land, as this doesn't mean wealth Texas-wise, but on the contrary, State expropriation against indifferent "compensation."

Neither sheepmen nor oilmen did anything to improve amenities in the primitive port town. The scanty residents' one thought has always been to make coin fast and get the blazes out of Comodoro.

Around two years ago, however, the 60-year-old city began to buzz with Yank oilmen, as the Frondizi government admitted foreign capital exploitation of oil deposits. Subsequently Comodoro teems with Argentines, Yanks, Chileans and Germans, all eager to make money fast, and vying for the few hotel beds, and the favors of the few women. Rumor reached B. Aires that a "white slave" traffic was in full blast down there, and Yank oilworkers, far from abandoned wives, were said to be seek-

ing divorcees to marry the Comodoro floozies.

They're On Own

As usual rumor exaggerated: most of the nitery hostesses buy their own trips down, and seek jobs once they get there. Probably they "retire" after a couple of years, considerably richer and certainly wiser. Some do have their passages paid, but the girls are at liberty to leave when they wish, though niteries are strict about schedules, they can't leave until closing time, which is usually 4 a.m.

The city—or town—is now surrounded by shantytowns, as the population has spread well beyond the original 57,000. The "villas miseria" are mainly inhabited by transient Chilean workers. Board and lodging are at a premium for everyone, and youngsters who believe they are going down to earn "fabulous" pay, find it all goes on mere accommodation. American firms provide housing for their workers and employees in prefabs, quonset huts or trailers. Entrepreneurs have ambitious building plans, mostly still in planning stage, due to excessive bureaucratic delays. However, Comodoro is bound to grow in a big way, and especially to become an important entertainment market.

Room and pseudo-private bath in the "best" hotel, costs around \$7 a day, a shoeshine costs 80c. At the start the Yanks were rooked for everything, particularly drinks in bars and niteries, but they are now considerably wised up.

It would be easy to say there is no social life, but the American wives and few secretaries get together for bridge teas etc. and a small Bill's Bar provides a "family" meeting place, as does the Hotel Colon for occasional meals away

from home. Entertainment—of its kind—plays an important role due to the number of bachelors and married men with families some place else. The Grand Hotel Tea-room is a spot where "bien" (nice) girls and boys go; an orchestra, Los Cometas, plays soft swing music, while the girls look at the boys and the boys pretend to look elsewhere.

At present there are two film theatres (plus two on YPF camps, which are for oilworkers only). The large and modern Coliseo (Roque Gonzalez) seats 1,400 and has a coffeshop in the mezzanine. This firm evidently finds exhibition good business, as it is building another larger film theatre. A distinctly expurgated version of "La Dolce Vita" (Church interference) had got to Comodoro by last October, but so much cutting had been done, the picture was almost unrecognizable. The first film theatre the town had, Espanol, is an 800-seat joint, also owned by Roque Gonzalez.

Of the niteries, the Folies Bergere is in a basement and far too large for sophisticated customer taste, as it's rarely full and jacks the intine atmosphere necessary for success. The hostesses also are somewhat of the rowdy type. Pseudo-Scotch costs around \$2 a shot if the customer is alone, but he must pay double if one of the gals sit with him to drink weak tea disguised as liquor, which costs like gold. These prices include the cost of the "show," mostly engaged in B. Aires by owners who make frequent trips in search of talent. If one listens to the master of ceremonies, all the shows are "imported," but mostly the talent is local, with a plethora of "Spanish" dancers, singers, etc. This year Comodoro had one attraction in Javanese singer Kovi Novi, who did imitations of practically every musical instrument, the clack of castanets, or bird cries. No one understood how so good a turn had got there.

Most attractive of the nite spots is the Moulin Rouge, which has three bars, growing in intine quality with the gradation in prices of the drinks, the bars run by the most winning of all the hostesses. The M.R. owners were killed this year in a plane crash and it's feared the place may lose its charm under a new management.

The "Gruta" (Grotto), operated by a Sr. Lucas, is the most popular nitery, has two bars in a Jean-Paul Sartre type of cave decor.

The Bagatelle has three bars and unusually attractive hostesses. Congo is in one of the poorer neighborhoods, near a redlight district, catering to a rough clientele.

The newest joint is the Bar Americano, badly located and trying to make a good job of a bad start. More nightclubs are opening near the American encampments, one pueblito, Caleta Olivia, about 100 kms south of Comodoro, has four niteries, all doing roaring business.

All these joints tend to produce monstrous bills for new Yank customer faces, but only the new arrival lets himself get stuck; most are a tough bunch of Texans it's best to keep on the right side of.

Large industries are growing up around Comodoro, big petrochemical plants, textile mills, etc. Canneries and fishing industries are also a certainty in the near future, so any embryo Ziegfeld looking for new fields to conquer could do worse than take some capital and get started near the very tail end of Argentina.

Barcelona Legit's S.O.S.

Barcelona. New Director General for Cinema, Jesus Suevos, is taking concrete steps to offset the Barcelona legit decline over the past year, by laying the groundwork for a government subsidized National Theatre.

In cooperation with the Barcelona municipality, Suevos plans the inauguration of this new legit showcase to coincide with highlight festivities that annually mark Cataluna's Fiets de la Merced in late September of next year.

Show Biz in New Zealand

Films, Concerts, Touring Revues Did Excellently In 1961—But Disks Languish

By D. G. DUBBELT

Auckland, N.Z.

Touring revues of the pop-and-family variety, glossier imported shows, acts ranging from hypnotists to magicians, ballet, grand opera, musicals, straight plays and, more recently, television in three of the country's four biggest cities all made a hard play for the nation's entertainment attention and money but in New Zealand's 1961 show business motion pictures still maintained its traditional lead.

Big thinking has characterized Robert Kerridge since he erected his nation-wide film empire back in the 1940s from a modest provincial circuit. Year's most spectacular showhopping example of this spirit.

Kerridge is also the country's largest concert promoter and imported from Russia the 52-strong Leningrad Ballet. He also booked Todd Duncan, Anna Russell, Lonnie Donegan, etc.—Teenage appeal packages were handled by youth-promoter Harry Miller who set his own pace with Connie Francis, Jimmie Rodgers and the Everly Brothers. Even so the year's biggest noise in that area was made by the five-city tour, under the Kerridge banner, of English rockster Cliff Richard—second here to Elvis Presley.

Neat live show feat was pulled off by Australian promoter Harry Wren, who toured two vaude shows, cleaning up both times. In the face of earlier New Zealand downbeat revue biz, Wren's clicks left many Kiwi showmen agog.

But if the flickers were buoyant and the live side breezy, the same could not be said for the disk business. Hit hard by a trading recession, retail sales dropped and distributors swapped some of the smaller labels with a "Here, you

take it!" air. All felt the impact of the British E.M.I.-sponsored World Record Club so strongly that most, in one way or another, got into the act too. Even cutrate disks were not selling well, however, and at least one club, owned by Australia's Consolidated Newspapers, folded before the year was out.

Television

Until now, video has been State-controlled, but from April next it will be administered by an independent commission, rather like the British B.B.C. Advertising time will still be sold, but no program will be "sponsored." Also, the way will be opened for private interests to own and operate their own tv stations and networks.

Little short of phenomenal has been the continued growth of nightspots in Auckland, the country's largest city, despite the ban on alcohol. (Officially, that is, Patrons still smuggle it in, disguised as Coke, with everybody taking the risk on a raid—rather like the old Prohibition days in the U.S.) One result of this boom has been the demand for entertainers, many of whom are now full-time professionals—a rarity in this country not many years ago. Until the lifting of the liquor ban (a licensing scheme is currently under review) it is unlikely that any hostelry will be able to afford to import overseas acts, although visiting artists sometimes work a night spot after their stage show. Some of the home-grown acts have worked overseas, some successfully, but only one registers as having the oomph to make it in the Yank big time: the Howard Morrison Quartet, an all-Maori vocal group with a musical and stage savvy that would make them a standout in any company.

Austrian Films: For Germany

By EMIL MAASS

Vienna.

Wien Film's studios here were rented solidly through 1961 and advance space reservations are substantial. New stereo sound apparatus enhances its facilities appeal. This studio was rented by Walt Disney for "Vienna Choir Boys" film and by director John Huston for his Austrian location work on "Freud." Latter's for Universal with Montgomery Clift, Sussanah York and Larry Parks in lineup.

French companies have included Films Matignon ("Duke of Reichstadt"), Film du Cyclope ("Le Caporal Epingle"). West Germany television shot Franz Lehár operettas at Wien. Austrian producers are showing "No Night Without Morning" (Schoenbrunn), "The Bat" (Sascha) and "Please Lie to Me" (Excelsior).

Austrian features no longer are competitive in export. The chiefs of every company make this clear. Export is too risky.

American participation in the Austrian market rose from 31.3% to 41.2% and might reach 50% in a year or so. This figure does not include the oldies, which did in many cases better business than the new ones. For the year 1962 not less than 181 American titles were registered here. Vienna itself broke all records, in 107 houses 1,570 films were shown. "Windjammer" in the Gartenbau Kino and "Ben-Hur" in the Tabor Kino scored despite the fact, that practically every visitor complained about the length and the rather uncomfortable seats.

Germany Bosses

West Germany's distributors, as heretofore, finance Austrian productions, the state guaranteeing also a certain sum, thus no risk to producer at all.

Admission in Vienna cinemas is up an average of 30%. Socialist as well as even the ultra-capitalistic newspapers were unanimous in their condemnation, all asking

where did all that money go during the boom days? The answer is easy: It was spent for personal use and not one cent laid aside. In general, the admission raise was accepted as a fait accompli, just another proof of the growing inflation (same in U.S.—ed.).

There were several conferences to enact a uniform law on admission of juveniles, but no progress was made, the provinces insisting on autonomy as heretofore. A commission of five experts is working out a plan to mark motion pictures with "recommendations," valid in all provinces. Meanwhile the Constitutional Court of Austria cancelled a Salzburg law, which imposed fines on films, that hurts ethical or religious feelings on the ground, that this is not clear enough wording.

TOP GERMAN AUTHOR TURNS TO FILM PROD.

Berlin.

Heinrich Boell, 44 years of age and postwar Germany's most successful writer (his books have been translated into 18 languages), has gone into the German film business. Boell's book, "The Bread of Former Years," is currently being filmed in West Berlin.

It looms as an unusual production. "Bread" is being shot without dialog. Director Herbert Vesely and Boell have agreed that the author will write all dialog after the shooting has been completed. Boell has been given the privilege of giving the final okay on the film. Vesely, an avantgardist short film producer, is directing the film his first directorial assignment of a feature pic.

Cast of "Bread" is composed of relatively unknown players. There are only five principal players, Christian Doermer, Vera Tschschowa, Karen Blanguernon, Eike Siegel and Gerry Bretscher.

Likes And Dislikes of Spaniards

By JOAQUINA CABALLER

Barcelona.

Whatever the plot, the presentation, the star or the process, the Spanish audience undoubtedly goes big for pictures. It is usual to hear people complaining about the quality of the feature when they leave the house, but that does not mean that that same person will not go back to the theatre as soon as the program changes.

Besides the 28 first-run houses and 68 second runs in the Barcelona area, new houses are being built constantly. Also two legit theatres have become cinemas during last season the Novedades and Comedia in the heart of the city, and the Romca is likely to fall any day. Two new houses are being built, belonging to impresario Pedro Balana who owns a chain of seven first run houses in town, with capacity over 2,000 seats.

Films are considered a "need" and people go as routine. Some every day, others three times a week and others once a week, rain or sunshine, they must go to the "cine" as it is called here.

What Audiences Like

Barcelona audiences enjoy "well-dressed drama." Westerns with plenty of action, but turn up their noses to what is called here "tunic" pictures, of which they have had too many. Mass audience which does not make much distinction between a Roman or an Egyptian, has decided to name those big, more or less historical epics "tunic" films, which do not offer enough interest for their simple imaginations and cannot live up to the reactions of the characters presented. Highbrows simply turn their backs on the Sandal epics. On the other hand they tend to too long, over three hours often, for local sitting capacity.

When the plot is a modern date affair it is easier to follow and to understand. Mass audiences prefer a two feature program to a three hour pic. They believe that they get more for the price.

Fastidious audiences who go to "premieres" are not enthusiastic either of the long feature, they have been deceived too often and are scared when told to be "punctual." Besides this class of people are more cultured and tremble at the way History is interpreted. There has not been much luck in the productions shot in Spain by American producers ever since Stanley Kramer came over to make

"The Pride and The Passion." After this which greatly disappointed came "Solomon and Sheba" which even Yul Brynner could not save. "The Colossus of Rhodes" and "King of Kings" have not received a very warm welcome.

Supremacy of U.S. Pix

Looking at facts, however, the result is that American pix still hold the supremacy among audiences since the longest runs during the 1960-61 season have been of seven American features besides the most surprising success of the GWTW reissue which ran during 17 weeks at the Comedia blocking all dates.

European product is undoubtedly good in many instances but does not appeal so much to the mass audience as American product. American stars are better known, are more publicized, and very often when a new actor or actress appears for the first time in a pic, they are already known through fan mags, and stories which have appeared in weeklies and even in the cinema page of some dailies. This is very important and European producers have not, up to the present, publicized their stars like Americans have, this being so much so that many European stars become popular once they have appeared in some American production. Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren, Maurice Chevalier, to name only a few, have reached mass audience when appearing in American product. People enjoy more a pic when they know the star, it is like meeting an old friend.

Old American Comedies

The older generation remembers with nostalgia the American comedies of the first talking pix which contributed to bust American pix in Europe. Comedies with simple clean plots for all the family. The sex pic so much in vogue now displeases a great part of family picture goers, and those who don't worry about morals, very often don't understand the film. In real life it appears that no such troubled characters exist as those shown by the writers of the new wave and people consider it fatiguing to have to endure on the screen the whims and nonsense of those false characters.

But in spite of all these obstacles people keep going to see pix in the hope that the sexy phase will one day pass and clear the way for cleaner and better pix.

MADRID'S SHOW BIZ RESOURCES

Madrid.

The 400th anniversary of Madrid, celebrated this year with fanfare in the Spanish capital city, is a mere historical drop in the bucket when seen in relation to the B.C. Roman Aqueduct at Segovia 60 miles out of town, or to nearby Toledo—flourishing throne seat of Alfonso VII back in the 12th Century. Madrid was late aborning, slow to develop and looked upon as a country-seat upstart by such lordly townships as Barcelona, Valencia, Seville, Granada, Toledo, Segovia and Leon. Yet, four centuries after its birth, Madrid emerges as Spain's most heavily populated city (2,000,000), Spain's geographical hub fully dominating the Iberian Peninsula and as Spain's most modern, bright and cheerful metropolis.

There is little doubt the town secretes a kind of even-tempered, casual, cosmopolitan good-naturedness that marks it as one of the friendliest and most comfortable on the continental circuit.

Equally beguiling to tourists and to foreign residents based here are the enduring provincial overtones that seem to hold off the disturbing impact of troubling times and the tense tempo of modern life.

For added color, Madrid is the melting pot for every oddball strain imaginable—Moorish and Jewish, the gypsy as differentiated from the Andalusian, the Iberian as distinguished from the Basque and a potpourri of regional shadings that have filtered into the Castilian blood stream to distinguish local inhabitants as Madrilenos and Madrilenas.

All this and a low cost of living has put Madrid on the tourist map with no less an influx than close to 2,500,000 visitors last year. TWA reports a 38% passenger increase this year for the tourist season that starts annually with the Easter Week hooded processions and the Seville Fair and lasts well into November.

On a short drive in from the airport, the average comment is "Why, it looks like Southern California." In quick succession comes the observation that Madrid has as much modern housing as any city in the world. The latter is more to the point for in the last five years the city has literally mushroomed from the confines of Paseo de la Castellana, the Bullring, the Royal Palace and City University to double its housing capacity and merge into outlying suburbs. Extent and speed of this growth in a land of timelessness defies rationalization.

American Air Force Part Of the Population Explosion

Partial explanation is the presence of Uncle Sam on Spanish soil. The Air Force population alone is reported to be approximately 25,000, while Yank tourists in transit reached 200,000 in the past year. Besides, Madrid has played an important role over the same short period of five years as an active re-location center for Hollywood abroad.

The distinction must be drawn between those based here and the average American vacationer. The latter is thrilled to the marrow with toros and flamenco. The former is hip to toro caste and torero talent and catches the finger-snapping, hell-stomping local ballet art at the Zambra. El Duende, Corral de la Moreria and Torres Bermejas. Solid afición (a native definition for good taste) comes only with time and maturity which a Madrid-by-night excursion (half a dozen cabarets in three hours) could not possibly inspire.

With the growing effort to probe beyond the obviously typical, more and more of Madrid's native rituals are being brought to light. Chief among these, is the "let's talk it over" gathering, known here as the "pena." Every cafe worth its name has one. Perhaps the most prominent here is the Pena Valentin where the most representative figures—literary, legit, fourth estate, cinema and art—meet weekly at this chic showbiz eatery where Felix is host. Cafe Gijon has several "penas" going at the same time (mostly art and theatre) every day in the week. There are thousands of these gab fest groups all over town, assembled before or after the sacred siesta to give each member the fraternal sense of belonging. In short, conversation is the champion mass form of entertainment.

Next in popularity is the European version of football. World champion Real Madrid has stirred millions of Castilians to a frenzy reminiscent of the best years at Ebbetts' Field. The Real Madrid football stadium holds 125,000 with empty tiers rarely in evidence for home games. It is not surprising that the sports sheet "Marca" claims the biggest circulation in Madrid.

Bullfighting Addicted to The Scalping of Its Buffs

Though bullfighting is gradually outpricing itself for the 10 best rows at Madrid's 25,000-seat Plaza de Ventas arena, Castilians continue to fill the bleachers every Sunday from May to September. The genuine bullfighting fever comes in mid-May during Madrid's own San Isidro holidays. This is the only time of the year when Yank tourists compete with locals for the \$5 to \$10 seats at ringside to watch the best taurine cards of the year. Except for a reduced number of special programs and charity events, the Sunday matinee bullfight (usually made up of three-year bulls and lustreless cape artists) depends principally on tourists for a profit-taking gate. A word of advice to Madrid-bound travellers: the Ventas arena on an ordinary Sunday afternoon is not the best place for a first sampling of blood and sand. Any hotel concierge can recommend a worthwhile corrida in one of the nearby cities or provinces.

Tasca-hopping is another favorite pastime. This is a ritual that starts out with vino and hors d'oeuvres over the counter and continues through the cafes of old Madrid until the point of no return is reached. Other favorite alleys for this type of standup on-the-town feedbag are the Calle Echegaray and the Plaza Santa Ana. All these sectors are colorful, noisy and filled with the music of strumming guitars and the improvised flamenco rhythm of gypsy minstrels.

Whether you are looking for a medieval shoe-horn or a modern madonna, the chances are you will find it at the Rastro, old Madrid's sprawling SRO Sunday morning flea market. Here, the art of reproducing antique jewelry, furniture, maps and paintings has reached a new high. Even the guides look the other way when the hustling

By HANK WERBA

arcade tradesmen offer up El Puente de Toledo (Toledo Bridge) for a song. Nonetheless, the flea market has a Sunday morning panorama the "uninitiated" should see—even at the risk of having to discard fraudulent originals later.

While the living is easy for residents and exciting for newcomers, the local showbusiness contours cannot be compared to those of Paris and London. The moral standards of the regime have been adapted with rigor to all of the commonly accepted forms of entertainment. Madrid strikingly lacks a permanent opera, a stimulating musical calendar and practically any form of modern ballet distinct from the local flamenco variety. There are no foreign-language movie houses. Few art films get by the censor. And little thought is given towards slanting entertainment for foreign consumption. On the other hand, Madrid can proudly point to its Prado, one of the world's top art museums, innumerable cafe terraces, siesta-breaks, numerous holidays, year-round sunshine and no pressure to keep the appointed hour.

Moral Conservatism Restrains Comparisons With Paris

Make no mistake, entertainment is plentiful. There are some 20 motion picture showcases along the main stem Gran Via, and almost as many of the off-stem variety. For instance, three Cinerama programs each held to excellent trade for a full calendar year at a first-run house most foreigners couldn't find without a guide. Metro's "Ben-Hur" held for 40 weeks at a house tucked away in a quiet little plaza, and United Artists' "The Alamo" did staggering trade at a salle a kilometer from main street.

Movie-going, once a gold-lined habit, still makes for block-long queues on weekends, but has gradually yielded ground to cafe television and the accessibly-priced motor scooter. Uniformly reliable warm weather air-conditioning even in first-run houses charging top price of 65c for the best film show in town (b.o. scales have been frozen by the Government since 1956) cannot yet be reported.

Legit is part of the Madrid scene. Houses like the Teatro Maria Guerrero, Teatro Espanol (both state subsidized) Luis Escobar's Teatro Eslava, Comedia, Infanta Isabel and the newcomers of recent years such as Recoletos, Teatro Goya and Beatriz are all part of an undying tradition that will be hypoed this year with the opening of two modern theatres—Teatro Bellas Artes and Teatro Torre de Madrid. Nor do locals fail to support the music halls and vaudeuries well represented over the years by the rickety but colorful Teatro Calderon, Fuencarral, La Latina, Teatro Martin and at least a half dozen others.

Class inns, such as the Ritz, Palace, Castellana-Hilton, Fenix, Suecia, Plaza, Wellington and others, are follow-

ing the international trend of being identified with the people who run them. At the Ritz, Carmen Guerendain is as much a public figure as members of the Franco Cabinet. In her charming, gentle manner she has resisted the incursion of film celebrities to give her hostelry the subdued hollowness of a Tibetan sanctuary. She will frankly admit that neither BB, MM nor any of filmdom's headlined notiores will get past the reception desk while she still draws breath. There is no ban, however, on film stars dining at the Ritz or in the summer season Ritz Gardens—one of the loveliest olde world settings for al fresco dining in Spain.

The Hotels Display Up-to-Date Boniface Showmanship

Alberto Font runs the terminal-sized Palace Hotel like a three-ring circus master. The Palace has modernized its chambers but has wisely refrained from tinkering with its Vienna-like lobby and spacious dome-topped salon so distinguishedly old fashioned and gracefully dix-neuvieme siecle. Font really deserves a bow for his Grill Room with its unparalleled cuisine and impeccable service.

The Castellana-Hilton is a miniature version of the George V in Paris and the Excelsior in Rome. The foundation of this edifice has been slowly sinking for the past five years and hectic efforts are being made to keep it at ground level for future generations of Yank tourists who find bell captain Alfredo and his bilingual staff indispensable in fathoming the historical and monumental riches of Castile. Like the George V and the Excelsior, Hilton's Castellana is a film industry bee-hive. It is also a gathering place for oil, real estate, Air Force brass and the American Club. Spanish is spoken here in hushed tones, if ever. Nevertheless, you can get a comfortable single room for \$7 or less, and an express lunch in the palatial dining room for \$2, tip and wines included.

A host of new eateries have sprung up to compete for the Yankee dollar and tourist boom trade from England and the Continent without in any way affecting the popularity of such long-standing favorites as the Jockey Club, Horchers, Commodore, Valentine and Botin. The first four are the chi-chi darlings of Texas oilionaires and celebs. Botin, on the other hand, is the moderately-priced standby with a waiting line dating back to the early 18th century.

Cuisine connoisseurs now give as much frequency to newcomers Club 31, Hotel Suecia's Belman and Casanova—show biz haunts with "don't miss" ratings.

The Culinary Versatility Of Madrid Fully Demonstrated

Because Madrid is dead center kilometer zero, it is approximated with Spain's choicest sea-food trucked in daily from both Atlantic and Mediterranean fishing ports. Among the deep-sea delicacies unfamiliar to the American palate are October-to-April tid-bits ranging from barnacles and toothpick-sized baby eel to squid in its own ink and octopus rings. Though underwater life and growths are served in most restaurants and bistros, Old Madrid's Hogar Gallego is best known for its unlimited variety.

A roll-call of steak-houses automatically includes Alabara and El Rancho Tranquilo (both featuring succulent Argentine specialties) and the more moderately-priced but very popular Casa Paco—a sirloin tasca in the old quarter.

In the wake of the tourist upsurge, the regional eateries—Gure Toki and Casa Vasca for the Basques, La Masia for the Catalans, La Barraca for Levantine paella, etc.—now face competition from a rash of newcomers featuring foreign wares. Among these are the pasta palaces like Luigi's in town and Casa Napolitana ten miles out on the highway to France; Vatel who single-handedly has upheld the high standards of good French cooking; the gland-warming menus of Mexico at El Charro and Mexico Lindo; the Hotel Suecia's once-a-week (Thurs. only) parade of smorgasbord; shashlick-shakers at the Bosforo and a sprinkling of Chinese and German (particularly the Edelweiss) restaurants.

By resisting the temptation of such top-tab items as smoked salmon and lobster, the gourmet can get the best for as little as \$5 per meal including a good brand of vino. But there are many bistros, taverns and tascas, including Botin, Hogar Gallego, Paco's and many others, where la nota is half that amount.

After-dinner fun and flamenco are most often synonymous. Despite the apparent monotony of the native song and footbeat, the standpat Corral, Duende and newcomer Torre Bermejas get the bulk of foreign residents and oriented tourists. The Zambra show is rated four-stars year after year for its uncompromising stress on flamenco as a Spanish art form rather than as a modified entertainment for tourist digestion.

Though the long hand of the regime makes it compulsory to program native folklore in the score or more of non-flamenco boites, bonifaces at Pasapoga, Biombo Chino, Morocco, Micheleta, Casablanca, Flamingo, Rex and the Alcazar still manage to incorporate international acts which give the late spenders a choice of spectacle imported from South and Central America, the Continent, Middle-East and, once in a rare while, from the U. S. A.

Yank acts are more of a minority than ever since the recent AGVA ruling that dollar fees to performers had to be banked in escrow prior to actual engagement.

Most of the cabarets around town are dissimulated flesh-pots. The oldest profession in the world, once organized as a separate sphere of entertainment, was shrouded in illegality some years ago with a consequent shift of this segment of the female population to the niteries. Some of these Spanish geishas have contributed to the fame of well-known spots like Riscal and Chicotes. Riscal's popular boniface, Alfredo Camorra, likes to think of them as courtesan playmates but he also makes it clear that he serves the best paella in town at what has been known for many years as a meeting-place for the seven lively arts as well as for Madrid's most notorious playboys.

The Spanish capital city is on a consistently upbeat drag as a conspicuous anchor of the London-Paris-Rome axis. For the moment, it could almost hold its own as a tourist beacon with any city on the Continent. In its 400 brief years Madrid has become a sun-splashed metropole, sans cardiacs, with a tempo that excludes the worry and fear harassing the minds of men in other principal cities of the world.

Vet Stage Manager On Show Biz Jinxes

By BOB DOWNING

As a youngster in the stocks, reps and showboats of the midwest, I heard most of the catalog of superstitions that showfolk mention. I can substantiate the yarn that green is widely considered a bad luck color. We had a set designer with the Boyd D. Trousdale Players in Des Moines (circa 1932) who would not put green any place on stage, and who had hysterics if any of the actors wore green. I got the impression he was the last of an apostolic successions of staggers who cultivated this notion. I wonder why? I soon learned it was a global superstition.

In a dressingroom, the actor's trunk placed nearest the door by the propmen (when trunks were delivered to the dressingrooms) was said to be in danger of being the next person to lose his job in the case.

Picking up pins backstage is also one of Lynn Fontanne's pet superstitions. She will sometimes engage in this activity onstage during a scene if she spies a pin on the floor. She also has an abhorrence of passing anyone on stairs backstage, and will go back to the top or down to the bottom of a flight to avoid this if the person approaching appears unwilling to retreat.

One never signs contracts, starts tours, or opens shows on Friday if it can be avoided. I might add that almost every contract I have ever signed, by some peculiar coincidence, was signed on Friday. I consider it my good luck day, which is very contrary of me.

It is supposed to be good luck if it rains opening night. Well, it rained on the opening nights of almost all the hits I've ever been with, from "Streetcar" to the present ("Camelot").

Nuns in the audience are supposed to presage bad luck. Priests, good luck. On stage, nuns are obviously the best of luck (witness "Sound of Music", etc.).

It is considered by many performers, particularly in variety and circus fields, to be good luck to touch the hump of a hunchback. In fact, dwarfs, hunchbacks and midgets have been mascots of many shows for reasons of "luck".

Concerning "Macbeth", many dramatic actors consider it bad luck to quote from the play.

As for talking to an actor in the mirror while he is making up, I have heard the superstition; but nearly every star I know prefers to chat this way with a caller while making up: Lunt, Fontanne, Merman, Mae West, Julie Andrews, to cite examples.

Cats in theatres are lucky; bats are not uncommon; but a bird in a theatre can strike terror to certain superstitious hearts. This is not strictly theatrical. A bird in a house is supposed to presage a death in the house. I speak, of course, of a bird that has flown into the house (not a caged bird).

Many theatre people believe it is bad luck to leave the theatre by any other entrance than the one through which you entered. This belief, too, is known outside the theatre. Some people believe if a person enters your home through one door, leaves by another, he will not return.

Lucky costumes, props, types of makeup are almost too familiar to itemize.

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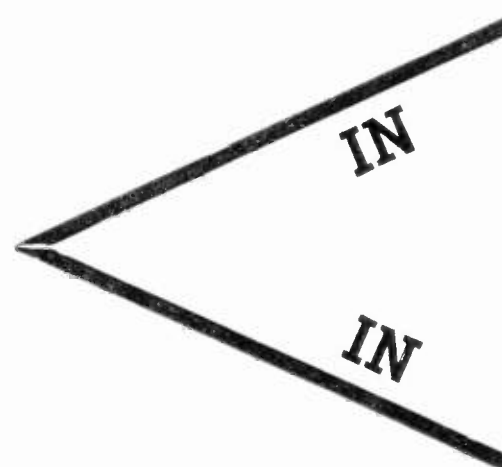
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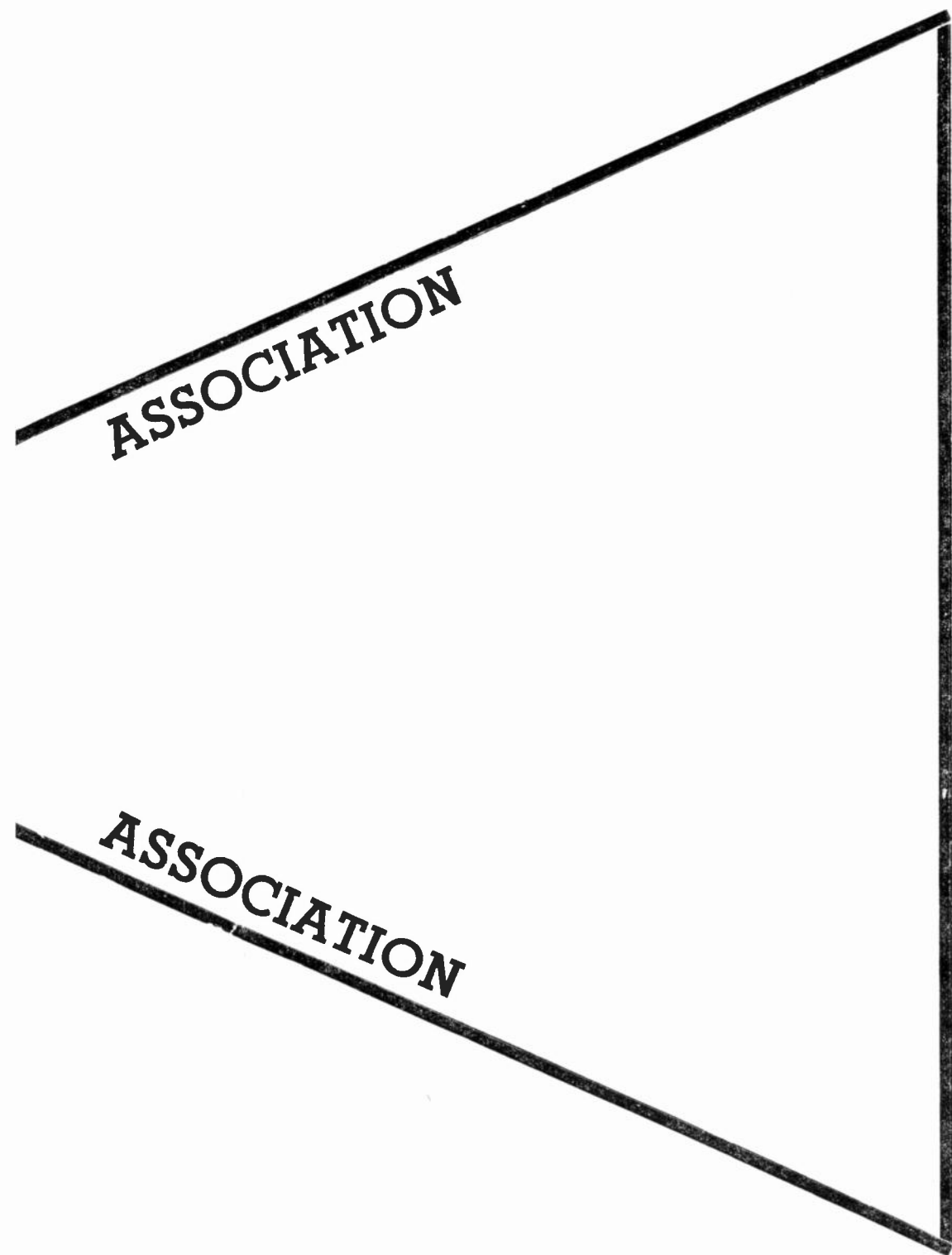
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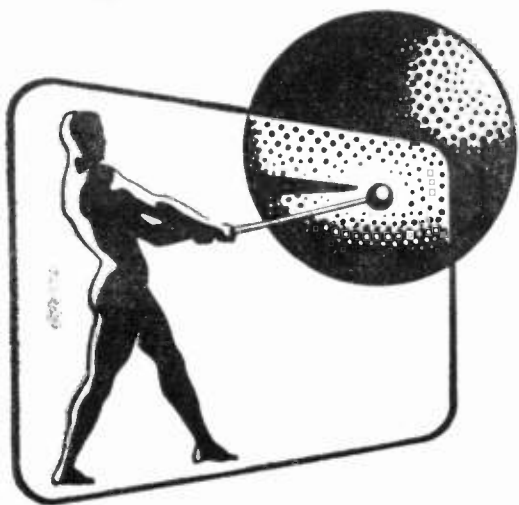
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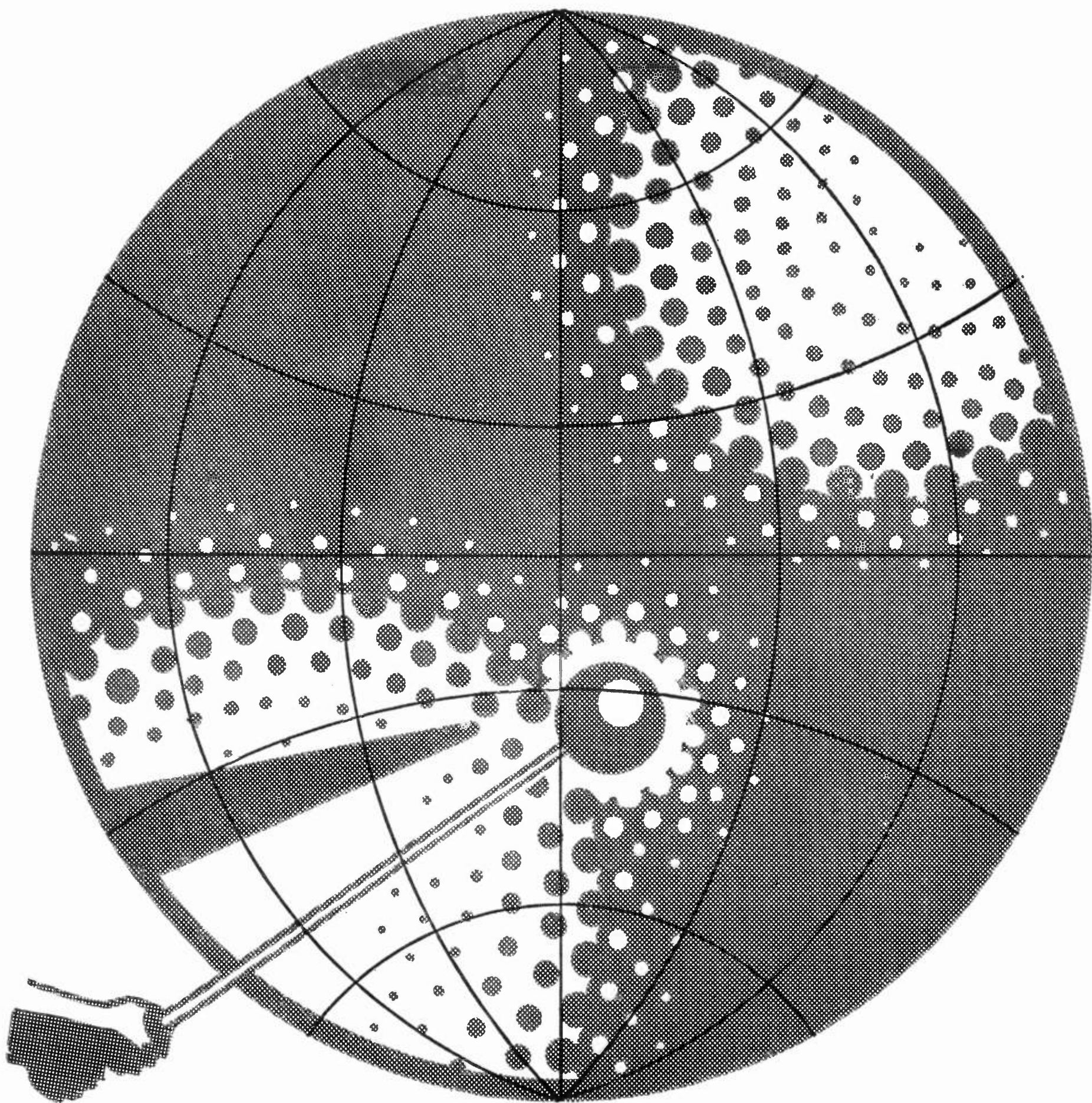
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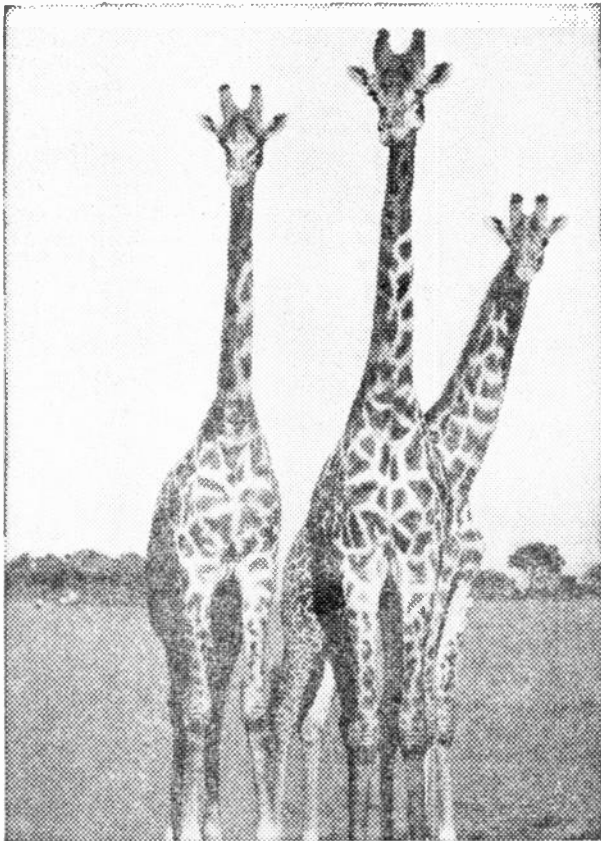
A PAIR OF BRIEFS

Disorder in court turns into a riot when talented counsel is young, beautiful Mary Peach (of 'No Love for Johnnie' fame). The judge is James Robertson Justice, and Brenda de Banzie plays the fortunate victim of an unsavory divorce case—thanks to the unwitting help of Michael Craig, Ron Moody and Liz Fraser. A legal romp from Betty Box and Ralph Thomas.

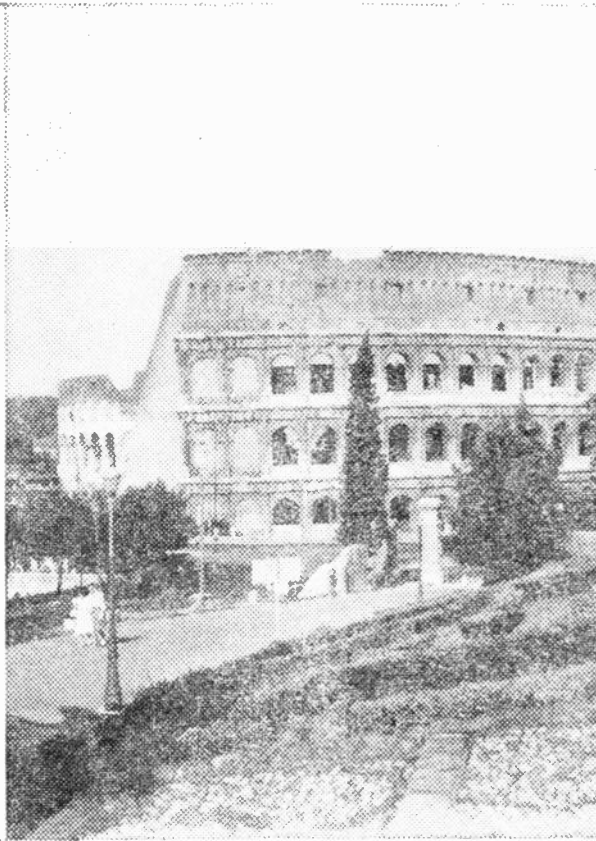
DER ROSENKAVALIER

From producer-director Dr. Paul Czinner, who recorded for all time 'The Bolshoi Ballet' and 'The Royal Ballet', now comes the colorful, never-to-be-forgotten production in full of Richard Strauss' world-famous opera. Starring Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Sena Jurinac, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann and Erich Kunz, it renders the authentic atmosphere of the Salzburg Festival with Herbert von Karajan conducting.

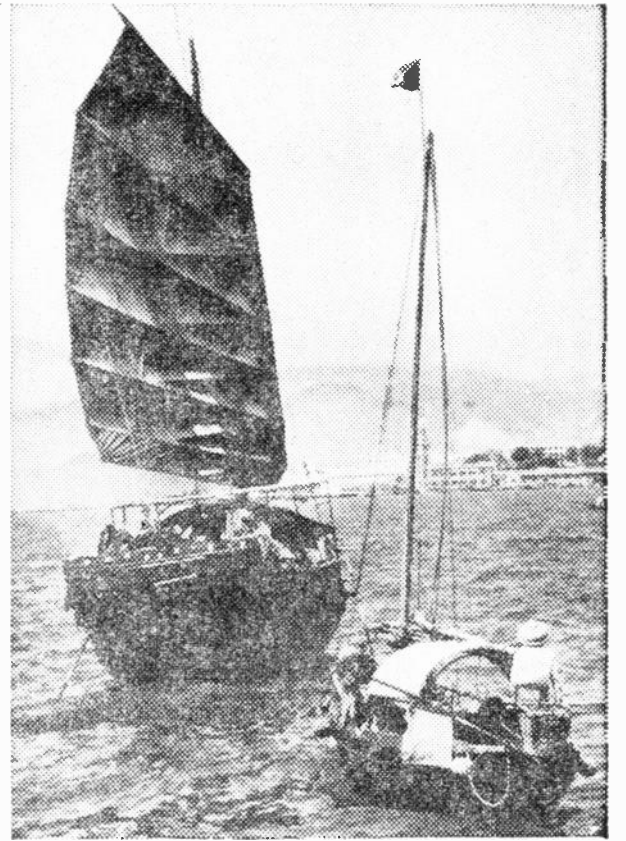
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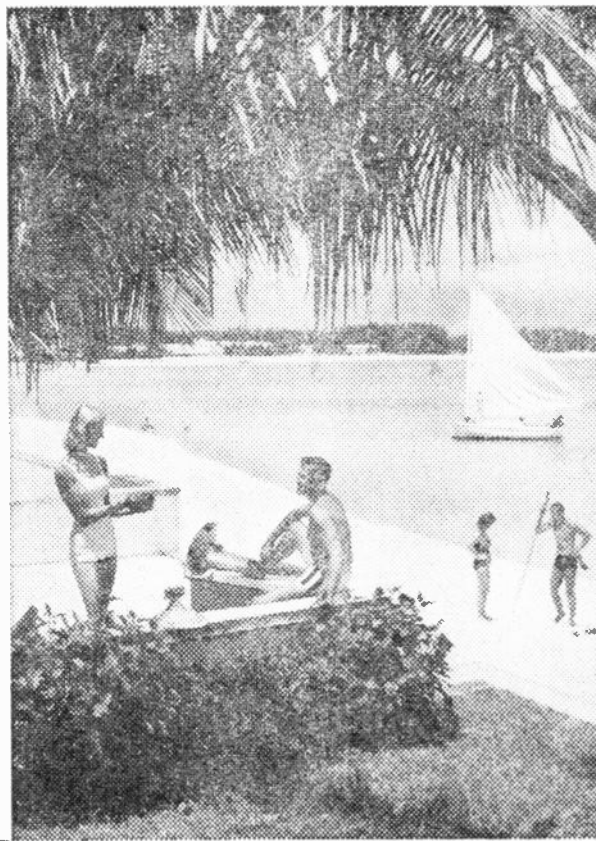
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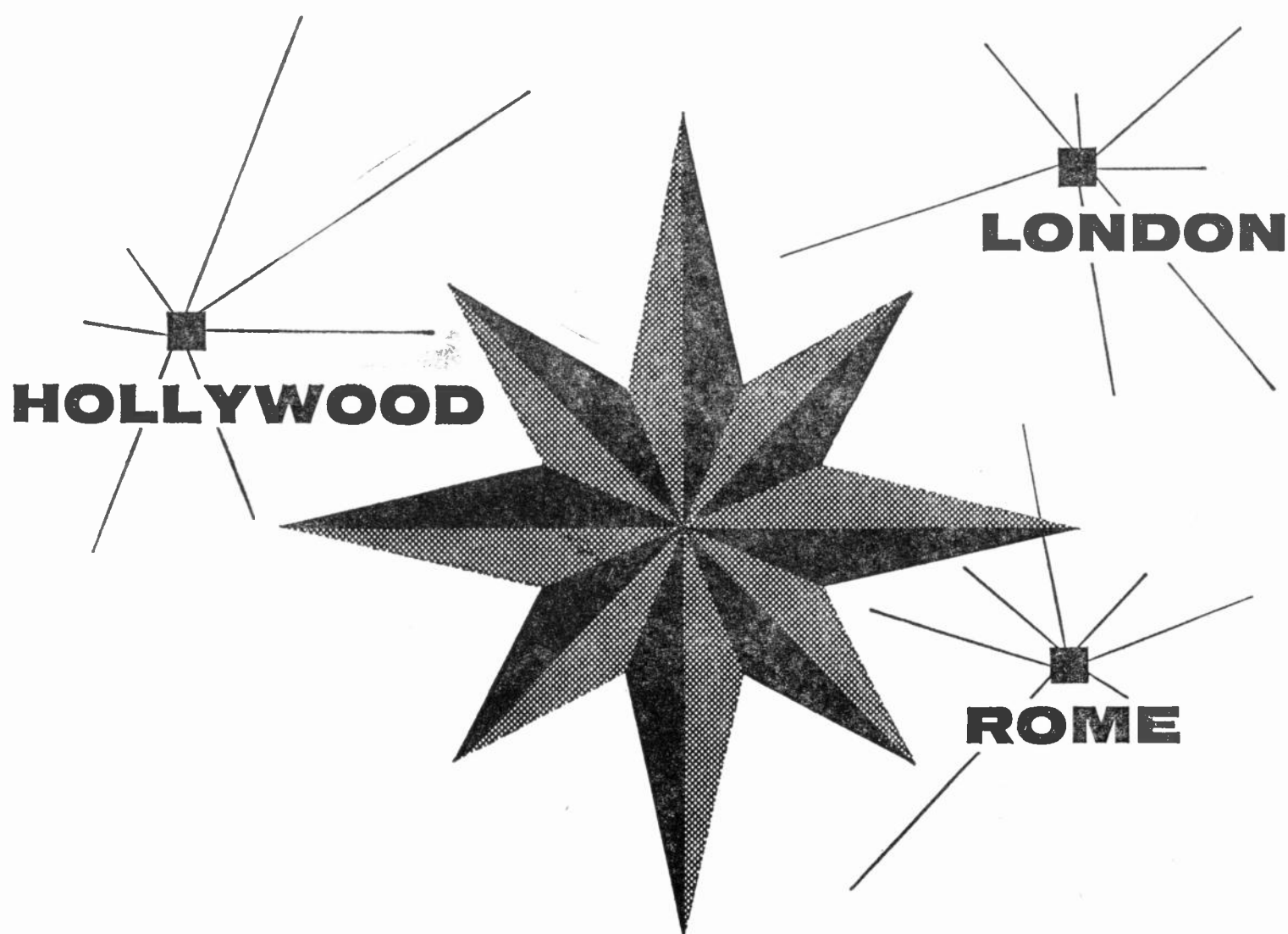
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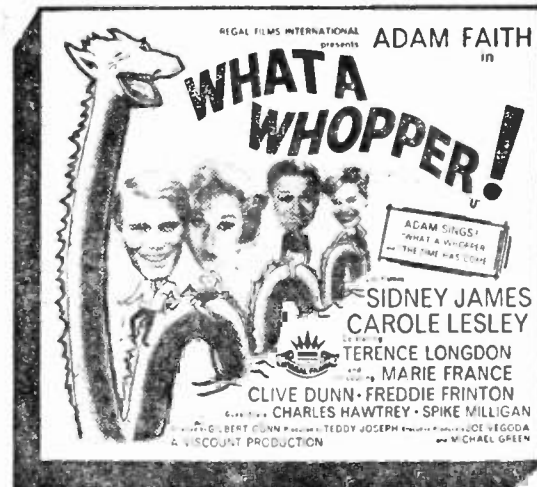
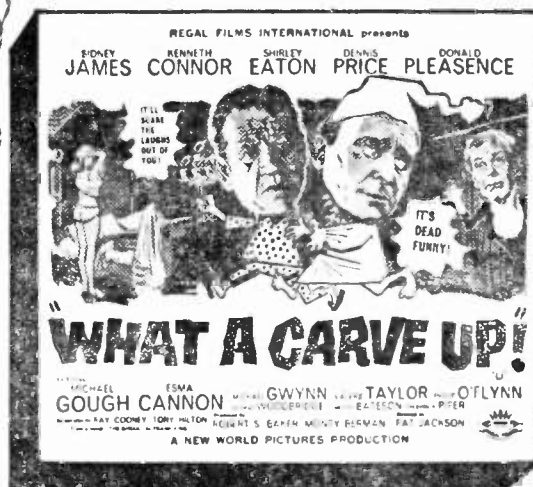
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Shaws Vs. Cathay In Malaya

Continued from page 156

awards receiving the honor for Best Film plus 11 additional awards.

