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VARIETY

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VARIETY

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PART HISTORY, PART HYSTERIA

The Chips Are Down (in Spades) As London's 'Chemmy' Fever Spreads

By DICK RICHARDS

London.

The chips are down in London with a vengeance. For over a year, since the revision of the Betting & Gaming Act, the West End has been wide open for the bigtime, wellheeled gamblers and never has there been so much opportunity for them to win—and lose—large chunks of coin in such luxury surroundings.

At one time the private "chemmy" parties of society playboy John Aspinall were a w.k. feature of West End life. Now, Aspinall has opened the ritzy Clermont Club in Berkeley Square as a highclass gambling joint and he finds himself with plenty of stiff competition.

Financier Tim Holland is the Big Wheel of the syndicate that has turned the famous bridge club, Crockford's, into a successful glossy casino. The success is sharply indicative of how gambling in the West End has become big business. Shares in Crockford's are in private hands, though the first move has been made for them to be quoted officially on the Stock Exchange. When the company was launched Hilland offered about 50 people and their friends 30,000 shares at $1.40 a time. Among them were James Carreras, Hammer Films boss, Monty Berman, the costumer, actor Michael Medwin and, of course, Holland himself.

There are no grumbles from those who took the plunge. Carreras' $2,240 investment is said now to be worth $378,000. Holland claims that business is still on the

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Idol Shatterer

The great Great Equalizer, perhaps for all time, as uttered by an aspiring Broadway legit actress on an afternoon interview show:

"Those critics who are now airing their 'reviews' on television—wowie, I'm no longer afraid of *them* after seeing them in person, so to speak!"

Sky's the Limit: LV's $30,000,000 Building Boom

By FORREST DUKE

Las Vegas.

It's an incongrous sight for motorists, in approaching this gambling mecca, to see huge skyscrapers mushrooming out of the desert.

And by the end of this year, it'll be even more incongrous—because more skyscrapers are being built.

So, the nation may thus anticipate a whole new breed of dice-tossers to be known as "sky-high crapshooters" wagering in cloud casinos up as high as 32 stories.

Obviously, the trend in Vegas is to the "highrise." Nine resort hotels are in the midst of new tower additions for a total of 163 stories. When the skyscrapers are completed in 1963, the desert playground will take on the skyline appearance of a junior Miami Beach.

In previous years, the resort operators here were content to spread out their rooms like sprawling motels. But skyrocketing land values are now changing all that. Tourists prefer a shorter walk to

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We All Know About Swiss Banks, But Their Operas Are a Real Asset Too!

Basle.

Switzerland is a curious little country. You like it or you don't. Either way, you've got to admit it has a handy setup for banking shenanigans (if you've got any money to bank, of course). And it is a useful spot if you are an admirer of picture postcards. And it is a wonderful place for music. Lucerne, Zurich, Berne, Geneva, all provide good music, and Basle (sometimes called Bale) is a spot that should make Americans think. And blush.

Basle is a bit of a town situated across the river from France. It hasn't much population and it hasn't much raison d'etre. But it has an opera house. A beautiful, old-style theatre, the Staatsoper has about 1,100 seats which are full almost every night of the week. It has a very large and modern stage, one of the finest opera troupes in Europe, a really topnotch ballet company and a top-grade dramatic repertoire company. There's a show every night, the various troupes

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PARIS NITE LIFE PERKS WITH SOME NEW IDEAS

Paris.

After several years in semi-static condition, Parisian night life perked somewhat this past year. Credit two personalities, Helene Martini in her drive to revivify Pigalle, and Jean Mejean's attempt to bring names back to the boites.

After the war there was a resurgence of activity in happy relief from German occupation. Pigalle, or Pig Alley as G.I.s called it, resumed with feathers, nudity and production numbers. Against this the Left Bank's St. Germain Des Pres section mingled philosophy with prowling. "Existentialism" was the draw, courtesy Jean-Paul Sartre.