The Shaws are hard-workers like most Chinese. When Masaichi Nagata, President of Daiei, Japan, mooted the idea of forming a Federation of Motion Picture Producers in Asia to organize and hold annual film festivals in Asia, Run Run Shaw gave him the fullest possible support and closely identified himself with the Asian Film Festivals from their conception some seven years back.

A Chinese film "Yang Kwei Fei" a coloured coproduction by Messrs. Masaichi Nagata and Run Run Shaw—was released in Paris.

Today under the Shaw banner are shown pictures produced in India, Pakistan, Japan, Taiwan, the Philippines, Thailand, South Vietnam and Indonesia plus the U.S., the U.K., Europe and the Middle East.

Run Run Shaw's latest participation at the Cannes Film Festival was his Chinese production "L'Ombre Enchanteresse" in east-mancolor, starring Betty Loh Tih.

Shaws also operates its own self-contained equipment department which imports all latest cinematograph equipment, embracing screens, theatre supplies, chairs,

generator sets, lighting and so on.

Shaw Printing Works is another subsidiary to ensure self-sufficiency in the printing of advertising materials, posters, leaflets, booklets etc. to take care of their vast commitments.

Shaws besides, publishes four national film magazines, the English Movie News, and Chinese, Malay and Indian movie magazines circulated all about South-East Asia.

Property and Real Estate Department lists and manages the choice properties owned by Runme Shaw and Run Run Shaw in Hong Kong, Singapore, the Federation of Malaya, British North Borneo and in other territories.

Cathay Coming Up

In ferocious competition with Shaws' Brothers is, of course, the Cathay Organization which in 1957 launched a \$3,400,000 U.S. (\$10,000,000 Malayan) scheme of building new cinemas within two years throughout Singapore, Malaya, Sarawak and Borneo. Its chairman Dato Loke said his company was looking for expansion in his part of the world. He told *VARIETY* (in his air-conditioned office at Cathay Building) that he was fully aware of competition from Shaws which was all the more reason why

Cathay sought a great expansion scheme.

"No business can afford to stand still. We don't look back but we must go about things with caution. Besides there is the slow process of evolution."

Cathay, he stated, has 60 cinemas, one in Bangkok, the rest in Malaya, Singapore and the Borneo territories. Two months ago it added two more theatres to its circuit of first-run houses throughout South-East Asia. A significant task was the 1,123 seat New Boon-pang Theatre in Brunei where as cinemas went, a thousand seater was quite a thing. Opened Sept. 20, it is drawing crowds today.

Cathay has signed with K. Asif, producer of the US \$2,000,000 Indian epic film "Mughal-E-Azam," a contract here for its release in Singapore, Malaya and Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo. (This picture has been shown in Bombay where it has netted US \$8,000,000).

Cathay also recently went into co-production work with Precitel of France and Da Ma Cinematographic of Rome for an original screen play "Cast the Same Shadow" by Malayan writer, Han Suyin of "Love is a Many-Splendoured Thing" fame. Shooting has begun in Cambodia where the love tale is based. Joint producers are Pierre Courau of Precitel and Tom Hodge of Cathay-Keris Films.

Story tells of adolescent love and conflicting cultures in post-war Cambodia. It portrays the trials

and tribulations of two young lovers—Sylvie, of French stock, and Rahit, a young Cambodian. Director is Andre Michel who has won the Grand Prize for the Best Short-Subject at the 1948 Venice Festival with "The Rose and the Minuet." Director of photography is Edmond Sechan.

"You may wonder why Cathay-Keris, a studio whose main occupation is the production of Malay language feature films, has signed a co-production agreement with a French company for a French/English language film for world exhibition. The reason is we need more money to put into making Malay films and we expect the arrangement to make a good profit

for the Studio. "The Malay film business has always been highly unprofitable and the Studio lost over one and a half million dollars in its first eight years. The industry is new to the country, the domestic market is very small and now there is virtually no overseas market. We used to get about U.S. \$17,000 for each film sold to Indonesia but today we are fortunate to receive \$4,000 U.S. for each of the very few films we are permitted to sell there.

"The technical quality of Malay films has improved tremendously but even to maintain the audience we now have, we need to make better films. And better films cost more money."

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Harry Smith-Hampshire & Doreen Casey

Jimmie Currie's Waltzing Waters

George Mitchell Singers

Malcolm Goddard Dancers

Tyldesley Girls Choir

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Grand Theatre, Blackpool

ARTHUR ASKEY

BETTY DRIVER

BEATRICE VARLEY

Bunny May, Linda James

Jill Thompson, Geoffrey Ryan

Raymond Dyer, Billy Tasker

"PILLAR TO POST"

Arcadia Theatre, Scarborough

GLENN MELVYN

DANNY ROSS

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'SUCCESS ON A HOT PLATTER'

It's What's In the Groove That Catapults
Pop and Classic Artists to Fame

By **GEORGE R. MAREK**
(V.P. & G.M., RCA Victor)

Not too many years ago, Show Business was in a pickle. You could hear the agonizing cries, which echoed through the hectic halls of talent agencies, for miles. Tears were shed copiously by any 10¢ers worth their slice. They had a problem: The slice—the *sine qua non* of agency—was getting thinner. "Better," bleated one sect member during that time of crisis, "it should happen to my hair!" It is unquestionable fact that rather than endure this indignity any handservant-to-talent would turn in his dark suit, horned-rims and quit.

The Slice was getting thinner because Talent, which is Show Biz's chief import, export, Only Commodity and total raison d'être, was wasting on the vine. Tomorrow's Jolson's, Sinatra's and Garland's, Comos and Carusos, Bings and Berles were in the wings, cooling their heels. Unpunched Meal Tickets. Where could they work out the raw kinks of their artistry? How was the public to know, even, that they were alive?

With vaudeville irretrievably committed to faded memory, burlesque gone the way of all flesh and nightclubs economically structured to sustain only Big Names, where, indeed, were the New Names to embryo? Where would talented youngsters neophyte for their Show Biz lives?

At the agencies, a new cliché was born. "Baby, you're great!" tyros were told, "but where can we build you?" For these budding boffo headliners—historically the life-blood of the world of entertainment, which seemed to be suffering from a glaring case of varicose veins—were there no Canaveral's, no launching pads? To their entrepreneurs, it seemed that way.

Even the Catskill Mountain plusheries tightened their borscht belts. The Catskills, perennial break-in Mecca for would-be, could-be stars, had become something less than Nirvana for the young professionals. Hotel owners there, who had, in the past, spring-boarded many a worthy on his way, were now building bigger and better nightclubs of their own, but signing only bigger and better attractions. Thus, in effect, they were beginning actually to compete with their brethren bottlers to the south. The flow and/or turnover of young talent, so vital to Show Biz, was bottle-necking. The situation was getting sticky, panic was ulcerating just around the corner and tranquilizers were booming.

The 'Answer'

Fortunately, however, the "answer" to the puzzle was just around the corner, too.

The answer, I suggest rather strongly, was the phonograph record.

If the record industry must assume the responsibility for the allegedly lamentable state of popular music in America (I don't happen to agree with this criticism) then it must also assume the credit for developing the whole new generation of Show Business personalities. No fact of Show Biz is more obvious than that the disk is the one certain passport to international fame. Stars, traditionally "born" to their mantles, are now spun into being. Instead of wasting on the vine, they're zooming on vinylite.

The plethora of platter-made-and-developed talent includes such fresh headliners as Elvis Presley, Shelley Berman, Paul Anka, Bobby Darin, Bob Newhart, Ricky Nelson, Neil Sedaka, Chubby Checker, Brenda Lee, Fabian, Connie Francis, Ray Charles, Ann-Margaret, Brook Benton, Bobby Rydell, Anita Bryant, Pat Boone, Johnny Mathis, Guy Mitchell, Tony Bennett and Dick Gregory. For the Kingston Trio, The Limeliters, The Tokens and dozens of other vocal groups, success came on a hot platter. Al Hirt, television's ubiquitous trumpet giant, was launched with missile speed on a pair of bestselling albums.

I believe it is a mistake for many

critics to characterize modern popular music—which has jetted so many youngsters to fame and fortune and stabilized The Slice, in the process—as merely congeries of caterwauling adolescents bereft of taste and deficient in talent. These pundits are unable to explain why the contemporary idiom of pop music has had such an un-failing and universal appeal. It literally amazes them that the talents of a Paul Anka, Connie Francis, Neil Sedaka or Johnny Mathis are in constant demand all over the world, for huge sums of hard cash. By closing their ears to the new sounds in popular music, perhaps they have also closed their eyes to the fact that the music evidently satisfies a deep emotional need in a way that the older forms no longer do.

But there is hope for the saltiest sages. One of our most esteemed music journalists and critics recently atoned for his earlier, rather low assessment of Elvis Presley by stating, in a syndicated column, that he'd changed his mind—or, rather, Elvis had changed it for him. There was much more to Mr. Presley, he now opined, than sideburns and undulation. This amazing phenomenon of the record industry was an artist, pure and true. With listening, I'm sure that similar defection in behalf of Presley's many contemporaries will shortly be commonplace.

What's in those vinylite grooves does as much for an artist as spreads in the most widely read national publications, and often leads to same. It is much the same on the Classical Music scene where celebrated divas like Calias, Tebaldi, Leontyne Price or the more recently adored and acclaimed Joan Sutherland are preceded in their glittering debuts by already established and glowing reputations on records.

It is announced that a Russian



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pianist named Sviatoslav Richter will appear in concert at Carnegie Hall. The announcement is in the form of small ads taken in Manhattan newspapers. There is no contingent of press agents scurrying Richter's name into print. His arrival in this country goes comparatively unnoticed. Yet, he sells out Carnegie Hall. He then tours the United States and it's S.R.O. whenever he sits down to play. The same thing happens over and over again, with Emil Gilels, another great Soviet artist, or David Oistrakh, the violinist. In the vernacular of this journal, they "have arrived" before they actually arrive; they are "socko clicks" and "boffola at the boxoffice" before they sail by the Statue of Liberty. Thanks, it must be obvious by now, to that most useful harbinger—the phonograph record—they conquer before they do battle!

Thus, new names are created, developed and promoted, keeping the Entertainment World's pot boiling, and that worrisome Slice thick. Hollywood, television, niteries, and, once again, the Catskill spas are abounding in freshly sprouted, patiently nourished and patently professional talent.

Now, if we in the Record Industry only know where our next million-seller was coming from...

British Music and Disk Trades Reassert Lead Over U.S. Rivals

By **ROGER WATKINS**

London.

Apart from another boom year in the disk biz, the British music trade is particularly pleased about the fight back of home talent (and with it the reappearance of the melody line). Publishers who suffered severely at the hands of imported rock 'n' roll, found that, last year, the going wasn't so tough.

As one executive puts it, even the American-owned publishers in Britain discovered that they could make more money in promoting British hits than importing the American ones. Of course, British shops needed only a little coaxing to adopt this view.

The songwriters Guild of Great Britain, also on a "Go British" kick, ceaselessly nagged the BBC about the "excess" of American music played on sound radio, BBC's monopoly. And an independent group, the Authors and Composers Representative Committee tried, unsuccessfully, to pressure the Performing Rights Society (Britain's collecting agency) into demanding a high quota of British music from BBC.

Radio Census Now Shows British Plugs Top Yank

Some effects of the strong feeling in London's Tin Pan Alley on this subject seems to have reflected in the Corporation's radio programming. In the Current Items (newly-written music) domestic compositions are now topping U.S. songs. But the largest part of broadcast music is catalog material—and largely American. BBC-compiled figures for August 1961 illustrate this.

Some 1,872 current items were played that month of which 783 were American, 827 were British and 262 other foreigners. But the Corp. played 4,961 oldies of which 3,156 were U.S. songs and only 1,418 were native. Other foreign numbers amounted to 387. British

songwriters and publishers are hopeful that, at last, the U.S. grip on the British music trade has been loosened, though none would care to forecast it.

Of the whole trade, dinking is one side that has no complaints. Despite a strictly boff year in 1960 in which \$42,000,000 went into manufacturers' pockets, last year is expected to top even that figure. **British Pop Stylists Share In The Comeback**

Headed by two giants, Decca and EMI (Electric and Musical Industries)—which share 80% of the disk trade—all U.K. labels have been trying to establish British talent. By the end of last year, homeland thrushes gained 50% of the pop market and there were times when only one Yank singer figured in the U.K. top 10 disks. A year earlier, it was mostly the reverse, with only one non-American singer in the top charts. Anglo newcomers, improving on U.S. prototypes, now seem to make a silver disk with incredible ease. Helen Shapiro and Johnny Leyton are examples. Miss Shapiro won two silvers out of three numbers while Leyton has a score of 100%, two out of two.

During the year disk sales were helped (not that they necessarily needed it) by tv and film theme tunes. Leyton's initial number "Johnny Remember Me," was featured in Associated Television's "Harpers West One" series and the disk was instantly in business. Several tv themes—"Succu Succu," "Coronation Street," "Rawhide" for instance—have made handsome returns. Cliff Richard, Helen Shapiro, Adam Faith disks all had boosts from feature films with noticeable success.

Most surprising success of the year was the rise of Matt Monro, whose balladeering earned him U.S. nitery dates. Along with the

The 3 Top Songs of All Time

By **SIGMUND SPAETH**

It is now a recognized fact that our popular songs provide the best possible index to the manners, customs and general characteristics of each generation of Americans, including even the clothes, the slang, the jokes and the current events of the day. But if one tries to select three or four numbers that have been sung more often than any others in our history, one is likely to find them all of the convivial type, having no topical significance, but definitely adapted to celebrations, occasions and anniversaries of all kinds, when people almost automatically break into song.

Such a list would not include any of the lyric inspirations of Stephen Foster, or "Home, Sweet Home," or "Dixie," or even "The Star-Spangled Banner," which is frequently played under compulsion, as our National Anthem (since 1931), but hardly ever sung by more than a solo voice.

Actually the song that has been heard most often in this country (and perhaps in Europe as well) is a simple, unpretentious little two-line ditty originally called "Good Morning to All." We know it best as "Happy Birthday to You," but it can express equally well such a wish as "Happy New Year," "Merry Christmas" or even "Happy Anniversary." It was written in 1893 by two New York school teachers, the sisters Mildred and Patty Hill, and for many years it was believed to be a folk song and therefore "in the public domain." A number of people discovered this to be a costly error, including Irving Berlin, who quite innocently used the song in "As Thousands Cheer," to celebrate the birthday of John D. Rockefeller. It is now free to all, having long passed the copyright limit of 56 years, and will probably continue to be sung indefinitely at parties, in pubs and taverns, in restaurants, or wherever an anniversary of any kind may demand attention. Incidentally, "Happy Birthday" is generally pitched too high, since the singers forget about that octave jump in the middle. The key of G is about right for average voices.

Contesting first place today with the little birthday jingle, and perhaps the world's most popular tune for several centuries, is another convivial song, best known as "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." (Our Kiwanis and Rotary clubs have given it a nonsensical text of their own, beginning "The bear went over the mountain.")

A certain William Clifton was responsible for the first of these American versions, described as a "Favorite Glee for Three Voices" and published in 1842, with a cover picture that fully justified the optimism of the title. Actually the familiar melody goes far back into European history and its exact origin has never been determined.

In France and England it was known as "Malbrouk" or "Malbrough" and apparently dealt with the Duke of Marlborough and his "famous victory" at Blenheim. (The French words concentrated on the phrases "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre. Ne sait quand reviendra.") But it has been argued that the music was known as early as the Crusades. Chateaubriand heard it sung by Arabs in Palestine and claims that it was brought there by Godfrey of Bouillon. Marie Antoinette is said to have used it as a lullaby for the infant Dauphin in 1781. Beaumarchais put the tune into his "Marriage of Figaro" three years later, which made it a favorite for local and topical parodies. Beethoven quoted it extensively in his "Battle Symphony" to represent the French troops.

Charles Dibdin, in his "Musical Tour" (1788), referred to "young ladies hammering 'Malbrouk' out of tune." (It appeared as an instrumental number in various violin and flute collections of the 18th century and also as a harpsichord lesson, with variations.) As late as 1867 an opera bouffe, "Malbrouk," was based upon the song, with Bizet, Delibes and other composers contributing to the score. If one places the tune even as early as the 16th century, when it was already universally popular, "Malbrouk" may well have been sung and played more often than any other composition in all history.

'Auld Lang Syne'

To complete the top trio of all-time popular songs, the choice almost inevitably falls upon "Auld Lang Syne," again a symbol of conviviality, ideal for any occasion of nostalgic significance. It has long been the recognized theme song for New Year's Eve the world over, and it fits perfectly into any situation representing the end of a long association for a group of almost any kind, such as the actors in a successful play or the graduating class of a school or college.

Actually the melody of "Auld Lang Syne" has been used by a number of our educational institutions, including Vassar's "The Rose and Silver Gray." Many a Princetonian is unaware that this was the tune of his Alma Mater, "Old Nassau," before Karl Langlotz composed the original music sung today.

The phrase "Auld Lang Syne" is much older than the song itself in the language of Scotland. The text as we now know it is partly traditional and only partly by Robert Burns, who generally receives full credit for its creation. The original melody was an ancient strathspey, "I Fe'd a Lad at Michaelmas," and was also used for another old song, "The Miller's Wedding."

After selecting these three leaders in the popular music of the world, the choice becomes more difficult. Probably the melody we know as "America" would rank very high. Through the years it has quite possibly been sung more often than our National Anthem, because it is far more singable. It is well known also as a hymn-tune, in addition to its official position in England and more than a dozen other countries and States. The melody is also very popular among American colleges and has been fitted to the words "So say we all of us" as a tag following "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and other convivial ditties. The music has been variously credited to Henry Carey and the fittingly named John Bull. The American words were written by Rev. Samuel Francis Smith in 1832 and introduced by Lowell Mason on July 4 of that year. Beethoven and Weber are among the composers who have used the melody instrumentally, and its popularity shows no sign of diminishing.

acceptance of Shirley Bassey (who also scored in the hit parade this year) and Frankie Vaughan, plus the fluke success of Lonnie Donegan's gimmicky "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor," record execs here say they have noticed a marked increase in American interest in British talent. Bookings in key U.S. cities have become easier to fix, they say.

Probably the most important trend for British musicians has been the development of traditional (Dixieland) jazz. Although this has not meant much diskwise,

there are now a half-a-dozen trad bands making big money from tours abroad, radio, tv and concert dates. Scores more are making not-so-lean livings from clubs, fetes, etc.

Broadcasters have really caught the trad bug and slotted a whole lot of air time for the music. Now some sections of the trade feels the music is facing over-exploitation and will grind itself into the ground in a short time. Certainly, top-notch bands are few but, to the suggestion they are on the way out, they blow a very blue note.

VARIETY All-Time Pop Standards

By ABEL GREEN

Columbia Records, which is packaging an "alltime hit parade" for one of its custom-made disk customers, brought to a head a tabulation *VARIETY* has been wanting to do for some time, but even now cannot be anything but inconclusive.

An attempt to alphabetize the following, as a sampling of what the music biz may least challenge is fraught with advance knowledge that the elements of omission and commission are ever-present for any number of realistic reasons. The realities of some new cycle in pop music can throw this roster awry. The current vogue of the Mitch Miller Sing-Along tv show, for example, has added countless added values, via performances, folios, revitalized disk sales and the like to a flock of dormant standards.

The current Twist craze, for example, must give the thelematics of the Joey Dees and kindred exponents of the new dance wave immeasurable values in ASCAP and BMI performances, dancehall, nitery and disk assets.

So in order to appraise a "modern," i.e. 20th Century Hit Parade (and thus bypassing the mauve decade's Stephen Foster and kindred oldies) all these potentials are not to be ignored.

International Hit Paraders

Furthermore, such is the global impact of the pop music business today that, for example, a "Volare" of a few seasons back or a "Never On Sunday" as of now (incidentally, the first time a foreign, in this case Greek, song ever copped an Academy Award as the best motion picture song), must be reckoned with. In their concentrated performances, international recording versions, global performances and sales, in multiple languages, these add up to a quick fancy score that has taken most of the list here-with many accumulative years to achieve. So here goes for what is a sampling of an All-Time Hit Parade, with the advance knowledge—it should be established here quickly, for the record and to forestall further footnoting—that some of these are "seasonal" songs. This means "Easter Parade," "Rudolph the Rednosed Reindeer," "White Christmas" and the like.

Smash Sales

Incidentally, the Columbia Records' custom department, in seeking the well nigh impossible "Top Ten," wanted to rule out the seasonal smashes, such as the two Irving Berlin standards above which, according to a preliminary *VARIETY* survey, were high up there on performances and sales. (As detailed in *VARIETY* recently, some 34,000,000 platters of "White Christmas," including Bing Crosby's own 20,000,000-sales mark, along with the 33,000,000 disks of "Rudolph," can't be ignored. Both, also, have enjoyed sales into the millions of pianoforte copies, multiple band and vocal arrangements, and the like.) The Columbia Records' mapping of whatever package (for Goodyear Rubber) may emerge also put accent on "strictly popular" and not the seasonal or patriotic standards, such as John Philip Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever," Berlin's "God Bless America," Reginald DeKoven's "Oh Promise Me," Carrie Jacobs Bond's "I Love You Truly" both of which, along with Berlin's (there's that man again!) "Always" are the staples at weddings and anniversaries.

Ingredients For Durability

The elements of what makes for "most popular" are frequently immeasurable, such as the mass appeal to the man-in-the-street (whistle while you work etc.); the accumulative millions of sheet music, the different folio and orchestral, vocal, band, barbershop quartet, choral and kindred arrangements; the countless radio performances by hinterland radio stations (not fully logged by either ASCAP or BMI for per-plug payoffs); and the general longevity of the copyright. Obviously, the older the tune, if it remains fresh in memory and enjoys repetitive renditions, the greater its values—performance income,

record and music sales, synchronization and other mechanical reproduction usages, and the like.

It is generally conceded in that euphemistically orbit called Tin Pan Alley—no longer tinpanny nor an alley, nor has it been for decades—that "St. Louis Blues" and "Stardust" are neck-and-neck for the two most recorded pops. Each has some 800-900 different American disk versions, and their waxings by foreign artists, on global labels, also runs into scores of different interpretations.

Perennial Signature Songs

"Auld Lang Syne" gets repeated performance in niteries, dancehalls and for everything ranging from politico to sentimental occasions. FDR put "Home On The Range" on the musical map, and President Truman dittoed "The Missouri Waltz." New York Mayor Wagner's theme song is the "Carousel" excerpt by Rodgers & Hammerstein. "You'll Never Walk Alone," which is a favorite also at graduations and similar fraternal occasions, as is Auld Lang Syne.

Coincidental with that are other important considerations—album anthologies; utilizations in motion pictures, video and radio either as "theme," atmospheric or period songs; and sheet music, song folio and orchestration sales. The last phase is minimal, in sharp contrast to another era when mechanical performance income was the by-product, and the fundamental business of music publishing and selling of copies was the prime source of revenue.

Today the recording is the kingpin of the business and the platter-

chatterer (disk jockey) the prime purveyor and disseminator of music.

The galaxy spotlights a number of songs which survived flop shows and became perennials. "Begin The Beguine" and "Just One Of Those Things" meant little in the original "Jubilee," a moderately successful Broadway musical despite the fact that librettist Moss Hart and songsmith Cole Porter went on a round-the-world cruise to write it.

In the same idiom as "Jubilee," Berlin likes to point out that despite the cast presence of such musicomedy favorites as Marilyn Miller, Helen Broderick, Clifton Webb and Ethel Waters in "As Thousands Cheer," his 1933 Music Box Revue was chiefly panned for its score. "Heat Wave," "Not For All The Rice In China" and other tunes in his 14-song score were "liked" by the critics but eventually it was "Easter Parade" which survived as the standard.

Cole Porter's "Night and Day" dates back to the 1932 original stage source, "The Gay Divorcee." When it was filmed later, Hollywood chose to add an "e" and the title became "Divorcee," and the tune has been an evergreen for virtually a third-of-a-century.

"Stardust" & "St. Louis Blues" Hoagy Carmichael's 1929 "Stardust," originally an instrumental, also was a slow starter but really took off after Mitchell Parish added a lyric. "Star Dust," "Beguine," "Tea For Two" and "St. Louis Blues" are the most prolifically recorded tunes in pop song history. W. C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues,"

from its original 1914 cradling in Memphis, is of the same pure Americana jazz strain as "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and will remain symbolic of the wealth of American Negro music that has become part of our musical heritage.

"Tea For Two," circa 1924, by Irving Caesar (words) and Vincent Youmans (music), from a modest Broadway musical, "No No Nanette," has been the perennial boy-meets-girl "double number." Countless "bench acts" in vaudeville—the dapper juvenile, usually avec strawhat and cane, and the sweet ingenue, usually in flouncy lace and avec parasol—have glorified this dream of young love. And almost 40 years later it got a big play as a chacha.

"Tenderly" had an inauspicious start but snowballed with increasing impact, first as a particular favorite of the nitery chanteuses, and in recent years this Jack Lawrence-Walter Gross ballad has been reprised in countless albums and versions, instrumental and vocal.

Legit Fountainhead

As this Top Pops roster indicates, legit has been the springboard of some of the richer heritages of the American popular music scene and the following will achieve similar distinction. Some already have. Among them are "Some Enchanted Evening," "People Will Say We're In Love," "I Could Have Danced All Night," "June Is Busting Out All Over," "On The Street Where You Live," "Mack The Knife" ("Moritat"), "Summertime," "If I Loved You," "All The Things You Are," "There's No Business Like Show Business," "Where Or When,"

"Makin' Whoopee." In fact, a glance at the "VARIETY Music Cavalcade" will produce dozens of tunes by Porter, Romberg, Friml, Gershwin, Berlin, Rodgers & Hart, Youmans, Rodgers & Hammerstein, Lerner & Loewe, Hirsch, Stamper, Hubbell, Dietz & Schwartz, Loesser, DeSylva, Brown & Henderson, Merrill and others which would also qualify in this category.

Evergreen Ballads

Smash ballads that have lasted are of the calibre of "Till We Meet Again," "Memories," "Poor Butterfly," "My Buddy," "Beautiful Ohio," "Three O'Clock In The Morning," "When You and I Were Young Maggie," "Sidewalks of New York," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "Isle of Capri," "South of the Border," "Paradise," among many more.

Periodically revived have been such perennial pops as "California Here I Come," "Avalon," "Remember," "That Old Gang of Mine," "Laura," "Winter Wonderland" (another Christmas perennial), "Santa Claus Is Coming To Town," "Third Man Theme," and many others. This list, too, is far from complete.

More Global Hits

The global cycle, especially post-World War II, spawned such international favorites as "La Vie En Rose," "The Seine," "Autumn Leaves," "At Last," "Lisbon Antigua," "April In Portugal," "Tore-ro," "Cia Cia Bambino," "Under Paris Skies," "A Paris," "Poor People of Paris," "Never On Sunday," "Volare" and others. The last-named tune was so popular at one stage that the Brill Bldg. denizens dubbed it "Mussolini's revenge." In another era, when the John Golden-Raymond Hubbell ballad was equally overly familiar, a coupe of Tin Pan Alleyites whipped up an "answer" song, I'd Like To Catch The Guy Who Wrote "Poor Butterfly."

The music business is replete with cycles and frequently a social evolution, as with the Latin dance vogue, creates greater receptivity for such old and new standards as "Siboney," "Granada," "Green Eyes," "Amopola," "Amor," "Peanut Vendor," "Rum and Coca-Cola," "You Belong To My Heart," "Brazil," "Bahia," "Frenesi," "Besame Mucho," "Malaguena" and the like.

Pop music also traditionally reflects the moods and mores of the times. It may be the religious, such as "I Believe" and "He's Got The Whole World In His Hands." It may be George M. Cohan's "Over There," "Yankee Doodle Dandy," "Mary's A Grand Old Name."

Instrumentals

It includes great instrumentals. Right up there with "St. Louis Blues" would be "Nola," "12th St. Rag," "Livery Stable Blues," "Memphis Blues," "Kitten On The Keys," "Canadian Capers," "Indianaola," "Ragging The Scale," "In The Mood," "Mood Indigo," "Canadian Sunset," "Deep Purple," among others. And, on a grander scale, Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue" and Grofe's "Grand Canyon Suite."

And always it includes the zanynisms of a period of which "Purple People Eater," "Splish-Splash" and "Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini" are samplings.

When historians hark back to the frenetic '50s with its plethora of country music and rock 'n' roll, representative of that era will be such items as "Tennessee Waltz," "Blue Suede Shoes," "Rock Around The Clock," "Earth Angel" and "Hound Dog," for example. And now it's The Twist.

Still Others

And still others come to mind as durable standards, big sellers in their heyday, and constantly being revived and reprised, for this or that interpretation, album, filmusical synchronization, video period songs, etc. Among these would come such other titles as "Carolina Moon," "The Best Things In Life Are Free," "Charmaine," "Diane," "Jeannine (I Dream of Lilac Time)," "Ramona," "My Wonderful One," "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," "Paradise," "Pagan Love Song," "Sing-

(Continued on page 206)

THE 'GOLDEN 100'

(A listing in alphabetical order of "active" pop standards based on performances, sheet music and disk sales.)

AFTER YOU'RE GONE
AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE
ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND
ALL ALONE
ALL THE THINGS YOU ARE
ALWAYS
A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY
APRIL IN PARIS
APRIL SHOWERS
AS TIME GOES BY
BALLIN' THE JACK
BEGIN THE BEGUINE
BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND
BEWILDERED
BLUE MOON
BLUES IN THE NIGHT
BODY AND SOUL
CHICAGO
COME RAIN OR COME SHINE
DANCING IN THE DARK
DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL
DINAH
EASTER PARADE
EXACTLY LIKE YOU
FOR ME AND MY GAL
GET HAPPY
GOD BLESS AMERICA
GOODNIGHT SWEETHEART
GREAT DAY
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN
HEARTACHES
HOW DEEP IS THE OCEAN?
HOW HIGH THE MOON
I BELIEVE
I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT
LOVE
I COULD HAVE DANCED ALL NIGHT
I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU
I GOT RHYTHM
I'LL BE SEEING YOU
I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS
I'M IN THE MOOD FOR LOVE
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SPRING
I'VE GOT THE WORLD ON A STRING
I'VE GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN
I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW
JUST ONE OF THOSE THINGS
KISS ME AGAIN
LA VIE EN ROSE
LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART
LOVE ME OR LEAVE ME

LOVER
LOVER COME BACK TO ME
MARIE
MY BLUE HEAVEN
MY FUNNY VALENTINE
MY HEART STOOD STILL
MY MELANCHOLY BABY
NIGHT AND DAY
OLD BLACK MAGIC
OL' MAN RIVER
ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET
OVER THE RAINBOW
PEG O' MY HEART
PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
POOR BUTTERFLY
RUDOLPH THE REDNOSED REINDEER
SCHOOL DAYS
SEPTEMBER SONG
SHINE ON HARVEST MOON
SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES
SOMEBODY LOVES ME
SOME ENCHANTED EVENING
SOME OF THESE DAYS
SOMETIMES I'M HAPPY
STARDUST
ST. LOUIS BLUES
STORMY WEATHER
SUMMERTIME
SWANEE
SWEET SUE
'S WONDERFUL
TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME
TEA FOR TWO
TENDERLY
THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES
THE MAN I LOVE
THE NEARNESS OF YOU
THESE FOOLISH THINGS
TIGER RAG
WAIT 'TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLIE
WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE
WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES
WHAT IS THIS THING CALLED LOVE
WHITE CHRISTMAS
WHO?
WITH A SONG IN MY HEART
WITHOUT A SONG
YOU GO TO MY HEAD
YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE
YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU
ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY
HEART

Music Rights—Another Vestige Of U.S. Cultural Downgrading

Reasons for Much Needed Copyright Revision—ASCAP's General Counsel Comments on the Register's Report

By HERMAN FINKELSTEIN

The report of the Register of Copyrights on proposals for revision of the Copyright Law was the most important single event of interest to the copyright fraternity during the past year. In a related field, so-called "Neighboring Rights," a convention was formulated at Rome last October, but there is little likelihood of ratification by the U.S. in the foreseeable future.

The year ahead will find serious consideration being given to the Register's Report on Copyright Revision. The next step will be the drafting of legislation to implement that report. The Register's recommendations for changes in the Copyright Law of 1909 are regarded as only tentative at this time. One of the most important recommendations is that the existing term of copyright be extended for an additional period of 20 years. In last year's annual issue of *VARIETY* I presented the reasons for enlarging the term of copyright, and shall not discuss that part of the Register's recommendations at this time.

From the point of view of the creator of musical works, two other proposals in the Report represent important advances:

(1) The elimination of the compulsory license provision which now permits all phonograph record manufacturers to record any copyrighted musical composition without securing the copyright owner's consent, for the price of 2c. which frequently is never paid;

(2) The elimination of the exemption for performances by means of coin-operated machines—the so-called jukebox exemption.

In recommending that the compulsory license provision be eliminated, the Register states:

"The compulsory license provisions are rather severe in their effect upon the copyright owner. Once he exploits his right to record his music, he is deprived of control over further recordings. He cannot control their quality nor can he select the persons who will make them. There have been many complaints of inferior recordings and of recordings by financially irresponsible persons. What is perhaps even more important, the statute places a ceiling of 2c. per record on the royalty he can obtain. In essence, the compulsory license permits anyone indiscriminately to make records of the copyright owner's music at the 2c. rate fixed in the statute."

The Register points out that the record companies argue that the existing system insures a greater number of recordings of those works that are successful, but that the author's and publishers answer that "the possibility of granting an exclusive license might give new and unknown authors more opportunity to have their works recorded."

With respect to the Jukebox exemption, the Report makes these interesting observations:

"The jukebox exemption is a historical anomaly. The exemption was placed in the law in 1909 at the last minute with virtually no discussion. The coin-operated music machines of that day were apparently a novelty of little economic consequence. The jukebox industry is now among the largest commercial users of music, with an annual gross revenue of over a half billion dollars.

"Jukebox operators are the only users of music for profit who are not obliged to pay royalties, and there is no special reason for their exemption. No such exemption is made in any other country, except that in Canada the playing of music on jukeboxes comes within a general exemption of performances by means of a gramophone. A Canadian commission appointed to review its copyright law recently declared that the ex-

emption of jukeboxes is not warranted; but that since the royalties collected in Canada would go mainly to copyright owners in the United States, the withdrawal of the exemption in Canada might await like action in our country."

Reforms Long Overdue

Both these reforms have been long overdue. The Register of Copyrights is to be applauded for espousing them.

There are other parts of the Report, however, which leave much to be desired. For example, it is proposed that there be added certain new exemptions in favor of users, which are not contained in the existing law, namely:

(a) Recommending that "The statute should exempt the mere reception of broadcasts from the public performances right, except where the receiver makes a charge to the public for such reception." This would allow commercial establishments to escape payment for public performances by means of music furnished to their patrons through loudspeakers connected with radio receiving sets, even though such use is both public and for profit.

(b) Allowing charitable enterprises to make free use of copyrighted music to raise funds by giving public performances of musical works and charging admission fees to the public. This too is not permitted under existing law.

Taking up first the proposal—to exempt public reproduction of radio broadcasts—there is no indication of what is meant by "mere reception" as used in the proposal. Is "mere reception" to be defined as including only the home-type receiving set without any added loudspeakers, or would it include reproduction over several loudspeakers? The Report does not define the nature of the "charge" which will prevent the performance from qualifying for the exemption, but it would seem to indicate that the exemption would apply even if there was a cover charge or hat-check charge or a charge for food or beverage. The Report expressly states that it would not exempt such performances if there was "an admission charge" or a fee for operating the receiving set. Does "admission charge" mean only a charge where money is taken at the door? If so, it would seem to be an arbitrary distinction.

How It Works Out

If the proprietor spends the money to install loudspeakers, he must find that it stimulates the sale of food or beverages. The user's benefits are apt to be just as great as if there were an admission charge, however small. As Mr. Justice Holmes said in *Herbert v. Shanley*:

"If the rights under the copyright are infringed only by a performance where money is taken at the door they are very imperfectly protected. Performances not different in kind from those of the defendants could be given that might compete with and even destroy the success of the monopoly that the law intends the plaintiffs to have."

The defendants' performances are not eleemosynary. They are part of a total for which the public pays, and the fact that the price of the whole is attributed to a particular item which those present are expected to order, is not important. It is true that the music is not the sole object, but neither is the food, which probably could be got cheaper elsewhere. The object is a repast in surroundings that to people having limited powers of conversation or disliking the rival noise give a luxurious pleasure not to be had from eating a silent meal. If music did not pay it would be given up. If it pays out of the public's pocket. Whether it pays or not the purpose of employing it is

profit and that is enough."

In discussing the existing law, the Register concedes that the unauthorized reproduction of a broadcast of a musical work in a public room in a hotel is an infringing use under the decision of the Supreme Court in *Buck v. Jewell-LaSalle Realty Co.*, 283 U.S. 191 (1931). The Report states, however (pp. 30-31):

"As a practical matter this problem has been confined so far to broadcasts of music, though it could conceivably arise also as to broadcasts of dramatic and literary works and even of motion pictures. We understand that the two principal organizations controlling the performing rights in music (ASCAP and BMI) have generally followed the policy of confining their demands for license fees to those establishments, such as the hotel in the *Jewell-LaSalle* case, that retransmit broadcasts to their various rooms. Other similar organizations, however, may not have the same policy. And there have been complaints from some small establishments that they were asked to obtain performing licenses for the mere operation of receiving sets. In any event, the free use of receiving sets should not be left to the grace or forbearance of the performing rights organizations or other copyright owners."

This statement does not correctly set forth the policy of ASCAP. I know nothing about the practice of other performing right organizations. ASCAP has seen fit not to charge for the reception of music in the hotel's individual guest rooms, even though the programs available to the guests are controlled by a master set; nor has it charged for music in public rooms of hotels or in other public places such as restaurants or stores if there are no loudspeakers other than the one normally found in a single ordinary home-type device employed on the premises. If, however, there are several loudspeakers in public places operated for commercial gain, the use is often more effective than a single live instrumentalist or a phonograph. The Register concedes that in the latter cases a charge may be made if the performance is in public and for profit.

The mechanization of music has seriously affected the opportunities of musicians and composers. A Congressional hearing recently examined the possibility of finding remedies, including serious proposals that the living arts be subsidized in our national interest. Composers and other copyright owners would much rather collect only from those who use their works, than to tax the general public as a means of securing encouragement. The proposal that copyright owners be denied the right to charge for the use of canned music under circumstances where it would be appropriate and necessary to charge for live music, moves in a direction which is contrary to the public interest. It would give an added incentive to displace the live performer. This is certainly not desirable.

One of the reasons given by the Register for exempting public performances by "the mere reception of broadcasts" is that "complaints from some small establishments" have been received with respect to one unregulated licensing organization. If a remedy is needed, it lies in proper regulation of the rates of all licensing organizations. The Register has touched on this in Chapter XI E of the Report (pp. 136-138), but he states: "We have made no study of this problem [regulation of performing rights organizations] since we believe it is beyond the range of the present project for revision of the copyright law."

The proposed exemption is illogical and economically unsound. Purveyors of wired music and of FM background music services pay

for such reproduction. They generally clear at the source for their subscribers. These uses can be licensed at the source because the ultimate user must have an agreement with the "source" in order to use the music lawfully. This also applies to network broadcasts which are "cleared" for stations affiliated with the network; and to the exhibition of motion picture films in theatres which have leased them from the producer of the film. The private operator who taps the airwaves without any contract with the broadcasting station cannot expect that station to clear the program "at the source" for him.

Charitable Enterprises

Now let us turn to the proposed new exemption for performances by charitable enterprises which would apply even where the public pays for admission. No such performances are now exempt if someone receives payment in connection with the performance.

Actually, the statute should be changed by giving broader rights to musical works rather than granting broader exemptions to users.

There is no reason why a composer of a symphony should have any lesser protection for performances of his works than authors of dramatic works. Yet the existing law does not protect the composer of a symphony unless a performance of his work is both public and for profit, whereas the author of a dramatic work is protected against performances whether or not they are for profit. Both types of works should be protected against public performances regardless of the profit element. They are so protected throughout the world.

Incidentally, careful research has not disclosed a single lawsuit for infringement of performing rights before the statute narrowed the composer's right. Except for the expectation of commercial users that their performances would be regarded as not "for profit" if no admission fees were charged, it is difficult to see what type of user expected to get something under the 1909 limitation, that he was not previously enjoying as a matter of practice.

The Register justifies the narrower grant of performing rights to composers (imposing the "for profit" limitation) than to dramatic works on the following grounds (page 28 of the Report):

"The audience at a nonprofit performance of a dramatic work is less likely to pay to attend another performance than is the case with nondramatic works."

"Public performance is usually the main source of revenue from a dramatic work; in the case of nondramatic works, revenue is also available from the sale of copies and sound recordings."

"Dramatic works are not as readily or as frequently performed for charitable, educational and similar purposes as are nondramatic works."

Every composer of a symphony or concerto from Beethoven to Barber knows:

That the audience at a first performance of his work is not likely to attend another performance of that work during the same season, and often not for many years thereafter;

That the public performance income, limited as it is, is greater than that from the sale of copies and sound recordings;

That their works are more readily and more frequently performed for alleged "charitable, educational, and similar purposes" without payment than are dramatic works; and that authors of dramatic works have substantial incomes from both professional and amateur performances which are denied to the composers of symphonies.

There is no reason to downgrade musical works. Composers have the same needs, appetites and desires as other authors. Their struggles for recognition and survival are just as intense. If their works are attractive to the public, they should be entitled to compensation—especially where most of the uses are by those who fly under the banner of philanthropy. A composer should be free to contribute his work to the cause of charity, or to withhold it if he cannot afford to make the gift. Unless an equal tithe is exacted of others, it should not be exacted from the composer.

We hope the Register of Copyrights will take these problems of the composer into consideration when final proposals for copyright reform are made.

Japan's Sun Rises In West's Music; A Revolution

By TOSHIYA ETO

When I first came to the United States in 1948 to study with Efrem Zimbalist at Philadelphia's Curtis Institute of Music and went on to make my Carnegie Hall debut three years later, I was a surprise to a great many people—an Oriental capable of interpreting the violin masterpieces of such typically Western composers as Bach and Mozart. But two summers ago, when I returned to my homeland after a decade's absence, in the peculiar position of observing Japan's musical life for the first time through Americanized eyes, I must confess that I was the one who was surprised to note the great crescendo of enthusiasm for Western music which is rising in Japan.

Record sales are booming, with many of the world's major labels represented as member companies of the Japanese Phonograph & Record Assn.

Western orchestras and concert artists on tour have found highly receptive audiences all over the Orient, but nowhere more so than in Japan. The growing enthusiasm for classical music has been fostered largely by the country's youth, but any "man on the street" knows the name of Beethoven, shoppers are treated to continual symphonies over department store loudspeakers and radio and television commentators proclaim the day's news accompanied by "long-hair" soundtracks.

Compulsory Music!

The Japanese government is contemplating making either violin or piano study compulsory in all schools.

Musical instruments used to be rather inferior in Japan, at least by Western standards, but recent improvements in manufacture by such firms as Yamaha, long the foremost Japanese piano makers, have brought new vigor to the industry. A good upright piano can now be had for about the yen equivalent of \$300, while a violin of satisfactory quality may be purchased for \$15.

A Nipponese musician makes a fine living today in the practice of his craft, earning more than some college professors and finding year-round employment in local orchestras. Such ensembles as the NHK Symphony—sponsored by a government-controlled radio station—and the renowned Japan Philharmonic provide an excellent income from concerts, radio-television appearances and recordings. This situation contrasts sharply with that prevailing in the U. S., where few major orchestras can offer the security of unbroken seasons and annual stipends.

My countrymen have long been famed for their versatility in imitating the ways of other lands, in adapting Western know-how to Oriental needs. Having for years exported much of the world's complex scientific and industrial equipment and novelty goods of all descriptions, they are now sending out their young musicians in a cultural exchange between East and West. These artists must first overcome a number of inborn psychological factors—the thirty centuries of discipline and rigid traditionalism which tend to inhibit both the response to and the performing of classical masterpieces. With typical Japanese intellectual curiosity, for example, young violinists up to the age of 18 diligently explore and master basic elements of Western music but then lack the ability to register the necessary emotion in its performance.

The challenge has been met and conquered by such recent visitors to the U. S. as Seiji Ozawa, currently one of Leonard Bernstein's assistant conductors with the New York Philharmonic; Kinie Imai, soprano star of the Metropolitan's recent authentically-Japanese production of "Madama Butterfly" and Yoshio Aoyama, the director who staged this widely acclaimed new version of Puccini's masterpiece.

STUNTS PASS, CONCERTS GO ON

Disk Business In 3 Words: Original Cast Albums

By GLENN E. WALLICH
(President, Capitol Records)

As we at Capitol close out 1961 and head hopefully into the new year, we find our thoughts once again centered about those three not-so-little words, "original Broadway cast."

This is only natural, for—like the other major firms in our industry—we find ourselves drawn irresistibly (it seems) to Broadway and to the promised land of original-cast albums. As though having released three original-cast albums already this season weren't enough ("Sail Away," "The Gay Life" and "Kwamina"), we received one of the nicest Christmas presents any company could ask for: original-cast rights to Richard Rodgers' first words-and-music effort, "No Strings."

And so in 1961-1962, we are privileged to bring to the American record-buying public the works of such eminent Broadway talents as Noel Coward, Arthur Schwartz & Howard Dietz, Fay & Michael Kanin, Richard Adler, and now Richard Rodgers and Samuel Taylor. We find ourselves caught up in the traditional excitement, drama and glamour of a Broadway season—and we like it. Naturally.

But a business cannot be sustained solely on excitement, drama and glamour. Which brings up the question for which I shall try to provide an answer in this short piece: just how important, from a business standpoint, are original-cast albums? Everybody seems to want them—but are they worth having?

The answer to this question is deceptively simple: "Yes."

A quick check of a recent VARIETY best seller chart shows that 15 out of the top 50 albums—fully 30%—were either original Broadway-cast, motion-picture soundtrack (first cousin to a show album) or derived in some way from shows or films. A company like Capitol, Columbia or Victor often owes 20% or more of its current pop sales to this category or product; and you don't have to be an accountant to know that—where chart performance is concerned—you can't do much better than a "South Pacific" (393 weeks on the charts), a "My Fair Lady" (298 weeks) or a "Music Man" (198 weeks).

This Season's Entries

This season, a number of the new shows are already hot chart items: "Sail Away," "Milk and Honey," and "How To Succeed etc."—with perhaps a half-dozen more destined to find best seller status before Broadway encounters the summer doldrums. From a catalog standpoint, original-cast albums—of which there are over 70 currently available—are extraordinarily long-lived. In a day when an average pop album may appear in January and be deleted in December, show albums exhibit fabulous vitality. "South Pacific," to choose the best possible example, is over a dozen years old!

In summary, then—aside from such phenomena as a "Judy Garland at Carnegie Hall," or a "Sing Along with Mitch" series or a string of albums from an Elvis Presley, original-cast and soundtrack albums are the most exciting things that ever happen to the record business.

Negative Side

There is a negative side, too. In fairness, we must remember that such promising creations as "Kwamina" and "Let It Ride" have already bitten the dust this season. Yet, the original-cast albums remain—evidence of much that was fresh and inventive and even brilliant about those late-lamented properties. (Capitol recorded its original-cast album of "Kwamina" two days after the show had closed—an act of faith, and perhaps even charity unparalleled in the annals of show business.)

Is sale success, then, the real measure of an original-cast album? I think no—though I am not the least bit opposed to sales success. If original-cast albums are more

than financial propositions, they are nothing less than the systematic documentation of the history of the American musical theatre. As such, they possess aesthetic values not related simply to boxoffice. Original-cast albums allow us, at this late date, to look back and sample the national taste of years gone by. The variety is fabulous. The interest is undying. The significance is unquestioned and unquestionable.

Vital Art Form

Somehow, when dealing with original-cast albums, you feel that you're doing more than just making records. In an important way, you feel that you're participating in the growth and development of one of America's most original, rewarding and vital art forms. It's a good feeling—and one that we at Capitol intend to nurture in seasons to come.

Status of Disks Among Germans

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

The recording industry again proved last year to be the best branch of German show business.

Now as before, half a dozen diskeries rule the land. They are Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, Teldec, Electrola, Philips, Metronome and Ariola. All are linked with important stateside labels.

While still a few years ago, Deutsche Grammophon's pop label, Polydor, dominated half of the domestic market, leaving such companies as Philips and Metronome far behind, the German disk scene now shows a mixed picture. No diskery really dominates anymore.

An obvious trend towards sentimental and melodious music was one of the most noteworthy aspects last year, according to Guenther Birner, 23-year-old Berlin pop composer, who landed with "Schade, schade, schade" (sung by Siw Malmkvist). Young Birner, who's been in the local music biz for around five years and during which he's composed some 200 songs (of which, however, only one—his "Schade, schade, schade"—really clicked so far), opined that the popularity of U.S. singers has been on the decline in Germany within the past years, while more and more German recording stars have taken over the leading positions.

Two Connies Click

Interesting to note that a number of U.S. singers tried their luck with songs in German last year. The two Connies, Francis and Stevens, were pretty successful in this respect. Their German-language songs climbed the domestic hit parade. "The German public is sometimes rather strange," a local song-writer said. "It shows a like for native songs with a foreign accent." (This is clearly evidenced by the successes of such singers as Chris Howland and Bill Ramsey. Both on the payroll of German diskeries, they came along with a good number of top hits last year. Howland is a Britisher, Ramsey an American.)

Bill Ramsey, Gus Backus (like Ramsey a former G.I.) and Teddy Wilson are some of the Americans who reached prominence here. The Scandinavian share is particularly big. The Swedes Siw Malmkvist, Bibi Johns and nowadays Lill-Babs Svensson have reached a fine grade of popularity in Germany, not to forget such oldtimers as Alice Babs and Zarah Leander who still have their public. Denmark contributed such an allround talent as Boyd Bachmann, the

U.S. BIG MARKET FOR FINE MUSIC

By HERBERT BARRETT

The concert business with which I concern myself professionally today is considerably different from that which provided the treasur-



Herbert Barrett

able listening experiences of my own star-struck youth not too many years ago. For those were the days—with television still a gleam in the eye of its inventor and cross-country travel a matter of days in non-

alreconditioned Pullman compartments—when the legendary names of music, managed by the legendary impresarios, made their slow ways from one large city to another, their every in-person appearance a gala soldout event because there were relatively few of them, relatively few places where they could concertize and relatively little to compete with them in the way of mass entertainment. Those were the days of Kreisler and Hofmann, of Paderewski and Rachmaninoff, of Galli-Curci and Chaliapin.

Then, in the 1930s, along with airliners which flew back and forth across the continent on hourly schedules, came the so-called "organized audience" plan—an ingenious system whereby a thousand or more farflung cities, some with populations under 10,000, were enabled to put on professional concert series for the first time. The slogan was "A Carnegie Hall in Every Town" and concert artists were bought and sold wholesale by the dozen. To fill the suddenly increased demand and service the new widespread market, individual managers, who had hitherto represented small lists of artists and concerned themselves with the most intimate details of a performer's life—from buying a prima donna's gown to doling out a virtuoso's alimony—joined forces to form large booking organizations. Concert management, once done out of the hat, was now definitely big business.

The manager was no longer a discoverer and slow builder of exceptional talent in which he had faith for the future; he was a seeker after the largest possible number of readily saleable attractions. He was no longer the individual artist's confidential adviser and full-time promoter; he was engaged in booking hundreds of artists in widely divergent fee categories with already proven potentials of appeal to a wide variety of tastes. Since he was catering to a new audience and competing, product-wise, against other mass entertainment media, he could no longer concentrate on the soloist presenting a wholly serious program that

(Continued on page 208)

calypso duo Nina & Frederik, the juveniles Jan & Kjeld, a cutie by the name of Vivi Bach and such oldtimers as Lale Andersen and Svend Asmussen.

This list can be endlessly extended by such names as Vico Torriani (Swiss), Leo Leandros (Greek), Camillo Felgen (Luxembourg), Willy Hagara, Peter Alexander (both Austrian), the Blue Diamonds (Indonesia), Ivo Robic (Yugoslavia) just to name a few.

Reflecting upon the past 12 months, one can regard Freddy (Quinn), who's also successful in German movies, Torriani, Peter Kraus (Germany's answer to Elvis), Peter Alexander, Ralph Bendix and the Americans Ramsey and Backus as this country's most successful diskery stars. In the female field, Caterina Valente and 19-year-old Heidi Brühl, who walked off with a golden disk for her "Wir werden niemals auseinandergehen" (We'll Never Part), held the top, with 18-year-old Connie (Froeboss) a pretty tight runnerup.

That Inevitable Question: 'Which Comes First?'

Ira Gershwin Answers the Usual Query, Words Or Music First? In His 'Lyrics On Several Occasions' (Knopf; '59)

By IRA GERSHWIN

That Certain Question: "Which Comes First?" When I was on jury service in New York many years ago there was a case found for the defendant. Afterwards, in the corridor, I saw the lawyer for the plaintiff approaching and thought I was going to be lectured. But no. Greetings over, all he wanted to know was whether the words or the music came first.

Every songwriter has been put this question many times, and by now nearly all interested know that no rule obtains: sometimes it's the lyric and sometimes the tune. And sometimes—more often than not these days—the words and music are written practically at the same time: this, when collaborators are at work together (in the same room, that is—though I have heard of collaboration on the telephone); and a song, sparked either by a possible title or by a likely snatch of tune, emerges line by line and section by section. (What comes first, according to show writers in demand, is the contract.)

With the great art-song writers of the Elizabethan Age (John Dowland, Thomas Campion, half a dozen others), the words always came first, even though many of these highly talented men were also fine composers and wrote their own lute accompaniments.

But already in that period were numerous instances where lyrics were fitted to music. This was done by satirists and parodists who, discarding the words of folk song and ballad, penned—quilled, if you like—new lyrics to the traditional tunes—lyrics which politicized, thumbed the nose, eulogized, or went in for out-and-out bawdry. (Lyric-transformation played quite a part also in early hymnody. In Germany, for instance, Martin Luther was a notable example of the hymnist who took many a secular song, well known to the people, and, retaining the tune, threw out the worldly lyric to substitute one of spiritual quality.)

The practice of putting new words to pre-existent song became more and more common and led to the beginnings of ballad opera. England's outstanding opus in this realm was Gay's "The Beggar's Opera," London, 1728. This was so successful that it ran 62 nights, a new theatrical record that "stood unchallenged for almost a century." In the Heinemann edition (London, 1921) I count 68 short "airs"—chosen by Gay from the great store of English, Irish, and Scottish melodies—newly lyricized by the playwright.

Everyone knows that in the Gilbert-and-Sullivan operettas practically all the lyrics were written first. However, earlier in Gilbert's theatrical career he'd also had plenty of experience setting words to music. In the 1860s many extravaganzas and burlesques of his, based on Continental operas, were produced in London. These were adapted by him into English with tricky lyrics and recitatives loaded with puns. Among them were Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable," which became "Robert the Devil"; or "The Nun, and the Son of a Gun" and Bellini's "Norma," extravaganzed to "The Pretty Druidess"; or "The Mother, the Maid and the Mistletoe Bough."

My favorite account of how songs are written was told me second-hand many years ago. At a Christmas party in a music-publishing house a shipping-clerk was explaining to an impressed friend how hit-writer Walter Donaldson (who had just written both the words and the music of a hit) went about it: "Well, you see—he sort of gets the scope of the thing and then scopes it out."

Big Hurdles And Coin Globally

By REG CONNELLY

London.

In the words of the late revered Oscar Hammerstein—"it's a puzzlement"—today's music business, that is.

The way I see it, the whole setup is in process of being revamped, an uncomfortable experience for many. And yet the future offers a real challenge, great promise, and the ever-present excitement and fascination, without which I'm certain many of the most powerful contributors would have bowed out years ago.

I suppose broadly the business has always been concentrated in a few hands, in all the main countries. That is not to say great contributions haven't been made by numerous "small operators" with "a lead sheet and a shelf," as our old friend Jack Robbins so succinctly put it.

What does appear essential, is that the few groups at present controlled and operated by fully experienced music men, should continue so in the future, and not be administered by individuals lacking that intangible but unmistakable music business feeling.

Need Adaptability

By one means or another modern music men, must have, not only the aptitude and experience of the past, but adaptability and determination to find ways whereby the new pops can become hits, and so established. The means to do this certainly exist, and bringing them all into line in the relatively short space of time before interest wanes, must somehow be accomplished.

At present, and quite understandably, writers of this calibre are of necessity concerned primarily with "tailoring" a particular record artist, or meeting the wishes of a record man. They can rarely afford the luxury of the longterm approach by producing songs of general quality, although it's significant the greatest ambition of the majority is to create hits that subsequently develop standard appeal.

In the case of show or production writers, and composers of film scores, the hazards are less. There is continuity of performance with successful shows and films sufficient to keep good songs or themes "alive" for sufficient time so the public can get to know them. Substantial additional benefits also derive from LP and other recorded uses, of popular show music.

World Is Your Oyster

The world is certainly your oyster; today where music is concerned. Back in the tuneful '30s, I realized the immense potential of West to East interchange traffic where writers were concerned. Gordon & Revel, Sigler Goodhart & Hoffman, Harry Woods & Arthur Johnston were among the top writers that I brought to London to write show and film scores. In reverse order, top British writers provided hits of the calibre of "Goodnight Sweetheart," "Underneath The Arches," "If I Had You," "Lambeth Walk" and "Let's All Sing Like The Birdies Sing" to top the U.S. hit parade. What proved lucrative for all concerned in that era of great songs can blossom and broaden out of all measure in the present "jet" age, if the opportunities are seized.

Writers in every country are striving to hit that world jackpot. We've seen an unknown Greek composer, Hadjidakis, become internationally famous overnight with "Never On Sunday."

Songs As Stereotypes And Caricatures

Laws of the Land and Customs of Nations Stem From Its Popular Paeans

By IRVING CAESAR

Make it "light, bright or serious," wrote the Editor when he asked for 1,500 to 2,500 words for the Anniversary Number. In selecting my subject it at once occurred to me that here was a theme that combined, indeed could not be discussed without, a liberal admixture of these three shades of reflection summoned by recalling a category of popular song that has all but passed from the scene.

Now what is a stereotype? It is, on the authority of Webster, "a fixed or conventional expression, notion, mental pattern, etc." Some excellent examples are: "Uncle Tom," Babbitt in Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street," the Lindy coterie in Runyon's "Guys And Dolls;" and in the visual art: Thomas Nast's caricature of the Tammany Hall Boss, beady-eyed, of bulbous nose and obese form, cutaway garment draped around him, surrounded by his sycophantic camp followers, no doubt singing "Tammany, Tammany, Big Chief sits in his tepee . . ." which brings us to the stereotype in song.

Inasmuch as a song, when it is nationwide in popularity, provides us with a clue to what the average person is in tune with at the time, a study and appraisal of the history of a people can no more omit the songs it sang, than its food, its housing, its church attendance, its daily labor, and its amusements.

This one category of the popular song, the caricature and stereotype, parallels closely the great migrations of the post-Civil War era, when audiences in music halls, beerstube, vaudeville theatres and burlesque houses found much to laugh at in the lyric that lightheartedly focussed attention on and mirrored the Old World customs, idiosyncracies, physiognomies, in short, the differences that distinguished the newly arrived German, Irish, Jewish and Italian immigrant, in the same manner that many of the songs of a Stephen Foster and James Bland, and some written after the turn of the century, created for us an image of the "darkie" and his "massa."

And for the most part many were the works of those who were at best one generation removed from the "landsmann" the song pilloried. No, "pilloried" is not the word. They were never planned or meant to be downgrading or cruel even though a sensitive soul here and there might have found some slight embarrassment in the caricature. It was as a rule an attempt at humor, tongue-in-cheek self portrayal, that minorities have through the years indulged in and passively endured until taking their place and rising in the economic and political structure of the day, a newly arrived minority comes upon the scene.

The Irish

If you had the 10c. admission to Tony Pastor's in the late '90s or the early years of the present century, you might have been regaled by, "I Don't Like the Irish But I'd Like Someone to Say as Much" and here we have a fine specimen of the stereotype of the period.

Hofmeister gave a party, 'twas held last Thursday night,
In honor of the Scheutenbund's big score,
The band and all were Germans, except one Irishman,
And that was Slattery who lives next door.
The rhein-wine and the lager beer like water flowed about,
Tho' Slattery drank his fill of both the Germans shut him out.

He couldn't understand them, though it was meant to slight
And this is what he shouted . . . for Slattery wanted fight!

Refrain:

I don't like the Irish!
But I'd like someone to say as much.
There's one thing you must give them credit for—
'Tis the knack they have of handling the Dutch—
Read the history of nations
Irishmen will point to it with pride
Few heroes therein mentioned couldn't sing
Down by the tanzard side.

Some references in the lyric escape me but there is no mistaking the author's pride in the 24-hour preparedness and willingness on the part of the Irish, a much maligned and downgraded minority of the day to prove itself superior, at least in a good brawl. So it goes with "Throw Him Down McCloskey," "Remember Boy, You're Irish," "Paddy Flynn" and so many others in the Maggie Cline repertoire. In the refrain of "Paddy Flynn," Maggie shouted:

Will ye's all be with me when I tackle Paddy Flynn?

(Response) We will.

Will ye's all be there when the scrap begins?

(Response) Yes!

Let us all be there for the fight is on the square.

I'll make a mop of him tomorrow morning.

That was the "chip on the shoulder" stage in the assimilation of the hearty folk from Erin and before their integration in the political, economic and social pattern of an industrialized United States. However, it is a far cry and a long journey from Al Smith's apprenticeship in the fish market off Oliver Street to the nation's Capitol, or for that matter the many state Capitols, and countless City Halls where the second or third generation Paddy Flynns and McGintys, and McCloskeys need no longer to seek status by wielding a shillelagh.

The Jews

As with the Irish stereotype so with the Yiddish. They were often referred to as "Jew comedy songs" and enjoyed their heyday some three generations ago, the era of Joe and Ben Welch, Julian Rose, Frank Bush, kept alive until the middle twenties by the superb artistry of a Belle Baker, Ruth Royce, Lillian Shaw, a Jimmy

Hussey, Sophie Tucker and others of course. I will not dwell on the comparatively recent "Yiddische Mama," like "Mother Machree," "Mammy o' Mine" prototypes of the serious stereotype, as compared with the majority of those meant as comedy songs. I would however revive for you a song that as a little child I heard (and never forgot except for a word or two) when a friend of the family, a barber down the street holding a pass for two as a reward for the billpost in his window, led me by the hand into the Miner's Theatre on the Bowery:

So you're going away with an Irish loafer,
What a sad disgrace for the race!
Whaddye going to do when the wedding is over
How you gonna look me in the face?
Oy, will you cry, when you eat corned beef and cabbages,
Oy, will you cry, when you lose your little Abie boy,
your baby boy, oy-oy . . . oy!

Refrain

Won't you come and make for me a happy life,
I got plenty money to support a wife,
It's not a business to be single, let's mingle,
jingle, jingle,

We'll have a happy, happy, jubilee,
UNDER THE MATZOH TREE!

Or you may prefer . . .

Nat'an and Rosalie

They both kept company

They kept company for six long years;

And ev'ry time she'd ask him

"When will you marry me?"

He said "I don't make enough salary."

Each time Nat'an tried to kiss her

Rosalie cried . . .

Refrain

Natan, Natan,

Tell me for what are you waitin'

Natan you said "We'll marry in June, my dear,"

You told me the month—but you didn't say the year;

My whole family, they keep asking me, Noo? When?

And I don't know what to tell them,

Natan, Natan, Natan,

I'm sick and tired of waitin', Natan,

Ev'ry minute seems like ages

I can't wait till you make heavy wages,

Natan, Natan—what are you waitin' for?

The Evolutionary Process

But the year is 1962 and "Chaim," like Time, marches on. Thus the romantic maiden grown weary of waitin' for Natan, and harassed by the family's unrelenting solicitude, would no doubt be spending the weekend at Grossinger's or the Concord, and would soon be "going steady" with the hero of the Matzoh Tree saga we heard berating his inamorata for running off with that "Irish loafer." Who would laugh at "Tough guy, Levi, that's my name and I'm a Yiddische cowboy" when seated not on a bronco, but behind that Jaguar is the heir to Levi's fortune, fresh out of Leland Stanford, slashing his way across the desert for a Las Vegas rendezvous with the sexagonal dominoes that gallop.

How can we sing, "My Mariucca taka de steamboat . . . she's a gonna back to de old cuntry . . . she make 21, 22, skidoo" when the daughter of Mariucca is enjoying a leave of absence from teaching languages at Vassar, or clerking in Wall Street, or is celebrating the millionth album sold of her latest recordings, and has long since turned her back on steamboats for that jet that is winging her down to the Caribbean for the Easter Holidays?

This is getting to be fun. Let's see! Aren't those the great-grandchildren of Old Black Joe who have just been seated alongside the blonde youth in that Little Rock classroom? And that young colored physician, Dr. R. Brown, fresh out of Cornell, secure now in his own two-level in suburbia . . . isn't he somehow related to one Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown who never knew what to "do when the rent come roun'."

Sounds of the Times

There are those who would forever silence the songs that sometimes, with travesty, extravagance and distortion, but seldom with cruel mockery, revealed the social stratification of their times. This would be a disservice to the history of their time.

It is a pity that no oldfashioned minstrel show or faithful vaudeville presentation of the early 1900s would receive serious consideration for a telecast by any of the networks because many of the song caricatures and stereotypes that were an integral part of the performance would today raise a censorious howl of protest by the vanishing remnant of a thin-skinned minority. So today these works gather dust on the shelves of the Music Room of the New York Public Library (and other libraries, perhaps) or in the attic of a collector here and there, for the scholar to pore over and one day descend on us with his magnum opus . . . "An Economic, Social and Ethnic Interpretation of the Stereotype and Caricature in Song."

The good Professor and I would, I think, agree that in the past two generations we have become used to each others differences, we have got to know each other, a little of each has rubbed off on each of us and so we have taken on a homogeneity. Also thanks to intensive industrializing and mass production, we own cars, most of them the same; we buy the same clothes, the same shoes, the same hats, are exposed to the same entertainments and diversions, have the same thought patterns created for us by the mass media . . . radio, television, magazines and newspapers with their widely syndicated columns. We fare on the same packaged labelled foods and on the nights we dine out, it is Chinese food one

A Life Term For Authors

76 Years or Lifetime Protection (Whichever Is Greater) for Writers

By PHILIP WITTENBERG

There is a ferment in the air of all those fields which depend on the copyright law for the basic protection of property. Since 1957 some 34 studies have been prepared for the subcommittees of Congress on the revision of the copyright law. The Register of Copyrights has prepared a report on the general revision of the copyright law, which was submitted in July of this year to the House of Representatives.

In that report the Register of Copyrights characterizes copyright as a unique kind of property. One of the principal things that makes it unique is the fact that though the author and all those who hold under him have a kind of property it is not a property for life but for a limited term. In a society that depends on property and its acquisition most of us like to think that our rights in property are inherent for our lives and those of our descendants. Copyright is not even for a life term in the United States but is limited to a term of 28 years with a renewal period of 28 years. Why can't the author and those who depend upon him for their rights have at least a lifetime of property?

The whole trouble started with the Constitution, which provided in Article I, (8):

"The Congress shall have Power . . . To Promote the Progress of Science and useful Arts, by securing for limited Times to Authors and Inventors the exclusive Right to their respective Writings and Discoveries."

Even before the Constitution was adopted the Colonial Congress on May 2, 1783, had recommended to the several states that they pass a copyright protecting books for 14 years. Connecticut, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, North Carolina, Georgia and New York did this. Massachusetts fixed a term of 21 years, as did Rhode Island and Virginia. New Hampshire fixed on 20 years.

After the Constitution was adopted the Congress of the United States, in its first copyright act, Ch. 15, (2), provided for a term of 14 years with a renewal term of 14 years, making in all 28 years. In the amendments of 1871 they increased the first term of 28 years, but kept the second term at 14 years. It was not until 1909 that an act was passed providing for the present term of 28 years with a renewal of 28 years, making in all 56 years.

New Proposal: 76 Years

Now the Register proposes that the act provide for a term of 28 years with a renewal term of 48 years, making in all 76 years, despite the fact that with practical unanimity the rest of the countries of the world protect copyright during the author's lifetime at least.

The argument is made that the United States ought not use the author's lifetime as a term of copyright because of the difficulties of ascertaining the date of death of the author. The important thing is the author's protection during his lifetime. Is it an unnecessary hardship to impose upon those who would use the author's work, the burden of ascertaining whether or not he is alive or dead?

Even if it were important this could be easily solved by providing for a period of 76 years or the life of the author, whichever should be the longer. One could fix a definite date by requiring the author in the last five years to file a certificate of life and address in the absence of which the law could create a presumption of death within the 76-year period. The mechanics are simple.

There is furthermore no reason for a single term of copyright. There is no reason why copyright cannot be made divisible insofar as it concerns subsidiary rights including dramatic, motion picture, television, etc. Such divisible copyrights when granted to an assignee of the author could be for a more limited period, i.e., 20 years, and could revert to the author at the expiration of their limited several life. This would assure the author against improvident grants made by him and would give to his grantees a sufficient lifetime of use.

There is no reason why in his middle years or old age an author should be deprived of the fruits of his planting in his youth. He should have a guaranteed period of at least his lifetime.

There is no reason for dividing the term and providing for a renewal which if not taken for some reason cuts short his term. The writer of this article has known many instances where first-rate authors and others have lost their copyrights through error in or failure to take renewal. This chance should be obviated.

There should be one term of copyright and that should be for life with a period of years thereafter perhaps totalling 76 in which the author and his descendants may have the benefits of the property created.

night, Italian the next, kosher the third, French, Armenian, Greek, Spanish, German, Russian and what have you! Few today would laugh at reference to a pizza or a knish. Veritably a Culinary One World!

And most important we are beginning to speak the same language, English, without accent and a minimum of colloquialism; and in our back door the U. N. itself.

It is beginning to dawn on us that in the world today we, the Caucasians are the minority and that it no longer makes sense to sing . . . "All coons look alike to me" because with more truth and logic the African and Asian could reply . . . "All whites look alike to me" as indeed we do. "Sadie Horowitz, tell me which is whitt" has lost its humor in a country where little children at school are being taught to sing:

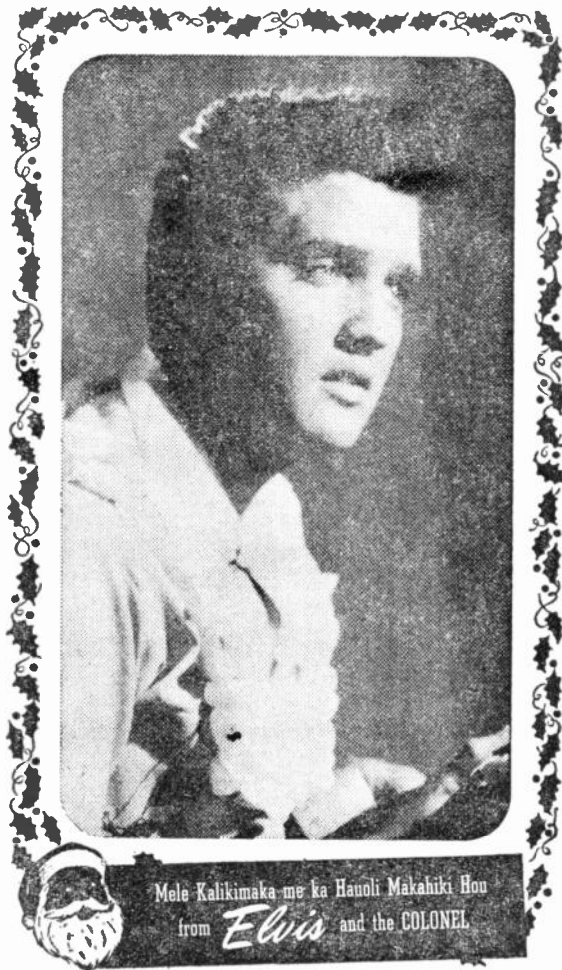
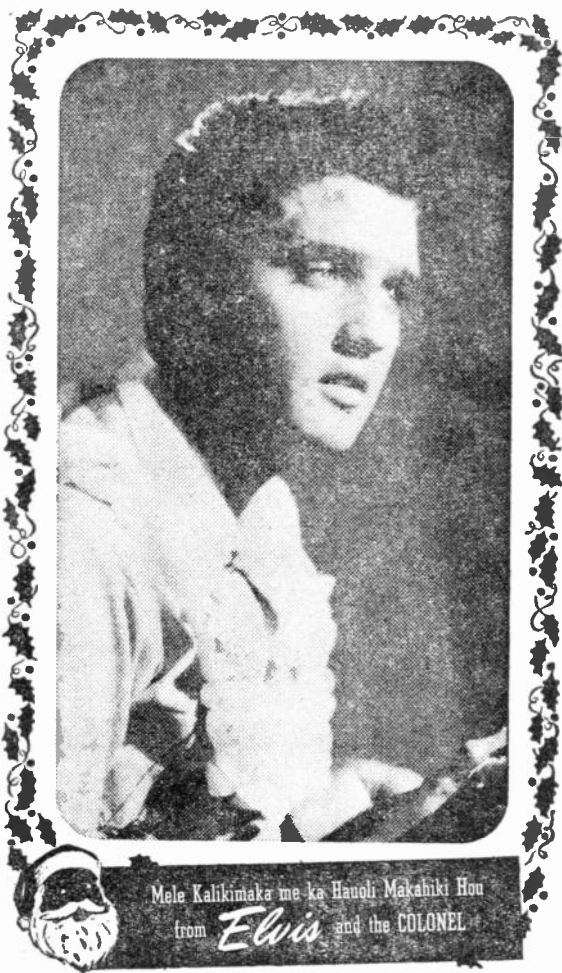
A "ski" or "off" or "wit" or "cu"

When added to a name,

Just teaches us the family or town from which it came,
A name like Thomas Jefferson in some lands o'er the sea,
Would not be Thomas Jefferson but Thomas Jefferski,
Or Jefferswitz, or Jeffersoff or even Jefferscu,
So do not let a "ski" or "wit" or "off" seem strange to you,

I feel the same towards every name no matter how it ends,

For people with the strangest names can be the best of friends.



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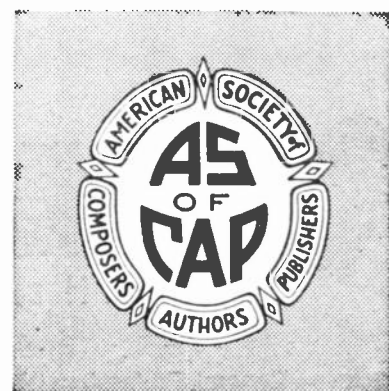
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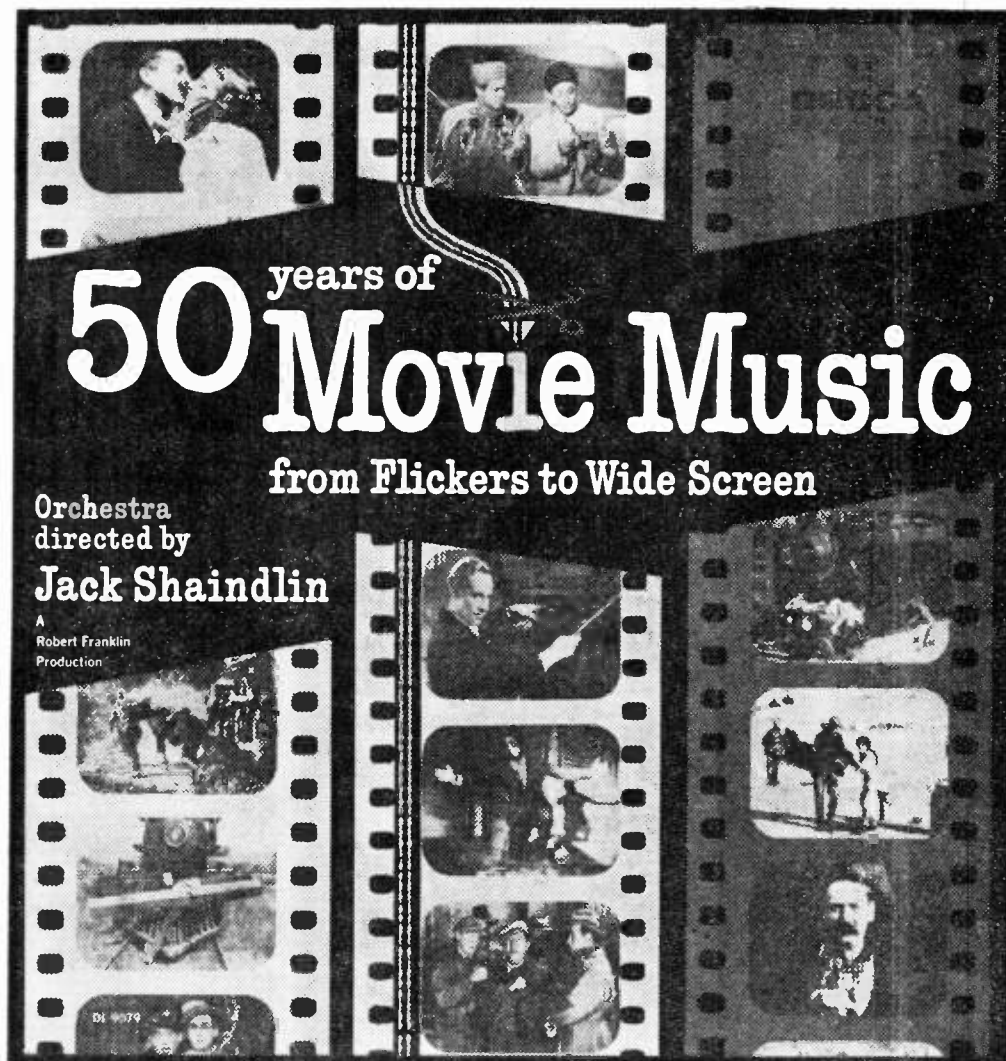
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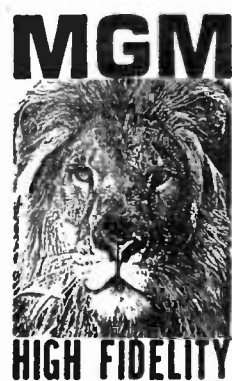


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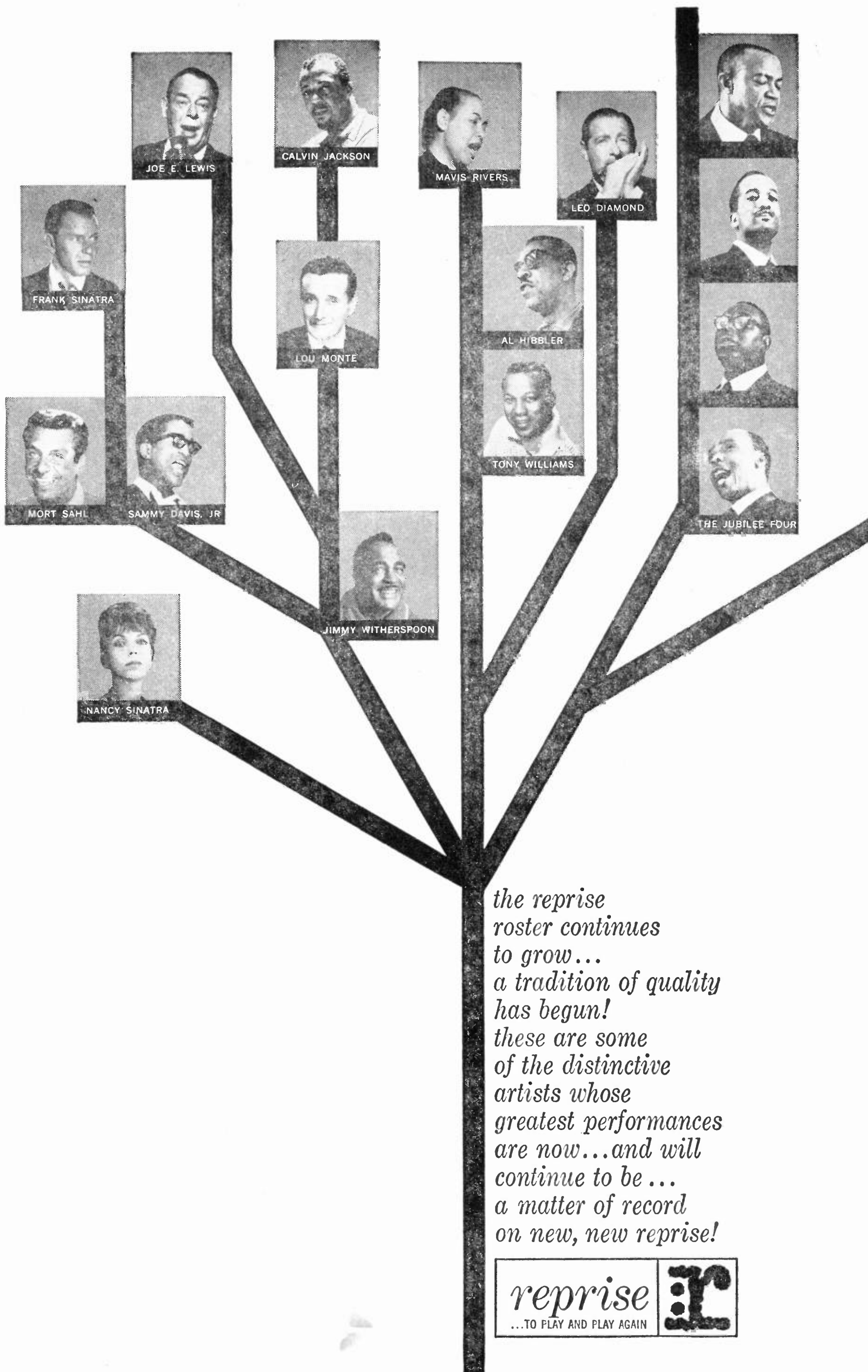
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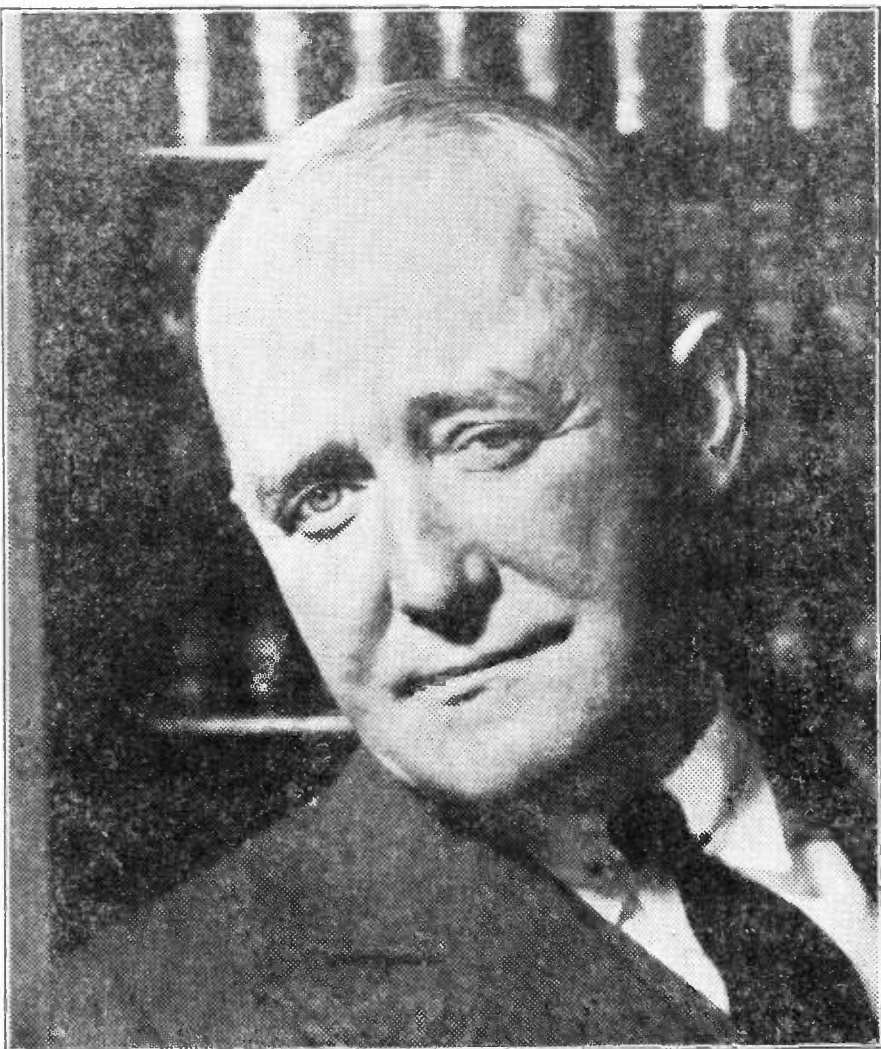
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THE BLUE HORIZON
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COCOANUT GROVE
DOLORES
FALLING IN LOVE AGAIN
GOLDEN EARRINGS
HEART AND SOUL
I DON'T CARE
IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE
I DON'T WANT TO WALK
WITHOUT YOU BABY
I GET ALONG WITHOUT
YOU VERY WELL
I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU
I'M POPEYE
THE SAILOR MAN
I'M YOURS
IN THE COOL COOL COOL
OF THE EVENING
I REMEMBER YOU
IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU
IT'S A HAP - HAP - HAPPY
DAY
IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER
JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE
JUNE IN JANUARY
JUST ONE MORE CHANCE
LONESOME ROAD
LOUISE
LOVE IN BLOOM
LOVE IS JUST AROUND
THE CORNER
LOVE LETTERS
LOVE ME TONIGHT
LOVER
MIMI
MONA LISA
MOONLIGHT BECOMES
YOU
MOON LOVE
MY IDEAL
MY OLD FLAME
MY SILENT LOVE
NEARNESS OF YOU
NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND
EYES
ONE DOZEN ROSES
ONE HOUR WITH YOU
ONLY A ROSE
OUT OF NOWHERE
PENTHOUSE SERENADE
PLEASE
PRAISE THE LORD AND
PASS THE AMMUNITION
SILVER BELLS
SING YOU SINNERS
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TWO SLEEPY PEOPLE
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WITH EVERY BREATH I
TAKE
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"DOWN YONDER" (40)

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"Waiting for the Robert E. Lee," "Ramona," "Marta," "Oh Katharina," "Peanut Vendor," "Mama Inez," "Hello Aloha, How Are You?," "African Lament."

All-Time Pops

Continued from page 185

ing In the Rain," "Dardanella," "And The Band Played On," "My Wild Irish Rose," "You Were Meant For Me," "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?," "Whistle While You Work," "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?," "I Got Plenty of Nuttin'," "It's A Good Day," "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," "Bye-Bye Blackbird," "Avalon," "Whispering," "Breezin' Along With the Breeze," just to name a few of the memorable perennials.

From "Ja-Da" and "Yacki-Hula, Hicky-Dula" and "Lily of the Valley" to "Who Put the Bomp in the Bomp," there have been flash-in-the-pan novelties which enjoy extraordinary concentrated vogue and some, in time, also become musical symbols of their times. So with these, as with the 6,000-odd members of ASCAP and the far-flung affiliates of BMI, who might well point to this or that of their pet bestsellers as "belonging" in this roster, it must be stressed anew that the above roster is samplings of standards. For reasons already detailed it is impossible to include every standard, else it becomes a catalog of songs. It is unrealistic also not to recognize that a cavalcade such as this is fallible, through omission, and perhaps even by commission of including certain titles and slighting some others.

Unforeseen added values, constantly replenishing themselves, for those certain standards of the "Tea For Two"- "St. Louis Blues"- "Stardust" etc., genre is their repetitive arrangements to conform each new dance vogue. Thus, they have enjoyed instrumental interpretation as polkas, sambas, mambo, cha-chas, merengues, congas, and even marches ("St. Louis Blues March," for example). And now they've been given still another twist, into Twist arrangements.

But the above Top Pops, along with many of the other standards mentioned, represent the best cross-section of the lasting popular preferences of mass Americana.



Noted jazz historian, Marshall Stearns, author of the Story of Jazz, takes notes for his new book on jazz and the dance from an interview tape that he plays back on his Norelco 'Continental' tape recorder. Dr. STEARNS is Director of the Institute of Jazz Studies and Associate Professor of English at Hunter College. "I make constant use of my Norelco 'Continental' when doing field work for my books and articles," states Dr. STEARNS. "Here, the most significant feature is three speed versatility. I find that the extremely economical 1 7/8 speed is ideal for recording interviews from which I later take material needed for my work. The other speeds are exceptional for

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Stunts Pass, Concerts Go On

Continued from page 187

might interest only the cultural cognoscenti and he could no longer spare the time and effort to mould public taste. If he was to hold his head above water he would have to devise ever faster means of selling that which the greatest number of people wanted immediately to buy.

History

Surely no era has a monopoly on talent and there were many fine new artists ready to take their places as the Kreislers, Rachmaninoffs and Chaliapins of the next generation. But they needed careful counseling, intensive promotion, the kind of individualized management that knows what engagements to reject as well as what engagements to accept at each particular stage of an artist's development. Under the new scheme of things it was far easier for a manager to put four pianists together and book

them as a super quartet for two or three seasons of fast moneymaking than to build any one pianist slowly and steadily to the point where he could fill a house for the first time and sell out his 20th anniversary tour. Pretty soon the concert manager found that he could make more money with less work by selling performers and programs that weren't rightfully concert material at all—a costumed group that presented a pseudo-Broadway revue with scenic and choreographic effects, a comedian who played the violin with gloves on and told risqué jokes between improvisations, a military parade with horses and drum majorettes, or even, as one of my colleagues contemplated quite seriously only a few seasons ago, an importation, of world-famous fighting bulls!

Hi-Fi, Ahoy

But just when it seemed that the concert business might no longer be a concert business at all, and when, in fact, strictly show business booking agencies were invading the

field, things began to change again. Partly, I suspect, because of the advent of hi-fi, with the resultant new interest in music in hundreds of thousands of homes; partly due to the growth of university and college-sponsored concert series in many parts of the country and the growth of symphony orchestras in even the smallest cities; partly due to the Soviet-American Cultural Exchange Program, which suddenly let loose in our country a large number of titanic individual artists; and undoubtedly due to the fact that tv westerns had told the same story in virtually every possible way: we seem to be veering back to the pattern of earlier days.

That an Oistrakh was able to sell out Carnegie Hall instantly, with local managers throughout the country clamoring to present him at almost any fee, gave hope that other individual artists of outstanding quality could do the same thing again. I, myself, was able to bring a Wilhelm Backhaus back after 23 years' absence with sensational success and more demand than we could possibly supply; to put a Benno Moiseiwitsch on at Carnegie Hall in a program of three stiff piano concerti and draw a record \$9,000 gross.

Enthusiasm

The not-to-be-under-estimated political overtones of Van Cliburn's Moscow triumph, which were to catapult him from complete obscurity to world status among the top-drawing concert attractions of all time, served also to focus the spotlight on other young Americans taking honors in international competitions, with appreciable salutary effect on the careers of a John Browning and Jaime Laredo, for example. Triumphs behind the Iron Curtain gave new impetus to the careers of Byron Janis and Ruggiero Ricci. Recordings imported for zealous discophiles paved the way for sudden and spectacular in-person successes by artists like Tebaldi, Callas and Sutherland. And so it went.

With a more sophisticated musical taste developing everywhere throughout the country, regional concert series are now reverting to a happy norm in which fine solo artists, performing uncompromising programs, are again being balanced with only such

group attractions as have a legitimate artistic raison d'être. And, coincidentally, the so-called "independent" manager who has the time and inclination to discover and build a selective list of artists and attractions is coming to the fore again.

It is, perhaps, significant to note that, while the character of the concert business has undergone various changes, its statistics have remained surprisingly the same over a 30-to-40 year period.

The estimated \$18,000,000 annual gross business out of the New York managerial offices varies hardly at all from year to year. But, whereas 15 years ago concert series operated for profit by individuals throughout the country constituted almost 75% of the total market for sales of artists and attractions (exclusive of the organized audience circuits) and university and college courses represented a mere 25%, the situation has virtually reversed itself in the past 10 years. Also, where there were about a dozen symphony orchestras engaging soloists when I first entered the business, the number now runs to nearly 1,000, if we include the so-called "community" orchestras with limited but nevertheless appreciable artist budgets.

Another relatively new factor to consider is the collective approach to concert business, as represented by organizations such as the International Assn. of Concert Managers, the Assn. of College and University Concert Managers, the American Symphony Orchestra League, et cetera. In numerous ways these groups, through which buyers of concert artists and attractions relate their experiences and problems, have served to set standards of business ethics and practice and, at the same time, to provide a kind of grapevine through which news of good or bad buys travels with amazing speed. As a result, unscrupulous operators are fast being eliminated from the business, fees and selling tactics are of necessity being standardized and it is no longer possible to fool some of the people some of the time, let alone all of the people all of the time.

In a country which, virtually alone in the world, manages to hold out against state sponsorship

of opera and concerts, it might also do well to note the growing influence of government per se (via State Department-sponsored overseas tours) and tax-exempted foundation funds on our concert life. What the Ford Foundation awards and the Martha Baird Rockefeller grants to young American artists at crucial stages of their careers have begun to do is of utmost importance and will, I hope, lead to further badly needed assistance from sources such as these to what must, perforce, for some time to come continue as a virtually non-profit business run by people with unlimited faith in the future of America's performing musicians and listening public.

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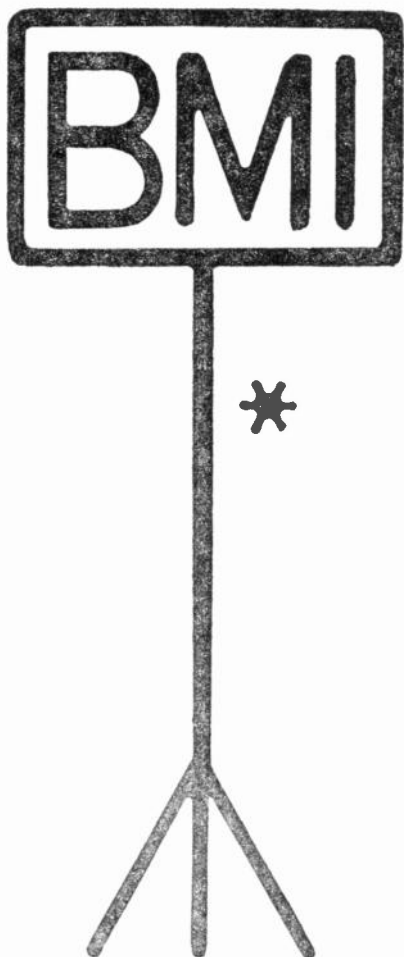
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Booze & Gambling Changes Mark London's Night Prowl

By DICK RICHARDS

London. Dollar-laden visitors who propose winging to London for purposes other than—or additional to—gandering the Tower of London, the Planetarium, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection (not Edgar), the Changing of the Guard, Eros and similar these-are-for-the-egg-head-birds attractions will find only minor differences from last year.

The booze laws have cautiously edged away from the ridiculous to the far from sublime. As of this writing, thirsty customers in the saloons are now allowed 10 ecstatic minutes to down the drink that they ordered in wild abandon a minute before the stern closing hour. This has caused no outbreak of alcoholism among patrons, but merely a slight depression among bartenders who now are apt to miss their last train home. So beware of that last drink. It is apt to be rancid with resentment.

Tippers are also due for other slight concessions. Soon—big deal—you will be able to entertain your hangers-on to after-hours grog in your hotel.

Gambling Legal

Flushed with alcohol, the visitor may now take advantage of the new laws to indulge in gambling. For the ordinary man there are the now legal betting shops where he can walk in and place a bet with the same legality that he could always buy a toothbrush or a pack of cigarettes. For the extraordinary man, the guy with money, many of the plush West End night spots are now providing "casinos," where one can play chemin and a form of roulette. This is slightly amended from the Continental casinos because, under the new Gaming Law, the house running the game must not win. They draw their loot from members' subscriptions and from a fee that they extract from the would-be gambler when he sits down to stake his shirt.

Rico Dajou, who runs the snooty Casanova Club, with the Don Juan nitery above it, has converted a floor of his premises into a chemin-de-fer room at an alleged cost of around \$112,000. Dajou, who admits that he knows nothing about gambling, reports good progress. Les Ambassadeurs, run by John Mills, was one of the pioneers of the new gambling movement in London. There have been one or two casualties, notably the now-extinct Mayfair Club, which have come to grief through rubber checks, but there are several places where visitors can enjoy a mild flutter. Useless to pinpoint them, since, like all London's clubs, as distinct from restaurants, it is essential to be a member. If you don't happen to know someone who is a member ask the bartender at your hotel. If he can't introduce you to a spot then you are probably lucky and, instead, you will be able to take home some of those purchase-tax-free goods that make Londoners writhe with envy when they see them displayed in the shops.

Rundown of Spots

What are the changes in the places offering after-dark entertainment? "Talk of the Town" and the Pigalle still rule the roost for lavish shows that can be visited without an entrance fee. "Talk of the Town" runs two shows, a standard Robert Nesbitt piece of gay fluff which brings in one new specialty act each time the star is changed, which is roughly every six to eight weeks and a later one-name sesh. Julie Wilson, Sophie Tucker, the McGuire Sisters, Lena Horne and the Andrew Sisters are typical of the acts that have kept this luxury restaurant bubbling happily under Bernard Delfont's shrewd eye.

The Pigalle, controlled by Al Burnett and Bill Offner, also put their big toe into the Big Name market. Some clicked, some didn't. Peggy Lee, Betty Hutton and others drew the patrons, but then Burnett and his associates decided that the risk was getting too considerable, with rising costs. So, instead, the Pigalle has reverted to bright, gusty floor shows, with gals and gags and gaiety, with specialty acts such as the ever popular Ber-

nard Brothers, but not names of the Sammy Davis Jr. class. If the wind of change in the West End veers back to be sure that Burnett will be up there bargaining for the big fish. The Latin Quarter is also a spot that can guarantee an evening's bright, brash, breezy relaxation.