Rose Rouge and the Fontaine Des Quatres Saisons offered pocket-

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1962: WHO'S WHO & WHAT'S WHAT

By ABEL GREEN

The year 1962 was a pyramiding succession of climactic events. If often historic it was betimes hysterical in its convolutions.

Events ranged from hard-core industry milestones, such as the MCA divorcement and Darryl F. Zanuck's successful legal battle to control 20th Century-Fox, to the critical U.S. showdown with Khrushchev over Castro's Cuba; from the Yankee-Doodle-Dandy pioneering with Telstar and the subsequent RCA-developed Relay Satellite (which bespeak direct colorcasts of the Tokyo Olympics in 1964) to the gruesome passing of Marilyn Monroe. Add the usual quota of trivia which punctuates the American scene year after year.

In 1961 it was The Twist; now The High Life, promulgated by the UN diplomatique from the new African nations, the Madison and the Bossa Nova, yet none with the same impact as "Le Tweest." Last year it was Liz and Burton, and ditto this. Last semester it was "Never On Sunday"; this year it's "The First Family" (Vaughn Meader) and Allen Sherman's "My Son, The Folksinger."

In characteristic Yankee manner

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Washington Asks: Is Kennedy Truly A Theatre Buff?

By LES CARPENTER

Washington.

President Kennedy has gone to Washington theatres only three times in almost two years in the White House and has yet to see more than half a performance. For a man who professes considerable interest in the performing arts it is a strange situation. The reason for it is unknown.

Recently, he and First Lady Jacqueline Kennedy hosted a black tie White House dinner for about a half dozen close friends and went to the Capitol Theatre for the preem performance here of the Bolshoi Ballet, locally under Patrick Hays sponsorship.

The performance was "Swan Lake." The President saw only the first two acts, went backstage

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Early Press Time

This 57th Anniversary Number went to press several days ahead of the normal Tuesday deadline, due to the size of the paper and the binding.

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

Many of Paris' 'Lost Generation' Of the '20s Sure 'Found' Themselves

By WOLFE KAUFMAN

Paris.

It has become customary to talk about American participation in Paris life during the 1920s as particularly epochal for American writing. It was much more than that, of course. And it wasn't as limited as that. Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway, Elliot Paul, Kay Boyle, Bob McAlmon, Scott Fitzgerald, Djuna Barnes, Ezra Pound, etc., were all American writers and were all key members of the incandescent decade which started about 1920 and ended about 1930.

But other important members of the "colony" included Richard Aldington, a British poet; George Antheil, an American composer; Berenice Abbott, an American photographer; Constantin Brancusi, a Roumanian sculptor; Morley Callaghan, a Canadian writer; Lillian Duncan, an American dancer; Ilya Ehrenburg, a Russian writer; Max Ernst, a German painter; Ford Maddox Ford, a British writer; James Joyce, an Irish writer; Paul Korda, a Hungarian painter; Pablo Picasso, a Spanish painter; Mann Ray, an American photographer; and Igor Stravinsky, a Russian composer. Not to mention Kiki, a French "artists' model" or Harold Stearns, an American drunk. And not to mention any of the Frenchies, of whom perhaps the most important in this movement were (looking backwards with today's eyes) Gide, Valery, Cocteau, Aragon, Appolinaire—and dozens of painters.

The point is that it was a period particularly fruitful and colorful for all the arts. All the world par-

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Nazareth Nitery

Tel Aviv.

Seif el-Zuabi, Moslem mayor of Nazareth, is willing, for sake of the tourist trade, to permit opening of a night club in the city.

The deputy-mayor, a Christian Arab, is also in full agreement with him on this matter.

However, no permit will be given to open the nitery near a church or a monastery. Neither will the mayor allow striptease in the holy city.