Way Out, Both Ways

Gamely hanging on to the tails of its West End competitors is The Room At The Top. This is a chi-chi, pricey, but attractive room at Ilford, a nabe suburb of London. It has had its teething troubles since it opened in the past year, but there is nothing wrong with an eatery that can persuade such acts as the Peters Sisters and Mel Torme to plane from the States to appear, and, for those who suddenly get an instant urge to break away from the West End bright lights, the trip to the outer border is worth it.

There are other smart floor shows that offer glitter and girls, such as those long running obstinate successes like the Eve, Churchills, Winston's Embassy and the Cabaret. But here it is as well to stress once again that they are membership clubs. You have to be signed in, wait 48 hours and then pay an entrance fee for the privilege of spending your money. But, strictly off the record, the intrepid traveller should have little difficulty in coming to a comfortable arrangement with his hotel bartender or linkman. Just keep a couple of dollars handy for the introduction.

The newest, and boldest, entry into the night scene is The Establishment, a club which is situated where the Tropicana, a defunct stripperie, used to lure those with a fetish for ogling peckers. Started by Peter Cook, one of the talented "Beyond The Fringe" quartet, it has a resident cabaret which specializes in satire and cocking a snoot at the pompous. Later in the evening's proceedings the "Beyond The Fringe" blue-eyed boys tend to turn up and chip in with their two centsworth of fun and games.

Other Havens

Still concentrating successfully on food and drink and with one act can be included the Society, the Colony, Quaglino's and its twin room, the Allegro, the Celebritie, the Hungaria, bandleader Paul Adam's Satire and the Blue Angel, while, in the hotel belt, the Savoy is still clinging to the idea of cabaret, though the Dorchester has bowed out.

The establishments mentioned only scrape the surface of what London has to offer for those who find going to bed at nights a waste of time. But it is clear that nobody needs to stay in his hotel room and read a book, for even if he



NELSON EDDY

Now starting his 44th year of baritone—10th year in entertainment spots with singing partner, Gale Sherwood, and pianist-conductor, Theodore Paxson. Salt Lake City and Idaho Falls next week. B-r-r-r! May need his old Mountie outfit!

wishes to get up really late there is always the Stork Room, where Al Burnett has created a remarkable showbiz atmosphere with his unconventional, often off-the-cuff shows.

But maybe you don't want entertainment except regarding the groceries and the bottle? There are several clubs and restaurants ready and eager to exchange courtesy for cash. Most remarkable phenomenon is the White Elephant. Mentioned in a similar looksee at the West End after-dark scene in last year's Anniversary issue as a new venture, it has forged ahead and is now firmly established as one of the hottest bets in town. Without shaking the perennial popularity of such "musts" as Siegi's, Les Ambassadeurs, the Albemarle and the 21—prime favorites, not only with visitors but with the natives—the White Elephant is certainly the most regular rendezvous for showbiz personalities. Flushed with deserved success, it has taken over the 500 Club and re-named it the Little Elephant.

One "casualty" during the year has been the Empress Club, which has been taken over by Mario Galati, boniface of the ever-crowded Caprice, as a restaurant. Louis Scott has moved his Empress Club to the premises of the old Mayfair Club, which is now dubbed the Persian Room.

Yes, there still is a night life in the West End.

The Soho strip clubs still exist but it would seem that the craze for these dubious peel-factories is on the wane. They took a slight knock when the police began to look into one or two of them and brought a couple of test cases on the grounds that the owners were running disorderly houses. But there are still plenty, some legitimate, some strictly for suckers who prefer the more furtive entertainment that they provide.

'Lookout' Managers

Worth a Lot If They Know How To 'Look Out'
For Upstart Stars

By BENNY MEROFF

Elm Grove, Wis.

From my semiretirement in Wisconsin, although plenty busy with conventions and industrial shows, fairs, etc., I have a good perspective on personalities, usually of the come-lately calibre, and their "lookout" managers—or lack of looking out for their charges. I call them "lookout" managers because savvy agencies know that some of these new stars need plenty of looking out for, and also looking after.

A bad manager can hurt a star, or least by failing to protect him he can magnify the existing handicaps. A few months ago I played a convention date with a big singing star. He had to be big to command \$6,000 for the two-day affair. The kid didn't even know how to take a bow but he was collecting the loot pretty good regardless.

This youngster had the wrong manager. My dressing room was right next door and we could hear each other's breathing. The singer was complaining about the orches-

tra leader, the bad tempos, the heat, the crowds, the inadequate press, and "all those autograph pests."

A good manager wouldn't allow his charge to sound off that way in front of people, whether in a small or big town.

Obviously, if he's making so much money then hire your own special conductor. If a big personality doesn't draw big crowds, a smart manager would tell him that in no time he'd be very "comfortable" with not many people around to "bother" him. If a bad notice, make sure that they at least spelled your name right. Don't pan the rest of the show; the bigger the star the bigger buildup he gives the other acts. And be grateful for the autograph hounds because it's a sad day when they stop asking.

Also, be sure you know what "autographs" you're signing. Don't let it happen as it did to me at the old Morrison Hotel (now the Conrad Hilton), Chi., when one night I signed a tab for \$21.

Charity Balls' New 'Twist' As Consistent B.O. Click

By EDWARD M. SEAY

On a bitterly cold winter night, when theatre and movies are laying to rows of empty seats and when the waiters outnumber the customers in most hotel restaurants and nightclubs, it frequently happens that every table is occupied at charity balls held in the Waldorf-Astoria, the Plaza, the Sheraton East, the St. Regis and the Pierre. In some of these hotels there may be two or three events playing to capacity attendance on the same night. What, theatre owners and hotel men may well wonder, are the reasons for the public's—at least that portion of the public that has even one foot in the door to society—increasing absorption in charity fetes.

Primarily, the explanation for the success of charity balls is simple. They are not only status-builders, but also rich entertainment. Even so, they don't just happen, but are the result of a year's careful planning, organizing and publicizing. Finally, they are not only good for business, but a glamorous method of enlisting the interest of the money class in unglamorous but useful projects such as the fight against cancer, heart ailments, blindness and juvenile delinquency. A charity ball clears anywhere from \$25,000 to over \$100,000 (April In Paris ball over 200G), depending upon the cost of the tickets and the size of the ballroom in which it is held, as well as to the extent of the financial support given by whatever business is underwriting the cost. About the only way a charity ball can clear a sizable profit without sponsorship is to sell expensive books of chances on such de luxe merchandise as a diamond necklace, an automobile or luxury cruise.

Practically everyone connected with a charity ball gains status, as we understand the word in present-day New York. The chairman of the whole bash gains the most acclaim, but the chairmen of various subcommittees also enjoy glorification, depending upon how prominent they are and how many of their distinguished friends they bludgeon into buying tickets ranging from \$25 at the cheapest, to \$150 each, for the most expensive of them all, the April in Paris Ball, held this year in October at the Seventh Regiment Armory. Even at this fete, conceded to be the least exclusive of the great balls, one's status is enhanced by attending. If a host and hostess have guests that in itself is proof of great solvency. As for any guests, they naturally are justified in feeling important if they are invited to such a plush gala without cost to themselves.

Most Status

Generally speaking, however, the most status is gained by attending the least expensive balls. The members of the Saint Nicholas Society, descendants of the original Dutch colonists of New York, give such a ball annually in the Plaza, but, of course, it isn't for a charity. Founded in 1833 by Washington Irving, Peter Gerard Stuyvesant, Peter Goelet and other eminent citizens of that era, the society at its annual dinners and fetes still adheres to a number of colorful ceremonies which honor forebears who established New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island. An example of an exclusive charity ball would be that of the Boys' Club of New York, an organization founded by the late E. H. Harriman in 1876. The latter's sons are former Gov. W. Averell Harriman and E. Roland Harriman. Men of comparable importance direct activities of the Boys' Club and their wives are in charge of two annual benefit balls. Invitations to which are eagerly sought.

Entertainment is usually desirable and on an elaborate scale at great charity galas such as the April in Paris Ball and the Mardi Gras Ball of the New York Junior League, but not so desirable and much more simply done at smaller benefits. Youngsters from the Boys' Club sing popular songs at that organization's events. Society women model the clothes of Elizabeth Arden at the Blue Grass Ball sponsored by Arden. At the smart Yorkville dinner dance there is no entertainment, while at the Ball of

Roses, given to aid Roosevelt Hospital's free care program, there is never more than one entertainer, usually someone of the calibre and social appeal of Celeste Holm, Jane Morgan or Hildegard.

A number of exclusive small balls get by nicely with special ideas. Fans of all kinds add the interest for the Fan Ball, which aids the Children's Cancer Fund of America and headaddresses do the same for the post-debutante Tiara Ball, given to aid the Spence Chapin Adoption Service. A royal guest of honor is the drawing card for the Imperial Ball, given for the Hospitalized Veterans Service of the Musicians Emergency Fund. Prince Rainier was the central figure of this ball the night his engagement to cinema star Grace Kelly was announced. At the most recent Imperial Ball (Dec. 7) beautiful Princess Niloufer Osmangolu of Hyderabad was the decorative honor guest. A pageant, typical of the entertainment popular at this type of chic ball presented a post-deb, Miss Mary McFadden, as Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra; Miss Mary Cushing, a deb of this season, as Queen Mumtaz Mahal, in whose honor the Taj Mahal was built; Victoria Fairbanks, daughter of Douglas Jr., as Aimee Dubucq; Mrs. Joseph A. Neff as the Empress Theodora of Byzantium; and Joan Fontaine as Lady Richard Burton. They represented a judicious mixture of various social groups, a dash of the theatre for spice, all lovely and, magnificently attired.

Lucky Numbers

While professional entertainers are sought for many glamorous balls in many cases they are asked to draw the lucky numbers or make a presentation speech rather than to sing, dance or give a comedy routine. If they do actually entertain, committee chairman often ask them as tactfully as possible to do their act in 15 minutes. After all, patrons of the benefit are there to eat, drink, dance and be seen. They are the show themselves and don't welcome professional competition. A few years ago at a ball benefitting the Kips Bay Boys' Club, a famed crooner, now married to a leading film star, sang for almost a full hour and almost ruined the ball. Instead of being grateful to him, the fashionables were in a mood to tar-and-feather him for interrupting their dancing so long. On the other hand, Ilka Chase, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell have given sparkle and lift to many a society benefit merely by brief and witty extemporaneous remarks about the purposes of the charity involved.

Do It Yourself

One of the few great society functions where entertainment is heavily featured in the Mardi Gras Ball, given to aid many philanthropies of the N.Y. Junior League. The entertainment, however, is by members of the organization, who are rehearsed for months in advance by professionals of the theatre and television. The show they present usually is almost Ziegfeldian in its opulence, with many of the girls as beautiful and undraped as any showgirls who dazzled Follies audiences in the 1920s. Sixteen to 20 business firms pay \$2,500 each to sponsor individual acts. This entitles them to advise concerning the costumes worn and the theme of the act put on by the Junior League models representing their organization. They receive generous publicity, not only in the press, but through the whole show being televised over WCBSTV. The windup of the presentation each year is the high point of interest as it is then that the identity of the Queen of the Mardi Gras is revealed when she makes her appearance with a leading actor—it was Anthony Quinn last year—and is crowned by Mayor Wagner.

"Because of the predominantly youthful membership of the Junior League, our ticket cost is kept modest," said a member of the committee. "We make enough, however, to support the League's varied welfare program. Also, the main work done backstage, as well as on stage, is done by our volunteers, although costumes and decor are executed by professionals in those fields. Immediately after one Mardi Gras Ball is over we begin planning and working a full year ahead on the next one."

LAMENT FOR BREAK-IN DATES

The Twist Knocks Cerebral Comics On Head in Booming Cafe Cutups

By JOE COHEN

The year 1961 has been the most unpredictable year in niterly annals. It's been a year when the centre of activity shifted from the head to the hips—and with it came one of the most unusual box-office upswings within memory of the oldest niterly denizen.

The year started out as the one in which the brains of the industry would take over. Cerebral entertainment was on the upbeat. The cultural lag was at long last catching up to the niterly world. The mental comics had reached the peak, the small, intimate and clever revues were catching on, and psychologists and psychotics bumped into each other on the common meeting ground of the cafe floors. A nocturnal design for living in the upper IQ areas was firmly being established in the niterly firmament.

So what happens? Toward the end of the year an item known as The Twist is discovered and in the short time from its first dissertation in *VARIETY* to the tail end of the year, it has become the hottest thing in the cafe world, with the depths of its boxoffice still unprobed. The craze is booming beyond prediction, and it's being supported with hard dollars and cents in the most unlikely places from the cellar dives to the storefront niteries such as the Peppermint Lounge and the Wagon Wheel to the upper social stratas. The producers also entered the race to produce the first Twist film. Cocktail lounges took out a few tables to permit twisters to twist, and the electric organ, on which Twist music generally hinges, became the pied piper luring adults and juveniles to slipped disk gulch.

The entertainment industry again has discovered that the kids are the leaders in boxoffice trends. Watch the juveniles and the elders will soon follow. All this happened in a year which was to have marked the cranial upbeat of the century.

Actually, this is the affirmation of the dictum that a little child shall lead them. Apparently, the parents after years of listening to rock 'n' roll finally learned to dig the beat. Everywhere from the pocket-sized radios to the elaborate stereo setups, came that persistent rhythm at first the parents hated it, then tolerated it, then liked it, and now they dance to it. It's taken the elders almost a decade to catch up to what the kids were doing in their subteens. Again, the parents have learned to bow to the will of their superiors, their kids. If you can't beat 'em join 'em.

Long Exposure

The Twist has had a long exposure in all media. Evolving from the basic rock 'n' roll rhythms, the dances had wide circulation on television. The kids on "The American Bandstand" have been doing the dances leading up to The Twist for many years. From the Slops, the Mashed Potato, The Fish, the Pony, and from The Twist is emerging the Hully Gully. Some say, the dance precursors are trying to ruin a good thing with improvements. The Hully Gully as yet, isn't making it. They say it's too hard to do, whereas The Twist requires little or no skill. The bonifaces want the dance masters to leave this good thing alone for a long time.

The cafe industry hasn't had an upbeat like this since the early days of the rhumba, and then when the wartime prosperity took over, the mambo was well on its way to becoming the national dance. From there on, the cha-cha-cha takeover. The latter brought great prosperity to the dance schools and to the dance teachers who plied their pedagogy in hotels, cruise ships, and the hill-country hostels. But in all these items, an element of great skill was necessary. It was not uncommon to see elders take to the dance floor with their lips moving

while counting out the beat even faster than their legs could carry them. Dance schools virtually had to be escort services as well in order to make out in cha cha. On all these counts, these terp seminars had their greatest measure of prosperity. The Twist is seen as ending that era. It not only is taking the accent off the Latin terping which had a vogue of two decades, but also is steering the trend away from dances which require schooling.

Many cafe bonifaces are banking on The Twist remaining popular for a long time. Policies of established niteries are being reconverted to the hip-swivel. There are Twist matinees, and Twist nights in the more conservative spots. The Twist is on at any time in the clubs which have taken the trend by the forelock.

Practical Basis

On a practical basis, The Twist is being given credit for tearing folks away from the television sets and onto the dance floor. People are going to niteries who haven't taken a fling in cafes for ages. At first, it was a rush to the Peppermint Lounge. If the no admittance sign was up, then down the street to the Wagon Wheel. From then on in, it was anywhere with a Twist policy. There is still another aspect. There are those who after watching The Twist, who felt that they had seen everything there was to see about it. They subsequently went off to regulation niteries, or else to a spot where they could squirm out a few themselves. It is said to be responsible for getting people out. Why else did the year 1961 wind up stronger at the box-office than at the beginning. Why else was the pre-Christmas holiday shopping season as strong as it was in the early fall when all niteries showed off their biggest and most expensive headliners.

At this point, the craze is even more encompassing than that of the hula hoop, or scrabble, and has become more universal than a Diners Club card. It's a crazy dance that may be a sign of the times. But no matter, everybody, including niterly owners and patrons are ready to enjoy it as long as it lasts or as long as their spines hold out. It's a boxoffice bonanza—for chiropractors also.

TODAY'S COMIC & NEW MATERIAL

By CHARLIE MANNA

(Author of the following all-too-true wail for the training grounds of yesteryear comics has managed to adapt his own talents to a variety of settings, all the way from the Radio City Music Hall, chic supper clubs to television. His recent Decca album, "Manna Overboard," in a further evidence of professional know-how.—Ed)

Comedy is a subject that everyone feels he can discuss with authority. Yet comedy is the most complex of all the arts, and certainly the most elusive. The American public has been saturated with enough comedy over the past decade to give it a definite awareness of laugh techniques. Exposed to weekly doses of such master comedians as Berle, Hope, Benny, Caesar, and the parade of comedy talent on the Ed Sullivan Show, the audience grows more sophisticated and more knowledgeable. The American people want to laugh as much as they ever did, but they cannot be caught off-guard as easily. Therefore, a new comedian is confronted with the greatest challenge in the history of show business. New ideas become the criteria, and craftsmanship takes a back seat. It was just this process in reverse that created the comedy giants of today; the giants who are not being replaced.

Let's turn the clock back 50 years. A young man interested in comedy had a place to learn his craft—vaudeville. He would begin his career in the smaller circuits, just as a ball player starts in the bush leagues and works his way up. First he would develop stage presence, then timing, then individual style, and finally he would seek the new ideas that brought better bookings, better billing, and sometimes eventual stardom. A great comedy routine could make the rounds for years and still be

(Continued on page 226)



Charlie Manna

When Royalty Goes To The Theatre

By BUD FLANAGAN

(An excerpt from his autobiography, "My Crazy Days," Muller, (London; \$2.50).

London.

During "Together Again" King George VI brought the Queen to the Victoria Palace as a birthday treat. We made our entrance, the drums rolled and with the audience we sang "Happy Birthday to You" before starting the show.

During the interval we arrived to meet the Royal Party. Her Majesty thanked us warmly for the birthday greeting. "You know," she said with a radiant smile, "The Victoria Palace is my local." The King turned to me. "Is this the show my daughter, Princess Margaret, saw?" I said, "Yes, sir, with one or two exceptions. We cut out a few gags." He smiled and said firmly, "You put them all back again." We did, and added a few more.

While we were talking, the manager's phone rang and the King, who sat sitting on the desk, picked it up with a grin. The conversation went something like this. His Majesty: "Hello." The voice: "Is that you, Sam?" Putting his hand over the mouthpiece, the King asked, "Who's Sam?" When the manager said, "I am, sir." His Majesty asked the caller, "What do you want?" The voice said, "What time do you want the curtain to go up on the second half?" His Majesty turned and passed on the query. Sam said, "In about ten minutes, sir." The King then said, "In about ten minutes." The voice said cheerfully, "Okay, Sam." The man at the other end was the stage manager, Tommy Robinson. When we told him about it later he said faintly, "Cor Blimey," and couldn't believe it.

"Ring Out the Bells" pealed away for 20 months and during the run we did a Royal Show at the Palladium. Jack Benny and Dinah Shore were specially imported for the occasion. Jack Benny, a darling of a fellow, can get very excited under that deadpan manner. Just before the show I said, "Jack, if you want to see a sight you will never forget, come with me." I sneaked him under the stage to the

tunnel through the orchestra door and along the passage up to the side of the stalls right opposite the Royal Box. It was covered in flowers, and the white-shirted audience was abuzz waiting for the Queen and the Duke to arrive.

Jack looked amazed and awestruck. The drum roll started and the audience rose to their feet as the Queen entered her box, a magnificent and charming figure with diamonds flashing to match her smile. The cheers that followed the National Anthem were deafening.

We went back to Jack's dressing-room; he couldn't speak for admiration. There were a few telegrams on his table, and he started to read them. I made a quick exit. I had sent him one saying: "JACK BENNY. REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO LINCOLN, CAN HAPPEN TO YOU. GOOD LUCK. BUD FLANAGAN." Just to cheer him up, I had reminded him that the great President had been assassinated in a theatre! Jack took it well and told me afterwards that the telegram gave him a laugh which he badly needed at the time.

Nobody can be more relaxed or enjoy themselves more thoroughly at the theatre than our Royal Family, but protocol must be observed and everyone on and off the stage has to respect it.

Kaye's Gaff

Poor Danny Kaye discovered this the hard way when he flew over specially to appear at a performance before King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. When Danny came on to do his act to tremendous and deserved applause, he opened with an excellent gag or two and suddenly broke off, quite unexpectedly, to introduce his wife in the stalls to the audience. They applauded politely but that killed his act, which never picked up again. Until we came on, singing "Arches," the house was practically in silence. If he had only checked in advance, we would have warned him that wives are not introduced during Royal Shows.

How he cried after the show. I felt very sorry for him. Their Majesties didn't object, of course, but those 25 guinea ringsiders were not amused.

Much preparation and planning goes into a Royal Show. It was Val Parnell who initiated the now standard "warm-up" to thaw the barrier between artists and audience, before the Monarch arrives. Val came to rely on the Crazy Gang to do this job and it has become our regular duty, not always an easy one.

At one warm-up the Gang were up in the box before the arrival of the Royal Family. We brought in a high baby's chair for Prince Charles, who was only a tot then. One of the Gang was on a ladder under the box boring a hole with a brace and bit so as to enable the people sitting directly underneath to get a better view of Her Majesty and the Duke. We sprinkled the flowers with rice, and the people underneath kept ducking, thinking it was water. The audience loved it, except one stupid and shortsighted critic who accused us of using the Queen as a stooge. Foolish man; Her Majesty hadn't arrived yet.

The Water Rats had the honour of making the Duke of Edinburgh a Companion of the Order after a special luncheon at the Mayfair Hotel, attended by several hundred Water Rats and their friends. Jack Hylton was to present the Emblem Rat and it was arranged that I should fix it in the Duke's buttonhole.

The great moment came when I picked up the tiny gold badge and advanced towards the Duke. As I fixed it into the buttonhole, I felt the Duke's lapel and said, "That's a smashing bit of material." He roared.

Not long ago I had the honour

(Continued on page 214)



"BLESS YOU!"—HILDEGARDE

Just concluded fabulous engagement at WALDORF-ASTORIA, New York

Nostalgia for Live Showmanship As Norm of Old Film Houses

By PETE SMITH

Hollywood. It is an evening in the year 1932. In the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre the arriving ticketholders are thrilled by something new in theatredom. Here in the concrete walk are the actual prints of the hands and feet of the world's greatest stars. And over there may be seen the famous showman, Sid Grauman in person, as he greets old friends and makes new ones. In the lobby the customers are startled by life-like wax figures of their film favorites dressed in their most famous screen characterizations.

In the auditorium, beautiful young ladies beautifully gowned are politely ushering people to their seats. The huge orchestra fronting the entire width of the great stage is tuning up. The musicians are in evening clothes. Now the house lights are dimmed. An expectant hush comes over the audience. A white spot hits the left side of the pit as conductor Oscar Baum appears. As the spot travels with him to the podium the audience gives him a warm welcome. He taps the baton. The stick is raised. A dramatic pause in complete silence. And with the downbeat the overture is underway. It is a fine arrangement of Johann Strauss melodies. As it progresses, varied colored "mood lighting" floods the auditorium to blend sight with sound. Interspersed are talented soloists individually spotlighted. The music swells to its finale and with its last crashing chords the audience bursts into applause such as one might expect only in a concert hall. The conductor and his men and women take repeated bows.

The rise of the curtain then reveals "The Grant Hotel Street Scene" with live performers under the direction of LeRoy Prinz filling the huge stage set. Comes then in rapid succession, each specialty expertly spotted, The Society Dancers; Dorothy & Harry Dixon, burlesque dancers; Gary & Joyce, bellhop crooners; Harry Bayfield & Baby Ducklings; Caligary Bros., English pantomimists and a number of other "Street Entertainers," with the very popular Will Mahoney winding up the live show which in itself is worth more than the price of admission—\$12.50 top, reserved seats.

Following an intermission, a short subject featuring the world-renowned Flying Cordonas, directed by Jack Cummings and narrated by you-know-who. And then the main attraction. And what an attraction! "The Grand Hotel," starring Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Jean Hersholt. Had so many great stars ever appeared in one picture? And these were no merely "guest shots" but each star played an important character in the Vicki Baum plot. "The Grand Hotel" was perhaps the greatest boxoffice magnet of the era. Yet it was augmented by a big live show. And that's the crux of this piece.

The Live Element

The live, human element has taken on new importance in the theatre of today. Los Angeles for example, has for many years been considered a dud for live shows. Now, many small off-Broadway type of theatres are flourishing in all parts of the community. Top legit ticket prices prevail for even the small, 200-seat places. For the bigger theatres, reservations for Broadway attractions must be made months in advance. Ice shows and circuses have been packing them in. Even high school auditoriums sell out for established plays.

Yes, of course, tv has taken a mighty toll on motion picture theatre boxoffices. Yet, the point cannot be ignored that live shows are booming. It is because of the tidal wave of electronics entertainment in the home and in the film theatres that the trend to live, flesh entertainment grows. Isn't it, therefore, reasonable to believe

that a return of the human element in film theatres would make sense? Naturally, this would apply chiefly to the bigger theatres in larger cities, many of which have stage facilities for live presentations. But most of which could do with increased week-to-week business.

The human element however, must not be confined to the stage. It should start at the top and permeate throughout the theatre's personnel in its contacts with the public. Today the theatre manager, like Sid Grauman, can be seen in the lobby all right. But unlike the late showman, the manager today is generally too busy stuffing popcorn sacks to notice even his own mother, should she appear on the scene.

In former years the theatre manager was a popular figure in his community and took part in local civic and charity functions. He was a front man for his theatre at any and all times. And it paid off.

Like Home Viewing

In most cases attending a movie theatre is much like watching a tv show at home. True, the screen is larger, the sound is louder and the commercials are missing. However, like tv practically everything is electronic or mechanical. Only more so, because in most cases you get double features. And very often you don't go because the feature you want to see is on the supper-show time or starts again at 10 or 10:15 which would keep you up too late to handle tomorrow's job.

There is a new generation that has never seen a stage and screen show as put on by the Graumans, the Rothafels, the Balabans, Katzes, Plunketts, and the Reisenfelds of 25 years ago. And there are countless many for whom such a combined show would have irresistible nostalgic appeal. After all, how many people in the country can go to the Music Hall in Manhattan, the sole beacon still shining in the darkened world of live and filmed entertainment.

It may be argued that personnel salaries and expenses are higher than in 1932. But so are possibilities in the way of admission prices as compared to the \$1.50 top of former years. Perhaps orchestras would not be quite as large nor the acts quite as many as in Sid Grauman's day. But today's appeal for live, flesh entertainment is undeniable. And showmanship ideas on par with stars footprints, wax dummies, military ushers, etc., need not be confined to the past.

Once again, the orchestra will rise out of the pit, the baton will be raised—and a combined stage and screen show will be here . . . and there . . . and there.

I can dream, can't I?



Season's Greetings
JO LOMBARDI
Musical Director
LATIN QUARTER, NEW YORK
Enjoying 7th year thanks to
E. M. Loew and Ed Risman

Vaude 'Comeback' Flurry in Paris

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris. Music halls in Paris, once a standard entertainment value, have been wobbly since about 1954. An easy explanation is the shortage of turns to turn the turnstiles, combined with the disinclination of potent stars to work too hard or too often and their fear of "over-exposure" to the public. Nonetheless this last year has witnessed some improvement in the Parisian varieties, over all.

Pierre Barlatier set up what he called the Paris Conservatory of Song in early '60 and at about \$20 a month lined up some singing hopefuls to help insure a backlog of future headline singers. Some of the powers behind the houses got behind him and he put Maurice Poggi in charge.

The vaude "comeback" revealed a new and young audience with money when beguiled by what was offered. Interest in singers of depth, drive and personality was notable.

Still considered tops in drawing trade are Yves Montand, Maurice Chevalier, Jacques Brel, Gilbert Beaud, Charles Aznavour, Leo Ferre, Charles Trenet, the aforesaid Sacha Distel and Johnny Hallyday, Georges Brassens, Edith Piaf, Colette Renard, Patachou, Jacqueline Francois, Juliette Greco and Line Renaud.

Runnersup include Henri Salvador, Philippe Clay, Marcel Amont, Dario Moreno, Dalida, Maria Candido, Michele Arnaud, Cora Vaucarire, Gloria Lasso, Eddie Constantine, Catherine Sauvage.



DICK WESTON and AUNT MARTHA
with "CLARENCE"

Hotel Thunderbird, Las Vegas, Nev. — Golden Hotel, Reno, Nev. —
Playboy Club, Chicago — Latin Quarter, New York —
Statler Hotel, Los Angeles

Vaude (And Live) Woes: V-i-d-e-o [SAME IN SCOTLAND AS ELSEWHERE]

By GORDON IRVING

Glasgow. Show biz is badly in need of new leaders in Scotland. As the tv age develops, and more local stations start operations, attendances at vaude and legit houses slump.

Two new commercial tv stations, one at Aberdeen, and the other at Carlisle, over the England-Scotland border, are relaying networked programs into thousands of homes, with a modest proportion of local-flavored shows, mainly of the news-magazine type. The tee-off of these stations, Grampian Television and Border Television respectively, is keeping thousands of potential customers at home watching filmed and national shows, with result that the local incentive for staging live performances in theatres and concert halls is being stifled.

In central Scotland the powerful Scottish Television station keeps up a steady output, with local programs getting a stronger show. Allied to output of the BBC-TV network, this is formidable opposition for any live theatre promoter.

Commercial tv in north Scotland is reaching another 900,000 viewers via the Aberdeen station, with transmitters at Durris and Mount-eagle. Chairman of this station is Sir Alexander King, cinema magnate, with James Buchan as program controller.

In Glasgow the company formed by Canadian newspaper magnate Roy Thomson continues to provide entertainment and controversy for the Scots, and rates as enviable opposition to the more dignified but solid BBC station, which is busily constructing new tv studios adjoining its radio station in the west side of Glasgow. Scottish Television has a new managing-director in Noel Stevenson, former executive of the Independent Television Authority, and himself an experienced broadcaster and lecturer, and his influence has still to be felt.

3,000,000 For TV

The Scottish Television station is approaching a 3,000,000 audience in the Central Scotland area, which has a population of four million and eighty thousand. Recent survey shows that 71% of the popu-

lation in private houses receive STV programs.

The number of film situations still declines. In the past six years a total of some 175 cinemas have shuttered in Scotland. Television is stated to be the main factor, but another is the removal of hundreds of families to outlying subdivisions which are, so far, minus cinemas. The heavily-populated county of Lanarkshire had a particularly heavy closure figure, with a total of 76 cinemas shutting their doors between 1955 and 1961.

In live theatre, the position also shows serious omens, with the Empire Theatre at Edinburgh a probable casualty of the tv age before February and a similar threat to the Empire, Glasgow, in the next few years. The latter is earmarked for property development, although theatrical unions and customers will fight the move.

Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, a leading legit, and showcase for new plays at International Festivals, is also a probable victim in a general reconstruction plan. It will, however, be replaced by a newer and more modern theatre inside a giant office block, including Festival headquarters.

Metropole, Glasgow vaude spot, where Stan Laurel and Harry Lauder made appearances, suffered a recent setback in a fire, and is being re-built to again house vaude. Alec Frutin, who controls it with his family, is one of the stalwarts of intimate vaude in Scotland, and will retain the Metropole's traditional plush-and-music-hall interior for theatre's centenary this year (1962). His tartan extravaganza winter shows have been a feature here for years.

One of the surprises of the year has been the success of a 27-year-old comedian-singer, Andy Stewart, whose disc of "A Scottish Soldier" reached the top charts. This young performer packed out the 2000-seater Glasgow Empire twice a night for most of the summer, and enjoyed tremendous popularity. His success may be a pointer to the return of family-style shows. Comedian-planned to Australia for an eight-days' tour to cash-in on his disk hit.

Anzac Economy Helping

By ERIC CORRICK

Sydney. Scheduled to visit Australia in 1962 are a Russian Ballet troupe, Russian Circus, Spanish dancing troupe, Japanese revue, Hungarian orchestra, French revue, German singing troupe, British revue, plus a batch of American acts.

J. C. Williamson Ltd., Tivoli Circuit, Tibor Rudas, Garnet Carroll, Aztec Services Ltd., Harry Wren and independent promoters with backing from influential foreign interests are activating this splurge.

Buoyant Biz

The live theatre in this territory has been extremely buoyant in recent times, and this buoyancy is freely expected to continue throughout '62 and into '63, not only covering the local scene but in New Zealand likewise.

With more money circulating, an upbeat in employment and the end of the credit squeeze of the Robert Menzies' Liberal Party government, this country, according to financial experts, will experience a boom period in the year ahead via primary and secondary industries.

An indication of the money circulating today is seen in \$18,000,000 profits turned in by departmental stores here. In the primary field, wool sales (it has been said that Australia lives on the sheep's back) have reached high levels, especially in Japan.

Foreign Increase

Australia's foreign population is increasing every month. Within—and beyond, the city limits have sprung up Italian, German, Greek, Hungarian, Spanish and French sectors, whose inhabitants seek entertainment from their homeland and are ready and able to pay for it, either in flesh-and-blood or celluloid. Show biz operators are finding it highly profitable to present international-flavored shows and this pattern will be followed in '62-3.

In this keyer today there are no less than six cinemas solely de-

voted to foreign language product, all playing to profitable business.

American product, excepting run-of-the-mill stuff, is still high in popularity with the Aussie fans. This should be the pattern throughout '62-'63. Long-running pix (two-and-half to three hours) at upped admissions are favourites, instanced by "South Pacific" (20th) 3d year; "Can-Can" (20th) 2d year; "Suzie Wong" (Par) four months; "Spartacus" (U) seven months, and "Pepe" (Col) four months, just to mention a few of the '61 toppers. It's pleasant to record (for once) that nobody blames teevee for any biz dropoff!

NIGHT LIFE IN ATHENS

Tourists Increase—Important To Greek Economy

Athens. Greek taverns with Bouzoukia music or other local orchestras have their own peculiar atmosphere. The most sophisticated ones have a floor show of Athenian and foreign talents but the majority confine themselves to a couple of singers with their guitars. Such tavernas are in almost every corner of Athens each one offering a food specialty.

Of course there are cosmopolitan night clubs like the Asteria, Athina, Coronet or Roxy and the new luxurious hotel Mont-Parnes, built on the top of a mountain overlooking Athens, but they are like any other similar place all over the world.

Tourism is a new source of income for Greece and the increase of this year's visitors reached almost 35% in spite of the decline in other countries of Europe.

Many new hotels and tourist pavilions have been built. Life in Greece is still fairly cheap for tourists. Some places remain primitive but Athens and main spots are comfortable.

MY FATHER'S UNKNOWN TALENT

(How A Hard-Luck Immigrant Finally Justified Himself).

By CAP'N BILLY BRYANT

Point Pleasant, W. Va.

Show people as a whole are sentimentalists, an easy touch and are devoted to their father and mother. I come under the category. However, I made a terrible mistake when I was a young man. I sold my Dad short. I thought that he was a detriment to the Four Bryants, our family act, that his inferiority was keeping us off of Broadway and the Keith circuit. But watch out for that Dad! He may be shiftless, lazy, and sleep with his socks, son, but if he ever gets his foot in the groove, he'll make a fool out of you—and I speak from past experience.

As an English commoner, my Dad had learned the rudiments of making mistakes early in life. His grandfather was a landscape gardener to Queen Victoria. Naturally, Dad wanted to be a florist. He saved his money and bought a hatchet, draw-knife and a saw only to be fired after ruining some of the shrubbery around the Queen's private pathway. Dad, in disgust, eloped to America with my mother in 1834. They begged their way across the Brooklyn bridge where Dad got a job driving a mule-drawn streetcar from the bridge out Flatbush Ave. and mother nursed Joseph Jefferson's baby son, Thomas.

Hard luck still followed Dad. The second day, the mule kicked him off the streetcar which ran over his hand severing several of his fingers. He sued the company for \$5,000 and they offered him two. "It'll be five or nothing!" he screamed, and that's what he got. Nothing. Then mother, who had sung in "opera" in England, decided to put Dad into show business so, in a one-horse spring-wagon, the Four Bryants (my sister and I had been born in New York) started barnstorming west.

Although Dad had a crippled hand, he wanted to be a magician so he could entertain the people as he high-pitched medicine from the back of the wagon. Mother played the guitar and my sister and I did songs and funny sayings. Dad had a liniment that he made out of red pepper and gasoline. If anyone in the crowd had rheumatism, to demonstrate, he would pull up their shirts and rub them till the red pepper burned so bad they would forget all about their rheumatism.

Later he purchased a small tent and became "Dr." Bryant. Joe Keaton was our comedian and Myra Cutler played the organ. They were married in our show and later, Buster Keaton was born. Dad started to hold medical consultations without a license. He did his first six weeks in jail in Coffeyville, Kansas, after a deputy sheriff's wife nearly died from taking too much of his herbs. He was in and out of jail all over Texas and Kansas.

In 1900 the Four Bryants were playing Bonnies, a concert hall on Canal St. in Buffalo. Incidentally, Fanny and Kitty Watson were there at the time. Dad smothered one of his rabbits in his magic act and they fired him. They then put him to cleaning up the wine rooms after they closed up. One night George M. Cohan and his sister stopped in. They felt sorry for us and George said he would write us an act that would put us on Broadway. He did and got us an engagement at Shea's Theatre. The act was good but we were terrible and we opened and closed at four o'clock the same afternoon. We just didn't have it.

More Misadventures

After that we joined Cap Price's "Water Queen" showboat at Augusta, Ky., where mother sang illustrated song slides, now called ulcerated slides. My sister danced to "The Wedding of the Lily and the Rose" and I sang "The Green Grass Grows all Around" till I was hoarse. I was a riot! They wouldn't let me go. But Dad? No good. Even in that small river hamlet he couldn't make it. The pigeons in his magic act got loose and flew out the windows and when you go out a window on either side of a showboat you're in the river.

Capt. Price cancelled Dad's act and although it was the first time in my life I had ever received an applause and taken a bow I suddenly became so very important and overbearing I told my mother that Dad was ruining our chances

in show business and had to go.

Dad agreed to go back to England if it would help the act and mother turned her accusing eyes toward me and stormed; "You shut your trap you long-eared jackass! I'll take care of your father."

Six weeks later he made a fool out of me. This is how it came about.

Parade for Pop

To give Dad something to do, Capt. Price put a cork in the mouthpiece of an alto horn and let him march along in the parade. This he did so mechanically that they had to take him out of the band and put him in the kitchen washing dishes. From Buckingham Palace to the kitchen sink was quite a drop for Dad.

After the Water Queen closed its season, we decided that we would never leave the river that had been so good to us so we took our savings and went up to East Liverpool, Ohio, and bought a shanty-boat that was broken down on each end and humped up in the middle like it was headed for the maternity ward.

Dad went out on the river bank, looked at the boat, then took his draw-knife, hatchet and saw that he had brought with him from England, cut the earlings loose, and put a beautiful shar in the boat without even putting it on the docks. An unheard of river feat. In other words, my Dad was, unknowingly, a ship carpenter and one of the finest on the western waters. During his career he built four of the most beautiful showboats that ever graced the Mississippi basin that brought fame and fortune to the Four Bryants.

When my parents passed on I laid them away in a white marble mausoleum in Point Pleasant, West Va., where we built our first little showboat, "The Princess," and where September river fogs cast their shadows and the whistles of passing steamboats, they so dearly loved, echo through their resting place.

R. L. Thornton Sr. Again Heads Tex. State Fair

Dallas.

R. L. Thornton Sr. has been elected to his 18th term as prez of the State Fair of Texas. All other officers were reelected. Robert H. Stewart 3d was elected to the board to replace Ben H. Wooten, who recently resigned.

The board authorized a 1962 summer season of State Fair musicals providing \$100,000 in public underwriting is pledged by Feb. 1.

Fallout Fatalism Favors Fun Factories, Or TV Drops Dead: Chi's Cafes Boom

By MORRY ROTH

Chicago.

Chicago bonifaces have a multitude of explanations for the mid-1961 upturn in cafe biz. It's been one of the most profitable periods since the postwar make-hay-days. Not all have shared in the new prosperity, but the beat in both the Rush St. boite belt and the downtown supper c'ubs has been uptempo.

A spate of new clubs opened in the Rush area, in the neighborhoods and in the suburbs. In addition, the Bonaparte Room of the Sheraton-Blackstone hotel returned to an entertainment policy, and the Cart, a south-of-the-Loop eatery, has added entertainment. Also, the Gate of Horn, a folk music spot, moved from a dingy basement on north Dearborn St. to elaborate trappings in the Rush St. area.

Loop Moribund

The prosperity in the larger clubs on Rush St. has resulted in or been coincidental with a proliferation of smaller clubs along the street plus an outcropping of cabarets on the streets leading into the main entertainment artery. A nearby cabaret enclave has taken form on Tooker Place, once the site of the legendary Fickle Pickle Club where Ben Hecht and other newspapermen hung out in the first two decades of the century. It now houses Le Bistro, Kismet, Absinthe House and several other clubs.

The outbreak of smaller clubs in and around this area, in other neighborhoods and suburbs is providing the first opportunity in over two decades for a new or upcoming act to break in. Also good for young talent is the cabaret theatre trend, which by early fall had eight or more cafes using tab reviews. The trend, initiated by the Second City, has also seen several of the groups fall by the wayside, but in each case it has provided a showcase for from six to 12 tyros.

The Reasons Why

Other signs of better times includes reports from cafe owners that midweek business is paying its own way and the clubs are no longer dependent upon the weekend spenders. Local talent agencies say that they not only have more outlets for newer acts, but that the front-rank niteries are buying more expensive acts.

As to reasons-why, one operator: "People are nervous about the international situation and are going out to get away from the ominous news they get on teevee. It seems to happen during every crisis." Another says: "The suburbanites are tiring of television and parties at home. Going out is socially acceptable again and it's okay to say that you went to a night club, particularly if there is a hip comic on the bill. Also, the young marrieds have learned to live with their mortgages and car payments and still have enough to go out for dinner and a show."

A frontrunner in the cabaret renaissance is the Playboy Club, now with counterparts in Miami and New Orleans and with clubs skedded for a half-dozen other cities by the middle of 1962. Most successful by far of the freshest of key clubs in Chi, it has recently added another show room to its club here and now employs nine variety acts and three musical units in the Windy City operation alone.

With the Chez Paree dark for over 18 months, the Empire Room of the Palmer House has asserted itself as the city's premier room. It has been booking the top names that used to play the Chez Paree and appears to be attracting the Chez regulars in addition to its own convention and family trade.

Oscar Marienthal, who along with his brother George owns Mister Kelly's, the London House and the Happy Medium cabaret theatre, characterizes the year thusly: "It's been the best year in the eight year history of Mister Kelly's. Not by a wide margin, but still the best. Perhaps the best indication is that we have made money on every act that has played Kelly's this year—and that is the first time that it has happened."

FRED KEATING

By MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER

Frederick Serrano Keating—he made the middle name disappear from his billing as a teenage trickster—saw his first magician when he was eight at the Eden Musee in New York.

Buatier de Kolta, a bushy-bearded French wizard, floored him with his vanishing birdcage. Later the cage feat, in Keating's deft hands, baffled several new generations of theatregoers.

An article once stated that Keating saw de Kolta do the vanishing birdcage trick at the Eden Musee, but in light of the great magician's death in 1903 it is unlikely Keating, who was eight at the time, could have seen De Kolta.

Sidney Lenz, who could do a neat card trick or two himself, initiated young Keating into the intricacies of bridge and pasteboard presto. The bridge-playing sleight-of-hand in Arthur Train's "Illusion" was based on the Keating personality.

Stanwood Menken, in a Santa Claus suit, gave Keating a box of elementary tricks at a Christmas party. He was on his way.

Show business was in his blood. His Spanish-speaking mother, Camilla Serrano, was a singer. His Irish father, first a newspaperman, then an attorney was, as Fred said, "one of the finest actors ever to plead a case in court."

His actor-uncle played with Charlotte Walker in "On Parade." His earliest memory was watching the performance from the wings of the now-gone Majestic Theatre on Columbus Circle, N.Y.

Keating cut classes to see a Nate Leipzig matinee and the master sleight-of-hand performer was so taken by his poise and personality that he accepted him as a pupil without pay.

Keating ran away from Peekskill Military Academy to join the Thurston illusion show as an assistant. He learned stage sorcery the hard way, washing ducks, shining the great man's patent leather shoes, and moving crates. Keating debuted on his own at 15.

He set the pattern for the suave, witty night club wizards of the cover-charge age. He conjured in Ruth Selwyn's "9:15 Revue" and the first John Murray Anderson "Almanacs."

He played his first dramatic lead on Broadway in 1933 with Tallulah Bankhead in "Forsaking All

Others" and his last in 1954 opposite her in "Dear Charles."

Early in life he traveled with the 101 Ranch Wild West Show and not too many years ago he spent a season with his own illusion show on the carnival route.

Keating was a Palace theatre favorite on the two-a-day, teeing off with a two-week stint in February 1929. He went to Hollywood in the early 30's and made six films. For a time he renounced magic and, in an appearance at the Rainbow Room atop the RCA Bldg., he specialized in patter without the presto, but the old urge was too strong. Back he came into the magic circle.

Curiously, for several years he refused to do the vanishing birdcage that had been his trademark, but he again mastered the technique and it has a high spot of his hocus-pocus until the end.

Varied Career

Recent New York appearances included "Characters and Chicanery" at the Phoenix in 1956 where he shared the evenings with Cornelia Otis Skinner. As "Fun and Games" the blend of monolog and mystery came to Broadway in 1957. He did an act in Beatrice Lillie's "Beasop's Fables" on the road. He coached the magic sequences of the N.Y. City Center's production of "The Consul" in 1960 and last June 27 he teamed with Sheila Barrett in "Charades and Chicanery" at the Theatre Marquee, N.Y.

For a while he offered his "Wit and Witchcraft," one-man presentation through W. Colston Leigh.

During the past few years he turned out several mystery novels, one for Mike Shayne which popped up on tv. Naturally the magician played a leading part in the proceedings. He was working on an autobiography when he died last July.

Robert-Houdin once wrote that a "magician" was an actor playing the part of magician.

Incidentally, the "broken wand" service was held for Keating July 2 at Campbell's in N.Y. Representatives of the Society of American Magicians, the International Brotherhood of Magicians, the Magicians Guild, F.A.M.E. (Future American Magical Entertainers) and the London Magic Circle attended. This writer presided as president of the first-named organization.



GRATEFULLY, — FRANKIE LAINE

When You Can't Even Hear Them Breathe

Seasoned Songstress' Perspective on Audiences And Customer Behaviorism

By HILDEGARDE

It would be amusing if, sometime, a critic would review an audience. He could describe, in a vinegarish way, all the dear people who come chattering down the aisle long after the curtain is up, of the seats clattering as they are seated and then, almost at once, clattering again as they decide their first arrangement wasn't right at all. Those who're unfailingly late returning after the intermission also should be part of this review together with the oh-so-gay gossip who simply has to remind the member of her party seated furthest from her of something or other; it doesn't matter what.

Such a review should, I think point out that these people—and, alas, all the nice, polite people in the audience—often get less from the stage than they paid to see. For some players react badly to distraction and only one player has to be put off to throw a monkey-wrench, as my father used to say, into the rest of the cast.

The bridge built between an audience and players, over which emotions shuttle back and forth to weave a magic, is, to me, a very fascinating thing. I know that upstairs in my suite I can be feeling quite ill, even wonder if I should go on. But the minute that warm spot is turned on me and I sense the expectancy of my audience I feel better. And within minutes I forget I ever felt ill. I'm not a hypochondriac. Just a ham.

In my work few distractions can destroy the rapport between performer and audience. Since I don't have to stay with any continuity I can absorb interruptions. If a child talks out—there often are children at my dinner shows—I can make it part of my act. "Rock-a-bye-baby," I can sing if women laugh and whisper, I can stop and stare at them, quite flabbergasted, to the amusement of everyone else and to their self-conscious but deserved discomfort.

Down and out rude people are good for me, a challenge. I think, "Allright, I'm the cat, you're the mouse. I'm going to get you right where I want you."

Also, before every performance I pray. I understand that one doesn't always confess to this, but this is how I am—this is my belief.

During the first five minutes of a performance I've come to expect a lack of attentiveness—my audience is more interested in looking me over; taking inventory of my face, figure and dress than in anything I can do. They also exchange whispered commentaries on my age, my income and my romances. I never try to make a tremendous thing out of my first song.

2 Unforgettable 'Bombs'

Only twice in my life—in which I've played to plenty of bad audiences—have I walked off the floor. This first happened four or five years ago at Boston's Blinstrub's; a big place, not at all like the plush supper clubs with which I'm so familiar. And I happen to believe a career is healthier if it's diversified. So, if I get my price, I take any engagement that I feel can do me no harm.

At Blinstrub's, which holds about 2,000 people, I held my own until the last show on Saturday night. Then the noise was so great, I literally could not hear myself.

My first chore—anything that had to be done before that audience deserves that word—was to introduce an important foreign visitor. I tried. I tried very hard. I felt so sorry for the poor man standing on the stage beside me. "Ladies and Gentlemen," I said, meaning it merely as a figure of speech, you understand "I have the honor to introduce to you . . ." Nobody heard one word I said. I tried again. And again. My composure dropped to considerably below normal. I took my visitor by the arm and guided him down the steps. "Do not," I told him "judge Americans by the quality of the people here tonight."

I went back and tried to sing. "The Last Time I Saw Paris,"

"I'll Be Seeing You . . ." shouted hundreds of voices in measured unison, as if they had rehearsed to thwart me. "The Last Time I Saw Paris!" "I'll Be Seeing You!" "The Last Time I Saw Paris!" . . .

"I'll get to them later" I shouted into the mike so loud that it cracked my voice and sent it banging against the walls.

"We want it now" they bellowed. I asked myself what tricks I might use and knew there were none.

Finally, after about 20 minutes of the greatest effort I have ever put forth, if not the greatest performance, I stood up. "Pouff to you!" I yelled. And off I went.

The manager was very upset. I was too.

Upon this occasion it was my good fortune that the following night, Sunday, and the end of my engagement, there was a benefit, at Blinstrub's for St. Anne's Organization. Hundreds upon hundreds crowded in to see Hildegarde, a pillar of the church. And did I give them my all, did I? And did they respond, did they? The manager called me a champion, a name considerably at variance with that which he had called me the night before. Always I've been grateful to those good supporters of St. Anne for helping me get the bad taste of failure out of my mouth.

My second fiasco, in another big place at Windsor, Canada, was even worse than the first. It had no happy ending. I walked off. And that was that. My Windsor audience consisted almost entirely of drunken traveling salesmen who sat with their backs to me. That night I learned backs can talk. Each and every one of those backs demanded, all to eloquently, "Who is this dame anyhow?" In a way I was relieved that that audience wasn't facing me. I must have looked pretty insane standing up there, opening and closing my mouth, soundlessly apparently; unable, even with the mike, to shout the din.

The night, to add to my humiliation, a dear friend who was in Windsor with her father, a prominent judge, had brought him to see me. He saw—in my dressingroom, in tears. And a temper.

An odd thing. I am not yet able to think of those two defeats without a shadow of the anger and chagrin and sadness I knew returning to my heart.

And Those Other Audiences

I prefer to remember all my wonderful audiences, the supper club rooms that become as quiet as cathedrals, with cigarettes being lighted here and there the only evidence there is life out there beyond my lights.

Last year, at the Plaza's Persian Room, I sang "I Love Thee," in the original Norwegian, while playing parts of the Grieg A Minor Concerto and Peer Gynt Suite. For a week three Norwegians came, every night, to the dinner show. Then they sent me a beautiful, big bouquet. When I thanked them, I asked the lady in the group to come out on the floor with me. She told the audience how much it had meant to her and her friends, who were flying back to Norway that night, to hear this song in "such excellent Norwegian." For her compliment I must give thanks to my singing teacher, Lea Karina.

There are, for me, two kinds of applause; the applause that comes after I've sung the songs audiences particularly like me to sing—long and deep, forever wonderful—and the applause that's gay and full of laughter.

In my time, naturally, I've had some odd gifts. Indeed there have been moments when I've wondered if I should open them while I was on the floor. But I always do. The most unusual came, unwrapped, on a silver tray; a pair of pink panties, trimmed with pink mink. I held them up—what else was there to do?—and asked the donor to stand up. He was, to one one's great surprise, the manufacturer. But he had given us all so much fun and



JACKIE MASON

"I want to wish me the best of luck on VARIETY's 56th ANNIVERSARY. . . I hope this year will be the kind of year I should have had last year."

laughter that I didn't mind his getting a plug.

What is it that creates mood in a supper club? A combination of many things, of course. But, above all, I believe, it's the music and the words of the song itself.

"Grieg's 'I Love Thee' and 'Lili Marlene' are two songs that never fail. Singing these songs I've discovered that quiet can have several depths to it, can even be so deep that it seems to have a pulse.

Always I make "Lili Marlene"—to which the toughest audience respond—my last song. I've showmanship enough to know I can't top it. I say into the mike—so quietly that I can just about hear myself—"And now, here's Lili Marlene." The reaction to this creates almost a reverend silence.

When I finish "Lili" my head goes down, the trumpet sounds taps, there's a blackout. For about three seconds, always, there is a dead hush. Then the applause thunders. And when the lights go up I'm as stirred as my audience.

Those are the wonderful moments of show business . . . when the magic lies over everything and nobody coughs and nobody lights a cigaret and you can't even hear them breathe.

'Royal' Nights

Continued from page 211

to receive an invitation to a luncheon party given by Her Majesty for a few people from various walks of life. The chief guest, you will remember, was Yuri Gagarin, the first Space Man. It was a wonderful occasion, so friendly and informal, but what really tickled me was the following letter from Sir Norman Gwatkin of the Lord Chamberlain's office:

"My dear Bud,

As an old friend I thought I would put you wise on one or two points apropos your luncheon engagement on the 14th July.

1. You should not wear your old hat or fur coat, at least not inside the Palace.

2. Splits and double somersaults, besides being undignified at your age, are absolutely out.

3. Under no foreseeable circumstances should you start throwing custard pies about. (We shall be at some pains to think out a sweet which will be unchuckable and so reduce the temptation.)

4. You will not be asked to sing so you need not bring your music or a piano.

5. If you embark upon a story remember that my cold and fishy eye will be fixed on you.

6. A quiet lounge suit would be correct wear. It would be quite wrong to come dressed as a debutante or even as a knight in armour

Yours,

Norman."

Chateau Laurier, Ottawa, To Preem Show Policy

Bonny Murray, chanteuse, will bow in the posh Canadian Grill of the Chateau Laurier Jan. 16 to preem room's new entertainment policy. New setup will present feature acts with band backing and continue dancing for customers as always.

Booking is currently via the Queen Elizabeth (Oilton - CNR) hotel in Montreal.

You Meet Such Interesting (?) Customers In The Saloons

By SOPHIE TUCKER

The old gal, age 85, who greets me with, "So good to see you again. My mother took me to see you when I was a little girl."

Some silly questions: How do you do it? What pills do you take? Why do you work so hard? Is it worthwhile doing this charity work?

The man or woman who, invariably come up with, "I bet you don't remember me." My answer to them, "You're right, friend. You won your bet. I don't remember you."

Why will the customers insist on putting their arms around you.

Why will they stick their faces with their bad breath in your face to talk to you? and when you ingeniously manage to keep them at a distance from doing it, "They immediately call you a snob."

Why will the drunk always slap you on the back?

And drunk who shakes your hand so hard he darn near breaks your fingers.

The drunken gal who walks out on the floor to me, oblivious of the whole room, and asks me, "Where's the ladies' room." So I walk her direct to the rest room so I can continue my show.

The drunken gal who heckled me from the sidelines and when I asked the headwaiter to please take her out of the room, and she yells back at me, "I've been thrown out of better places than this one."

My past experience recently at a symphony concert to hear my friend, Richard Merrill. I was asked how I enjoyed it. Guess I floored the intellectual audience when I replied, "I hope you all will come and see me in the saloon I am appearing at in town."

The drunk on the town alone, rushes into my dressing room unannounced. Just curtains, as there isn't a door, and I'm standing almost in the nude and he barges in with, "When I was a train conductor I served you." I tell him to get the heck out and I have a rough time chasing him out. Next day I get a letter from him saying I "had no character."

The dinner shows when the family bring their children. Out of 20 or 25 youngsters, I can truthfully tell only five or six will say "please may I have your autograph" and will say "thank you." Such bad manners so I guess their mothers and fathers haven't got the time to teach them good manners.

Staying Young

I am doing a song in my act, "Be In the Business of Staying Young." Never have I had more elderly ladies in my audience nightly, and such a good feeling to hear them all thank me "for giving them a new lease on life."

The new group acts booked into the clubs today who come in the night before they open to see the outgoing show and then run to the boss and yell, "How the devil can we follow that gal. We have no act."

On The Plus Side

On the affirmative side also are the fine people who patronize the clubs, who admire a good artist, who are friendly, tolerant and understanding when one of their party gets out of line. They will get him out of the room so as not to spoil the show for other people. These people go to nightclubs to be entertained and they don't complain about the food or the prices of drinks.

The real people who come up to my table to purchase a book or a record, drop the money in the box and away they go. The opposite ones, the "shoppers" examine the book from cover to cover—the record from top to bottom—and will hang around the table keeping others away who want a record or a book—and invariably the "shopper" doesn't buy a thing.

The one and only question customers ask nightly, "What is wrong with the new talent we see today? Why can't they get the attention of the audience as you do?" I can only answer them that our talent

today is too quickly manufactured by public relations corps and record companies and very few have learned that you must entertain people—you must meet people—that people who come to clubs want to be entertained and that they, the people, want to make a star of you, if you have the stuff.

The comradeship we in the old days had is gone even in the nightclubs. As the boss and his wife in Omaha said "you are the first artist to play our club who has ever asked us to sit down and dine with him or her."

Holland's Limited Amusement Fare For Outlanders

By HANS SAALTINK

Amsterdam.

Entertainment resources in Holland so far as the visiting tourist is concerned remain meagre. There are concerts, Shakespeare or "My Fair Lady," in Dutch, a fairly interesting Holland Festival each year between Netherlands own plus combines Netherlands own plus imported foreign opera, legit and ballet elements. Working with a modest \$100,000 budget annual festival impresario Peter Diamond has created a good prestige for this festival during the past decade.

It has become a tradition that the top actors from the five main theatrical companies in Holland join forces to appear in one play that otherwise could not be cast. In 1961 it was Communist Bertold Brecht's "Mother Courage."

For three consecutive years the Playhouse International produced a comedy revue in Amsterdam. First two were titled "Going Dutch," the 1961 show was named "We're In Dutch Again." Brainchild of two Americans, Jack and Jill Lardis, the revue is financed by breweries and a department store. This year the show also aimed at the Dutch public by casting three Dutch actors, among them mime Rob van Reyn, along side the English actors. Material is mostly taken from English intimate revues, with local color added. Director and actors stem from England.

Mainly for the Dutch are the cabarettiers, three of which are at the top form now, i.e. Wim Kan, Toon Hermans, who also was in Vienna with his one-man show and is contacted for a television appearance in the U. S., and Wim Sonneveld, who will resume his cabaret career with a one-man show when "My Fair Lady," in which he appears as Prof. Higgins, concludes.

Some of Sonneveld's former cabaret collaborators have found a haven at the "Tingel Tangel" cabaret, founded by actor Sieto Hoving. "Tingel Tangel" is a satirical and political cabaret, set in a small intimate room, where one may drink a beer next to a secretary of State who came to listen what is said about him. Other favorite night-spots of the Amsterdam public are joker Max Taille's nightclub and the cabaret "Saint Germain de Pres" of comedian Tom Manders, both on the Rembrandt Square.

Vegas Riviera's Facelift Via \$3,500,000 Expansion

Las Vegas.

The Riviera Hotel here is engaged in a \$3,500,000 expansion program, main feature of which will be an 11-story, 200-room addition. It will be topped by a Sky Room which will be entered into by an outdoor elevator.

There also will be a new wing of 120 lanai rooms overlooking the patio area, and a complete redesign of the Versailles Room. The dressing rooms will be removed to another area so that the stage may be enlarged.

New Circuses & Shopping Centres

By CLAIRE and TONY CONWAY

It's so nice on a cold day in January when the snow is up to here and the temperature is down to there to sit back in a warm living room with the latest copy of *VARIETY* and think back to summer with the sun shining down on a circus tent and the warm smell of dust, trampled clover, popcorn and elephants. You sit back, put up your feet, and think back—

But it wasn't warm last January when Ringling-Barnum was rehearsing at its new winterquarters in Venice, Florida. The cold wind whipped through the big unfinished building. When the performers were not being put through their paces for the four big numbers by Richard Barstow and Margaret Smith, they huddled around the smudgepot heaters like so many frozen orange trees. Wagons and equipment transferred from the old quarters at Sarasota were spotted here and there about the acreage. But the main point of interest was the huge new building which housed not only a scale reproduction of the arena area of Madison Square Garden but also served as a general workshop with wardrobe people busy in one spot and prop men working on rigging in another.

Venice, however, liked the show. Both tourists and townspeople came in numbers, carrying with them their folding chairs. Immediately, the price of coffee went up.

Ringlings Hit So. America

At the circus office in downtown Venice, Pat Valdo was busier than ever working on plans for a Ringling unit to go to South America as well as keeping in touch with the work going on under Bob Dover at quarters. In two short weeks Dick and Maggie put together the numbers for the traditional American tour. Then, in just a few additional days, they did the numbers for the South American show.

Ringling's 1961 tour opened in Miami Beach. But first came a very late dress rehearsal and, as a result, thus Claire Conway was locked out of the local YWCA. (No laughing matter—you're treated as though you had broken at least four, or possibly five of the ten commandments.)

The opening matinee provided one bit of excitement when a couple of Mrozkowski's horses decided to see the show from the seats and joined the audience. Most of the people believed it was all a part of the act. The first evening show was very calm and provided none of the breathless excitement of the old New York openings. The performance went well and everyone seemed very happy with it. Barstow works such wonders in only two weeks.

By the time Ringling reached Washington in March everything was running like clockwork. Uline Arena looked like an entirely different building with Ringling set up and every performance was packed. For most of the date there were turnaways. Press, radio, and tv gave the show coverage such as it had not had in Washington for years.

In the meantime, the South American unit had opened. Barstow, Margaret Smith, Bob Dover, and Merle Evans had flown down during a layoff of the "big one" to get things going. With Paul Eagles as manager, Justino Loyal as equestrian director, and Ramon Escorcia as bandmaster, the latin edition included such acts as Unus, Dieter Tasso, and Buschbom's liberty horses.

A Shrine Circus

Al Dobritch International Circus, sponsored by the Shrine, played Washington's Uline Arena in April. Although the attendance was not so great as for Ringling, show provided a wonderful performance including Robert's Leopards (uncaged) and the George Hanneford Family riding act.

One day Kay Francis added something new to the dog act and her Easter rabbit rode into the ring on the back of the pony. Everyone on the show was amused by "Hanneford's Riding Rabbit." The bunny, for his part, took riding in his stride, but that is to be expected of anyone connected with this circus family.

Another cold night warm in our circus memories was the occasion when we caught Hoxie Bros., a brand new circus. Like the famous purple cow, we never expected to see a lavender circus. Yet there it was! There were only six pieces of rolling stock and all six were painted lavender.

Veteran of Nine

Before the performance that night, we noticed tiny Ann Spitzer in diminutive cowgirl costume looking through the backdoor of the big top, carefully counting the house. As things turned out, Ann had every right to check on the audience for she was the star of the show, appearing in almost every act and doing all the routines a grownup showgirl would do. Not bad for an old lady of nine years!

Hoxie Bros. continued to grow throughout the summer, adding equipment and personnel until its performance barely resembled the one we saw early in the season. This was a mighty nice little outfit and it should easily make its way in seasons to come.

Wallace Bros., brightly painted in red and gold, came our way with members of the Cristiani family performing in true Cristiani style. (Some members of this renowned family went with the Ringling South American unit and some were with Wallace.) The Flying Wards were on the show during the early part of the season but later went to the West Coast and Rudy Bros. The Arturos, high wire act, joined during the Philadelphia stand and stayed for the remainder of the season.

We spent many a happy, sunlit hour on the Hunt show watching Paul Nelson working the horses or talking of old times with the Jenniers (Jennier's seals and Miss Aerialletta, trapeze). Hunt had a bad blowdown early in the '61 season but no one was injured and the showfolk didn't seem too upset by it.

Probably the most dramatic event of the season occurred the evening when one of the Hunt elephants slipped in mud while doing the long mount and fell on her side, narrowly missing some sharp tent stakes but becoming entangled in the fencing separating the grandstand from the track.

Everyone with the show went to work to free the old girl calmly and without panic. It took about 20

minutes to free the elephant and get her back on her feet. There were tears in our eyes when, free once more, she rejoined the rest of the herd and performed the long mount as usual, then lumbered out into the backyard, safe and sound.

Later in the season, on Al G. Kelley and Miller Bros. Circus, another elephant slipped and nearly fell right on us. While it was a simple matter to send Tony's suit to the cleaners, it took three days of soaking and bleaching to get the mud out of Claire's dress.

Hub-Deep in Mud

Mud and yet more mud faced Kelly-Miller on the two lots where we visited. On the lot at Warrenton, Virginia, the show was mired so deeply and the elephants worked so hard that it reminded circus veterans of the old days. It was quite a sight to see two and three elephants pulling the huge trucks, sometimes stuck so firmly that the elephants went to their knees. Even so, we had the feeling that the big girls enjoyed it all, being the center of the stage and the admiration of all who beheld them.

We were very pleased with the Kelly-Miller performance which exhibited more animal acts than any we saw in 1961. Among these were the leopard and white wolf act and the llama act purchased in the early part of the year from John Cunco. Fine horses were also on view and fast-moving elephants.

Points for Priesthood

It was fun, too, to visit again with Peggy and Shorty Sylvester, midget clowns, whom we have known for years. And, just to prove that anything can happen on a circus lot, between horses, llamas, and elephants, we discussed various religions with Vance P. Hurley, young equestrian director-announcer, who was about to leave the show to enter the seminary to train as a Russian orthodox priest. There is nothing like discussing the rules of fast and abstinence with your feet deep in mud, while avoiding the biting, kicking, llamas.

Kelly-Miller is unique in that it has built special equipment wagons and cage wagons which load into the huge semi-trailers which transport the show over the road. The trailers are unloaded over ramps in much the same manner as were the flat cars of railroad circuses.

This was the 25th Anniversary tour for Kelly-Miller and its first eastern tour since it took to the road in 1936. We hope that owner D. R. Miller will again come our way in the not-too-distant future.

Circus friends may join shows that tour distant parts of the country, but we don't lose track of them. At

ODE TO STRAIGHT MAN

By SENATOR FORD

In the good old days when vaudeville was vaudeville a great many comedians worked with straightmen. The straightman of that era was usually goodlooking, had sex appeal, a good speaking voice, was a natty dresser on and off, had a keen sense of timing, and was adept at cuff-shooting.

Some of the oldtime straightmen were also master wielders of a rolled up newspaper. This "prop" was cheap insurance. If the gag didn't get a laugh, whacking the comic on the noggin with the newspaper did.

Later, when vaudeville became "vodevel," the better straightmen discarded the low comedy newspaper and replaced it with the more refined kid glove. The higher salaried straightmen used "Mark Cross" gloves.

This was the kind of vaudeville reform that was naturally approved by Mr. Albee. Good old E.F. always applauded any refinements that lifted vaudeville to a higher plane. It was he who first frowned on and then banned such "surefire" bits of business as kicking the wife in the derriere. Mr. Albee followed Tony Pastor as the champion of good taste.

The veteran straightman rarely received the recognition he deserved. The good straightman made the mediocre comic look good, and made the good comic look better. Men like Ben Bard, Frank Batie, Ed Gallagher, George LeMaire, and Cliff Hall were among the Tiffanys.

Some of our "name" straightmen were really comedians, and many of them got more laughs than the comics. Lew Fields, of Weber & Fields; Glenn, of Glenn & Jenkins; Russ Brown, of Brown & Whitaker; George LeMaire of Conroy & LeMaire are a few of the better known comedy straightmen.

Some of our big name comedians must be listed as great straightmen on the occasions when they turned to "feeding." Fred Allen, George Burns, Frank Fay and Jack Benny must go down in comedy history as great straightmen.

Things have changed since the days of the great "scolders." This is a mechanical age, and even in show business people are being replaced by gadgets. Very few comedians use straightmen anymore. They now use a telephone. Alexander Graham Bell has run a lot of straightmen out of the business. Whereas the oldtime straightman came in blue or gray, the phone company furnishes silent "feeders" in black, green, gold, white, yellow, and heliotrope. Straightmen now come in six delicious colors.

The elimination of the straightman comes under the head of restraint of trade but Congress is too busy panicking Jack Paar to worry about the other type of "scolder."

A straightman's union might help to solve the problem of the vanishing live "feeder." If the straightmen organized, a comedian would have to pay a stand-in every-time he used a phone as a partner.

However, the replacing of the straightman by a telephone has its good points. It not only cuts down expenses, but cuts down on dressingroom fights. A comic can't very well bawl out a telephone for doing a lousy show.

The way things are going it is only a matter of time when the comedian, too, will be replaced by some kind of a mechanical laughgetter. When that happens, the only live comedy left will be in some of our tv dramas.

various times during the summer we received postal cards from points out west reading "Weather hot. Business good," or "Weather Hot. Business tremendous." These brief messages were from "Seacow," now a clown with Rudy Bros., a friend of ours since he was an usher on Ringling-Barnum some years ago. Jimmie Douglas and Reds Gallagher wrote from Polack Bros. to tell of the adventures of their "Poodle Express" dog act. This unique act comes before the audience aboard its own motorized Gay '90s type train and the canine occupants are all costumed. During one layoff, we are told, every girl on the show was employed in making new wardrobe for the dogs. Dime and Connie Wilson, clowns, wrote to tell us that the Gill Gray Circus was having a good season.

Of all the shopping center shows we saw only two: Animaland, USA, and Hagan-Wallace. Animaland, USA is just that, a traveling menagerie composed of cages of animals, a pony-go-round, and an elephant train. Dub Duggan's Hagan-Wallace offers performing lions, bears, and elephant, a juggler, and a three-person aerial act consisting of trapeze, rings, wire, and sway pole offered from a single unique rigging. In addition there are carnival-type rides and games.

When no circus was within our reach, we found circus acts in other places. Though we did miss the Hamid-Morton Circus for the first time in years, we made a special effort to visit George A. Hamid's Steel Pier at Atlantic City which was presenting Lorena Carver's diving horses, clown Charlie Cheer, and the Barbara Morris sealion act. We have known Barbara both on Ringling-Barnum and on Cole Bros., but that was before she had her present act. While we have seen many fine sealion acts including those of the Tiebors and Walter Jennier, they were all "dry acts." Never before had we seen a "wet act" such as Barbara presents. These sealions do a marvelous routine, including jumping hurdles stretched out over the tank and balancing objects while swimming. Steel Pier has its own tank but circuses can't tie up their arenas with such immovable equipment so Barbara appears mostly at sports shows and similar events.

Fair Grandstands

The grandstand shows at fairs also are places to find circus friends. The Cook and Rose agency of Lancaster, Pa., put on a full circus program at the Montgomery County Fair, Gaithersburg, Md., featuring Torrelli's dogs and ponies and the Torrelli liberty horse act. For approximately 42 years Frank Wirth has provided the grandstand show for the York (Pa.) Fair. This year, in addition to star attractions like Johnny Cash and the Dick Clark Show, he presented Greta Frisk, single trapeze, and The Frielanis, bicyclists.

Clyde Beatty and Cole Bros. Combined Circus was within our "travel area" on three occasions and we visited in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Any visit to Beatty-Cole is old home week. On one visit we found Eddie Dulle working as "the Kedso Clown" in an adjoining shopping center. Or there was the time when little La Norma, star of the high trapeze, showed off her third cat, a tiny kitten. Then again, there was tiny "Irish" walking along the midway and checking her dream book to learn the meaning of Claire's dream of buying a new raincoat. (Claire, of course, insisted it meant she needed a new raincoat.)

When Beatty-Cole played Charlottesville, Virginia, it was two months ahead of the routing of former years. Shows were jumping ahead of other shows all over the east and there were prospects, for a time, of a real opposition war as in years gone by.

The big mystery on the show at this time was: "How did that size nine footprint get in the center of Harry Dann's pillow in an upper bunk when his pet chihuahua doesn't have feet that big? Harry was about to hold a "Cinderella" contest to find the lucky person.

Mom Sells Seats

The little King Bros. Circus looked small indeed after sizeable shows like Beatty-Cole and Kelly-Miller, yet it made a nice appearance on the lot and put on a fine performance. The people in the seats enjoyed every moment of it.

Here again we were in the midst of friends. James M. Cole had the office wagon and Dorothy, his wife, was on reserved seats. Isla Garcia had the organ in the 3-piece band which consisted of organ, trumpet, and drums. And there was Rosa Wong doing web and ladders and showing off her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter who already wants to do everything on the program. Youngsters like this one are the promise of tomorrow to the circus.

Mills Bros. Circus came our way in mid-September. Once again Jack and Jake Mills brought out a good strong performance, including, for the first time in the history of this show, a lion act in a steel arena.

Mills has always featured horses and this year was no exception. John Herriot rode menage, presented liberty horses, and then returned with a mixed act consisting of camels, llamas, and ponies. This was something of a homecoming for John for he had been on Mills as a child. Now he found himself working a pony in his act upon which he had ridden when a child. The stock on Mills truly lives to a ripe old age. By the way, John is as proud as a man can be for his baby daughter was born on the show in July.

Many more shows were on tour than we had opportunity to visit, appearing beneath big tops, in buildings, in ball parks, and at shopping centers.

Are we worried about the future of the circus as we sit reading our copy of *VARIETY*? Not at all. Business has been good and bad according to the weather, the part of the country being played, and other factors which always have been considered by general agents and managers when preparing their routing.

No one can say that the circus is dead when new shows like Hoxie Bros. take to the road, the Hunts talk of the possibility of bringing out one or, perhaps, two additional shows, and a major circus talks about one or two new shows in the coming year.

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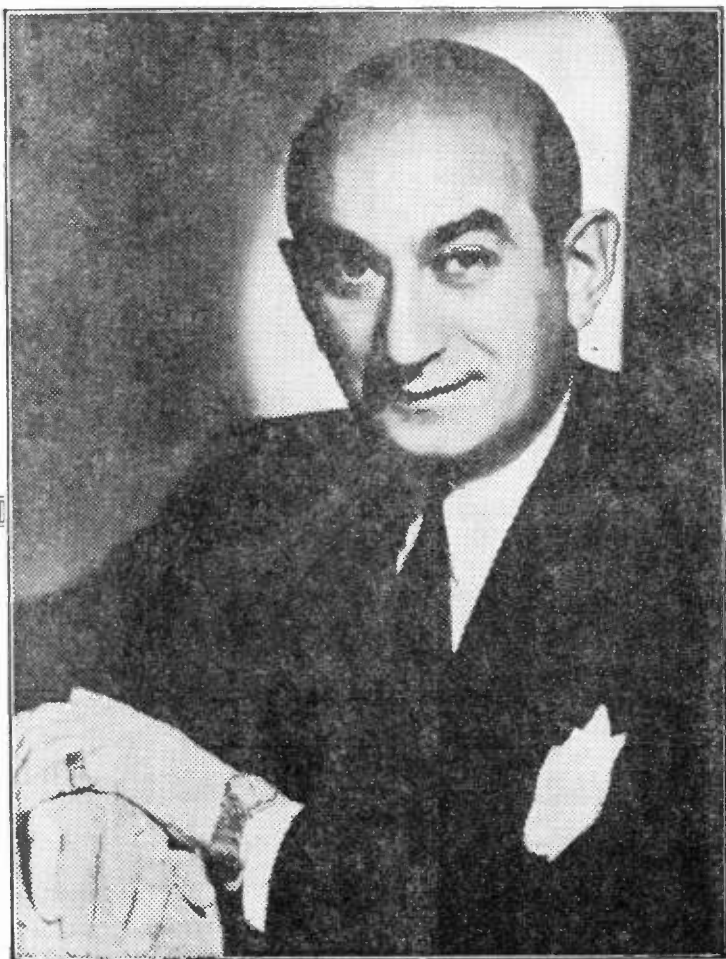
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Lament For Break-In Dates

Continued from page 211

seen by only a small segment of the population, thus enabling the comedian to develop even greater skill and greater timing.

Besides vaudeville, there was burlesque, which developed the art of "low comedy," paving the way for motion picture careers. Between vaudeville and burlesque, a comedian had a step-by-step process which was clear cut. Competition was keen, but at least a comedian could serve an apprenticeship in vaudeville. There were no overnight sensations created by a quirk of television. Stardom demanded, at least, a seasoned performer.

Today, the embryo comedian has no place to go where he can be "bad." In the early days of television it almost seemed as if vaudeville had had a rebirth. This new medium seemed a perfect school for trial and error and many comedians took a crack at it for little or no money. Much of what we saw was bad, but at least there was the excitement and interest in a new experiment—and in new faces. Television today insists on a tight script, "big-name" performers, and provides little or no opportunity for experimentation.

Fewer Tele Outlets

There are fewer comedy and variety shows than ever before. "Situation comedies," they seldom turn out very comical. They use ostensibly new scripts in which only the names have been changed—the same dreary situations persist. Any wonder that the word "comedy" in the television listings merely elicits a "ho-hum" from the potential viewer who then, in despair, has to learn to "love that horse!"

The club-date and the nightclub are the only work areas in which the new comedian can try to develop and both these situations can be deadly. Let me first define the club-date. Wherever there is an organization consisting of one or more people, said organization holds a wing-ding once a year in which they recapitulate their fondness for one another and restate their aims for the coming year. The organization appoints a committee to see to it that the best entertainment in the world is provided at the least possible cost. The members of the committee immediately become "experts" in the field of comedy and never hesitate to tell the comedian what he should or should not do and he very often goes on-stage with such phrases as, "we would have liked to have had Bob Hope but we couldn't afford him," still ringing in his ears. These are the circumstances of a club-date. One can readily see that few performers are going to develop anything but a hard crust in this type of environment. Only the most courageous would venture to break-in new material on a club-date and risk the displeasure of the club-date booker. These dates represent bread and butter to comedians since they are their only source of income other than nightclub engagements.

Nightclubs are actually the only medium left for the development

of stand-up comedians. Cafe owners again are not interested in the potential of an artist—only in how many laughs he can get and, if the price is within his budget. The comedian in this situation must, if he is forward thinking, try to please the audience and please himself as well. He must project through smoke and alcohol to reach the brain and heart of his audience. To develop craftsmanship and style under these circumstances and to maintain high standards of performance in order to pursue other media of entertainment, is certainly a monumental task. Many successful nightclub comedians are unable to perform in other areas because they themselves have become jaded and their material tinged with "blue." By the same token, today's "new school" comedian is so immersed in the intellectual refinement of his material, that in a nightclub situation, he is totally unable to cope with the humanity sitting ever so close and the audience senses this comedian's inability to communicate as a real personality. He in turn is unable to evaluate the situation and complains that they are drunk and won't listen. He winds up performing only in a theatre situation, and although this is ideal from his standpoint, the gulf between the audience and the performer becomes subsequently wider. Hence, though he may reach the brain, he never quite makes it to the heart.

Fortunately, there are always a few who can evaluate their careers in terms of obstacles and goals, and are emotionally prepared to treat each new situation as a challenge to be overcome rather than evaded. Perhaps from this group a few giants will emerge.

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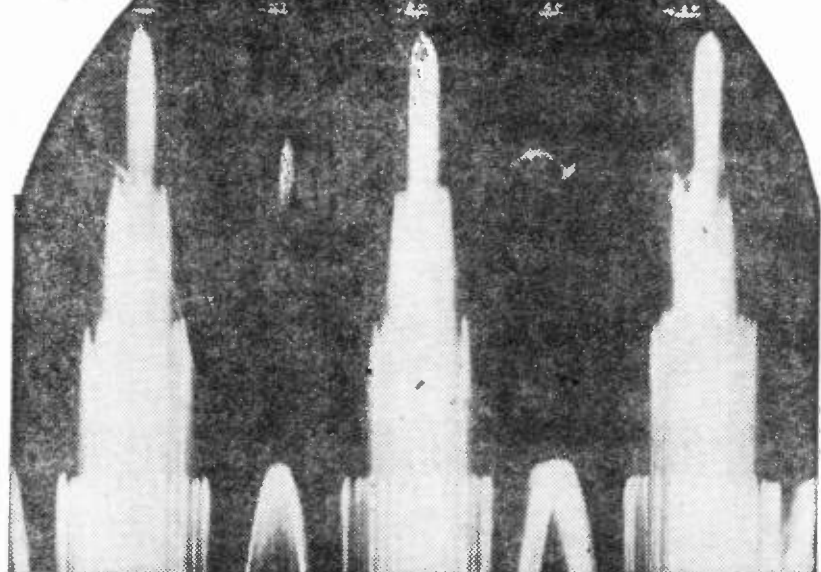
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Critics Around the World

Uninvited by Management, Critic Can Be Sued In Britain; Key Is 'Malice'

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

It is a widely accepted fact that Britain has a free press and stringent libel laws. Although this often appears strange to outsiders, it is not a contradiction of terms. Common law is designed to protect the individual as much as the publisher, and such common law can apply to film and drama critics.

Under common law it is recognized that a play or motion picture is the property of an individual or a company. That individual or company has the right to decide whether or not the play or film will be shown to the critics and which critics will be invited, or which newspapers will be asked to send a critic. If a newspaper fails to get an invite and buys a ticket from normal sources and then proceeds to publish a review, the producer has the right to take action.

Having that right does not necessarily mean that the owner of the film or the play will be successful in his action. On his part he would probably have to prove "malicious intent" on the part of the newspaper or its critic. The main defense of the paper would be that its criticism was done as a matter of public interest to meet the readers' need.

As an extension of the producers' rights, the common law of conspiracy lays down that if a critic goes to a theatre with the intention of attacking a piece it shall amount to conspiracy.

Happily there have been few cases in recent years of managements taking such drastic action in the courts, though there have been some cases where film companies have objected to certain critics.

Critics' High Criteria In Argentina; They Vexed Dictator Juan Peron

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires.

Visiting entertainment folk express astonishment on arrival in Argentina at the high intellectual quality of local reviews, whether dramatic, screen, musical or literary. Yet few of them earn much from "Critic King" and must spend too much on magazine or library subscriptions to keep posted.

Most critics here have themselves written plays, scripts or composed music, but the majority also double at some profession, or as civil servants. Screen critics now have a better income through television commitments and advertising commissions, but in a country renowned for venality, there is surprisingly little venality in the reviewing fields.

Under the Peron dictatorship reviewers held out for independence, with only limited exceptions, and suffered for it. In fact the majority ceased reviewing, rather than accept "directives." Six years later there is still cleavage between the small group of "collaborator" reviewers and the non-collaborators. The so-called "collaborators" were not all as black as they are now painted, and there were "colabos" in the ranks of the Critics' Association too. It was more a matter of "conforming" or not conforming.

Legit Critics

Legit critics are banded together under the Association of B. Aires Dramatic Critics, of which Carlos H. Faig (author of a monograph on Eugene O'Neill), reviewer for "Critica" evening paper and "Lyra" magazine, is currently President.

Early in the century critics wrote reviews in dawn hours from cafe tables, surrounded by Bohemian carousing. Nevertheless, theirs has always been a most highly respected profession. Today's critics type out reviews in

dusty newspaper offices, or amid the clutter of Government offices.

Unveiling busts of former critics Hipolito Carambat and Carlos Max Viale at the Casa del Teatro in September this year (1961), Martin F. Lemos said the latter had died of "Bohemianism and noctambulism," ills which attacked legit critics of the past. Judging by their pallor, today's reviewers get little more sleep. Their main problem is transport, in a taxiless city where automobiles cost more than they earn in a year.

Sr. Lemos also recalled that Domingo F. Sarmiento (revered Argentine President, Statesman and Educator) had worked as Drama Critic of "Mercurio" in Chile during an 1841 political exile. Alberdi, another Father of the Republic, worked as dramatist and critic. Other famous past critics were Joaquin Linares, Leon Alberti, Eduardo E. Beccar, Miguel Lillo, Saldias, Lepera, Porto, Cordone, Viola, Suero, Octavio Palazzolo, Marianito de la Torre, Octavio Ramirez, Enrique Gustavo and dramatist Julio F. Escobar. (Octavio Ramirez, son of an Uruguayan Ambassador to Argentina) was for 30 years La Nacion's drama critic and intimate of visiting intellectuals.

B. Aires critics declare roundly they've no difficulty whatever in writing as they please, indignantly refute any chance of impersario or other coercion. The Critics' Association would promptly expel any member trying venality. A case of "unethical" writing came up this year, ending in apology by the culprit, which smoothed things out.

Incidentally, "angels" are termed "white horses" in this country, which contains just a hint of knight errantry.

Outstanding amongst today's dramatic critics are Julio Cesar Viale Paz of "La Razon," also a music and screen critic; Menegasso and Cane of "La Nacion" also carry great weight. "Lyra" the magazine of which Carlos Faig is dramatic critic, won an Argentine Sesquicentennial Committee award of a European trip in 1960, for a special 1960 number recounting Argentine stage history. Jaime Potenze is another dramatic and film critic. Alejandro Berutti (author and critic) doubles as scholarly head of the Authors' Society (Argentores) Library.

Theatre Managements are most generous in distributing "paper" amongst critics of the big local dailies and magazines, but overlook foreign correspondents, on the mistaken assumption that they're not interested. It can be said in their behalf that the big dailies take an overlarge slice of what is called "espoleo," which they sell at reduced rates to their staff or to the public. If a foreign correspondent wishes to review a local show he must buy his ticket, and as admissions are high, that often rules him out.

Fraternizing Doesn't Prevent Australians Being Hard-Hitting

By ERIC CORRICK

Sydney.

Drama critics covering the main Sydney and Melbourne stems probably, to some extent, resemble their counterparts in New York. London or Paris, in that they evoke happy or raging reactions in accordance with what they write. Too, in the main, they are "columnists" on the side and are sent by their editors to meet and interview visiting celebrities. But in their role as critics they are strictly independent in their views and do not suffer an editor's blue-pencil; nor do they hand their stuff to a rewrite man. It's printed as written.

An Aussie dramatic critic probably reviews 20 to 30 shows annually, maybe more, ranging from key shows in the majors to straw-hat performances in the little houses. He also covers vaudeville, which, naturally, makes him that much more versatile. The Aussie season runs all year round.

Here, as in Manhattan, the critic is a "guest" of management on opening night. There is no second list for minor critics as in New York.

Should a show be running late and deadline approaching (12 midnight) for a morning edition, the critic may slip away to his typewriter without frowns from the management. He makes an exit when the lights are down, and nobody worries much. The critic working for an afternoon paper stays right through because the deadline is timed around 10 a.m., hence the afternoon guy even has plenty of time to go backstage for a managerial party. But party or no party, if he doesn't like the show—or part thereof, there it is in black and white the next day for all to read and either cheer or burn up.

Records here fail to disclose any managerial banning of a critic. Naturally, they (managements) resent a panning, but no action is (or has) ever been taken against a critic. He's just as welcome for a new show.

General rule here is for major legitimate operators to stage a meet-the-star party (instancing Vivien Leigh of the Old Vic troupe), at a plush hotel. There are plenty of cocktails and caviar.

Probing deeply into records at the Journalists' Club here no evidence was unearthed to even suggest that a critic had sunk any coin of his own into a show; firstly, because he doesn't earn that kind of money; secondly, because Aussie show biz is controlled by respon-

sible organizations, J. C. Williamson Ltd., Garnet Carroll, Tivoli Theatres, to mention the top trio.

Top critics here—covering legit, vaude-revue, pix and music, are Griffen Foley (Daily Telegraph), Norman Kessell (Sun), Julian Russell (Sun), and Josephine O'Neill (Herald).

Women's weekly, top femme paper, only reviews films and tv shows, leaving flesh-and-blood to the dailies. This also applies to minor monthly publications with limited circulation.

The Aussie critic doesn't come any fairer—or tougher, worldwide.

Freeloading, Payola Give Critics Blackeye; It's Manana in Mexico

By EMIL ZUBRYN

Mexico City.

Mexican film and theatrical critics have to tread a difficult diplomatic tightrope in that they know and are known by everybody. Also, they are friends, or enemies, respectively of producers, directors, stars, technicians, etc.

Also, the inevitable cocktail parties and luncheons, banquets, etc. tendered to critics, as well as unadmitted but widely suspected are factors. Gifts, tips on money-making opportunities, blatant cash tribute, picking up of Acapulco or other vacation tabs, etc., makes it difficult for critics to be "objective."

Often a sugar coated review is explained to colleagues somewhat after this fashion: "True, the picture (or play, television, radio show, night club act, etc.) is very bad, but the producer embraced me so affectionately (and possibly slipped in a little memento into a pocket), how can I be severe?"

Or, "we are friends, and eat together often. He's such a clever story teller and so serious in his feelings that he is a good producer. How can I offend him?"

But not all critics shut their eyes or clamp their noses. In Mexico the breed is not highly paid, often undertake other chores far removed from their field, including, for example, reporting on prize fights or wrestling matches. In turn producers complain that seemingly anybody can be a critic in Mexico. Critics answer that seemingly any reasonably curved seniorita can be a "star."

While dramatic criticism appears promptly, film criticism often is published a week or so after film has completed its first run.

Many publications exist in Mexico of dubious character, with alleged critics seeking free seats. This has led to a drastic tightening of Annie Oakleys by managements and by the Office of Public Entertainments, which issues credentials to bona fide critics. The freeloaders and phoney critics still exist though, and many don't even earn the handouts by a token review.

Recently, in a move to give status to the critic's profession, the first critic's round table conference was held here with opposing elements: reviewers, producers and actors, getting together to see if the profession can rise above its alleged status of "cocktail critics."

Schedule 'Yellow Loves' For Loeb Drama Centre

"The Yellow Loves," by Howard Sackler, Shakespeare recording director for Caedmon Records, will be presented Feb. 1-3 and Feb. 8-10 by the Poets' Theatre at the Loeb Drama Centre, Cambridge, Mass. The play, which George E. Serries will direct, is based on the life of French poet Tristan Corbiere, who died at the age of 29.

As a fund-raising offering, the Poets' Theatre will present on Feb. 25 "A Visit With Jules Feiffer and his Characters."

Arena for Boone, N.C.

Boone, N. C.

D. S. Mayes has opened The Pit, a theatre-in-the-round here, utilizing a deserted pool hall under the Gateway Restaurant.

The building interior is being reworked. Mayes says the theatre will open with "The Father."

Festivals Multiply In Austria & So Do Its Operettas

By EMIL W. MAASS

Vienna.

Despite the fact that quite a number of town and villages in Austria have decided to hold "festivals" of their own during the summer months of 1962, one cannot foresee any talent inflation, as most of these events are intended for local consumption with some foreign (not necessarily American) tourist trade.

Festival committee of Bregenz, capital of the most western province Vorarlberg (and thus most easily reached by tourists from western countries) has proven to be the most enterprising of them all after Salzburg and Vienna which retain the international glamor. Bregenz has decided to switch to modern operetta for its stage on Lake Constance, which now has an increased capacity of 6,000.

New operetta by Robert Stolz with book by Per Schwen and Robert Gilbert, titled "Yucatan" (for Mexican fishing village setting) is booked for next Summer. Composer Stolz will direct personally.

At the capital of Styria, Graz, performances in the Burggarten, Landhaus, as well as in castle Eggenburg and Rabenstein are in prospect for 1962. There will be open air theatres in Moerbach and St. Margerethen in the Burgenland and in Klosterneuburg, a few miles west of the Austrian capital.

Operetta society of Spa Ischl, where Franz Lehar and Oscar Straus worked, and lie buried, plans pend for revivals of oldies. Ischl dates back to Romans use as a resort and won its modern aura when Kaiser Franz Joseph chose it as his summer town in 1854.

Until the outbreak of World War II it had become an "operetta trading centre of the world." Practically everybody connected with this medium met in Spa Ischl during the summer months to work out plans for the next season. First were Giacomo Meyerbeer and Johann Strauss, all others followed. Last year one could see a few old timers, very few indeed, but they did not discuss operetta plans. There are no theatres on hand for that purpose.

City's Subsidy

A last minute injection of \$20,000 subsidy by the city of Vienna prevented the closing down of the capital's last operetta house. (In the state-operated Volksopera only works by deceased composers are produced.)

Selection of Carl Michael Ziehrer's old operetta "The Guide" during the June festival, though a good one, was such a boxoffice flop, that the deficit grew daily. Another oldie, Edmund Eysler's "Golden Mistress" proved to be better b.o.

Stapoper and Burg Theatre had a good season but no outstanding productions though Christopher Fry's world preem (in German language) of "Curtmantle" was well received. Academy Theatre revived Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman" and Mary Chase's "Harvey," with the comedy finding more approval.

Volks-theatre scored with Aldon Nash's "Sainted Sisters" and Thomas Staerms Eliot's "Elderly Statesman," an ensemble even touring the country with the latter. Production of Elmer Rice's "Cue for Passion" in theatre of Josefstadt deserves praise. Theatre Courage had on its repertory "Last Summer" by Tennessee Williams. Critic so-so.

None of these mentioned theatres could exist, not even if sold out daily, without considerable subsidies by state and municipality.

The houses in the provinces, as Graz, Innsbruck, Klagenfurt, Salzburg and Linz are in a similar position. While they produce only plays, already on the repertory of Vienna theatres, the management of the St. Poelten Theatre, 40 miles west of Vienna, has attempted to become a sort of "straw hat." They premed plays and even operettas, directors and talent scouts drove to St. Poelten, but so far no work was found worthwhile to be taken over by a Vienna house.



CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

SWEDEN: LEGIT ACTORS' DREAM

Chamberlain Brown's Revenge

By GEORGE FREEDLEY

(Curator, Theatre Collection, Main N.Y. Public Library)

(Editorial Note: Chamberlain Brown was, for years, one of the regular haunts of at least two generations of job-seeking actors in the days when "The Road" and Stock were not yet moribund and Broadway ran as high as 72 houses. With their affinity for humor, troupers made many a joke about the Browns, but especially Chamberlain. It is provocative to note that the memorabilia of this time-dusty haunt now is a valued part of the Theatre Collection.)

By strange coincidence the two most important theatrical acquisitions of the N.Y. Public Library in 1961 are tied into my first months in New York in 1928 when I was working for the Theatre Guild in various capacities. Vinton Freedley gave me early in September two letters of introduction; one was Lyman Brown of the Chamberlain & Lyman Brown Theatrical Agency and the other was to Theresa Helburn of the Guild where a couple of months later I went to work as an assistant to Kate Drain Lawson, technical director of the Guild, through whom I met Florence Vandamm and her husband, the leading theatrical photographers in New York.

The complete office records of the Brown Theatrical Agency were offered by the executors of Lyman Brown's Estate as a free gift last summer. Paul Myers and Mark Carnevale and a small corps of packers and truckmen emptied the five rooms plus closets and a section of the firescape, switched through some of last summer's hot days packing the books, portraits, theatrical memorabilia, the hundreds of scrapbooks and photographs.

It was and is one of the most

remarkable theatre collections extant. They even had to scrape posters off the walls where they had been pasted in order to preserve them. A handsome marble bust of Clara Lipman presides benignly over the collection which is in the process of being catalogued which will take more than a year at the very shortest, probably several years to make it all available to the public which should be grateful to the Brown brothers for preserving their theatrical records when so many offices discard files when they are no longer commercially useful. Some of them have remembered our theatre collection and have sent the files to us for preservation. I wish all agencies and producing organizations did, particularly from Off-Broadway where finding vital statistics is difficult. We are crowded, of course, but we hope to have fine expanded quarters in the new Library-Museum at the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, when and if.

A number of Midwestern universities were anxious to purchase Florence Vandamm's file of theatrical negatives of some 1200 plays produced on or intended for Broadway since 1925. The number of negatives vary from a dozen to several hundred when a long-runner with its many casts such as "Life With Father" is considered. There are approximately eight hundred individual subjects from the Lunts to Robert Sisk and Leonard Bernstein included in this collection purchased in the Spring of this year.

It is partly catalogued and all of the material is so arranged that individual shots can be readily located where they are in storage in the Library's annex on West 43rd Street. The card catalogue by title, designer and actor is housed in the Theatre Collection as well as the Key-sheets so that readers can select individual photographs for printing. The full cataloging will be completed perhaps by the time this article is printed.

Hallelujah! Parties!

By NAT DORFMAN

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but the best friend the Broadway theatre has right now is the Theatre Party Agent. Indeed, the theatre, for the record, has 17 or 18 best friends and with one exception they're all lovely, hard working ladies who fill our playhouses with benefit shows to the tune of multi-millions every season. These are the gals, who come spring, collect the titles of the shows listed for the following fall and winter, note the names of the authors, stars, and the play's contents, and begin their inspired sales campaigns.

Thus, while the seven bad wolves, as the critics on the Metropolitan papers are cruelly designated by some, take time off from their arduous first night chores to thrill at the sights of Europe and the Orient (seeing a few shows in between), or just hide out in nearby huts and reconvered barns to rusticate from their acidulous typewriters, the ladies are already selling blocks of seats and full houses to a wide, charitable public who are risking their pelf in the hope they are right in their choice and that the vacationing critics, relieved by the summer hiatus, will back them up in their critical judgment when the harvest moon shines.

Quite often the party ladies and the critics agree, but most often there is a wide difference of opinion. It is then that the importance of the party agents become dramatically evident for without them and their parties the Fabulous Invalid would have to curl up and cry "Uncle." Not that the benefits can save a bad show, but they give a fairly good audience show, though

critically socked, an opportunity to find paying customers. Many a play has thus been saved from the ignominy of closing after a few despairing performances. In other instances, where the advance sale has been tremendous because of the pull of star names, even a poor show lived to reimburse its backers.

Ironically, and unbelievably, there are some heretics in the Broadway canyons who are openly hostile to theatre parties. These snorting dissidents aver theatre party audiences are hit over the head by their charity groups to buy tickets at fabulous rates, are not interested in the show but come to greet their friends, are constantly waving to them and chattering during performances to the annoyance of the actors, with method and without experience! No doubt some of these allegations are true, but not entirely. Once the curtain rises and should the show prove absorbing, they get just as absorbed in the stage offering as any other audience paying . . . with the difference, they are local people and if they like something they spread the word of approval with the speed of a prairie fire.

And coming back to the actors who just "despise theatre parties because they sit on their hands," isn't it better to collect salaries week after week with theatre parties and keep plays going rather than have closing notices drive you to the savings banks for economic survival?

Finally, there are those who charge theatre parties keep regular playgoers from their pews for months at a time. What we'd like to know is, what are theatre party patrons—vegetables?

So, a hallelujah to the party agents who live in anonymity but serve the living theatre so well.

YEARLY PACTS, OLD AGE WAGES

By FREDERIC FLEISHER

Stockholm.