British Crafts Fight Common M. For Feature Pix

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

For several years past, the British film industry has been looking in the direction of Europe, and its patience may be rewarded in the coming months. That is, of course, if the protracted negotiations in Brussels eventually bear fruit, and Britain joins the other six nations in the new European Economic Community (Common Market).

Strangely enough, it was not the prospect of the United Kingdom joining the EEC which first prompted the British film industry to think of European affiliation. For some time now, British filmmakers have been trying to bring about a coproduction agreement with their counterparts in France, Italy, and, if possible, Germany and Spain, too. Some two years back, it was confidently predicted that agreement was just around the corner, but the talks have dragged

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HERB ALLER DEBUNKS FILMS' 'NEW BLOOD' GAB

Hollywood.

It is commonplace for statements to appear in the lay and trade press about the crying need for new faces, new talents, new blood. Hardly anybody has cared to take the disagreeable position that newcomers threaten those who have spent decades in the various film crafts and who very much wish to protect their seniority.

During 1962, in a symposium of the Screen Producers Guild on these issues, Herbert Aller, head of the International Photographers Union in Hollywood, spoke bluntly. This was his opening:

"So much has been written and spoken about new talent, new vitality, new blood, or call it what you will, that it

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Viennese Versions Of Espresso Joints Fading Into Historical Curios

Vienna.

Vienna coffeehouse and soft music were a popular conception decades ago. Actually it was the cause of one of the first societies of authors, composers and music publishers. Commercialisation of operetta hits during coffee sipping hours, plus newspaper reading, had gone "too far," their members argued. Business flourished at that time. But last year, $60,000 in form of subsidies by the city of Vienna was necessary to keep five of them operating. One coffeehouse, the Kaiser Garden, shuttered. It seems that the Austrians of today dislike this kind of coffeehouse and that the foreigners have no time to spend many hours there. A last minute grant of tax reductions for coffeehouses, which employ three musicians three times weekly (or one musician daily) will also not solve this "problem."

The City of Vienna (meanwhile copied in the provinces) has discovered a cure for tax-evasion in

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German Films Duck Jewish Theme; Reason: Embarrassment & Guilt

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

A portrayal of the problems of the Jews in West Germany in a film, or even a documentary about the Jews in Germany today, has not yet been tackled. Films made concerning the Jews in the past have been either "too early or too late"—and generally they have not been successful at the German boxoffice.

Those are the findings of an expert in the field of the portrayal of Jewish figures in films, director Max Lippmann, chief of the German Institute for Those Associated with the Films, in Wiesbaden, West Germany. Director Lippmann has been lecturing for the last couple of years in West Germany on the theme of "the Jewish individual in films."

He commented: "Since there is no German documentary available, I am currently showing clips from an Italian documentary titled '16 October 1943' which wrestles with the problem of the Jews during the Nazi regime."

When Josef Goebbels ordered that the violently anti-Semitic film "Jud Suess" be made, he never realized that what he had planned

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'62: An End-It-Yourself

Minow, Pastore and Dodd
Were a trio who played it like God
On Sex and Depravity
And even Jim Hagerty.

Henri Langlois' Film Museum

Paris.

The French Film Museum, the Cinematheque Francaise, is more than a spot for aloof film buffs. It has definitely helped launch new, worthwhile directors, was the basis for the New Wave's brief roar and has also been instrumental in underlining the work of contemporary directors from all over, with a big leaning towards the U.S. and Hollywood.

But its conservation aspects are still the main factors and they extend to posters, stills, scripts, costumes and anything from films, as well as the showings of the films themselves. There are about 50,000 pix (including copies and negatives), several hundred thousand stills, old sets, thousands of posters, print books. Add in an old Erich Von Stroheim uniform and the mummy head from Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho" (Par) hanging in the office of the director and founder Henri Langlois.

Langlois is fiftyish, with a sleepy expression belied by piercing, sharp eyes. Talk films and he is all alive and vibrant.