The dramatic theatre in Sweden normally runs at a heavy loss. Box-office receipts cover only about half of the expenses. Rest comes from state and municipal subsidies. The major contributor to theatre is a monthly, state-supervised lottery; lottery tickets sell for about \$3 and the annual gross runs over \$40,000,000. About one-third of the total is returned to the fortune-hunters and somewhat less than a third goes to the support of the Royal Opera, noncommercial theatres, symphony orchestras and art and concert societies. Each time a ticket is sold to a noncommercial performance it can be said that the state pays between \$3-\$4.

The noncommercial theatres have relatively heavy running costs as the actors, actresses, stage hands, technicians, designers, dressmakers, stage directors, etc., normally have one year contracts and are paid irrespective of whether they are used or needed. Besides the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, which has two stages, Sweden has three civic theatres with two stages and three with one stage. An average one-stage civic theatre stages about nine plays annually and its total expenditures run about \$240,000 and it receives about \$120,000 in the form of municipal and state subsidies.

America's Actor Equity Assn. members will be stunned perhaps that unemployment among dramatic performers in Sweden runs as low as 4% and hardly above 10%. Estimates by Equity of unemployment among its own membership exceeds 90%, though this is somewhat misleading since many members are seldom if ever working in theatres but instead rely upon tv, industrials, and so on.)

Stars at \$8,000

Top star wages at the Royal Dramatic Theatre are around \$8,000 a year; an average wage at this theatre is \$3,640. When actors and actresses at the Royal Dramatic Theatre are retired they receive two-thirds of their salary; the retirement age for actors is 60 and 55 for actresses while ballet dancers at the Royal Opera may retire at 41. Sweden's recent compulsory pension plan, however, is increasing progressively and in less than a generation all actors and actresses will be able to retire at the age of 67 and they will receive a pension that amounts to two-thirds of their average income during their 10 most productive years.

Although the survival of the noncommercial theatres is not dependent on boxoffice receipts, there other pressures on the heads of the theatres. Each theatre has a board which is often made up of prominent cultural figures. The stage directors and critics also express their wishes. Although the critics exert only slight influence on a theatre's finances, they spread a general conception about whether the head of the theatre is doing a good job. A theatre head cannot consistently choose light and popular plays as influential groups may feel that he no longer sees to it that the theatre serves culture.

Swedes' Credo

Swedes also regard theatre as a form of education. During each season a theatre must aim at giving audiences a mixture of classical, modern and experimental drama. Furthermore, most of the noncommercial theatres give special performances for school children and educationalists are most pleased if the children see a classic.

Private theatres, on the other hand, receive almost no state or municipal support and often have an extremely hard time surviving. There are some outstanding exceptions as the production of "My Fair Lady" at Stockholm's Oscars Theatre, which broke all Swedish records by running for close to 800 sellout performances.

One of Sweden's leading private theatres is Stockholm's Vasa which (Continued on page 236)

Insurance Bias Vs. Showfolk

Underwriters' Rigid Rejection of Theatrical Clients—A Blanket Indictment—Some Progress Against Blind Policy—But Shoddy Publicity Based On Thefts Hurts All Artists

By LEE B. WINKLER

(Author of the following piece is a leading protagonist, previously quoted in VARIETY, of the view that insurance companies are suffering from intellectual hardening of the arteries in applying hopelessly obsolescent ideas to theatrical clients seeking policies.)

It is probably no secret to most professionals reading this item that they are second-class citizens when it comes to obtaining insurance. Underwriters may want your autograph, but they certainly do not want you as clients.

Should you be one of the lucky ones not having this problem, be assured that you are the exception and not the rule. Specializing in all types of show business insurance and handling, as we do, great numbers of "art" clients, we live with this problem daily.

Why artists should be considered poor insurance risks is a subject which we and others have dealt with at length. The insurance companies raise all sorts of objections to theatrical people from "too much publicity" to "poor moral risks."

To say that most of these accusations are with little basis in fact does not alleviate the problem. The situation is still that most persons in the art fields, be they players, dancers, musicians, producer, writer or director, have greater problems in obtaining insurance than any other persons in America.

What progress has been made? Unfortunately, little—but definitely some.

Blind Prejudice

The greatest problem today is in getting insurance companies to underwrite a theatrical person as a person. In other words, to get an insurance company to look upon you as an individual, and not just apply the negative blanket label of show business upon you, and then say, "No insurance!"

We have found the majority of "art" people to be family persons living quite normal lives, with strong community and civic ties, and often with other business interests.

Another problem is a simple economic one, i.e., if an insurance company gets \$60 to insure Mrs. Jones' mink coat, and only gets the same \$60 to insure a celebrity's mink coat, the insurance company would naturally rather insure Mrs. Jones' since it gets the same premium, but supposedly has far less chance of loss with Mrs. Jones.

Our answer in this case has been to fight fire with fire. By accumulating as much theatrical business as possible, and funneling it to only two or three insurance companies, the result is that these companies obtain quantity premiums to offset possible greater loss exposure. The law of averages operates for the insurance company if they insure several theatrical people.

One problem is the thoughtless pressagent who uses "theatrical thefts" as a gimmick. Gossip columnists prefer using theatrical names in hints of immorality and avoid mentioning wealthy business tycoons, who are equally or more culpable. The problem of phony claim; business manager and insurance broker collusion, etc., all are evils to be worked upon.

The greatest progress that will be made will undoubtedly come from organization such as Actors Equity, which even now is helping by entering the fight. Committees to investigate insurance problems have been formed, and are looking into the matter. Groups of actors and others are banding together through unions and associations to

place their insurance coverages en masse through one source (we recently insured two groups totaling over 70 members who had previously had great troubles getting coverages individually).

Summer Drama As Greeks' Come-On

By RENA VELISSARIOU

Athens.

Some 15 legit theatres are operating this winter in Athens, playing local and international works. National Theatre is presenting classical plays only, starting with William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Kostas Mousouris who favors international successful plays selected "Fanny" by Marcel Pagnol with Jenny Carezi as leading lady.

Two plays by the Communist Bertold Brecht are played at two theatres. "The Ascension of Arturo Qui" at the Art Theatre by Charles Koon and "Galileos" at the New Theatre by B. Diamantopoulos.

Elli Lambetti is back on the Greek stage. She presented with her own group at the Dionysia Theatre "The Miracle of Anny Sullivan, followed by Van Druten's "The Voice of the Turtle."

All other theatres are presenting Greek plays. (A branch of the National Theatre will operate in Salonica capital of Northern Greece also presenting classical foreign and Greek plays.)

Drama Festivals

Two drama Festivals have prevailed every summer for seven consecutive years attracting many tourists. Greek National Theatre's Festival is running every July at the Epidavros ancient theatre famous for its amazing acoustic. Its program includes antiquity dramas (Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus, Aristophanes.) An exception was made last year only and the program included the opera "Medea" by Cherubini with Maria Callas.

Athens Festival, every August is held at the Odeon of Herodus Atticus beneath the Acropolis. Dramas presented at Epidavros are repeated. The program of the Athens Festival is enriched also with concerts by foreign orchestras such as the N.Y. Philharmonic, or by the Athens State Orch with local and foreign soloists.

The world premiere of the "Nausica" opera by Peggy Glanville-Hicks was given during the last Festival and was conducted by Carlos Surinach, directed by John Butler with Teresa Stratas, Spyros Melas, Sophia Steffas, John Modenos and a Greek orch and chorus.

I Would Like

By GERTRUDE A. HALPERN

I would like to be a "could-be" If I could not be an "are" For a "could-be" is a "may-be" With a chance for reaching far.

But, I'd rather be a "has-been" Than a "might-have-been" by far, For a "might-have been" has never been While a "has been" was once an "are".

(Author, who wrote short plays, composed the above at 82, shortly before her death.—Ed.)

Ten-Twent'-Thirt': A Golden Era Of Native American Melodrama

At 10-20-30c. Earthy Right-Shall-Prevail Plays Regaled the Gallery Gods — Accent Often on 'Special Effects' (Trains, Horses, Electricity) — A Chapter From a Forthcoming Book, 'Gone Are the Stars'

By ERNEST HUGHES



Ernest Hughes

Cleveland. Entirely neglected by biographers and writers of theatrical history are the plays produced during the years of the vogue of sensational melodramas that were dear to the hearts of the patrons of these productions, and we know of no books dealing with this type of entertainment.

Ten, 20 and 30c were the admission prices, with the exception of a few front row orchestra seats at 50c sounds unbelievable, but they could be had.

The plays authored by such prolific writers as Theodore Kremer ("The Fatal Wedding"), Lincoln J. Carter ("The Heart Of Chicago"), and Hal Reid ("Human Hearts") would probably be laughed at today, for their homely dramatics and ludicrous situations, but they were in a class that meant money at the boxoffice at all times and many houses displayed SRO. during an exceptionally sensational blood-curdler. A week was the extent of the showing of these melodramas, then on to the next town. There were no so called "long runs" in those days.

H. R. Jacobs Theatre was the home of melodrama in Cleveland. The play, "The Pulse Of New York"; the year, 1894. When the gallery doors opened, the mad rush of the "thundering herd" of so-called gallery gods was on, and four or five flights of wooden stairs meant nothing, if you would sit in the front row. Then followed the long wait for "Overture," pandemonium breaking loose when the orchestra appeared from beneath the stage, a short march of the day, usually one of Sousa's, and finally—that moment of hush, when the house lights were lowered and the footlights came up, also the curtain. And the show was on!

That seat in the gallery was the means of an excursion into make-believe, which in those days meant an exciting evening of such "realism" as we never beheld since—"The Eyes of Youth." But that thrill has gone, as have the plays and players of those days.

Durable Favorites

It was not only the young and impressionable mind that was charmed, but many older patrons delighted in each new play, or in a repeated former favorite that came with the new season. Some of the best remembered are found in the following list: "Down In Dixie," "Dangers Of A Great City," "Pawn Ticket 210" (which was the number on a ticket which would redeem a pawned baby!) "The Sidewalks Of New York" featuring James and Bonnie Thornton, "The White Rat," "On The Bowery" (with bridgejumping Steve Brodie), "Peck's Bad Boy," "Blue Jeans," the first one with a "great sawmill" scene, "When London Sleeps" (in this one a former circus girl walked on telephone wires to escape from a burning building across the way), "In Old Kentucky," racing play which ran for 17 years (introducing a treadmill race long before "Ben-Hur" was thought of as a play). Not forgetting Bartley Campbell's "The White Slave," with the world famous line: "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." Then came Lincoln J. Carter's "The Heart Of Chicago," the play based on the famous Chicago fire.

This had the illusion of a locomotive five miles away—the headlight becoming larger and larger as "the train" approached—the heroine locked in a shanty, the hero tied to the tracks; "To the rescue!" and just in time—for as the beautiful heroine managed to sever the ropes, releasing the hero, there

stood a full-sized replica of a locomotive, steaming and puffing, right down at the footlights—Quick Curtain!!

Audiences liked the "big mechanical effects" as they were glowingly advertised, and many were used in the plays written around trains. "The Denver Express," "The Limited Mail," "The Midnight Express," "The Fast Mail" and "The Great Express Robbery" all depended upon synthetic "trains" for their sensational scenes.

Plays on the evils of The Big City had the basic themes the idea that big cities were wicked and filled with snares for the innocent. Here are a few of their titles: "Lost In New York," "Opium Smugglers Of Frisco," "Midnight In Chinatown" and "New York By Night."

An 85-Year Run

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the play in which hundreds of players were employed during a period of more than 85 years. The play, originally produced in 1852, became one of the greatest boxoffice attractions; hundreds of "Tom" troupes playing the old tearjerker all over the world in over 50 versions.

Faintly remembered also are such gems as "The World Against Her," "Fallen Among Thieves," "The Silver King," "A Lion's Heart" (starring Carl Haswin), "Tennessee's Partner" and "Darkest Russia" with Selma Herman. Another thriller ("with a train") was "Nobody's Claim" starring Sadie Hassen and Joseph Dowling.

"A Guilty Mother" starred Henrietta Vaders, a favorite of an earlier day, and delighted women theatregoers for years. The famous Dreyfuss case of the Nineties, became the story of "Devil's Island" featuring Leander Blanden; this was good for three seasons. Sheridan Block and Maude Granger, both "Big names" in their day, presented "Man's Enemy." Theodore Babcock and Dorothy Rossmore appeared in "Brother for Brother."

"Uncle Josh Spruceby," a drama depicting life "down on the farm," was another standby; this also featured "the sensational sawmill scene" in which the hero was saved from being sawed in half just in the nick of time.

"The Road to Ruin," "Sporting Life," "The Queen of Chinatown," "King of the Opium Ring" and "Why Women Sin" were of a more

modern trend and, if anything, more sensational, than the earlier ones.

Wrote Plays Around a Lithograph

Al Woods, a shining light in the world of melodrama, produced many of the "blood-and-thunder" gems. It is said that Woods used to find a sensational news item, a murder, a robbery or anything he visualized as a new thriller, then visit a lithograph company, have artists design several posters, illustrating his ideas, take these to Theodore Kremer, an experienced writer of plays based on crimes of the day, commission him to write the new "chiller," and theatre history has it that Kremer would produce one of these boxoffice magnets in 48 hours—four acts and from 6-to-14 scenes in some of them.

"The Fatal Wedding" was perhaps the best known of Kremer's plays, and "The Bowery After Dark" the most sensational. This was the starring vehicle for Terry McGovern, well known lightweight fighter of the time. It opened in New York on Christmas day 1900 starring along with McGovern, Ralph Cummings and Victory Bateman, both stock stars. The play was originally to be titled "The Power of the Cross," but Woods felt that "The Bowery After Dark" would have more b.o. allure.

The "hair-raising" scene in this one was the nailing of the hands of a Chinese woman to a doorpost (the punishment of a disobedient mistress in China, as the "villain" of the play explained), this done with screams, etc. It was heard before only in "The Sign of the Cross." In the same melo we found another "sensational scene," (they were all "sensational"); it showed the heroine bringing the villain to his knees as, with a large crucifix held high above her, she declaimed, "Down on your knees you blasphemous and tremble at 'The Power of the Cross.'" The cross, electrically wired and studded with 60-watt bulbs, flashed on in bright lights as the curtain fell.

Startling Titles and Lurid Posters Startling titles and lurid posters seemed to draw the largest audiences, but all the various types of plays were clean, devoid of smut, sex, offending scenes or innuendos; it was entertainment for the entire family. On the acting side, there was nothing subtle in the lines of the players; all love and hatred

were outspoken and to the point.

Had Reid was another writer of the "heartbreakers." His "Human Hearts" was one of the biggest money getters on the circuit, playing return engagements season after season. It was the story of the honest blacksmith and the faithless wife from the city—faithless wives and "female villains" were always "from the city." One of the well remembered scenes in this old favorite was in Act 3 in which "Tom's" blind mother is granted an audience with the governor as a last resort to obtain her son's freedom. Through her gift of a bouquet of old-fashioned yellow roses the governor is persuaded to pardon her son. The dialog in this scene, enacted before our then youthful eyes, will never fade from memory; we remember nothing more inducive to tears in any play before or since.

"On The Swanee River," was one of the less sensational plays on the circuit at the time; among the players were Stella Mayhew, Florence Gerald, Fredrick Truesdale,

Marie Wellesley and Harrison Steadman. "Kidnapped In New York" starred the debonair Barney Gilmore, who was a new type in melodrama, a singing comedian. Mildred Holland and Neva Harrison presented "Two Little Vagrants," a sort of companion piece to "The Two Orphans" of an earlier date. Miss Holland appeared in several other attractions in melodrama houses, the best known "The Power Behind The Throne" and "Aria, The Musician's Daughter," both great matinee favorites.

The evils of gambling were brought out in several more modern plays: "The Gambler's Daughter," with the beautiful Elsie Crescy, "The Gambler Of The West," with Severin de Dayne; and "The Card King Of The Coast," all highly successful.

Temperance Preachment

Temperance preachments were brought out in "The Curse Of Drink" and the oldest of all (barring "The Drunkard") "10 Nights In A Barroom," a well remembered oldie, if for nothing more than the song, "Father Dear Father Come Home With Me Now." Various queens who reigned in the theatre were "Queen Of The White Slaves," "Queen Of The Secret Seven," and "Queen Of The Highway" which featured Charlotte Severson.

In 1906 the H. R. Jacobs Theatre became the Cleveland Theatre opening its season with "The Orphan's Prayer" with Nettie De Coursey, followed by Marion Ballou in "The Little Organ Grinder" and Florence Bindley in "The Street Singer." Eagerly awaited were the annual roadshows: "Nellie, The Beautiful Cloak Model," "Lottie The Poor Saleslady" and (Continued on page 235)

Famous Lines From Famous Plays

—ERNEST HUGHES—

Cleveland.

We recall, with chills and thrills, lines from old dramatic masterpieces, lines which were considered highly dramatic and powerful in their day. Today one may consider them as mock heroics and a little farfetched but in their era we loved them. A few of the best remembered:

- "Stop! I see murder in your eye!" ("After Dark," 1853, by Dion Boucicault.)
- "This woman did not give herself, she sold herself!" ("Monbars," 1904, presumably by Brownlow Hill.)
- "Leave your money to the poor and your widow to me, and we'll both forgive you." ("The Colleen Bawn," 1853, by Dion Boucicault.)
- "Whoever lifts the fallen brother is greater than the conqueror of the world." ("The Drunkard," 1834, by Wm. H. Smith.)
- "You took the man I should have married; no woman ever forgot or forgave that." ("Woman Against Woman," 1885, by Frank Harvey.)
- "Tremble at the power of the cross!" ("The Bowery After Dark," 1900, by Theodore Kremer.)
- "Then, among all you GENTLEMEN, is there not one man of honor?" ("The Two Orphans," 1874, by Adolphe DeEnnery & Eugene Cormond.)
- "Meenie, either I dream or I am mad, but I am your father." ("Rip Van Winkle," 1865, by Dion Boucicault.)
- "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake!" ("The White Slave," 1882, by Bartley Campbell.)
- "No, massa, mah soul belongs to de Lawd, an' yoh can't never buy that." ("Uncle Tom's Cabin," 1852, by Harriet Beecher Stowe.)
- "Call me not husband—but curse me as your destroyer." ("The Drunkard" (see above.)
- "I've got a boy all alone in this great city, and I'm dreadfully worried about him." ("The Old Homestead," 1887, by Derman Thompson.)
- "Remember you are brothers!" ("The Two Orphans," see above.)
- "Keep your gold, it would soil my poverty!" ("Streets Of New York," 1853, by Dion Boucicault.)
- "And there weren't no weddin' ring on her finger nuther." ("Way Down East," 1898, by Lottie Blair Parker.)
- "I cannot love you, for another image is in my heart." ("After Dark," see above.)
- "Strike! If it pleases you—for you are her father!" ("The Lady Of Lyons," 1838, by E. Bulwer Lytton.)
- "I want my love to give me liberty." ("The White Slave," see above.)
- "Heaven and this certificate, signed by your hand, are my witnesses." ("Kathleen Mavourneen," 1860, by Dion Boucicault.)
- "Frank Slade, you have killed your own father!" ("10 Nights In A Barroom," 1858, by Timothy S. Arthur.)
- "I refuse to play 'God save the Czar!'" ("Darkest Russia," 1894, by H. Grattan Donnelly.)
- "The world is mine!" ("Monte Cristo," 1848, by Alexander Dumas.)
- "Jack, where are you going? To save a life!" ("The Lights Of London," 1881, by George R. Sims.)
- "My sin was greater than my punishment." ("East Lynne," 1861, by Ellen Price Wood.)
- "I would rather die, than have my son know I'm alive." ("Madame X," 1910, by Alexander Bisson.)
- "We should find nothing in Russia now but graves covered with snow." ("The Kreutzer Sonata," 1906, by Jacob Gordin.)
- "All the world can't stop me now!" ("The Silver King," 1882, by Henry Arthur Jones.)
- "One for all, and all for one!" ("The Three Musketeers," 1848, by Alexandre Dumas, Sr.)



RICHARD BARSTOW

"ONE OF THE TRUE DEMILLES OF THE LIVING THEATRE" —VARIETY

WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

Personal Manager—VAL IRVING, 424 Madison Ave., New York City

BITTER FRUIT: VERY YOUNG PLAYWRIGHTS

I write with some diffidence about our young playwrights. My hesitation is due not to caution or uncertainty but to humility. The creative process should be respected. The limelight of our theatre tends to sear young talent.

A French playwright once told me that though he had had 40 plays produced he considered only six of them good. The gentleman is now one of the Immortals of the Academie Francaise.

This instance conveys an attitude which appears to be wholly foreign to the custom of our theatre. A promising new playwright with us is a signal event. His arrival is not merely greeted, it is hailed! He is sought after, interviewed by press and radio. He is questioned on television on a wide variety of subjects. He may even be attacked—supreme compliment!—for not being the paragon his publicity proclaims him. The symptoms of his eventual decadence are set forth. And even while his first play is being studied in college drama courses his second play may have been produced and failed. With this failure the young playwright is pronounced "finished."

We are an impatient people, we crave novelty. There is some virtue in this: it shows that we have an appetite for renewal and for a sort of perennial youthfulness. But this may prove a vice: it may condemn us to superficiality, immaturity and a restlessness which permits of no completion. It discourages growth. It is wasteful and finally savage.

In the theatre, at any rate, it would be wiser if we viewed every playwright under 45 (the age at which Ibsen and Shaw entered their most productive years) as a beginner. Such an attitude might prove more helpful than frenzied adulation which is often no more than the mask of a deep-seated indifference.

My purpose in discussing our newest and youngest playwrights—Edward Albee, Jack Gelber and Jack Richardson—is not to measure the degree of their talent or to predict their future value but to examine in what manner they collectively represent certain central characteristics of the moment. For though each of these playwrights is differently endowed and probably headed in divergent directions, there can be no doubt that there is a kinship among them. They tell us something about present day youth but even more about our American world generally.

Clifford Odets and Others Were 'Rebels' of the 30s

Such talent as theirs emerged in the 30s. But the young dramatists then—Clifford Odets preeminently—were "rebels" whose values were based on the classic premises of our oldest religious traditions: human brotherhood, social justice, concern for the underprivileged, hope for peace, resistance to tyranny. Odets and his fellows may not have believed in God, but they believed. Their heroes were no knights in shining armor but they were either seeking new heroes or enjoining us all to adopt an heroic stance, to be heroes together. At worst they deplored the lack of heroes of the debauching of a youth which might with the help of sane social circumstance attain heroism.

The impetus of the '30s was curtailed or modified by the spasm of the war. In the late '40s—Arthur Miller continued the "religious" (or the hortatory) line of the dramatists of the preceding decade. Willy Loman was if anything less lustrous than any but the finks in "Lefty." A poor and sorry figure, but Miller vowed that he was worth our attention, that he possessed admirable human traits pitifully gone to seed. Loman might have been redeemed; or if this were too much to say, his pathetic example might serve as a warning to at least one of his sons.

In "The Crucible" Miller limned characters capable of self-sacrifice and, even more important, of active resistance. These characters oppose the forces of evil—evil being defined as that which would muddy conscience and undermine reason.

Together with Miller there de-

Edward Albee, Jack Gelber and Jack Richardson Compared To Odets, Miller, Williams of the '30s, '40s and '50s

By HAROLD CLURMAN

veloped in the '40s a dramaturgy devoted to the portrayal of victims. This is the line that may be traced to the work of Tennessee Williams. The yearning and protest of Odets and Miller were still guttering in Williams but they are turned inward.

As a sort of joke—but more revealing than he may realize—Paddy Chayefsky—another young playwright—has the atheist in "The Tenth Man" say "better to believe in a Dybbuk than in nothing." This is the sort of affirmation—I say this without malice—that several of our talented young dramatists have now reached, so to speak, on the upgrade!

'Connection' Is Stylized, Basically Naturalistic

The note typical of the youngest playwrights of the late '50s is sounded in the concluding lines of Jack Gelber's "The Connection" (first performed July 15, '59). The play, as everyone knows, though slightly stylized, is a basically naturalistic picture of what goes on in a junkie's pad: that is to say, if the lingo is still unfamiliar to you, a place where addicts take their fix, or dose of heroin. (The play's "chorus" keeps repeating throughout the play, "That's the way it is. That's the way it really is.") Still the play is not fundamentally about drug addicts; if it were it would not have made the strong impression it has.

A character in the play whose idea it is to make a movie about junkies answers the suggestion that the "H-Bomb riff" might make a more arresting subject. "Well, if it wasn't junk, I would have been involved with something else." Another character comments, "That's very heroic." The reply describes the play as a whole: "No doctors, no heroes, no martyrs, no Christs. That's a very good score."

Before the final curtain descends there is a repetition of the most telling (though wordless) scene of the play: a character enters who "goes to the light socket in centre-stage and plugs in the cord of the portable phonograph. He opens the phonograph and puts on a Charlie Parker (jazz) record. Everyone assumes an intense pose of listening and Harry carefully picks up the record, closes the phonograph, unplugs the cord, and leaves. There is a long pause. One of the musicians (onstage) starts playing and others join him in cementing their feeling."

This is the play's "religious" ritual—a concentration on and an absorption in the wild wail, the lyric chaos of the jazz enigma.

After the years of hope (the New Deal etc.), after the war against Fascism and Nazism, after Hiroshima, after McCarthyism, after the return to business as usual, after constant talk of disarmament accompanied by increasing preparation for and apprehension of nuclear war, Solly the intellectual in "The Connection" declares, "You are fed up with everything for the moment. And like the rest of us you are a little hungry for a little hope. So you wait and worry. A fix of hope. A fix to forget. A fix to remember, to be sad, to be happy, to be, to be. So we wait for the trustworthy Cowboy (purveyor of heroin) to gallop in upon a white horse. Gallant white powder." To which someone retorts "There ain't nothing gallant about heroin, baby."

So "The Connection" is, after all, a social play—with a difference. "I used to think," says the Negro jury of the play, "that the people who walk the streets, the people who work every day, the people who worry so much about the next day, the people who worry so much about the next dollar, the new coat, the chlorophyll addicts, the aspirin addicts, those people are hooked worse than me."

The difference between the outcasts in "The Connection" and the dissidents of the '30s is not in their

frustration but in their aims. The boys of the '30s had faith; those of the '50s have no cause, see no issue. The best of them can do no more than dream—usually in nightmares.

They are what Edward Albee calls "permanent transients." They are attached to nothing—not even to women. (Hardly any of these new plays deal with the relation of the sexes; there are very few important women characters in them, and sexual passion is almost never referred to as either a delight or a solace.) Freedom here is that of progressive jazz which supports no identifiable theme but leaps weirdly in erratic rhythms.

How did these people get that way? We might speak of the absence of a recognized moral authority and of a freely accepted discipline. But this is only the consequence of the social history of the past 40 years and the present fearful stasis in which prosperity and success are the only sure norms of value.

The specific human result of the familiar history I have sketched is most incisively dramatized in three of Edward Albee's one-act plays which he modestly and properly refers to as his "novice work."

Just as there are no heroes or martyrs in any of these plays there are also no geniuses or people of exceptional gifts. The central characters are always little people with small needs and little or no possessions. All they aspire to is some small comfort.

'Laughably Small Room' In Uper West Side N.Y.

So Jerry the orphan of Albee's "The Zoo Story" (written in 1958 and first produced—after its world premiere in Berlin—in New York on Jan. 14, 1960) is in his late 30s, lives isolated on the fourth floor of a dismal roominghouse in New York's upper West Side. As he describes his "laughably small room" (one of its walls is made of beaverboard) we learn that his neighbor is a colored homosexual as lonely as Jerry himself. In another small apartment lives a Puerto Rican family: "a husband, a wife and some kids; I don't know how many." Neither does he know any of the people on the second and third floors—except that there's a lady living in one of the rooms who cries all the time. The landlady is fat, ugly, unwashed and drunken. There is also the landlady's mangy dog whom Jerry tries desperately but unsuccessfully to befriend.

In Central Park Jerry confronts Peter, a married man in his early 40s, a publisher's editor who earns \$18,000 a year and lives with his wife and children in the East 70s. I say Jerry "confronts" Peter because the conversation in the Park is imposed on Peter by Jerry's fierce determination to talk to someone who might understand his speech if nothing else. This speech is a stylized amalgam of sophisticated literacy with street-corner slang made comically eloquent by Albee's almost excessive facility.

Jerry is aggressively hostile and conciliatory at the same time. Peter tries to be friendly though he is discomfited when he is not appalled by Jerry. The contrast of the men is theatrically brilliant and renders the point of the play unmistakable.

On hearing the description of the tenants in Jerry's roominghouse Peter blurts out, "I find it hard to believe that people such as that really are." To begin with, Peter had supposed Jerry to be a Greenwich Village "intellectual" to which Jerry's response is, "What were you trying to do? Make sense of things? Bring order? The old pigeonhole bit?"

The play makes that cold abstraction the word *alienation* altogether concrete in terms of our immediate environment. Jerry seeks contact, a relationship, even if it only be that of reprobation or enmity. The landlady's dog's attempt to bite him, he says, was in

some way an act of love. To which Peter very nearly in anguish cries out, "I don't understand"—precisely the reaction of the audience which fails to see the relevance of this play—and several of the others—to our present social condition.

The dramatic upshot of the play is that Jerry dies or rather commits suicide. He forces Peter unwittingly and unwillingly to kill him. To restate this less literally: Jerry already driven mad by the complacency of Peter's middle-class world only achieves contact with it in the end by forcing it to destroy him as an unintelligible menace.

Peter in a way has his own peculiar history not so much in "The Zoo Story" as in "The American Dream"—a more patently stylized play influenced, I surmise, by Ionesco. "The American Dream" (produced in the fall of 1961) is a caricature of the American middle-class home. Here Papa has been disembowelled and de-sexed by surgery and Mama is a bejewelled goose whose quacking Papa silently suffers, while Grandma is a crusty and cracked old soothsayer whose hometruths intrude on the bedlam of disconnected dialog like idiotic irrelevancies. Mama and Papa have had no children but Grandma reveals that they had once adopted a "bumble" (a baby). In the course of making it into a proper child, they had slowly dismembered it. The baby finally vanished.

Into this household now comes a handsome youth, as perfect a specimen as a refrigerator, fit for modeling or any other form of commercial exploitation. He is looking for work; he will do anything for money. The boy reminds Grandma of the earlier "bumble." A splendidly packaged youth, the boy confesses himself incapable of love though everyone loves him for his physical attractiveness. He is a highly efficient mechanism, but he can create nothing though he can perform whatever labor is demanded of him. His name, says Grandma, is the American Dream.

This overlong play is biting but in comparison with "The Zoo Story" rather arid. Its audiences are on the whole vastly amused by it because for one thing Albee is often funny and can write. One wonders however if these audiences realize that in laughing at this devastating cartoon they are laughing at themselves—or at their very close relatives.

'Death of Bessie Smith' Is Approach to Realism

The third demonstration of what the younger generation thinks of our world today is "The Death of Bessie Smith," a play in eight short scenes first produced in Berlin in 1960 and in New York in the winter of 1961.

"Bessie Smith" is as close an approach to realism as Albee ever desires to make. All his plays have something of the parable about them. (I am inclined to regard Albee's realism as one of the soundest aspects of his writing. Symbolism is rarely valid or moving except when it is couched in supremely expressive language or when its roots are deeply imbedded in the soil of recognizable experience.) What is especially remarkable about "Bessie Smith" is that while it treats a subject that might have appealed to anyone of the "radical" dramatists of the Thirties—Albee deals with the material in an original manner. The subject is the fate of Bessie Smith, the famous blues singer whose death was indirectly caused by the refusal of various hospitals in the South to admit her after the emergency of an automobile accident because she was black.

We never see Bessie. The tragedy of Bessie Smith's death is not hers but that of a nurse who works at one of the hospitals to which Bessie has been brought.

This nurse is a lower middle class (or poor white) girl whose decrepit father has pretensions of descent from much "finer" people in ante-bellum days. The

nurse browbeats her father whom she despises, sex-teases an idealistic young intern with whom she is willing to neck but whom she will not think of marrying (his salary is \$42 a month), and lords it over the Negro orderly who harbors thoughts of actively improving his status. In a play of the '30s this nurse might have been presented as a "reactionary bitch" (to use the summary terms of the era) but Albee reveals her as a person caught in the same blind alley of a "closed" society as the yearning but ineffective intern and the seething but cowed orderly.

The climactic speech of the play is that of the Nurse who cries out with a vehemence which transcends naturalism: "I am sick of it! I am sick, I am sick of everything in this hot, stupid, fly-ridden world. I am sick of the disparity between the way things are, and as they should be! I am sick of this desk . . . I am sick of this uniform—it scratches. I am sick of the sight of you [the orderly], the thought of you makes me itch. I am sick of him [the intern]. I am sick of talking to people on the phone in this damn stupid hospital. I am sick of the smell of Lysol . . . I could die of it . . . I am sick of going to bed and I am sick of waking up . . . I am tired. I am tired of the truth . . . and I am tired of lying about the truth . . . I am tired of my skin . . . I Want Out!"

Fruit of Seed and Soil Our Society Provides

I do not blame those who dislike these plays! If they do not actually mirror the barrenness of the everyday life of our community they are certainly the fruit of the seed and soil that our society ordinarily provides.

Jack Richardson is the pleasantest of the three writers we have to consider and in a certain sense the most cultivated. Perhaps he should not even be enrolled in this scowling league of youth. In his two plays "The Prodigal" (Feb. 10, 1960) and "Gallows Humor" (April 18, 1961) he tries to express confidence in life, and to smile something like the smiles of Giraudoux and Shaw whose manner and language he occasionally imitates.

Yet "The Prodigal," the more successful of his two efforts, ideologically runs parallel with its coevals: it is anti-heroic, anti-political, anti-commitment. The second part of "Gallows Humor" mocks at conformity and the rule of habit; the first part rings changes on the axiom: take a chance on life. The accident and hurly-burly which are at the core of being are not only to be accepted but embraced and rejoiced in. The world is so crazy and so fundamentally without design that even good may be expected of it. In "Gallows Humor," the humor is indeed somewhat strained because its fables do not inevitably produce its precepts.

Orestes will not take sides with Agamemnon against Aegisthus or vice versa. He is indifferent to his mother's adultery, to his father's classic heroism, to the new order his father's rival wishes to establish. Orestes merely desires that his freedom be "indolent, unobtrusive and uninvolved." He just wants "to live" or to put it in the blunter language of the author's contemporaries he too "wants out."

When Orestes is condemned to exile for his hedonistic anarchism he is delighted to leave the "silly city"—capital of the civilization in which hot and cold wars are prepared and launched. "I have chosen as my friend and travelling companion," says Orestes, "a person whose only worth is his charming uselessness. I am sickened by state ethics, find religion, at its best, high comedy, and having been tutored in wrestling since a boy, I can't remember having won a fight."

All three writers deserve encouragement, careful critical scrutiny and an attention that once was given to omens and oracles. For frail as their combined works still are—in number and in scope—they have their importance. What happens to them as artists and as men may well augur something of our own future.

London Musicals Gotham Never Saw Though By Rodgers & Hart & Porter

By ROBERT BARAL

Two of Charles B. Cochran's most colorful shows of the great London period of musicals (1920-30) were "Evergreen" and "Nymph Errant." Neither crossed the Atlantic to Broadway. The first has a Rodgers & Hart score and the latter is by Cole Porter. Only the musicological cultists are familiar with this music. Oddly, too, as both scores are goldmines of little unsung gems from Gershwin, Kern, Youmans.

Buddy Bregman has lately capitated little known Rodgers & Hart songs at the Camelot niter. It revealed that a lot of people go for the minor works, too. "Rodgers & Hart Revisited," Ben Bagley's disk for Spruce Records was along same nostalgic theme. Some feel three's enough material in the Broadway archives to do the same for Irving Berlin, Noel Coward, DeSylva, Brown & Henderson and many other ranking tunesmiths. The little songs got pushed aside when a "Sometimes I'm Happy" or a "Smoke Gets in your Eyes" ran away with attention.

Columbia Records has been approached to have Eileen Farrell interpret "Sam and Delilah" from Gershwin's "Girl Crazy"; "Thief in the Night" from Dietz & Schwartz' "At Home Abroad"; and some of Vernon Duke's unknowns. Jerome Kern's "Siren Song," while not among the lesser known Kern songs, was also mentioned for a Farrell recording. It's felt many sleepers are lying about.

Rodgers & Hart's score for "Evergreen" of course is dominated by "Dancing on the Ceiling" but several of the other songs from the show also merit attention. "Nymph Errant" by Cole Porter is collector's item all the way through. Off Broadway has been toying with this show in mind for some time but nothing has yet materialized. Book limitations is given as the main drawback for a current production.

In either case it's the music which stands up and above. For an assist here is a backward glance at the two British musicals which never came over:

"Evergreen" (1930). The cast: "Jessie Matthews, Joyce Barbour, Sonnie Hale, Albert Burden, Madeline Gibson, Jean Cade, Leon Morton, Kay Hammond, Mabel Couper, John Tiller, Girls, Jean Barry, Dave Fitzgibbon, W. E. C. Jenkins, Carlos & Chita, Gladys Sammut, Eve, Book by Benn W. Levy. Songs by Rodgers & Hart. Dances by Buddy Bradley, Joan Matas and Billy Pierce. Costumes and sets by G. E. Calthrop. Alick Johnstone, Marc Henri & Lavedet, Ernst Stern, Ada Peacock, Gustave Bacariats, E. DeLany, Doris Zinkeisen, Norman Hartnell, Reville Ltd. It ran 254 performances.

Jessie Mathews' War

Here was a tour de force for Jessie Matthews. She essayed the role of a phony, a young girl posing as a 63-year old matron, all for publicity purposes. This unusual book by Benn W. Levy offered rich improvisation in the way of pace and color. It moved all over, to Paris, to Spain with side-steps in cabarets. There was plenty of revue in the show.

Two features stood out—the revolving stage which was introduced here and the Rodgers & Hart score. The revolving stage gave special meaning to "Dancing on the Ceiling" from the Rodgers & Hart songs. The center stage was dominated by an extravagant chandelier upside down—to create the effect of an overhead ceiling. The song was first used in Ziegfeld's production of "Simple Simon" which starred Ed Wynn, but somehow didn't impress Zieggy so it was taken out. In London this particular song became Cochran's favorite for years. It became the rage when "Evergreen" finally settled down.

Other songs from Rodgers & Hart included: "Dear, Dear," "No Place But Home," "The Colour of Her Eyes," "In the Cool of the Evening" and "If I Give in to You." All are catchy. "Harlemania" is another jazzy number here, though it was not published in the regular sheet music form.

"Evergreen" was lush with glossy trimmings. Carlos & Chita lent authentic "Folies" nudity when the

book arrived in the Paris setting. Then the Spanish scene which opened the second act was strict-Catalonia and accented flamboyant pageantry.

Sonnie Hale, Joyce Barbour and Albert Burden were also important to the show—but it was Jessie Matthews who ran away with it. In addition to dancing expertly she also slipped into the old woman character with facility. The army of designers who created the fancy upholstery for the production speaks for itself. The show was top C. B. Cochran. Among the Young Ladies presented were: Margaret Braithwaite, Iris Browne, Hylda Burdon, Ann Barbarova, Eileen Clifton, Roma Darrell, Peggy DeReske, Mina Hillman, Bunty Pain, Pearl Rivers and Felicity Seddon. It's said that one reason "Evergreen" never came to Broadway is that the novelty of the revolving stage wound up in "The Band Wagon" first which took the edge off a quick repeat. The Rodgers & Hart songs though hold up through the years.

Early Gertie Lawrence

"Nymph Errant" came into the West End in 1933 with Gertrude Lawrence, Betty Hare, Wilfred Calhoun, Norah Howard, Doris Carson, Moya Nugent, Austin Trevor, Gerald Nodin, Kenneth Ware, Queenie Leonard, Irish Ashley, Morton Selten, Leslie Roberts, Hella Kury, David Burns, Eve, Elisabeth Welch, Walter Crisham, Jean Davaut, Edward Underdown, Margaret Emden. Book was by Romney Brent adapted from the novel of James Laver. Songs were by Porter. Dances by (note) Agnes deMille, also Carl Randall and Barbara Newberry. Sets and costumes credit to Doris Zinkeisen. The run was 154 performances.

Porter's sock songs (plus Gertrude Lawrence as a modern nymph) is the memorable feature of this C. B. Cochran musical. While based on James Laver's book of the same title, the show soon assumed revue personality with its vari-colored scenes and exotic flavor.

Porter's score (never heard on Broadway except in the smaller east side boites) contains some of his finest work. It is saucy and full of surprises in a slick Cole Porter fashion. In the Turkish harem scene Gertrude Lawrence sang "The Physician" which required expert command of slick diction to master. She covered all the ailments with syncopated relish in this ditty. Then in the same scene Elisabeth Welch from Broadway belted the jazzy aria, "Solomon" across with authentic Harlem virtuosity. "Experiment" which was introduced in the Lausanne sequence is also exceptional. The star reprised this song in the finale. "It's Bad for Me," "How could We Be Wrong?" and the title song, "Nymph Errant" which accents a juggernaut rhythm, round out the other Cole Porter contributions.

Basically the story concerned a young girl on the loose, who is confronted with men and sex everywhere she turns, only to find true love right on her own front door step. There's a peek in at the "Folies de Paris," which presented a razzle-dazzle display of girlie-girlie turns. All of this bounding book provided window-dressing for the rich score. Agnes deMille directed the dances here with an assist from Barbara Newberry and Carl Randall. Doris Zinkeisen's sets and costumes ran riot on this musical grand tour including Venice, Athens, Turkey, Smyrna and Paris. "Nymph Errant" today would get nowhere on its book, but the Cole Porter songs are still bright. RCA Victor cut a platter of this show with Gertrude Lawrence which is good for show biz posterity. The star gave it a strong personality sell.

New Theatre at Manteo, N.C.

The new Waterside Theatre being built on Roanoke Island on the site of the original amphitheatre built in 1937, is scheduled for completion by the time "The Lost Colony" opens next summer for its 25th anniversary season.

The structure is being built by the National Park Service at a cost of about \$70,000.



HAL MARCH

Currently Starring in
"COME BLOW YOUR HORN"
at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre,
New York

REDISCOVERY OF 2D BALCONY

By AL MORGAN

Thanks to David Merrick, I have been privileged to return to at least one scene of my childhood without disillusionment or pain. The second balcony has remained frozen and hasn't changed at all since the days when it was my natural theatrical habitat.

The hard truth is that I never saw a good play until I was 17 years old. I haunted Gray's Drugstore and picked up 20 or 30c seats in the second balcony that were put on sale at eight o'clock. I saw every bad play that opened in New York in the years between 1932 and 1938.

Since the war I have been involved, in one way or another, in reporting on the theatre, have freed myself to openings and would suspect the validity of a ticket that didn't have a hole punched in it.

At the moment I am involved as an editor and play reviewer of a magazine, an occupation directly responsible for my fascinating trip back to the past. It seems that Mr. Merrick objected to something I wrote about him, threatened me with a lawsuit, a punch in the nose and quite probably an appearance before the United Nations. I, in turn, objected to subsequent actions of Mr. Merrick and we had, in the immortal words of the Broadway columns, piffed. As a result, I joined a long list of distinguished people on what is laughingly called "The Merrick list." The first evidence of the enormity of our breach came to light when I was told that I had been stricken from his press list and would have to hustle around for a ticket to the opening of the first Merrick production of the season, "Sunday in New York." I did a ridiculous thing. I called the boxoffice of the theatre and bought a ticket, an action calculated to get me drummed out of the Drama Desk. The only seat available was in what is rather quietly called "The Upper Balcony." It was not only in the upper balcony . . . but was the last possible seat in the upper balcony that qualified as being inside the Cort Theatre. Opening night I made my way to this eagle's nest, the scene of many a childhood disaster and sat myself down. My legs have grown since 1938 and I was forced into a jackknife position, with my knees against my chin, my head bowed, to get a glimpse of the stage four stories below me. One advantage was that I had no trouble reading my program. I was sitting with my head brushing against the crystal chandelier. I thought, for a moment, of Lon Chaney in "Phantom of the Opera" but dismissed the idea because I

U.S. Leadership In Musical Plays

Edwin Lester, general director of Civic Light Opera Assn. on the Pacific Coast since its founding in 1938, recently wrote some program notes in "Curtain Calls" on the musical stage. There have been, he estimates, some 10,000 musicals since the inception of the form, usually dated from John Gay's London "Beggar's Opera" of the 18th Century, the same libretto, substantially, as is still extant in "Threepenny Opera" with music by Kurt Weill added. Quoting Lester:

"Popularity of this as an entertainment form did not really begin to develop on a broad scale until about the middle of the 19th century—in Paris with the era of Offenbach. Leadership moved to Vienna with Johann Strauss. There it remained for a generation of great composers of whom Lehar is the best known to us. Toward the end of the century, a new challenge came—from London with Gilbert & Sullivan. For the first time the librettist became important. Around these major influences other composers and authors developed. As we study the musical theater literature, it is obvious how the tides changed in different countries at different times, according to the strength of the creative leaders and the vogues which they inaugurated.

"America 'got into the act' just before the turn of the century. Practically all of the composers of the American musical shows of that period were foreign born. But their surroundings and the tastes to which they were catering were so American that Herbert, Friml, and Romberg, and other lesser-knowns of that period are regarded as American composers."

Despite innovations in the period between 1910 and 1930, there was a slump in musical comedy creativity after 1930 which persisted until 1943. That is the date of what Lester rates as the great artistic upheaval, the arrival on Broadway

of "Oklahoma" by Rodgers & Hammerstein, with their "Carousel" and "South Pacific" following.

Lester believes that the impact of Rodgers & Hammerstein influenced so many changes in the modern musical stage as to have no parallel example in the whole history of the form. Again quoting the Pacific showman verbatim:

Latter-Day Showmen

"Under this influence, new talents came into the limelight with significant works, among them Lerner & Loewe with 'Brigadoon' and 'My Fair Lady,' Frank Loesser with 'Guys and Dolls,' and a host of others too numerous to mention. And a particularly happy coincidence was that two veteran craftsmen came through with the best works of their illustrious careers, Irving Berlin with 'Annie Get Your Gun' and Cole Porter with 'Kiss Me Kate.' There was an about-face in England and in all the English-speaking countries. By 1945, the American musicals took over completely and have continued to dominate ever since. It has been a source of great embarrassment to the British authors. Their own work has so far failed to match or even successfully imitate the American idiom. The London press has evidenced its jealousy by hammering American imports unmercifully. But English theatregoers have paid little or no attention to the critics. The British musical theatres have become home home grounds for American hits."

Nowadays there is little question about Americans dominating the musical stage, says Lester, expressing a view held by many others. He goes on to speculate that of 10,000 musicals concocted in 200 years time the "best 15" of them would surely have been two-thirds written in the last 18 years and by Americans. Of musical show performances round the world he believes 90% would be the works of Americans.

wasn't sure where Mr. Merrick was sitting, a bombsight distance, below me.

I was buttressed by two overweight schoolteachers on one side and two equally stout ladies on the other who carried brown paperbags. The schoolteachers spent the minutes before the curtain rose discussing the charms of the gym teacher. The lady with the brown paperbag opened it and passed liverwurst sandwiches on hard rolls to her companion. She offered me a bite and I declined.

"You pay for your ticket?" she asked me.

"Yes," I said.

"You're crazy."

It was an opinion that held up right through the course of the evening's entertainment.

The schoolteacher on my immediate right reached into an oversized handbag and took out the Newsweek cover story on Bobby Morse and proceeded to read it aloud.

The lady with the liverwurst sandwich turned to me and through a liverwursted full mouth asked if I knew somebody in the cast.

"I figured you must," she said. "Or you wouldn't be here. You connected with the theatre?"

I said no.

Just before the curtain went up a very elegant pair of upper balcony firstnighters picked their way down the 60-degree angle of the staircase to their seats. He was wearing a tuxedo and Chesterfield. She was wearing a low cut evening gown and an orchid. My sandwich eating friend had a comment.

"Big deal! If he'd bought her a violet instead of the orchid maybe he could afford to sit in the mezzanine. You see her hairdo? It's called a beehive. For God's Sake!"

She went into gales of laughter, spreading roll crumbs over the four rows in front of us.

"The beehive, for God's sake. It looks like a football helmet."

When the play started my schoolteacher friend whipped out binoculars that might have seen service on the Westwall.

"She looks scared," she told me. I was glad to discover that there was really a face on the stage in the distance. From my perch I saw only figures and had an unob-

structed view of the part in the hero's hair.

I got a complete running commentary during the show from one side or another.

"She stole that piece of business from Nancy Walker."

"Listen . . . she won't get into bed with him. I seen other plays like this. They get close but honest to God, they never get into bed."

"You'd think at least they'd have paper towels in the ladies room, wouldn't you. For \$3.60 I got a right to expect paper. Am I wrong?"

"Oh God! You know the brother is going to come in now. You know it!"

"I thought you said it was a musical!"

"Have an apple?"

"If she remembers to put the orchid in the icebox it'll stay good for a couple of days."

There was a stir from the teachers' side when the suitor made his appearance. He evidently, from their seat, with the aid of the binoculars, bore some physical resemblance to the gym teacher. It added a rooting interest for them and every time the suitor moved they sighed.

"He dances just like him."

"He has a blazer just like that one."

"You don't think it could be, do you?"

"No. He'd have said so. You know he can't keep a secret."

"I'll say he can't."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Ha!"

At intermission, the teachers went down to the lobby to see the celebrities and climbed the Cort Matterhorn back. My other seat companion didn't move.

"Who wants to see them bums?" she asked.

Then she added, mysteriously, "I see them all the time, anyway."

During the second act the upper balcony burst into screams and applause when a love scene was accompanied by an LP of Frank Sinatra singing.

"Childish," said my teacher.

"He sings good. Don't you want an apple?"

At the final curtain, I discovered a small, interesting footnote to my journey into the past. The upper balcony habitués are not applauders.

Durability Of London's Plays

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

The day must surely come when this annual review of the West End legit scene will no longer record the sensational run of "The Mousetrap" at the Ambassadors Theatre. But that day is not in sight, and though the Agatha Christie whodunit is now in its 10th year, Peter Saunders, who is presenting it, declines to forecast just how long it will stay on. More than six years ago he was predicting it would still be running in its tenth year, but now he just gives up guessing.

It always takes the exception to prove the rule, but that record-breaking run is indicative of some degree of the stability that is in evidence in the London theatre. Legit management still remains a highly speculative and chancy business, and in the past year there has been no let up in the run of failures—some dismal and others bold.

A quick glance at the West End scene, however shows that there are two musicals currently in their fourth year, a farcical comedy in its third, and another musical just about to celebrate its second anniversary. The two long-running tuners, of course, are "My Fair Lady" and "Irma la Douce"; "The Amorous Prawn" is the long-running farcical comedy and the home-grown musical is "Fings Ain't Wot they Used T'Be." And, as further evidence of the staying power of the right type of show, there are ten other productions which opened in the 1960-61 season (ended May 31 last) which are still going strong.

Since the beginning of the 1961-62 season on June 1, more than 50 shows have been presented, but as a switch from the past few years, the new waves, who made such a vivid impression during the past two or three years, have hardly been in evidence. John Osborne, who started the Angry Young Man vogue a few years ago with "Look Back in Anger," is now represented with a powerful dramatic biography of Luther, but that is quite a switch from his earlier and more controversial plays. Arnold Wesker's first play, "The Kitchen," only got its break after he had achieved a reputation with his now renowned trilogy, but though it has played several dates at the Royal Court Theatre it has not, so far, succeeded in getting a normal West End theatre. Edward Albee's two one-acters, "The American Dream" and "The Death of Bessie Smith," imported from off-Broadway, also never got beyond the Royal Court.

One interesting feature of the West End scene is the standout success of three revues, but there has been nothing for years to compare with the smash impact of the four non-pros who wrote and are appearing in "Beyond the Fringe." The Fortune Theatre has a minimum waiting time of three months, even for matinee seats, and the show, on present performance, could easily run beyond next September when it is due to open on Broadway under Alexander H. Cohen's banner. The other successful revues are "One over the Eight" at the Duke of York's and "The Lord Chamberlain Regrets" at the Saville.

A hit show in London, of course, can earn a substantial profit, but nothing compared with the returns of a Broadway click. So more and more West End managers set their sights on New York and have been greatly encouraged by the increasing two-way traffic between the two countries. In the long run comparatively few make it across the Atlantic, but when they do the potential pickings are substantial. Among the productions currently on the boards in London there are a number already scheduled for Broadway, among them (in addition to "Beyond the Fringe") the Lionel Bart musical "Oliver," Anthony Newley's "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" and "Ross."

In line with this transatlantic trading, there has also been a heavy upswing in transatlantic travel by managers from both countries on the prowl for new productions. Nowadays most of the top New York importers have their own scouts touring the country with an eye on possible deals; and

New Trends In Musical Comedies, Or Are They?

Accenting the Librettist (After the Lyricist Got His Place In the Spotlight; the Composer Always Had It) Is More Evolutionary Than Revolutionary

By STANLEY GREEN

(Author of 'The World of Musical Comedy')



Stanley Green

Last August, the N.Y. Times compiled a roundup of commentaries on the current state of the musical comedy theatre, containing many illuminating observations by some of the leading practitioners in the field. Of them all, perhaps the most honest and sobering remark was made by Moss Hart who said, "My impression as an old campaigner is that the success of one season is the folly of the next. Anything one says of the theatre in terms of trends can always be revoked the next season."

True enough. Throughout the entire history of the theatre we have seen so-called trends flourish for a few years, and then quickly become things of the past. We have had the great European operetta influx of the early years of the century; the up-to-date, almost plotless musicals of the 20s; the politically-oriented book shows and revues of the 30s; the historical Americana sagas of the mid-40s. The times were right for those musicals and the successful ones prospered because they were good—not because they were part of a trend. They were never meant to be—nor did they ever become—guideposts for slavish imitations.

The only thing that we can say is constant in the development of the American musical theatre is that—through its feast periods and through its famine periods—it has always shown a general, over-all striving for maturity and quality. At first, through the influence of such giants as Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern, this was mostly apparent in the music. Later, lyricists began to win recognition, and, finally, librettists. Today, we find that the songs are more or less taken for granted while all the concern is devoted to the quality of the libretto, or book, and the way in which it is served by the songs and dances. We justly pride ourselves not only on the adult themes with which our musicals are concerned but also their wide variety.

This season, perhaps, there is a greater awareness than previously of the world around us, particularly with such productions as "Milk and Honey," "All-American," "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying," "Kwamina," and "No Strings." All these shows follow no pattern—just as the memorable musicals of our recent past followed no pattern in dealing with many subjects that were once considered taboo in song-and-dance entertainments. Among these subjects have been psychoanalysis (Mr. Hart's own "Lady in the Dark"); juvenile delinquency ("West Side Story"); the struggle for women's rights and Negro rights ("Bloomer Girl"); the unpleasant side of show business ("Pal Joey," "Gypsy"); racial conflict ("Finian's Rainbow," "Lost in the Stars"); tenement living ("Porgy and Bess," "Street Scene"); union activity ("The Pajama Game"); December-June romances ("South Pacific," "Fanny"); the need for international understanding ("The King and I").

Evolutionary Progression

This broadening of the horizons of our musical stage is usually traced to Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Oklahoma!" in 1943. With that show, the creators blended all the theatrical arts with such skill that many accepted it as a revolution in the theatre. Yet, if we study the history of our musicals, we find that what Rodgers & Hammerstein achieved so strikingly was more evolutionary than revolutionary. Rather than inaugurating any trend toward the well-integrated show, what it did achieve was a perfection in technique of a development that had been going on ever since the second decade of the century.

As early as the mid-1910s, Jerome Kern, in collaboration with Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, attempted this same sort of integration for a series of shows known as the Princess Theatre musicals. At that

now London managements are becoming more alert to the situation and are doing more travelling than for years past.

As VARIETY's annual box score indicates, a Broadway import is by no means an automatic success in London, but the record of hits, particularly among the musicals, continues to be most impressive. For the last couple of months, as one example, the Palace Theatre has been advertising the next Christmas arrangements for "Sound of Music."

Apart from "My Fair Lady," already referred to, other U.S. hit tuners currently on view include "The Music Man" at the Adelphi, "Bye Bye Birdie" at Her Majesty's and "Do Re Mi" at the Prince of Wales. The last two named opened during the current season and both look destined for long runs. There have, however, been fewer straight imports from Broadway during recent months and the only one of any significance currently on view is "Critic's Choice," which has been running only during the past month.

On the question of production costs, the London theatre has a tremendous advantage over New York. A good class show can be mounted here for a fraction of what it would cost on Broadway and that has enabled managements in London to take a risk which their New York counterparts could rarely afford. It was these economics, for example, which enabled "Taste of Honey" to be a hit first in London and later in the United States. Ditto for Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker," one of the more distinguished and successful of the New Wave drama school. Few managements, how-

ever care to take the first plunge in staging experimental theatre, often preferring to leave the pioneering work to such theatres as the Royal Court, the Arts and the Theatre Royal, Stratford and then changing their luck on a subsequent transfer. This has been a steadily developing process over the years, though of late the Arts Theatre Club has done little of significance.

Compared with the handful of theatres on Broadway, the 40-strong houses in the West End makes a formidable total. That is the strength and weakness of the British theatre. It is overwhelmingly concentrated in the capital and is rapidly dwindling in the provinces. There have been a few courageous moves to open new theatres in provincial cities and some of these ventures have achieved a measure of success. The Belgrade at Coventry is one notable example. Now Sir Laurence Olivier has become associated with the new Chichester Theatre which is to launch a festival season this Summer. Such a project could be a valuable stimulant and may lead to a resurgence of theatrical development throughout the country. And that is something sorely needed.

G. & S. at Stratford, Ont.

Toronto.

The Stratford (Ont.) Shakespearean Festival will present a Tyrone Guthrie production of "The Gondoliers" next summer.

A Guthrie-directed "Pirates of Penzance" completed a U. S. tour recently and is being readied for presentation in England this spring.

time, Kern was actually quoted in a newspaper interview as saying, "Musical numbers should carry the action of the play and should be representative of the personalities of the characters who sing them." Seven years later, Oscar Hammerstein 2d wrote an article in Theatre Magazine on the importance of enhancing a strong story with closely integrated songs, a belief that was echoed in the program of his musical, "Rose-Marie," which contained this notation: "The musical numbers in this play are such an integral part of the action that we do not think we should list them as separate episodes." It then listed merely five songs as standing out "independently of their dramatic association."

And just four years after that, Hammerstein's future partner, Richard Rodgers, was associated with a show called "Chee-Chee" that contained a similar program note. To quote collaborator Lorenz Hart in an interview just prior to musical's New York opening: "The songs are going to be a definite part of the progress of the piece, not extraneous interludes without rhyme or reason."

That these early attempts at broadening the horizon of the Broadway musicals were rudimentary is undeniable; the important thing is that there were people in the musical theatre—the most "commercial" theatre of all—who were striving to do things just a little bit more imaginatively than was customary at that time. Surely when we see revivals of "Leave It to Jane," or "Show Boat," or "Of Thee I Sing," we find that the manner in which they were put together has far more significance to us today than the fact that they were—or were not—part of trends.

Classic Sources

Of course, one obvious way to make sure that a musical has a plot of substance is to adapt it from a literary classic. This season is no exception. We have "Kean" (based on a Sartre play based on a Dumas play); "The Gay Life" (from Schnitzler's "Affairs of Anatole"); "All in Love" (Sheridan's "The Rivals"); "O Marry Me" (Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer").

Yet there is really nothing new about transferring a previously-written story onto the musical comedy stage.

This, too, has been going on for some time—ever since 1874, to be exact, when J. Cheever Goodwin and Edward E. Rice produced their hit travesty on Longfellow's poem, "Evangeline." In 1899, Victor Herbert composed the score for a musical version of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac." Four years later, DeWolf Hopper starred in a musical remake of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers."

Other adaptations presented on Broadway during the first three decades of the century were "Tom Jones" (the Samuel Richardson novel); the Bolton-Wodehouse-Kern "Leave It to Jane" (George Ade's "The College Widow"); Fritz Kreisler's "Apple Blossoms" (from a play by Dumas fils); Rudolf Friml's "Three Musketeers" (from the novel by Dumas pere); "Monsieur Beaucaire" (the Tarkington novel); "Phoebe of Quality Street" (Barrie's "Quality Street"); the Duncan Sisters' "Topsy and Eva" ("Uncle Tom's Cabin"); Friml's "Vagabond King" (Justin McCarthy's "If I Were King"); Romberg's "Princess Flavia" (Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda"); Rodgers & Hart's "Connecticut Yankee" (the Mark Twain story); and Kern & Hammerstein's "Show Boat" (the Edna Ferber novel).

Some works have even had more than one adaptation. Tarkington's "Seventeen" became "Hello, Lola" in 1926 and "Seventeen" in 1951. Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Ernest" was made into both "Oh, Ernest!" (1924) and "Ernest in Love" (1960). This season's "Let It Ride" had a predecessor in 1941, "Banjo Eyes," that was also founded on "Three Men On A Horse."

And as for the current tendency toward adapting old movies into musical comedies, this was going on as early as 1919 when Rudolf Friml and Otto Harbach converted the film "Miss George Washington Jr." into a legitimer known as "The Little Whopper."

The More Things Change—

Even many original musicals owe their origins to previously-written works—some to previously-written musicals. The theme of "Bells Are Ringing" was pretty close to that of a 1927 Kalmar-Ruby show, "The Five O'Clock Girl," which was all about a worker in a cleaning shop who carried on a telephone flirtation with an unknown man. Daring though it is, "West Side Story" makes no bones about its "Romeo and Juliet" lineage. In 1904, Victor Herbert's "It Happened in Nordland" was all about a woman ambassador to a mythical country, just as Irving Berlin's "Call Me Madam" was in 1950. The stories, however, had nothing in common. Rodgers & Hart's "Peggy-Ann" was set in a Freudian dream world 15 years before "Lady in the Dark." The leading character and the situations in "The Music Man" had a great kinship to the George M. Cohan musicals of the early days of the century, and even took place on Cohan's favorite holiday, the Fourth of July. "Show Boat" preceded both "Kwamina" and "No Strings" by 35 years in depicting the romance between a Negro and a white.

Portraying actual people on the stage, as in "Gypsy," "Fiorello!," "The Sound of Music" and "Kean," has also been part of the musical theatre for many years. In 1908, "Funabashi," which had a book by Irvin S. Cobb, was a thinly-veiled satire on an around-the-world trip made by William Howard Taft when he was Secretary of War. Walter Catlett doubled as President Wilson in a sketch in the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1919." President Coolidge was depicted in the first "Garrrick Gaeties" in 1925, and a scene showing President Hoover leaving the White House was in "As Thousands Cheer." And, of course, FDR was the central character in "I'd Rather Be Right." Even LaGuardia, in the person of Philip Loeb, was singing a song on Broadway in "Sing Out the News" long before Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick dreamed up the words and music to "Fiorello!"

Always Cinderella

But of all the themes that have been used on Broadway—no matter how advanced the techniques have become—the hardest, most perennial one has always been the Cinderella story—or the almost indistinguishable Pygmalion-Galatea legend. Henry E. Dixey started it all in 1891 when he wrote and starred in the marathon hit, "Adonis," which was a deliberate satire on the Pygmalion theme. Since then, we have had numerous variations—from "Mlle. Modiste" to "Annie Get Your Gun"; from "The Firefly" to "Silk Stockings"; from "Sally" to "The Unsinkable Molly Brown," "My Fair Lady," of course, has become the truly classical Cinderella story—complete with Eliza's meeting a prince at a ball.

The most important thing for any aspiring composer, lyricist or librettist to realize is that what is needed most in our musical theatre is not fashions or trends, but the crazy boldness that makes a writer decide to do a show because he alone has faith in his idea no matter what others might say. He may find that it's all been done before, but he will also find that there is always room for someone who can do it better.

Hail, Paradiso Del Union!

Theatre Guild Topper's Sardonic Solution for Legit

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

Having recently returned from Latin America, I would like to recount for those interested in the legitimate theatre, the discovery of a lost theatrical community named Paradiso Del Union which was discovered recently in the Andes near Bogota, and where the theatre is flourishing to a magnificent extent. In the mystical atmosphere of the high Andes, it is said by the soothsayers there that what happens in Paradiso Del Union today will be happening in the United States tomorrow, so that for this reason alone a description of the happy theatre of that country will be worthwhile.



Lawrence Langner

All the legitimate theatres in Paradiso are owned by beer brewing companies, oil companies with gasoline filling stations, automobile companies, and so forth. These magnificent new structures are tremendously successful because theatre tickets have been completely abolished. It is now only necessary to buy a dozen bottles of beer, or a few gallons of gasoline, to receive tickets to plays in these fine new theatre buildings, each of them capable of holding between 1,500 and 2,000, as a result of which practically the entire population has become theatregoers. Progressive as this movement is, however, it is topped by the extraordinary union regulations which have resulted from the fact that several years ago the oldtime theatrical managers there capitulated to the Unions with the simple statement, "If you can't fight them, join them." The surrender of the managerial group took place in the Town Hall where the managers solemnly brought their play scripts down to the Comité Para Encontra los Datos (The Fact Finding Committee).

Maximilian Gordano, said to be the oldest theatrical manager extant, made a speech to the Unions from which we will quote just one sentence. "In turning over the theatre business of Paradiso to you, we ask you to be magnanimous and to remember that we too would like old age pensions, and also the right to be considered when the final accounting is made." Actually every manager in this field, in order to survive, had to have some other business to support him; for example, there was Rogero Stevenso, who was supported by his real estate business; the Teatro del Guildo, supported by an international patent agency; Gilberto Millaire, supported by a banking house; Juleo Shenko, supported by a building firm known as Webbi & Knappo; and numerous others. Since the operation of the new system, these managers have been able to give up their outside activities and are now supported by the Unions in return for their work in creating properties for the theatres.

Unions' 'Casting'

The procedure for producing plays in Paradiso del Union is simple. The plays are submitted to the Stagehands and the Musicians Unions, who read them and select them on the basis of the number of stagehands and musicians employed. Great prosperity has attended all those who work in the theatres as a result of the minimum requirement of 25 stagehands for each play, while every dramatic play is required to have music and to employ at least 10 musicians. As to the scenery, which the parsimonious managers had been trying to cut down in order to save money, the most elaborate sets are now possible, and these in turn have attracted larger audiences, since one-set plays are taboo and practically every play is a spectacular.

The Actors Union was at first rather suspicious of the new arrangement, but upon the other Unions agreeing that the actors' minimum salaries should be at least as high as the stagehands, they readily went along with the new arrangement, especially when it was agreed by the so-called Fact Finding Committee that the star should not be permitted to earn more than 90% of the salaries paid to all the other actors in the play. As to the talent agencies (Agentes Para Vendir Talentos), most of whose members were busily engaged in selling stocks in their companies on the Stock Exchange at Bogota, it was decided to help them by arranging that they represent every stagehand and musician, as well as the authors and actors, so that the agents as a whole receive 10% of the entire salaries and royalties of the industry, and are thus not forced to go into other businesses, such as buying and selling studios, real estate, operating television programs, etc.

Scenic Artists

The Unions of Directors & Scenic Artists (Sindicato des Escenografos), as well as their assistants, resolved the question of whether or not members of the Scenic Artists Union were the employees of the managers, and thus entitled to be a true labor union, or whether the managers were the employees of the Scenic Artists. This was decided in favor of the Scenic Artists. As to the managers themselves, it was agreed that their services were at least as valuable as those of the stagehands, and they were placed on the same minimums. The purpose of this was to prevent one of the managers, an ambitious young man by the name of David Americo, from making a deal with the stagehands union under which he produced all the plays and occupied all the theatres.

Professors of economics from Yale, engaged by the League of New York Theatres to study the situation, raised several points regarding the successful operation of the Paradiso theatrical system. It was pointed out that all problems of economics had been solved by the fact that the government paid all the deficits arising from this operation, and that said deficits were partly met by a simple system of taxation, which amounted to barely one-tenth of 1% of the total expenditures of the country on war materials, and its backward country program.

Any further deficit was met by a grant from the United States Government Aid to Backward Countries under the Latin American Foreign Aid Policy. When the President of the Republic was reproached by someone from the U.S. State Department, he replied with malicious glee, "The alternative to the above is Communism—

choose, what you want. If our country becomes Communist, everyone will be employed by the State, and your Foreign Aid will cost you more." Furthermore he pointed out that under the free enterprise system operating in Paradiso del Union the managers were still considered to be necessary, although a disappearing asset in the theatre. Under Communism they would probably all be shot.

With this reassurance the State Dept. has raised no objection to meeting all the deficits referred to, and Paradiso del Union is now assured of having the most flourishing theatre in the world, since practically every citizen is busily writing plays in the hope that they will be produced and he can qualify for a Cadillac car, a five-room apartment and a large old age pension.

The Critics!

The dramatic critic problem which exists throughout the world, has been solved in Paradiso by the simple expedient of making the drama critics pay for their seats out of their own pockets, and waiting three days before writing their reviews. Any critic who writes more than three bad reviews is automatically blacklisted for putting actors, dramatists and stagehands out of work. As a result of this simple expedient, the best dramatic notices in the world are written in this highly successful operation.

One of the great advantages of the Paradiso system is that it has put the theatre scalpers completely out of business. When they found, in order to secure the best front seats, they had to buy thousands of bottles of beer and millions of gallons of gasoline, they regurgitated and took to the hills, where they returned to their earlier but less lucrative practice of highway robbery.

One of the reasons that so much good music is coming out of Paradiso del Union is because no musical plays are produced unless the record companies are able to sell at least 1,000,000 records of each song. In return for this concession, the record companies subsidize the musical theatre, but have the right to veto any song in a musical play which will not sell in enormous quantities when sung by their favorite record artists.

But the best is yet to come. A commission has been sent down to Paradiso by the League of New York Theatres to ascertain whether it is not possible to introduce the same system into the theatres of the United States. And there seems to be no good reason why this should not be possible. Indeed, many people feel that it is already well on its way.

I conclude by repeating my opening remarks: "What Paradiso del Union does today, the United States will do tomorrow! So we had better prepare for a happy future, since we are going to have to spend the rest of our lives in it."

HOW I WONDER WHAT YOU ARE?

By GERARD WILLEM VAN LOON

It's a funny thing, inflation. Not funny ha-ha. Funny distressing. Everything goes up. Milk prices. Theatre tickets. Everything but values. They go down. Elevator and counterweight. Same principle.

There are two kinds of elevators. Express and local. There are two kinds of inflation. Galloping and creeping. In a galloping inflation—when you can't buy a cup of coffee with what you'd sold your house for last week—people get alarmed and push the emergency button. Creeping inflation—which is what we're riding in—is more insidious. It moves so slowly that nobody is supposed to notice or do anything to stop it. But every trip to the supermarket you notice it and every trip to the theatre you notice it, and no place are you more aware of it than on your playbill. That's where the counterweight operates.

Time was when an actor or actress—by dint of durability plus talent plus the quality of being somehow unique—ingratiated him—or herself with the critics and the public to the extent that his or her name sold more tickets at the boxoffice than the title of the show or the fame of its author. They became "stars." Their names were placed above the title because they had proven their ability to create, night after night, a type of excitement and an illusive sort of magic that dragged in the customers.

Of course this meant assuming one hell of a responsibility. A star like as not carried a production. The livelihood of a whole lot of people depended on the star's facing the footlights despite domestic disruptions, ingrown toenails or vacationing analysts. Stars were respected. They respected themselves. They knew what they had gone through to get where they were and they made no apologies for being there. Sob-stories to the contrary notwithstanding, they liked what they were doing or they would have quit long ago. They knew what they were doing because they had spent a good long time learning how to do it. Audiences knew what they were coming to see, saw what they expected and went home contented. The show might be lousy but they had seen a star!

Then the elevator got going.

It cost more to live so actors were paid more. If they were paid more they felt entitled to fancier billing. Gradually old terms like "supporting actors" or "subordinate players" weren't good enough. Terms like "also starring" and "costarring" and allied doubletalk pushed the lesser fry up a notch while agents and pressagents were busily seeking ways to sneak the names of their clients up past the title. One set of good notices in a foolproof featured role and bingo! Stardom!

With this population explosion in the star bracket audiences got confused. Who was it they had really come to see? Some smart operator got the idea of insisting on bigger type. Consternation! "Same size type," screamed the other operators. The slide-rule game began. Agents and pressagents ran around measuring billboards, newspaper ads and playbills to insure their clients against "contract infringement." But who was going to insure the theatregoer against paying to see a star and being served a prematurely upgraded tyro? Nobody. Sadly he used the "mad-money" he used to spend on Broadway as down-payment on a tv set. Run-of-the-mill performers he could see at home without getting his feet wet.

If you're a playbill-saver, take a handful from a few years back. Gaze fondly at the names twinkling at you from above the titles of the shows and ponder how few ever graced a playbill again. What happened? Once "starred" they couldn't lose caste by accepting anything short of starring roles. After a few seasons of "resting" that tv soap opera or that big lug from Minnesota with

Exercise In Nothingness

By CLAUDE BINYON

Hollywood.

This is an experiment. I'm sitting before my typewriter without a thought in my bony head; so if you have anything to do go ahead and join me later.

The trouble with writing for the Anniversary issue of VARIETY is that after 29 years they expect something from you whether you're ready or not. As you've already guessed, I'm not ready. Brother, I'm as barren as a 56-year-old bull, which I am.



Claude Binyon

Last summer I thought I had it made for this Anniversary issue. I was in London, and after a couple of Bloody Marys with Leo McCarey at the Savoy I knew what I was going to write. Man, that cat really makes Bloody Marys. I was going to write a piece titled "London is Beautiful in July and August." It would be about what is wrong with England today, and it would be the viewpoint of a man who didn't get more than 100 yards from the Savoy during his first trip to England, which I didn't. Mainly it would be about my unhappy experiences with the head porter, who upstaged me twice in favor of Lord Snowbottle, or some such silly name. I was really burned, because I'm a democratic fellow in favor of my fellow man, and I was going to rip this head porter to shreds while pretending to reveal what is wrong with England today. I'm a real sneak when I want to be.

But I made the mistake of having dinner with Bill Holden and his wife, Ardis, the next night after the two bloody Marys. During a lull in the conversation, which invariably occurs when I am present, I said that I had a great idea for an article about what is wrong with England. They both feigned eagerness to hear about it, and I told them. . . . So here I sit without a thought in my bony head. Like I wrote earlier, if you have anything to do, go ahead and do it and join me later.

I talked to Art Park tonight and he and his wife Merrill had just come back from Mexico City to look at the ashes of their Bel Air home (this is November). They were fascinated by their cars, standing in the area where their garage once was. Their stationwagon was only 18 inches high, and their Thunderbird only a foot high. It was too bad the cars wouldn't run. I asked Art what he would miss most, and he said: "My bed, with my dent in it." That really got me in the heart.

I first met Art when he was a drummer with a dance band, and he asked me what I thought of the band and I made the mistake of telling him. A few nights later he dropped by with all his drums and asked me to take care of them while he found a job. He became an MCA agent and I had to get rid of the drums to keep my wife.

It's funny how you remember one certain thing about one certain person. Mention Sime Silverman to me and I remember the days on VARIETY when I was writing a series called "Inaccurate Biographies." I wrote one about a music publisher, and Sime called me up to his desk and said he'd like to do a little rewriting on it. What could I say? So it was printed, and I couldn't understand a word of it, and people asked me where I got all my inside information.

Say Claudette Colbert to me and I remember when Wesley Ruggles and I stopped speaking to her because of arguments over a script I had written. Finally there was a big reconciliation scene, and as Ruggles walked toward Claudette with arms outstretched her French poodle bit him. I was spared because Ruggles was the director, and as the writer I was second in line for reconciliation.

Say Bing Crosby and I hear one line: "Binny, you're wasting your time explaining the scene to me. I do two kinds of acting—loud and soft."

The name Jack Oakie also brings back one line. It was spoken back in the thirties: "Kid, if you're going to get drunk on a picture, wait until it's half finished so it's too expensive to replace you."

I remember a great actress who fainted at a party. Her husband lifted her limp body and paused beside the hostess on his way to a bedroom. "You're insured, of course?" he said.

Carole Lombard means Canadian Club to me. When I was at her home she would say: "Oh, you're the one who drinks Canadian Club. I'll have it for you next time." She never did, and the routine became so funny I switched to bourbon.

Clark Gable I remember as the fellow who cut me down to size. My stationwagon windows were plastered with stickers of little-known places I had visited, like Weedpatch, Battleground and Punkin Center. And then Gable showed up with his stationwagon carrying stickers from such places as Last Ditch Noplace and Whereyoubeen. I found out later that he had contacted the company which made the stickers and ordered his own batch.

I've got a million of 'em, but still not a thought in my bony head. If you're not back yet I'll wait for you.

six kids looked good to them. Stars they had never been. Just sputniks. On their way down they dissolved in the atmosphere.

What's the answer? I'm no prophet. I don't know. Maybe producers are reckoning that the old theatregoers are dying out and the newcomers won't know the difference. Expense account and theatre-party audiences already don't. If the critics say a show is a "hit" they like it. Especially that second act—because they slept through the first one. But somehow I cannot help thinking (the wish being proverbially father to the thought) that somebody will come to his senses and his sense of values before the ushers get into the act.

Just recently, after 19 years of devotion and dedication to the theatre, one of our finest actresses finally acquiesced and permitted her name to be placed above the title of her next show. In the hearts of the critics, the audiences and her coworkers it had belonged there years ago. In her case the honor of stardom—and an honor it is, boys and girls—was long overdue but bless her for holding out. May others have the brains to follow her example.

In the meantime I am going out to buy a 30c. quart of milk and come home to watch tv.

Future Of Gilbert & Sullivan

By GLENDON ALLVINE

With the expiration of 1961 and the D'Oyly Carte copyrights, the comic inventions of Gilbert & Sullivan seem destined to keep on "shining right through the 20th century," in the words of William Schwenck Gilbert as he complimented Sir Arthur Sullivan on the music he had composed for "The Gondoliers."

In the half century since Gilbert died on May 29, 1911, while rescuing a drowning girl in the lake on his estate, these copyrights have maintained in Great Britain the inviolate words and staging traditions of the dramatist, but now that Pandora's box has been opened, these restraints are gone and some of the Gilbertian dictums are being kicked in the teeth.

Even back in the 1870s when piratical American producers were rushing unauthorized shows into Broadway and hinterland theatres, they stayed as close as they could to the words and music, but now new topical phrases are being interpolated and gags inserted that would make Sir William gag.

From his Olympian peak in the theatre, Sir Tyrone Guthrie has directed "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance" as if he neither knew nor cared about the playwright's stylized staging, and directors of lesser taste, with their shreds and patches, are adding to this topsy-turvy.

And how do the Savoyards react to this new look?

From the Journal of the Gilbert & Sullivan Society, founded in London in 1924, and with branches in Buenos Aires, Capetown, Australia, Canada, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and New York, we learn that the Society "hopes that new interpretations will adhere faithfully, without alteration or addition, to Gilbert's words and Sullivan's scores, that the style of the productions will be loyal to the Victorian spirit in which the operas were conceived, that the operas will not be burlesqued and that good taste will be a dominating feature."

Colin Prestige, chairman of the Society dedicated "to play an active but tactful and constructive role in maintaining the artistic conventions of the operas," has written:

"Principles of artistic conscience forbid disapproval of new interpretations just because they are not a la Carte. But principles of artistic conscience permit criticism if new interpretations depart from the fundamental artistic intentions of Sullivan and Gilbert themselves. . . . Staunch D'Oyly Carte supporters will be severely tested. We may expect some producers deliberately to shock us. There may be unexpected 'gimmicks.' There may be innumerable modernizations of the libretti. Scores may be extended to permit elaborate dance routines. The wit and style may be forced, or may be swamped, so as to conceal the essentially simple charm which Gilbert and Sullivan designed. Controversy must be handled with discretion. Patience and restraint will be needed."

Current Versions

With the Bridget D'Oyly Carte Co. now maintaining her grandfather's traditions at the Savoy Theatre which he built from the profits of "Pinafore" and "Pirates," and Guthrie presenting his versions of those two early successes, London audiences will have an opportunity to decide, in a welter of innovations, whether they like "God Save The Queen" in an electric light gag curtain to "Pinafore," when all Savoyards know that electric lights first blazed for "Patience" in the Savoy, the first London theatre equipped with Edison's new current just 80 years ago last October tenth.

With Canada and the United States enjoying Guthrie's productions in 1961, the D'Oyly Carte players are being booked into North America late in 1962, and in this cultural exchange new generations are becoming acquainted.

Meantime Dorothy Raedler's American Savoyards are in their third season off-Broadway, and hundreds of amateur groups are singing the songs that have never failed to brighten the English-speaking world every day during the reigns of Victoria, Edward VII (who belatedly knighted Gilbert), George V, Edward VIII, George VI and Elizabeth II.

At the Grolier Club last October

Gilbert & Sullivan aficionados had a unique opportunity to see all of the posters and first-night programs, playscripts with Gilbert's annotations, and hundreds of letters from the collaborators and Rupert D'Oyly Carte, the catalyzer who brought them together and, despite temperamental quarrels, kept them creating until Sullivan's death in 1900. This remarkable collection, a lifetime labor of love by Reginald Allen, now managing director of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts, may eventually find a permanent home in that cultural environment.

When in 1938 the late great Oscar Hammerstein staged (by Larry Schwab) "Knights of Song," my (allwine's) musical excursion into the lives of Gilbert & Sullivan, at the theatre where "My Fair Lady" is now playing, we adhered to most of the Gilbertian traditions, and made a dramatic point of having the reincarnated Gilbert, on the stage, show exactly how the scenes should be played, succeeding so well that Richard Colett, then general manager of the D'Oyly Carte, told me that Nigel Bruce was more Gilbertian than Gilbert himself.

DICK PLEASANT AND BALLET NOSTALGIA

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

On July 4, 1961 occurred the death at 52 of a man who was apparently entitled to far more credit as a U.S. ballet pioneer than he ever received in life. Richard Pleasant's drive in organizing the Ballet Theatre, 1939 through 1941, is now more generally acknowledged by survivors, though his subsequent quarrel with the wealthy member of his Corps de Ballet, Lucia Chase, who took over the company later and ran it according to her own tastes, has considerably blurred Pleasant's own role as founding father.

It was the season of 1940 on which Pleasant's reputation in nostalgia was reared. A man of strong opinions and open-minded as between traditional and modern dancing he somehow managed to bring under one roof most of the renowned choreographers of 21 years ago, to wit: Anthony Tudor, Agnes de Mille, Mikhail Mordkin, Adolph Bolm, Michael Fokine, Anton Dolin, Andree Howard, Yurek Shobelevski, Eugene Loring, Jose Fernandez, Bronislava Nijinska.

A feat of considerable fiscal magic was in mounting the new ballet to play in the since-raised Center Theatre opposite the Radio City Music Hall, and to come near turning a profit, which ballets rarely do. Pleasant's soloists of 1940 included, plus some of the choreographers who also danced, the following:

Nora Kaye, Patricia Bowman, Leon Danielian, Dimitri Romanoff, Yurek Shobelevski, Leon Varkas, Miriam Golden, Edward Caton, Vladimir Dokoudovsky, Harold Haskin, Iolas, Karl Karnakoski, Ada Verova, Alexis Kosloff, Peter Michael, Jack Poteiger, Karen Conrad, Viola Essen, Nana Gollner, Andree Howard, Annabelle Lyon, Mona Montes, Nina Stroganova, Sonia Woicikowska, William Dollar and Hugh Laing.

The Lambs Wash: Fondly Recalled

By FRED HILLEBRAND

I am a member of The Lambs therefore a sentimentalist. Our clubhouse at 130 West 44th St. in New York City was designed by the famous architect Stanford White. And the theatre where our Lambs Gambols are held may be the finest little theatre in the country. The biggest names in show biz in the last 50 years have appeared on its stage. Check-list: Caruso, Will Rogers, David Warfield, David Belasco, Jack Barrymore and his father Maurice, Raymond Hitchcock, Al Jolson, George M. Cohan, Billy Gaxton, Victor Moore, Frank Fay, Fred Waring, Eddie Foy, Ed Wynn, Victor Herbert. The list would run into hundreds.

I remember Jack Norworth who wrote "Take Me Out To The Ball Game." He told me that when he wrote it he had never seen a ballgame, but after the song became a big hit he thought he'd better go. That brings me to my baseball story. Once a year the Lambs stage what they call a Lambs Wash at the Percy Williams Home at Islip, Long Island. About 400 members attend. A great day it is. We leave from Penn Station in our own private train, our own German Band playing the latest hits until unconscious led by Eddie Weber. Private busses meet us at Islip to take us to the Home. After a five-minute ride we are there and the day starts with the

raising of the flag and the singing of the National Anthem, then a speech by the Shepherd of the Lambs.

The year I speak of the late John Golden was our Shepherd and he spoke of this wonderful Estate that the showman, Percy Williams, left to the actors and hoped we would all be coming out here year after year etc. We then had a moment of silent prayer in reverence to Williams, hailed as the best friend the vaudeville actor ever had.

After that the games would start. Pitching horse-shoes, pinning the tail on the donkey, hoop racing, spoon and egg race, golf (there was a lovely nine hole course on the (Continued on page 256)

Republic, Zone, City & Folks Underwrite Germany's Active Provincial Legit

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

Recently a one-acter by William Saroyan had its world premiere at the City Stage of Darmstadt, West Germany. Frankfurt the City Stage has commissioned American dramatist Thornton Wilder to write an original three-act play to open its new \$2,000,000 theatre next year.

And on the West German stages during the coming 1961-62 winter season, the works of at least a dozen new German playwrights will be presented.

What's the reason? Support from the federal government, from the state, from the city, and from theatrical-minded public have financed rebuilding of the war-damaged legit. Most of all, support comes from the German people themselves. Here, folks still like to go to the theatre—and they prove it, in some of the towns and cities, by buying up as many as 80% of the tickets on a seasonal basis.

A couple of years ago, West Germany's theaters had one major complaint—the works they were presenting were mainly re-creations of Broadway hits plus German translations of the most popular French dramatists. Where were the budding German playwrights?

They were accused of being afraid to write of the terrors of war or the Nazi regime, of turning their talents to the higher-paid television on radio.

This season reveals such German playwrights as Oelschlegel, Hubalek, Ahlsen, Schubel, Mattias Braun, Hey, Moers, Waldmann, Wittlinger, Sylvanus, Asmodi and Dorst having their new works performed.

Jans Rehn, former submarine captain, is the author of "Lust und Leid der Herrn Wehze" (Lust and Tragedy of Mr. Wehze) that Bogoslav Barlog is directing in Berlin. The farce by 38-year-old satirist Wolfgang Ebert about marital mishaps, "Harmonien" (Harmony) is being done on the Duesseldorf Stage.

The works of German dramatists are being popularized at home—and that means hefty royalty payments for the once underpaid authors. Erwin Sylvanus' "Korczak und die Kinder" (Korczak and the Children) has now been performed 433 times on 32 stages, and Karl Wittlinger's two-person drama "Kennen Sie die Milchstrasse?" (Do You Know the Milky Way?) Rang down 1,086 times on 63 stages.

Some of the German stages have developed their own authors. Heinz Hilpert in Goettingen, for instance, offers first performances of plays by Sylvanus and Wichmann, while Barlog in Berlin presents plays of Guenter Grass and Jans Rehn. Hamburg's noted director Gustav Gruendgens offers plays by Dieter Waldmann and Siegfried Lenz.

Let's take a look at the way some of the typical German theaters run, as compared to their American counterparts, where outside of New York it's nearly impossible to keep a year-around city theater operating.

BAMBERG—In this town of 78,000 residents, the City Theater, with 700 seats, has an annual budget of about \$125,000, half of which is guaranteed by the city, the rest provided by ticket sale. The city maintains a permanent

contracted group of 14 male and 6 female actors on salary.

Director-producer Gerd Gutbier, who also acts, offers the public a choice of eleven new productions every year—and 10 percent of the tickets are sold on a seasonal basis. He has a wide variety of old and new works, classics and comedy, with Sartre's "Dirty Hands" and Wittlinger's "Do You Know the Milky Way" along with the classic Gerhard Hauptmann tear-jerker "Rose Bernd" and "Antigone."

HOF ON THE SAAL—With 57,000 residents, this repertoire stage also performs at 14 villages in the area, giving about 56 performances a month and travelling via bus from one town to another.

The theatrical budget of about \$400,000 comes from the city of Hof, the Bavarian Culture Ministry, the Bavarian Radio, from several theatrical assistance organizations, and from the villages where the group plays. Faulkner's "Requiem for a Nun" was a big Priestley, Cocteau, Duerrenmatt, O'Neill, Sartre and Tennessee Williams are planned—some pretty sensational productions for the outlying provinces of West Germany!

NUERNBERG—The three houses, Opera House, Lessing Theater, and Stadt Theater Fuerth, provide the public with 2500 seats, under a combined budget of nearly \$2,000 a year.

Producer-director E. Pschigode is proud that 900,000 tickets were sold last year, and that his theatergoers no longer expect only the traditional "Meistersinger of Nuernberg" in a classic setting, but also attend avantgarde musical and theatrical productions.

COBURG—The classic theater that formerly belonged to the Princess of Sachsen-Coburg and Gotha is now the City Theater, over a century old and highly elegant, with 1,000 seats. But the 47,000 residents of the town bought 90,000 tickets last year, and some of the season-ticketed seats have been in the possession of the same family for over 50 years!

Despite this tradition (and a slim budget of about \$450,000 contributed from the state of Bavaria and the city) there are 30 new stagings each year of opera and theater.

SOMMERHAUSEN ON THE MAIN—This village, ten miles from Wuerzburg, offers "the smallest theater of the world"—a one-man venture of Luigi Malipiero, who is director, producer, writer, set-builder, and ticket-seller. In the 450-year-old Tower Gate theater, with just 54 seats, Malipiero with his wife plus now and then a couple of aspiring young actors offers performances nightly except Monday, with a matinee as well on Saturdays. This year he's doing Claude Spaak's "The Windrose," followed by Bernard Shaw's "Beloved Liar" and Kurt Goetz' "Two Monatyres" plus Paul Valery's "Faust," set for the winter season.

Malipiero, incidentally, is credited with starting two outstanding young German performers—Monika Wilhelm and Alexander Solms—with their stage careers.

SCHWEINFURT—This town has just invested \$1,500,000 in a new 761-seat theater, which will be used exclusively for guest performances, as there is no full-time city stage group as yet. But at least 700 of the seats will be filled by season tickets, with regular drama

groups from other cities occupying the stage.

Actors who work full-time under contract to a German theater may earn from 300 to 400 marks a month (from \$75 to \$100), indeed not a hefty salary. But compared to many American actors who never get a crack at even a minor role and fill out the days as soda jerks and school teachers, Germans offers the performers constant appearances in the classics and in the latest plays by local and foreign dramatists.

And with the city, state and federal government underwriting the costs of most of the stages, tickets are scaled down to where the public can afford to go. At some stages, the prices run from a tiny 1.50 marks (about 40 cents) up to eight marks (\$2) for the best seats in the house.

Ten-Twent'-Thirt'

Continued from page 230

"Bertha, The Sewing Machine Girl."

"The Span Of Life" was an annual visitor. In it, three men (Donizetti Brothers) formed a human bridge across a chasm allowing the heroine to escape from the "pursuing villain." Also, we were treated to a series of prison plays: "Escaped From Sing Sing," "The Convict's Daughter," "In Convict's Stripes," "Convict 999," "From Sing Sing To Liberty" and "A Desperate Chance," this one based on the sensational escape of the notorious Biddle brothers. "Tracked Around The World," "The James Boys In Missouri" and "Wanted By The Police" were among the most sensational productions, requiring (according to billboards) carloads of scenery and special effects. Katie Emmett starred for years in "The Waifs Of New York," while Joseph Santley toured the country in "From Rags To Riches." Estha Williams trouped year after year in "At The Old Crossroads," and "As The Sun Went Down." Other favorites with the gallery gods were "A Thoroughbred Tramp" and "A Ragged Hero" ran a close second. "Little Heroes Of The Street" exploited the heroism of New York newsies. An annual treat was the appearance of Harry Clay Blaney in "Across The Pacific," his character of "Willie Live" was the first of a light comedian in a leading role in melodrama.

Wedding Bells & Marriage Vows

Lillian Mortimer was a leading actress in the days of plays in which virtue triumphed over wickedness and her wellknown "No Mother To Guide" served her for several seasons, leading to "Bunco In Arizona," Miss Mortimer being the author of both, as well as their star. Wedding bells and marriage vows were heard in the following: "On Her Wedding Morn," "Thorns And Orange Blossoms," "Parted On Her Bridal Tour," "The Fatal Wedding," "Wedded But No Wife" and "Deserted At The Altar." All these may have led to the writing of then popular song "Waiting At The Church."

A few more which had some little success were "The Ivy Leaf," "Just Before Dawn," "The Great Northwest," "A Grip Of Steel," "For His Brother's Crime," "Lost In The Desert," "The Man Who Dared" with Howard Hall, "The Eleventh Hour," "A Working Girl's Wrongs," "Rachel Goldstein," "McFadden's Flats" with Sadie Connolly, "A Life's Revenge," "Her First False Step" and "In The Name Of The Czar." Another group includes "The Man Without A Country," "Woman Against Women," "A Bowery Girl" "The Tornado" (an old Lincoln Carter play), "Remember The Maine," "Cuba's Vow," "The Last Stroke" and "Under The Dome" (again Carter). The last four were productions with the Spanish-American war as a background.

The popular priced circuit of the time also produced an American Indian star, Go-Wan-Go-Mohawk, who appeared in two plays based on Indian history or fiction, "The Indian Mail Carrier" and "The Flaming Arrow."

"The Chinatown Trunk Murder" was based on the Elsie Siegel killing in New York (1912) and just about killed off this type of meller.

Grumblings Of A Dramatist

More Shelf Space For Unread Plays

By EDNA AMADON TONEY

As a veteran unproduced playwright I have come to that time in life when I feel I ought to be getting out and telling young playwrights what to do.

First of all, kids, don't bother to send out your script to a producer, be he off or on, if it is not about prostitutes, dope addicts, incest or rape or a happy combination of all, spiced with plenty of four-letter words. This also goes by the name "avant garde" which I took the trouble to look up. It means "advance guard" if that will be any help to you. It wasn't to me. All those topics go back about 8,000 years ago, so where's the advance, and if everything's been picked over and used, what's left to guard?

Still it's no use your sending out plays about plain people's problems because producers find them very boring except when written by playwrights who have already made their sack of gold, in which case the plays are not boring at all but fraught with hidden significance and wise in the ways of humanity.

Now if you are not going to listen to me about that, kids, at least for heaven's sakes don't make the mistake of sending out your script with a self-addressed, stamped envelope enclosed. For producers with shelves and shelves of unread plays by unknown writers, the temptation to send it right back crisp and clean must be irresistible. Has been, in fact. So just relax and the script will come back to you one day, maybe handsomely packed and by Railway Express, collect, or pushing through a torn grocery bag, tied with a piece of string and marked "Educational Matter" right under the 3c stamp.

And when it does come back don't get sore about the gravy stains and the cigaret burns because they do prove that your script was actually read by somebody and believe me that's something in these times. Besides, if you call yourself any kind of a writer, at this point two or three years later, you should be so deeply involved in your next play that when the package arrives you should have no idea even what it could possibly be until you tear off the gift wrappings or the script falls out of the bag, whichever the case may be.

About Agents: Don't bother contacting one unless you have one of those "avant garde" plays or are related to Huntington Hartford or better yet are Huntington Hartford.

About Broadway Producers: Never met any.

About Off-Broadway Producers: While some of these are a little unstable you will find others who are a lot and still others who show manic-depressive symptoms, but this latter group must be looked at with compassion because they are heavily burdened on account of having their offices in their parents' apartments and being desperate to move the heck out of there and still not have to go to work. This makes for a constant state of emotional imbalance, as we say in the trade, so don't get mad at them if they start out being crazy about your great script, then being crazy about your great revisions and then being crazy about how your great revisions fit into your great script and then wind up with the news that they are having trouble getting a director, a cast and a theatre, their capital is \$1.25 and they haven't been out to lunch yet. I mean, make lots of notes and use them for characters in your next play instead of hollering things like drop dead etc.

About Play Competitions: Don't enter. I warn you there is nothing as bad for your morale afterwards as those faded mimeographed letters about not you with your sophisticated talents making the \$2,000 but a simple man of the soil from Baldeagle Bluffs, Minn., who, between throwing mash at the chickens, plowing up the peapatch and calling the hogs to pasture, also managed to knock off the prizewinning play, his first effort too, about this Existentialist couple doomed to end their days

holed up in this Park Avenue penthouse.

As I said, there is nothing as bad for your morale but here is something worse, kids: the postmortem letter, hand typed on a real typewriter and signed in real ink and not being able to tell you in so many words how sorry they are, regretting your unfortunate choice of subject matter since plays about simple men of the soil are pretty well passe, all the same wishing you every success in future endeavors and enclosing a book of Japanese poetry as, so to speak, a spur.

Can you see why I say this is worse, kids? Not only because it will ruin Japanese poetry for you forever. Not only because those creeps are telling you that you could have been in the running but you ain't gonna run no more. No. It's because of what it does to you when you get that kind of letter and what it does to you, if you call yourself any kind of writer, is to make you hit the keys right then and there and punch out a not necessarily short but sizzling rebuttal and when you have finished doing that and you read over what you have written you will find yourself stunned by the confusion, rhetoric, bad spelling, tendency to start every other sentence with "If you're so positive of that, let me ask you this . . ." and the in-between sentences with "If you're so positive of that, let me ask you this . . ." and the in-between sentences with "Not that it has anything to do with my case but . . ." as well as a repeated references to four recent plays about simple men of the soil, the title of not one of which you can recall. And wait, this is only the beginning.

If you call yourself any kind of a writer you are going to spend plenty of hours getting that rebuttal back to its original air of spontaneity but without all that namecalling, with decent spelling and smaller sentences and you are going to have to do without that repeated reference to those four recent plays which turn out to be not about simple men of the soil but simply about soiled men. So you have to fall back on O'Neill but after all that's not such a bad name in the theatre and might turn out to be a better clincher for your argument anyhow. And you finally mail the letter. But wait, you're not through yet.

While waiting for those creeps to try thinking up an answer to that one, since you yourself can't think about anything else you keep busy composing various types of answers to what they may answer you in return and you have already compiled quite a few before the fact that no answer of any kind will be forthcoming begins to dawn on you and when it gets through dawning on you then, if you still call yourself any kind of a writer, you will throw yourself into bed with a terrible stomach-ache or heartpounding or eardrum-beating or something like that and you will stay there for a week, if your loved ones can stand it, eating and drinking constantly, or only eating or only drinking constantly, whichever happens to suit your particular temperament.

So don't get mixed up in this kind of thing, kids. Life is hard enough.

About Playwriting Grants: Don't apply. They are usually won by playwrights who are recommended by committees which are recommended by other committees on account of they are such great recommenders and if you think you can crack through their complicated setup all I can say is try something simpler first, like getting into David Merrick's office and reading your play aloud to him.

A Note of Hope: I cannot leave this subject without saying something positive so, whether the sore-heads like it or not, I am going to tell you two sure ways to get your play produced, outside of writing it good and dirty.

Regrettably I have to say I can't try them myself because they are both very expensive and also my loved ones would give me a hard time about wanting to go off like

that. But there may be some among you who happen to be unloved at the moment and would care to chance it.

The first way is to go some place behind the Iron Curtain like Irkutsk, stick around long enough to get citizenship papers, then have your script smuggled out of the country and brought to the United States at great personal risk to somebody, preferably a press-agent. Drastic? Yes. But believe me, kids, whatever you've got written there, be it only an Irkutskian version of Chicken Licken, it will be treated like a pearl of greatness and you will be an instant success.