If they laughed when he first bought director's scripts, doodlings, costumes, parts of sets etc., they are coming around now. The

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If Greetings can span the oceans and five Continents I extend Personal Best Wishes to my friends all over the world.

PAUL ANKA

The Financial Education Of An Entertainer

By ART LINKLETTER

Hollywood Beach, Fla.

I hope you'll forgive me for sitting in your bankers' audience, for I'm not one of you. But I like to get the feel of an audience; they are my chief business. And I like to be out among the people, to feel the waves of emotion—whatever it happens to be—the insecurity, the greed . . .

I mention greed only in passing because the audiences, which come to my show five days a week are made of groups of people who come to 'get something.' They don't know where they are . . . or

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THE 57th 'VARIETY'

Like Heinz's famed slogan there have been 57 varieties of show business evolutions in the 57 years of VARIETY. Maybe more.

In a business that is constantly in flux, no previous period has seen so many revolutions and evolutions. Despite the segue from the silents to the talkers—almost on the heels of the extinction of what was once America's mass popular "live" entertainment, meaning vaudeville—each forward step has had a stabilizing period. Sound brought new prosperity to the "picture palaces," especially as it mated films with lavish (for then) "presentations," a quasi-vauderevue type of stageshow. Even radio's upsurge was a stimulus to the continuing single form of mass entertainment, and reached its climax during World War II because almost any other of the postwar developments were "frozen."

Then came television, and no matter how you slice it the projection of *sight*-added-to-sound entertainment, into 50,000,000 homes, had to have its negative effect on the boxoffice.

It did achieve in sparking an ultra standard in motion picture entertainment, of a calibre designed to lure them out of their homes. The electronic science of bringing the cream-of-the-crop of live entertainment into the home made every household show-wise to the nth degree. How it will ultimately interpret itself is a tossup. So much gratis entertainment, regardless of the degree of quality, can satiate. So much exposure to so much gratis entertainment, not all of it topdrawer, can also whet the boxoffice appetite for quality standards.

Anybody's crystal ball can be made to twirl in whatever degree of conjecture. The pay-see proponents have their wishful-thinking. The entertainment-for-the-boxoffice have had their vivid evidences that theatres must have rubber walls—give 'em what they want and they stretch to new boxoffice records.

VARIETY in its 57th annum remains objective but not detached; impartial but not aloof; sensitive to, yet not directly involved in these evolutions and convolutions. Cognitive clairvoyance, born of vintage observation, will forecast and interpret the nuances and developments long before fullest horizon. As the conscience of an industry whose impact on public tastes and sensitivities are concomitant with the very business of mass entertainment appeal; as the alert interpreter of the Passing Show, VARIETY prophesies 57 greater varieties of show business impact in the years ahead. One thing is for sure—never a dull moment!

Germans Now Like Marlene of U.S.

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

Wide play in the world press had Marlene Dietrich stirring beaucoup "controversy" on her recent W. German concert tour, reports at the time accenting a mutual hostility between star and herrenvolk. Parts of the German press even cast her as a distinct villain. Where the truth lay may not be certain still, but current appraisal suggests that native sentiment is predominantly pro-Dietrich.

Contributing evidence was Miss Dietrich's appearance recently in Dusseldorf for a UNICEF benefit program, with many other headliners also billed. The audience fave clearly was Miss Dietrich. She registered, moreover, with just one song, an anti-war item called "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," which since has emerged as a solid disk and radio click in this land. Critics likewise embraced the Dusseldorf performance and subsequent record.

Pertinently, newspaper vox-poppers with comment on the so-called controversy are running in much the star's favor.

Of her earlier single-o tour, one negative reaction that was justified was the steep $25 top. Understood in the works is a reprise tour for next year, and with ticket scaling expected to be more sympatico with the average budget.

VARIETY

Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED 1905
By SIME SILVERMAN

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The By-Liners In This Issue

'Booze Up And Be Somebody'

By FRANK SCULLY

Hollywood.

"Booze up and be somebody," said Dave Barry who stood in the wings of a night club a few years ago while two Hollywood stars, without scripts, tossed stewed blasphemies at each other on stage in lieu of weaker drinks or funnier material. It happened at a benefit, but who pans performers at a benefit even if they are wobbling like a flat tire and messing up the traffic of more sober and funnier acts which are waiting backstage?

Sir Frank Scully

It sharpened the realization that in all show biz there were not a handful of performers who could be funny and loaded at the same time. In our era Joe E (for Everglades) Lewis was one, Frank Fay was another, and Jackie Gleason, a third. And far back in the past James J. Thornton, James Duffy, Fredrick Sweeney, Maurice Barrymore, Willard Mack, Walter C. Kelly, Bert Leslie, Henry E. Dixie, Sam Morton, Walter Catlett, Wilton Lackaye and Ring Lardner were some others. But the rest who have held a glass of bourbon in one hand and their talent in the other needed rednosed barflies more stoned than themselves to rate their acts or their ad libs a panic, a howl, a scream.

At parties, of course, where the standards of performance are much lower, boozing up to be somebody was easier to do. And among cliques merely numbling, "A funny thing happened to me when I was on my way to bore 'em," could send the specialists in ginetics rolling off the couches.

Not since the days of Charlie Kennedy has any tosspot come up with a crack that bettered the one about the actor who gave a pint to a blood bank only to be asked,

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HOW TO 'DIG' FILM FAN GOSSIP

'GREATEST VOICE I EVER HEARD'

By EDDIE CANTOR

Hollywood

In my 70 years of life (more than 50 of them spent in show business), I have been privileged to know many of the personalities acknowledged to be "The Greatest" in their field.

Eddie Cantor

The greatest fighter, Jack Dempsey . . . the outstanding showman of his time, Ziegfeld . . . baseball's immortal Babe Ruth . . . the greatest "hamlet," John Barrymore . . . the violinist conceded to have no peer, Jascha Heifetz . . . the man who, through the medium of the silent screen, made the whole world laugh, Charlie Chaplin . . . the greatest ballerina, Pavlova . . . musical genius, George Gershwin . . . and the Gilbert & Sullivan of their day, Rodgers & Hammerstein.

Yes, these were the greatest, but the most colorful was the world's greatest voice then, now, and, I'm certain for all-time—Enrico Caruso. Since 1919, one of the things I've treasured most, is a caricature he did of me, with all the wit and dash of a pro. A compliment on his skill as a cartoonist delighted Caruso more than any accolade to his voice. I'll never forget his disappointment when Mark Twain failed to invite him to a dinner honoring eminent cartoonists.

"I guess," he said sadly, "Mark Twain no invite me because he think of me as just a tenor." Just a tenor! Get that!

But with or without that unbelievable voice that could soar higher than anything blasted from Cape Canaveral or Russia, Caruso the man would be just as deeply etched in the memories of those who knew him. You had only to be in the same room with him to be caught up by the contagion of his lusty love for life and laughter. I still chuckle when I think of one party where Caruso insisted on going into the kitchen to mix the salad. A few minutes later, the kitchen door opened (I've never forgotten the look on the hostess' face) and in comes the cook, hatted, coated, and umbrellaed, her face livid with outrage. "I'm quitting! That man in there! Really, Madam, this is no time to break in new help!"

Prankster

In the world of opera, Caruso is remembered as much for his practical jokes as for his operatic roles. For example, he would often stand with his back to the audience while some overstuffed female with her own built-in mezzanine implored him not to leave. Like a mischievous little boy, Enrico would pop his eyes, stick out his tongue . . . anything to break up the company.