The other way is to go some place in front of the Iron Curtain like Paris, write your play in French and have it translated into English, leaving out a few pages here and there so that it will be mixed up just enough but not too much. Sooner or later some American agent will grab you off as a real find, the more so because you are a little hard to understand.

Sweden: A Dream

Continued from page 229

has been able to mix popular and serious modern plays. A characteristic of a Swedish private theatre head is that he is also the producer and Vasa's Per Gerhard, the son of Sweden's popular entertainer Karl Gerhard, usually directs.

Practicalities

Per Gerhard sketched some of the problems of running a private theatre with sincere ambitions to this writer as follows: "The civic theatres and the Royal Dramatic Theatre normally run a play for 30 to 60 performances. At a private theatre a play should run at least 100 to 150 times to break even and a play that is that successful is often good for 300 performances. Furthermore, it is difficult for us to get a qualified cast as the actors and actresses are often bound by one year contracts or are lured by the high fees paid by a state subsidized touring company. We can only make a one-month guarantee and if the play fails the actor may go unemployed as the other theatres will have made their plans for several months to come."

Another problem for the Vasa, declares Per Gerhard, is "the theatre has to compete with the modern technical equipment at the Royal Dramatic and the Stockholm Civic. But it doesn't have a chance. (The Royal Dramatic Theatre was renovated for \$1,600,000.) The audiences' demands on technical standards have increased, but the Vasa can only afford the most essential changes. Furthermore, even if we have a success we can't take too great risks on the next play. Taxes eat up a good part of our profits and the remainder may be large enough to cover one failure, but hardly two." "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" was a big success, but the Vasa lost most of its profits on John Osborne's "The Entertainer." The private theatres have also felt the competition from the Stockholm Civic Theatre's selling season tickets which allow customers to see five plays for the price of 2½ tickets.

A little over a year ago Stockholm got its first Civic theatre. The new house headed by Lars-Levi Laestadius who formerly headed the Malmo Civic Theatre, seats 800. Last year, the theatre staged the better known works in its downtown premises and toured a more experimental production in the new suburban areas. The plan was largely a failure as suburbanites were seldom interested in the more offbeat while the natural audiences for such works often found trips to suburb overly strenuous. Final figures for the first year activities showed a deficit of about \$200,000, which taxpayers will have to make up.

On the whole the status of theatre in Sweden conveys a very favorable impression. As a result of the system, the noncommercial theatres, especially, are able to stage extremely well-balanced productions. A star performer will often appear in supporting parts. As actor or actress will normally appear in about three different plays a year. There will be periods, however, when he or she will have little to do, but the pay checks will still arrive.

Agonies Of First Nights, And The Ecstasy Of A Hit

By VERNON DUKE

"Cabin In The Sky" opening night was one of those gladsome, shining things we always pray for, but so seldom get. At the premiere, after the first gloomy 10 minutes, Joe's death, Petunia's despair and religious fervor, the entrances of the Lord's General (Todd Duncan) and Lucifer Jr. (Rex Ingram), came the songs—"Cabin in the Sky", sung by Ethel Waters and Rosamund Johnson's wonderful choir with affecting lyricism. Katherine Dunham's teasing "Love Me Tomorrow", Ethel's "Taking a Chance on Love," which really wrapped it up—and we were in, in, IN!!!

In later years, when flops came in fast and furious, there was no place I dreaded more than the theatre's lobby at intermission time. Any author or composer who hasn't been mortified, petrified and crucified during those heavy-as-lead 15 minutes, hasn't lived . . . beg pardon, hasn't died a thousand ingenious deaths. You spend this dreaded period ducking friends and enemies alike, rightly fearing the solicitous commiseration of the first, the cutting, floating politeness of the second.

Those in between—casual observers—do one of two things. If they're not sure about your show, they'll buttonhole you and screech: "Why, hello Jack! Have a nice summer?"—then you know you still have a chance. But if they peer at you sadistically and say quietly and without a trace of emotion, "Jack—what do you think of the show?"—Brother, get the hearse ready—you're dead.

Neither happened that night. Friends, enemies and casual bystanders told you—and what they said was good to hear. After the opening, having kissed every member of the cast, cried with Ethel and slapped Max Meth, the frenzied conductor, on the back a dozen times, Balanchine, Zorina and I repaired to "21" and sat in a happy haze, drinking Pommery-Greno of the right year, to be joined at 2:30 a.m. by Vinton Freedley (our producer), his eyes shining, who waved the ecstatic Brooks Atkinson's review and then read it to us in a quivering, happy voice.

Here, in part is what he read: "Perhaps 'Cabin In The Sky' could be better than it is, but this correspondent cannot imagine how. For the musical fantasy is original and joyous in an imaginative vein that suits the theatre's special genius. . . ."

We all slept soundly that night. I don't think anyone connected with the show got up before noon the next day, and by that time all the other papers were in—all the reviews were favorable except John Anderson's in the Journal and John Mason Brown's in the Post. There were some reservations about the book—I only hope to get that good a book again—but everyone, including Brown and Anderson, liked the dancing and the score. Richard Watts Jr. thought "Taking a Chance on Love" as brilliantly presented by Miss Waters, so gay and charming that one hates to think how the radio is certain to go to work on it from now on. Alas, the radio bigwigs wouldn't meet the songwriters' just demands, and the entire ASCAP catalog soon went off the air in toto, "Cabin" included, leaving the innocent listeners to be saturated with "Jeanie With The Light Brown Hair", and other such public-domain fare. Nevertheless, the songs being authentic, immediate hits—something that never happened to me before or since "Cabin"—they were accepted as such by the "trade" and played all over the country.

The day after the opening I charged into Jack Robbins' office, swinging an ivory-topped walking stick. "Well, what do you say now, Jack?" I asked challengingly. Robbins rose to the occasion—he had a way of sidestepping defeat that was the envy of his ever-loving associates. "Showing off already, eh?" he countered, scowling unconvincedly. "There'll be no talking to you now that you have a half-baked hit. Why don't you dust off the monocle, too?" I told Jack that I couldn't help feeling exhilarated. "Exhilarated?" he intoned pensively, the scowl gone. "Say, I like that word—remind me to use it." He grabbed Henrietta,

the frail blond secretary, and executed a new China Doll mambo step. "Not bad, eh? Can Ethel Waters do that?"

I exited rapidly and ducked into the stockroom to find out whether orders for my songs were coming in: they were. Robbins, not having any faith in "Cabin's" future, placed the score with the smallest of his three firms—Miller Music—but that didn't stop it. When the MGM film of "Cabin" was made, my songs were switched to the next biggest firm, Feist Inc., went back on the air with a vengeance, and became hits all over again.

And In Contrast!

"Sweet Bye and Bye" opened in New Haven and played the usual crowded three days, bedlam reigning on both sides of the orchestra pit. Our leading man, Gene Sheldon, a renowned vaudeville mimic, was utterly lost in the wilderness of the musical-comedy stage and had to be replaced after the New Haven engagement. Dolores Gray was a tower of strength and stopped the proceedings with "Roundabout" and "Just Like a Man", transplanted into Bette Davis' "Two's Company" six years later. But even valiant Dolores couldn't carry the whole show on her back, especially a show as incurably sick as ours was.

DIRTY PLAYS

By HENRY SHEREK

London.

Believe it or not, I am against dirty plays, mainly because audiences have no possible means of telling what the play is about until they have paid for the tickets and are inside the theatre, by which time it is too late.

Theatrical entertainments are granted licenses here by the Lord Chamberlain, and I am in favor of this because, being a royal prerogative, judgment is given without any possible political taint, the Crown being above politics. Aren't you jealous?

There is no reason why a play dealing with homosexuals and tarts should not be shown, as long as the audiences are given proper warning, and not embarrassed when they have to view one of these spectacles in company with children. It is true that nowadays children probably know much more about these matters than we do, but it is embarrassing for both them and us to see them together.

In motion pictures the industry itself has its censorship over here, and if the film is deemed unsuitable for young persons it receives an "X" certificate, which means that nobody under 16 can see it. This caused an extraordinary situation when the film of the play "A Taste of Honey" was shown in London and nobody under 16 could see it, yet anybody of any age could see the stage play. The matter was even more absurd because the film was much more innocuous than the play, and could have been seen by anybody of any age without embarrassment.

It is true that plays dealing with offbeat subjects are having a certain vogue both here and in the States, and the result is that the producer makes a nice profit. So does a tart, but it is not a metier which appeals to many of us.

If you go to buy something in a shop, the shopwindow gives an indication of what goods there are for sale. When you go in you are under no obligation to buy what is offered to you, and you can walk out again without having disbursed a cent, but this does not obtain in the theatre.

If there is a public for dirty plays, by all means let us have them, as long as people are warned. I am not against immorality as such, in fact I do not care what people do as long as they don't do it in the street and frighten the horses.

To show that there is a much bigger public for plays to which the whole family can come, I need only point out that the two biggest hits in London can be seen by anyone of any age without embarrassment. I refer of course to "Olivier!" and "The Affair."

Beauty and Brains, or Vice Versa

Death recently of London actress Gertrude Norman at 83 recalls a condition of her correspondence with longtime fiance Gordon Craig that it may not be read in his lifetime. Craig is son of actress Ellen Craig which, in turn, recalls the GBS-Mrs. Pat Campbell correspondence which formed the theme of a "reading" play.

It also recalled an anecdote concerning Miss Craig and the Irish playwright which, apocryphal or not, has had some circulation. It had to do with Miss Terry suggesting that a child with the famed dramatist would be a superb specimen considering that "it would combine my beauty and your brains". To this, GBS supposedly responded, "But suppose the child were born with my beauty and your brains".

Miss Norman had presented the N.Y. Public Library, in 1955, the Marcia Van Dresser-Gertrude Norman collection of theatrical and musical scrapbooks, containing photographs, programs, letters etc. relating to the American, English and German stage where she and Miss Van Dresser appeared. In 1959 the Library's Theatre Collection received the entire Gordon Craig correspondence from approximately 1898-1958.

Miss Norman was the last living actress to have appeared with Sir Henry Irving. She played in his company at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, in London, as one of the little princes in the tower in "King Richard III" in 1896. She was brought to the U. S. by Julia Arthur for her production of "A Lady of Quality" in the seasons of 1897-98-99. She appeared in repertory with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp" in 1900 and in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and later with Viola Allen in "In the Palace of the King." In 1902-03 she was with Otis Skinner in "Francesca da Rimini." Miss Norman also was a contributor from London to the old Theatre Magazine from 1905-1916 and was extremely active in support of the Musicians Benevolent Fund of England up to the time of her death.

Abel Green.

How Talent Follows Spenders

Herewith, for historic curiosity, a list of performers playing in Dawson City, Yukon, during the Gold Rush era, 1899-1900. The point is perhaps obvious: talent is seldom deterred by primitive conditions or geographic distance. As to the "Camille" (sic) listed below, read also the accompanying press account, quoted from the Klondike Nugget, of its married leads who were not on speaking terms.

The following checklist is provided by the Dept. of Northern Affairs of the Canadian Government at Ottawa. It will be noted that the gold miners were edified by a Dawson Philharmonic.

(Appearing at the Palace Grand Theatre, Dawson)

Date	Name	Remarks
Aug. 18, 1899	Pauline Cains Howard W. C. Campbell Voorhees and Davis	Ballet Dancer Juggler Trick Cyclist Musical Act
Sept. 4, 1899	Eabette Pyne George L. Hillyer Frank Simons	Title role "Camille" Male lead "Camille" (estranged spouse of Eabette Pyne) Manager of Company
Oct. 14, 1899	L. De Forest Frank Gardner B. W. Way Dot & Babe (Eabette) Pyne George L. Hillyer	Leading man Members of cast Manager of Hillyer-De Forest Company production, "A Celebrated Case."
Jan. 3, 1900	Carl Leuders Beatrice Lorne F. W. Zimmerman	Singer and director, "Il Travatore." Soprano Tenor
Jan. 18, 1900	J. B. Shaw	Producer-director: "Deaf as a Post" and "The Old Homestead."
Jan. 21, 1900	C. H. Pring Carl Leuders Miss Cecil Marion Ed Schank	Manager "Dawson Philharmonic Orchestra." Tenor Soprano Baritone
March 19, 1900	Ed Dolan Mulligan & Linton Conchita Dick Maurettus & Hull Maddoleon Garnett	Singer (27 weeks in San Francisco) Female slack wire performer
	Jacqueline Maurettus May Miner May Walker Lucy Lavell Eveline Morris Leo	Dancer Trapeze
March 20, 1900	U. D. Crowley E. H. Port James J. West J. W. Pratt John Mulligan Fred Creese Jacqueline & Mulligan Maddoleon Alice Fairbanks May Walker J. Leo Shaw Browning Sisters	Joint Managers Palace Grand Theatre Stage Manager Orchestra Leader Comedians Contortionist Dancer Dancer Trapeze (With above persons may have been members of casts of "Cupid's Antics" and "Muldoon's Picnic".)
April 3, 1900	Two programmes:	"Lynwood" and "Sculptor's Dream"
June 11, 1900	Two programmes advertised:	"Forgiven," a four-act drama, and Frank Simon's "Sappho," (Predecessors of "Flora-dora")
June 18, 1900	Society Cakewalk (Olen) Eddy O'Brien & Jennings Simon's New Chechako Girls Professor Max Adler	"Old Friends" Singers and Dancer Orchestra Director

The Aesthetics Of Mammon — And Vice Versa

Unlike the Pop Song, the Best Things In The Theatre Are Not Free—Boffo Plays Begot Boffo B.O.

By PROF. JOHN McCABE

(John McCabe is Chairman of the Department of Dramatic Art, New York University, and the author of the recent successful book, "Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy.")

Take out a coin. Look at it carefully—at what it is and what it does.

The theatre is very much like that coin. It is beautiful and it is commercial. It is perdurable and it is evanescent. It is permanent and quickly expendable. It is an art and it is a dress.



Prof. McCabe

Sir Henry Irving once observed that the theatre must flourish as a business if it is to survive as an art, and somehow or other that remark has never stimulated much argument over the indisputable fact. Little remembered, that the greatest stuff in the theatre has usually been solid boxoffice.

Why is that so? In looking at the coin one sees on it the eagle of inspiration and the boilerplate trivia of commercial transaction. Maybe it is an essential of art in the theatre that it have carrying charges? Are we faced here with a comparison of the little known (in fact downright fictitious) Belching Goats of the Himalayas who leap from precipice to precipice, belching at every bound? The natives hold hot dispute as to whether it is the leap that makes the goat belch, or the belch that makes him leap. Is gold the precious added ingredient that gives the playwright his ultimate facility in communication of his meaning?

That too much concentration on lucre is invidious need not be questioned. We have but to look around us. Harold Clurman pointed out recently that the greatest thing wrong with our theatre today is the tendency to equate merit with profit. This is solemn truth. The stop-clause-driven economics of Broadway have put countless good shows into the warehouse and it is, practically-speaking, a miracle on 44th or any other street that "All the Way Home" had at least a fighting chance to survive for as long as it did. Maybe, as Gilbert Miller has suggested, the prime thing wrong with the theatre is that there are just not enough theatres, or, functionally, it may be that the stop-clause has imbedded itself in the consciousness of most Broadway creative people with the result that their artistic consciences are maimed by the dollar mark.

But these, certainly, are unusual times. In the longrange view of the theatre, the fabulous invalid some-

Chautauqua Heritage

It was back in the days of Chautauqua and the Big Brown Tent. I stepped off the train at the depot. The few stragglers soon vanished and I found myself looking at a small barefoot youth of about 10. His eyes and village manners said "let me carry your baggage, Mister." But I always did that, a trooper habit. I struck up a conversation however, "Little boy do you know where the big brown tent is?" "Oh, yes sir" came the instant reply, "I can take you right to it."

We started off, through the dusty dog-day streets, which I noticed were sort of at random, no directional lanes. To make conversation. I dropped this homely question: "Little boy, what makes the streets so crooked?" He looked at me with those wondering blue eyes a few paces, then came up with this: "Well Mister, you see they have to be crooked to get to where they're goin'."

"Crooked Streets" is still in print. Last report, doin' OK!

Geoffrey O'Hara

how or other pulls out of the long-suffering spasm of falling-down sickness and experiences a period of fairly robust health before the doldrums set in again every two centuries or so. It is during those not infrequent periods of health that we can observe that the theatre's liaison with business is a natural and in most cases rewarding one.

We believe that it is a strength of our American way of life that a competitive economy produces the best total product over the greatest range of time. Mousetraps, automobiles, girdles and vitamin pills are better than ever because men work in free competition in an open market to produce them. The buyer usually settles for the best among the selection available and it is this fact which I think sharpens a playwright's appreciation of his task at hand. Writing for an open market probably induces in the creative playwright a keen awareness that one of the basics of all good art is its universality. Beauty is really only as good as the extent to which it is seen and appreciated, and the commercial instinct to expand and offer the widest range of view is, in a sense, a handmaiden of the creative artist in the theatre. It can restrict him from the parochial and guide him into lines of the larger view.

The Bard Was B.O. Too

I have always felt that the impact of the commercial aspect of an artist's work in the theatre has always been seriously undervalued. Shakespeare did not write his plays to be embalmed in books; he wrote them not to be read but to be people who paid.

Shakespeare and his partners spoken by men who were seen by were business men. They ran the

most successful playhouse in London, offering their clientele a very wide range of entertainment from sophisticated love comedy to deep tragedy to bouncing farce. When their supremacy as moneymakers was threatened by the sudden success of a boys' company across the river at Blackfriars, they did what smart business men the world over have done under similar circumstances—they bought up their rivals and found themselves the operators of the two most successful playhouses in London. These then, were vital conditioning factors of Shakespeare's dramaturgy and the fact that he was among other things a man very much interested in money (for example, he dabbled in real estate, both in London and Stratford), and the facts foregoing, suggest strongly that he wrote with at least an eye-and-a-half on the boxoffice. And the results would suggest that this was not exactly a bad thing.

Alexander Pope once wrote that Shakespeare "... for gain, not for glory, wing'd his flight." That this is altogether true is certainly debatable but I recall seeing "Henry V" at Stratford, Ontario, some years ago in the company of a friend who was then (as I was) a writer of industrial plays and films. He admitted to me somewhat sheepishly that he had never seen Shakespeare on the stage although he certainly knew him in the study. Following the rousing and stirring performance, he walked out into the night, visibly moved. After a bit, he came out of his pander and said feelingly, "My God, that man is commercial!" It was, for him, the ultimate tribute—and, to my mind, a very fine one.

Pleasing people—all of the people you can—in the best way you can: this is a part of the guts of art.

(From The Klondike Nugget, Sept. 9, 1899)

Backstage Heartbreak: Even In The Yukon

Reeking of present era, a publicity story on behalf of the Palace Grand Theatre in Dawson City, the Yukon, was unearthed by the Dept. of Northern Affairs at Ottawa, in connection with Canada's restoration of the theatre as a future tourist attraction. Bearing the caption "A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE" and two news-banks: (1) "Husband and Wife Brought Together After Separation" and: (2) "They Play Camille and Armand Duval On the Same Stage Though Not On Speaking Terms"

The Klondike Nugget account, offered here for historic perspective and flavor, then said as follows:

"The peculiar demands which the histrionic art imposes upon its disciples and the unquestioned obedience which generally follows, constitute a spectacle which forms one of the principal charms of the modern drama. These demands often play upon the most sacred sentiments and require sacrifices of personal feeling rarely otherwise imposed. These reflections are suggested by a romantic episode now being spun by two histrionic artists prominent on the Dawson stage—George L. Hillyer and Eabette Pyne.

"To go back a few years, it is learned that Miss Pyne is the daughter of Jack Sutherland, a famous cow king of San Joaquin valley and owner of the 'scizzars' brand so well known among the Western stockmen. Babe and Dot were heirs to a large fortune when Jack passed in his checks, but his thousands have long since disappeared, the girls having remaining of the fortune only a beautiful home at Kingston, California. But this is digression.

"George Hillyer met and loved Babe and four years ago they were married. After two years of married life they separated—it is no business of ours why—and have since been following individual paths, though, by one of the inscrutable plans of fate, continuing in the same orbit. When Frank Simons began to organize his present company he had for his assistant Mr. Hillyer, and among the actresses engaged were Babe and Dot Pyne. Thus the two were again thrown into close association, making the long trip to the Klondike in each other's company, and

were together when the company opened.

"During all this time, however, two held no communion with each other. Whether it was obstinacy or whether the grand passion which once enthralled them had lost its warmth is another thing which belongs to them alone. Suffice to say, "they never spoke as they passed by," and George finally left Simons' employ to take the position of stage manager at the Grand. (NOTE: Palace Grand.)

"Then came the interesting incident which laid the foundation for these reflections. Charlie Meadows needed a leading lady and needed her badly; he wanted to cast 'Camille' and the success of the venture depended upon the qualities of the leading lady. His choice finally resolved upon Babe Pyne, and by offering a salary of most tempting proportions, he secured her services. 'Camille' was finally presented to the public, and the spectacle was seen of George Hillyer playing Armand Duval, the lover, to the Camille of his former wife, though neither had spoken to the other off the stage for two years.

"No one observing the skill of the two could possibly guess at the relations between them and of the consummate art with which they cover their real feelings; but much could be guessed at by one whose privilege it must be to see the actress, as some have, leave the stage in a condition of nervous prostration as a result of the strain, and possibly indulge, woman-like, in a sudden flow of tears. What is the real story these tears tell and how do they effect (sic) the man on whose account, it is said, they are shed?"

Only Two Permanent Yiddish Legit Cos., Paradoxically, Are In Communist Warsaw & Jassy

By WOLFE KAUFMAN

Paris.

There are only two permanent Yiddish theatre companies in the world today, both in the Communist part of the world and both state-subsized. This is startling, from a number of standpoints, not the least of which is the subsidiary fact that this would seem to be in contradiction to the Soviet line. The Yiddish theatre in Jassy (last), Romania, is a smallish company about which not much is known. But the Kaminska Theatre of Warsaw has considerable international recognition, works all year around with a large company, a full repertoire, and makes frequent forays to London, Paris and other cities in Europe.

There are very few Jews left in Poland (official figures for the Warsaw area vary from about 4,000 to 20,000, as opposed to several million prior to the Nazi invasion); the government claim that the theatre draws a goodly percentage of non-Jewish customers is, therefore, probably true.

Ida Kaminska, a fine actress, is still the star and leading production factor. She tries to employ modern European technical knowledge for scenery, costumes, etc., but is far behind the Western world in know-how, of course. (The only permanent theatre company in any Communist country which is truly modern, technically, in this observer's opinion, is the East Berlin Brecht company—and that has nothing to do with the present essay.)

About half the plays (or more?) there are no exact statistics available) are "modern," meaning recently fabricated and hewing to the government's political line. This is also true in Jassy. But the language spoken is Yiddish and a goodly percentage of the plays are from the old Yiddish theatre repertory. (When your reporter attended a performance in Warsaw he was saddened to see good actors wasted on a political tract. When he went to a performance by the same troupe in London he was heartened by an exciting performance of the company in an old Goldfaden standby. To be honest, neither play had much as drama-turgy. But for the sentimental, and most of the London audience seemed to be, the Goldfaden was the most successful of the four plays the company brought to London. A Sholom Aleichem play was the most successful of three played by the company in Paris. When the company manager was asked whether this same tendency was true in Warsaw's home base, no answer.)

Where Has It Gone?

What has happened to Yiddish theatre? At one time, within the memory of many, it was a vital force in the world's theatre. There were a dozen or so companies on New York's East Side and an equal number spread throughout the U.S. Many of its stars made international impact, and quite a few created legendary international careers. Where has it all gone?

Why is there no permanent Yiddish theatre in the U.S.? Or in Israel? It is difficult to put one's finger on an exact answer. The nearest one can come to it is that the Jew in every country tends to be a citizen of that country; culturally he is tied to that country—with Yiddish as a second language, if at all. Second and third generations don't use the language at all, or rarely, and have no sentimental ties with it. This is true even in Israel, where Hebrew is the official language, not Yiddish.

The Anderson Theatre on New York's 2d Ave. is returning to Yiddish theatre this year, after being the home, for several years, of the Phoenix group. This house was the home of the Maurice Schwartz troupe—the Yiddish Art Theatre, the last try at a permanent American Yiddish company. The late Maurice Schwartz was a fine actor,

a great director, and a stirring personality. He tried Hollywood a couple of times and once had a longterm MGM contract, which he tore up because he preferred to "stay with my own." The march of time and economics chased him from New York but he kept his valiant little troupe battling around the world until the very end, a couple of years ago.

Molly Picon

It is good, too, to note that Molly Picon is on Broadway, in a major musical. She is one of Second Avenue's brightest contributions to show biz. She was born and brought up on Second Avenue; she was appearing in shows, singing and dancing in Yiddish, at the age of eight or nine. This explains, partially, why she has been able to make an undeniable impress on Broadway and the West End. It was largely her performance that made possible a long run for a so-so play in London a year ago. She is bilingual, as comfortable in Yiddish as in English. Many other great stars of the Yiddish theatre could not move "uptown" comfortably because they were hampered by language.

Even so, it is startling to realize how many Yiddish theatre actors (by which is meant bona fide graduates of Yiddish language theatre) have been seen on Broadway or in Hollywood. The most important picture names who fall into this category are probably Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson and Jules Dassin. There were many others, of course, who came a-visitng but didn't stay. Or didn't impress.

Jennie Goldstein

The recent death of Jennie Goldstein robbed the Broadway stage of one of its most accomplished actresses (remember her in Tennessee Williams' "Camino Real"?). At the same time as it robbed the Yiddish theatre of its greatest living dramatic actress. Celia Adler has played both sides of the street successfully, though other members of the fabulous Adler family—Stella Adler, Luther Adler, Francine Larrimore, et al., were strictly Broadway. Annette Margulies came from Second Avenue to be the toast of the town as Tondeleyo in "White Cargo." She still plays an occasional bit role on Broadway. Menasha Skutnik has made a couple of successful forays into the Broadway theatre. Anna Appel has played in quite a number of English language plays. Joseph Buloff could have been a star in any theatre of the world because of his innate talent and imagination, but has been restricted by his heavily accented English to comic or character roles on Broadway or in television—in both of which fields he is frequently present, when not taking bows during forays to the Yiddish theatre, where he is appreciated as a great dramatic actor. Leo Fuchs (current on Second Ave.) is another Yiddish theatre star who makes frequent excursions into English-language theatre, films and niteries.

One of London's most popular character actors at the moment is Meier Tselmicker, who first came to attention as head of London's Yiddish Art Theatre, a group which disappeared along about 1950, though it was aided by the British Arts Council.

There are still alumni of the Yiddish theatre in almost all the English-language showshops. Importantly. But the days of Jacob P. Adler, Bertha Kalisch, Yanker Kalich (Molly Picon's husband and a fine actor but no relation of Bertha), Ludwig Staz, Boris Thomashefsky, Aaron Lebedoff (the "perpetual juvenile"), Max Gabel, Rudolph Schildkraut (his son, Joseph didn't do so bad on Broadway, either), David Kessler, Samuel Goldenberg, Miguelesco, Yablakoff, Maurice Moscovitch are gone.

But turn on the radio and you may hear a song written a couple of decades ago for a Second Avenue musical comedy by Sholom Secunda — "Bei Mir Bist du Schoen."

Wha' Hoppened?

A trade news story, June 10, 1922, was specific along the lines that New York was to have a "New Municipal Opera House For 59th St.," according to the headlines. The story:

"New York will be the home of one more beautiful opera house. Work will be started at once on the erection of three buildings by New York City, one of which will be an opera house, another will house the musical and dramatic arts and conservatory of music, and the third will be donated (sic) to the plastic art."

"The proposed location is at 59th Street, south to 7th Ave. The City will furnish the land and the cost of construction will be at least \$15,000,000."

(That site sounds like what became of the Jolson Theatre, recently the Videotape Centre. It also sounds like a fore-runner for today's much more realistic Lincoln Center redevelopment which is in actual construction for 1963-64 debut. —Ed.)

On Being First To Sing the Role

By DOROTHY COULTER

On April 10, 1961, when I made my debut at the Metropolitan Opera in "La Boheme," it was that well-known dream come true. For although I had previously sung in musical comedy roles at the Kansas City Starlight Theatre and other houses, I had always set my sights on grand opera and had worked constantly toward this objective.

My great worry in my "Boheme" debut, as well as in my performances in other classical operas I've since done at the Met, was that other singers have played the particular role before. Opera-goers fondly remember, as they should, the great singers of the past who have made a particular role a famous one. People come to the performance of a standard opera with cherished memories. Thus it is by no means an easy task for a new artist to create a fresh and valid impact.

There is an entirely different sort of a challenge confronting the artist who is given the rare opportunity of portraying a new role for the very first time. In 1958 I was given just such a pioneering opportunity when I sang the title role in Menotti's "Maria Golovin" at the Brussels World Fair where the work received its world premiere. And more recently, on Oct. 12, 1961, I was able (by special arrangement with the Met) to portray the role of Milly Theale in the N.Y. City Opera's world premiere of Douglas Moore's "The Wings of the Dove," at the City Center.

In this tragic opera based on the early Henry James novel of the same name, I played the young, rich, ill-fated heroine. It was a most exhilarating experience to be the first person to step into the role. As in the case of the Menotti work, I did not have to worry that somebody else was identified with the role! Consequently, within bounds of the text, I was able to interpret Milly Theale with tremendous freedom.

I am a staunch advocate of more opera in English, whether through new works such as the above-mentioned or through suitable translations of standard works. I am of the opinion that if we did more operas in English our audiences would be considerably broadened.

In "The Wings of the Dove" there is a most perfect wedding of Ethan Ayer's libretto and Douglas Moore's music. And in approaching the role of the charming but doomed Milly I was acutely conscious of the great value of pronunciation as a major aid in getting across my character conception of the turn-of-the-century Henry James heroine—to establish her innate gentility without traces of artificiality.

Pronunciation

There is such a thing in singing as over-pronunciation. The greater sin, however, is faulty pronunciation.

I have noticed that often enough foreign-born persons sing English more perfectly than Americans.

How To Go On The Stage [Circa 1910]

By SAM STARK

San Francisco.

Recently I became fascinated with several "How to Go On the Stage" booklets that have been gathering dust on my bookshelves. I realize now that the theatre would be as dead as vaudeville had aspiring actors taken these books seriously.

In my youth I had assiduously mailed away stamps or coins for the jokebooks, minstrel guides, "Madison's Budgets" and laugh skits that were advertised for those wanting to go on the stage. One that I have before me that cost a quarter opens with the paragraph:

"To go on the stage it is best to enter through the stagemoor, which is usually located at the rear of the theatre, hall or auditorium. You will be met there by an attendant or stage doorman and you should be affable and courteous in expressing your business to him. Other methods of going upon the stage are by way of the stairways which rise from the audience floor, on each side of the orchestra pit and to the sides of the proscenium. In some theatres entry may be had by way of a small door that opens from a stage box."

This pertinent information was followed by a page of "Valuable Dictionary of Stage Terms." Definitions were given for tormentors, battens, ginger (to perform in a lively manner), stage screw-eyes, olio, footlights, ad lib, etc. I'll bet you didn't know that ad lib meant "at discretion."

An additional chapter carried several pages on "How to Produce Stage Effects" with sub-paragraphs on colored fires, thunder, lightning, wood crash, horse, wind and rain.

"Red fire is produced with 8 ounces of strontia, 4 ounces of potash, 2 ounces of shellac and 1 ounce of lycopodium. These fires are burned on an ordinary coal shovel or pan and can be ignited by a quick match, or a cotton cord soaked in oil, if a quick match cannot be obtained. Hold the pan over the head (honestly it says that) as the fire is burning; this will illuminate the surroundings much better."

I was never able to try this pyrotechnic display because, although my family did not put their united feet down, the druggist absolutely refused to sell me any of the ingredients. In fact, he could have won an acting award with the expression on his face when I told him to what use I intended those chemicals. That he was a spoilsport might have been influenced by the proximity of our house to his drugstore.

I like the method given for obtaining a "wood crash" which reads: "Numerous bits of old lumber thrown violently will produce a wood crash." (Don't forget I paid a quarter for this booklet!)

Stage Don'ts

Another handy little pamphlet I have before me lists "Stage Don'ts." Here are a few of them: (1) Don't cross your legs in the 'first part.' (2) Don't make visible efforts to recognize your friends

out front. (3) Don't pull out your watch (if you have one) to note the length of time. That will be regulated by the stage manager. (4) Don't leave the stage unless it is your duty or necessary to do so. (5) Don't expectorate upon the stage, gentlemen, during performance. Carry 'kerchiefs for that purpose. (6) Don't turn around and giggle if anybody makes a mistake or a string breaks on an instrument. You wouldn't like to be laughed at in public, would you? (7) Don't monopolize all the hooks, nails and space in the dressing rooms. (8) Lastly, always know your part perfectly. If you are a gentleman this is particularly important as a gent cannot have his lines written on a fan as quite a few of the lady performers are doing."

I am intrigued with the definition given for *Straight Business*: "This is a part wherein the genteel character 'feeds' the comedy, and it is generally the educated man enlightening the ignorant intruder or companion in the sketch or farce. The genteel character is also known as the 'walking gentleman' of the dramatic stage. Needless to say, in a male and female act there is never a 'walking gentleman' as no lady should be made the butt of comedy or crude remarks." (Is George Burns listening?)

One of the booklets concludes with about 200 songs to be sung on occasion. Most of them are long forgotten but one fascinating title is "Back Side of Albany Stands Lake Champlain."

The word "proscenium" spelled pure theatre to the amateur and it was used as often as possible to impress those not in the know. I recall during a rehearsal for Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, that was taking place in a church basement, on a square platform resembling a boxing ring, hearing a director yell, "What are you doing on the proscenium?" This quickly restored order out of what had been chaos.

In one of the books telling how to go on the stage the author evidently ran out of ideas and threw in a few chapters on the circus, one of which was titled, "Developing and Managing a Freak Show." The word "Developing" was a misnomer as the neophyte was not told of any market where the freaks listed could be obtained. Perhaps the author assumed that anyone foolish enough to pay a dollar for his book might by chance have been born into a family of freaks.

There were various suggestions offered for "Rube" tents with a sign over the entrance marked, "For Men Only," but it was left to the imagination of the amateur as to what startling display would be seen on entering such midway attraction.

An idea that I liked was for a tent, outside of which hung a sign reading, "See the horse with his tail where his head ought to be." After buying a ticket and entering the customer would be shown a horse placed in a stall backwards. Research might prove that the circus riot call, "Hey Rube," originated when this hoax was pulled on the public.

When an American singer is to perform a role in Italian or French he studies the pronunciation of each syllable with the greatest of care, and when the foreign-born singer is learning an English role he does the same thing.

I contend that English is inherently singable in opera and that it is not more difficult to sing than other languages. But alas, it is often sung in a manner which leaves much to be desired by an audience. This is because the American artist frequently feels that speaking the language is sufficient unto the task. Singing in English means hearing in English, and many Americans have formed the habit of talking carelessly in daily speech. A singer should cultivate the art of listening to himself, for then, and only then, will he learn to hear in his mind what he wants to sound like before it is sung. By learning to listen to himself, he will learn to correct himself. The instrumentalist spends much time in learning to do this, and so should the singer.

Needless to say, in approaching the role of Milly Theale in "Dove,"

I read and re-read the Henry James novel and also, of course, Nathan Ayer's libretto which so ably captured the basic framework of the story about a betrayed heiress doomed to die.

The character of Milly is one that strikes alternate notes of ecstasy and pathos, and she is possessed by physical weakness, with a tendency to faint and take to bed. My great objective in approaching this role was to make it a convincing one. In doing so I was greatly helped by the eminently workable script, the sustained emotional tension of the score, and the natural melodic lines of conversation.

The critics hailed "Dove." It was called, by one, the "best U.S. opera," and another said, "American opera has come of age." Assuredly it will be given new performances, and I will be most anxious to view these—to see how someone else will play the role I had the very good fortune to debut. And I wonder how the critics, in their reviews, will compare a new Milly with the first Milly . . . me!



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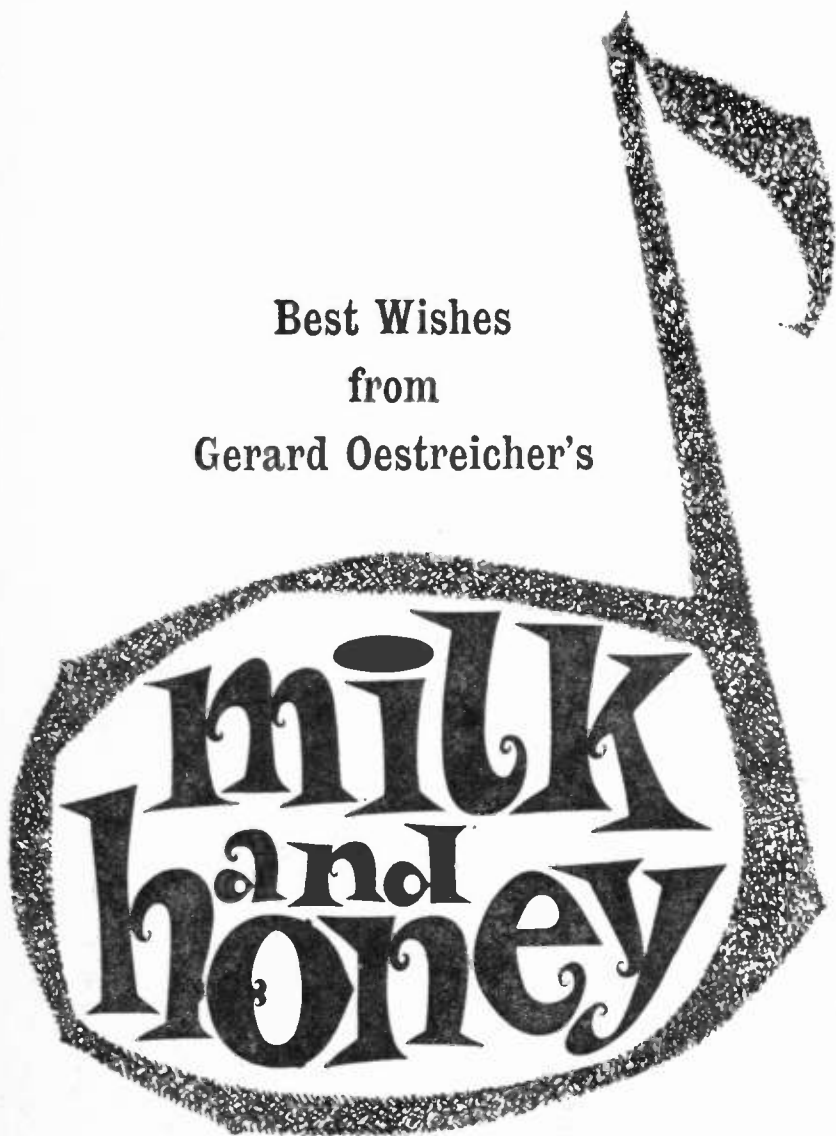
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Thurs. 18	Fri. 19	Sat. 20	Thurs. 17	Fri. 18	Sat. 19	Thurs. 16	Fri. 17	Sat. 18	Thurs. 15	Fri. 16	Sat. 17
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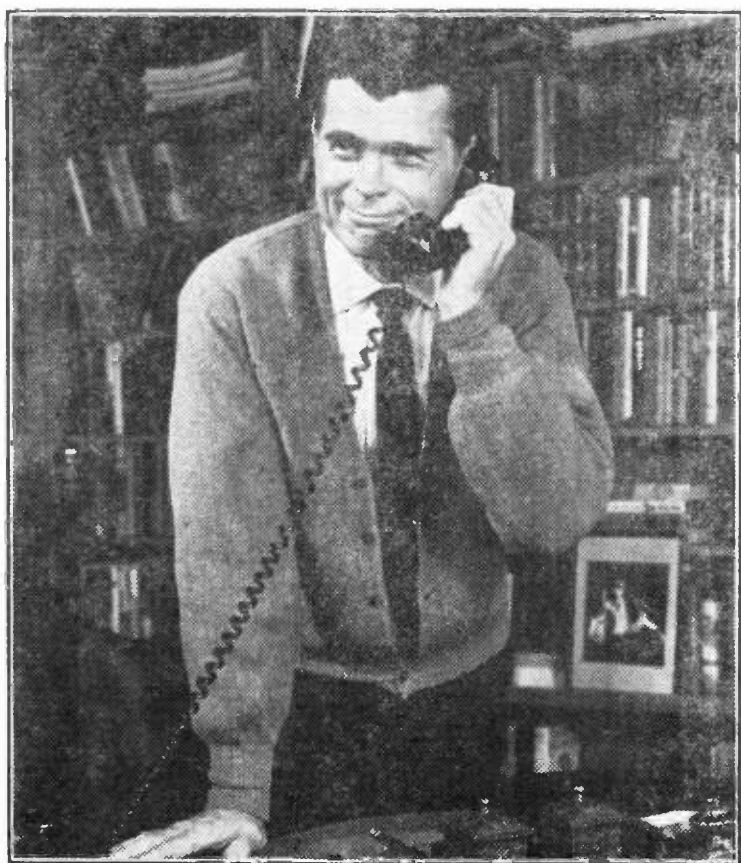
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Recalls Lambs' Wash

Continued from page 235

estate diving for greased water-melons. There was also a barker yelling out "Step this way folks and have yer picture took by the Miracle TinType Co." Over a thousand prizes that year . . . everything from a suit by Earl Benham to a 10 pound box of lollypops donated by Jimmy Savo.

"Don't Hurry He"

This is a long preface to my baseball story, but long prefaces are not unknown at the Lambs. The point is I had been captain of one of the baseball teams (the big day always ended with a game) in 1944 and was repeating in 1945 but worried about a pitcher because my former pitcher, Roy Roberts, was now the rival team captain. It's typical of being a Lambs Clubber that instead of worrying about being out of work nothing occupied my thought but who I could line up to pitch.

A young fellow came over to me and said "I'm Jimmy Wilkinson, a new member and I've been anxious to meet you I hear you're the Pool Champ of the Lambs." We shook hands and I said "yes I am but that was kind of an accident all the good pool players were away working when I won the tournament." He laughed and said he'd like to play me a game, I said "O.K." I broke the balls and he ran 45 on me. I said, "Boy, you're a whiz. If I only had a guy that could pitch the way you play pool, I'd be set." He asked me what I wanted a pitcher for and I told him about the Wash coming up and Roy Roberts being so good. He said, "well your troubles are over. I'm your pitcher." I said, "can you pitch?" He said, "way better than I play pool. I pitched in the Eastern League." I said, "If this isn't a rib you're my man." Well, I tried him out and it was no rib . . . he was sensational.

We were on the train going to Islip. I was sitting with Joe Laurie Jr. and Jack Norworth telling them about the new member that I had discovered was a great pitcher. I told 'em I was going to pick only three men for my team—pitcher, catcher, and I said to Joe, "I'm putting you in center field and you just sit there in a rocking chair." Joe said, "that will be funny alright but if they get a hard hunt down the first or third base line it would be a home run. Norworth said he was for it. It would be a load of laughs. Roberts came over and said "let's choose our teams." I picked Jimmy Wilkinson. Roberts chose Jack Whit-ting. I took Jack Smart for my catcher. Roberts said I'll take Mercer Templeton. I said, "Laurie will be my Center Fielder and that's all the team I want."

Well it was quite a laugh later on when my team took the field with only three players. Laurie sat behind Second in the rocker with his big cigar steaming. First he and Jack Norworth sang a chorus of "Take Me Out To The Ballgame" with German Band accompaniment . . . the whole crowd joined in. Not good but loud. Then Norworth cried "play ball."

Senator Ford umpired behind the plate, Harry Hershfield was on first, Bobby Clark on second and Al Schacht on third. Well, this Jimmy Wilkinson was a real pro. Trio took their positions and after every inning I would go out to Laurie and hold a conversation with him. Then send him out deeper into center field. Nobody could touch Wilkinson. Not even a foul ball. In the third inning

Laurie called for time and came in from deep center to talk to me. I switched him to first on a hunch Roberts would bunt. Wilkinson threw a few hot ones for practice and Laurie took off his glove and blew on his hands.

Roberts worked Wilkinson to a three and two count. The pay off pitch he blazed straight down the middle. Roberts snapped it to Laurie and Roy was out by 20 feet. What a laugh. Laurie then left the mitt on first base and trotted out to his rocking chair in center field. Al Schacht was lying on third base. In the fourth inning, Laurie played seven positions. Between pitches he would run to third base, then to left field, then to short stop. What a sight he was with his big cigar and seven gloves tied on his rocking chair which he would bring along with him.

As the fifth inning started my team was ahead one to nothing. One run came on a homer by pitcher Wilkinson. He hit it way out in the bay. By now I had Laurie so far out you could hardly see him. He ended out of sight in the corn field.

William Faversham

Like I said, we're sentimental about the old days and the big laughs (for us). The clowning gained in humor naturally because these were pros. The Actors Home was the ideal setting. In the evening we always put on an impromptu frolic for the guests there, all of us using our best-rehearsed ad libs.

One memory stands forth, that of William Faversham. I don't suppose the modern generation can imagine what a matinee idol he had been, how many money he had made, and thrown away. He was living then at the Williams estate and he made a little speech that had us all in the misty-eyed condition which, I suppose, easily follows horseplay.

Picture this once-great Broadway and screen star rising to speak to the Lambs Wash crowd with all his elegance, elocution and polish, recalling the vagaries of show business and his financial shipwreck. He spoke with delightful irony of foolish investments, misplaced confidences, false friends along the way and of thinking he was going down for the final count when the Actors Fund rescued him. It was a trailer seldom equalled for the Fund and the Home and as convincing a reading of genuine gratitude as you'll ever hear.

We gave Faversham a standing ovation, while the German band provided oompa-oompa. It may have been his final one. It must have been one of his best. We then staggered onto our special train headed back to the Pennsy Station. And I hope you get the idea now—why I say we're sentimental, nostalgic and, perhaps, a bit long-winded.

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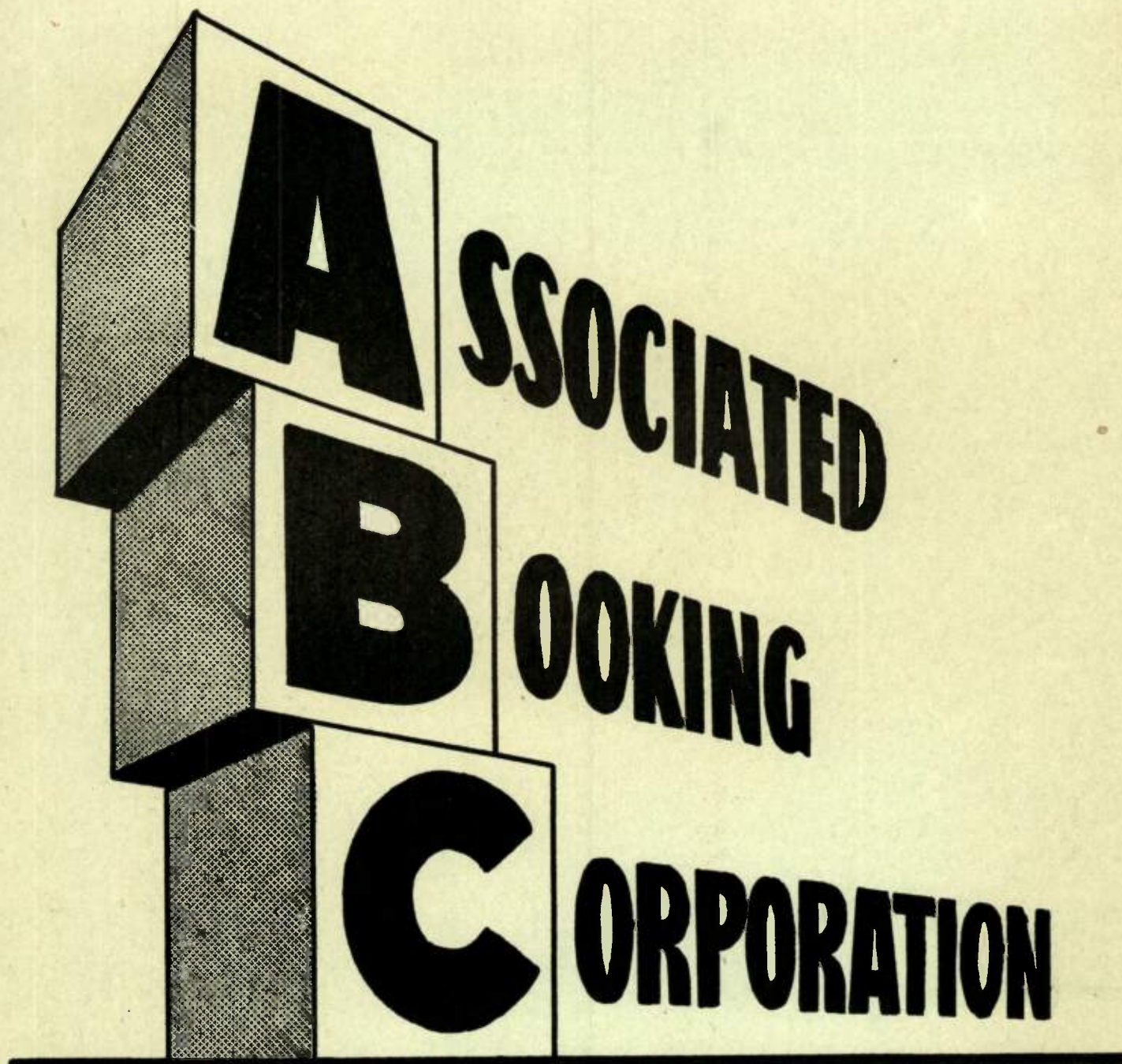
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