Appearing with him in the Metropolitan Opera at one time was a female singer by the name of Frances Alda. Caruso said their voices blended so well that he wanted her to record with him at the Victor Co. in Camden, N. J. The morning they were going to travel from New York to Camden, it was raining and hailing. Half-way down to the railroad station, Caruso noticed that Miss Alda had no rubbers. He was shocked. "How could you go without rubbers on a day like this?" he asked. Miss Alda laughed, "I have nice little feet—I want to show them off—I don't want them covered with nasty old rubbers." Caruso said, "What good for people to see your feet if you no feel good in the throat and they no hear your voice? Itsa too late now, but wait till we get to Camden!"

In Camden, a car picked them up at the station and Caruso said to the driver, "Take us first to a woman's shoe store." Miss Alda protested, but he insisted. Inside the store she still protested, "I will not wear rubbers," she said. The salesman was afraid to approach her, but Caruso escorted her to a chair—seated himself on the little stool and tried different styles and different sizes of rubbers on her feet—all the while singing arias to an enthusiastic audience both inside and out, where the rain was soaking a crowd to the skin as they stood soaking up the singing of the great tenor. The rubbers cost $1.50, but the clerk refused to take it after enjoying a $5,000 concert by the world's greatest voice.

Whenever Caruso was in Naples, he dined at one particular restaurant and permitted no one to wait on him except Luigi. This became Luigi's claim to fame. He was Caruso's personal waiter! One evening, Caruso came in with a party of friends, but waved aside his old waiter. "Luigi, please," he said, "Tonight you no wait on me—you too old—I got to have a younger waiter." Stunned, Luigi stumbled back to the kitchen, his eyes filling with tears. He picked up his hat and coat and started out the door. The proprietor handed him a note. Luigi opened it—read it—read it again. He—Luigi—was the new owner of the restaurant! Caruso had bought it for him.

Fast Man With a Buck

I can think of no other performer so genuinely generous. New York's Fifth Avenue still remembers his fabulous buying sprees. There was the time he took his wife, Dorothy, to buy a fur coat. Mannequins paraded in wraps of sable, ermine, chinchilla, moleskin, broadtail, beaver. Caruso turned to his wife, "Which you want?" Like any woman she was dazzled by such a display and said, "It's hard to choose. I think the sable." Caruso turned to the manager, "She like all—we take all!"

Enrico insisted that his wife wear a different gown at every performance, with jewels to match each, and his own wardrobe was just as startling. Someone asked why he had so many clothes. Caruso answered, "Two reasons: One—I like. Two—some people I know—they like, and I like to give some clothes to them."

Someone else saying this, might have been "laying it on" for effect. Not Caruso. Despite his fame, fortune and travels about the world, he never lost a kind of childlike innocence. With the simplicity of a generous child, he wanted to share his good fortune—and you can imagine how fast this word spread. He was beseiged by pleas for money, yet, as far as I know, not one was refused.

One morning, I stopped by to pick him up and found him signing the last of nearly a dozen checks. "But Mr. Caruso," his secretary protested, "all these people cannot be deserving." Caruso thought about this a moment and answered, "You right. But how I know which is and which is not? If I say, 'This one!' and is not the one, I feel too bad. This way, I no make any mistake."

Caruso disliked listening to amateur singers, but when he did, he was scrupulously honest in his verdict. One time he was forced to listen to a young woman who was the daughter of a friend. When she finished singing, she turned to Caruso and said, "What do you think I should do now?" Caruso answered quickly, "Get married."

Showman

At a dinner given to him by the Friars Club in New York, with the foremost entertainers on Broadway as part of the show, he tapped on an empty glass with a spoon. He arose and said, "I no can understand why somebody don't ask me to sing. I am a professional. If you don't believe, I show you book full of words what the critics say about me. Please, let me vocalize a little bit." The audience cheered as Caruso sang George M. Cohan's "Over There"—and you never heard such a rendition. The chandeliers shook, the dishes rattled and a half dozen singers in the audience retired for good.

Caruso deeply appreciated the devotion of people close to him—particularly that of Martino, his valet, who was with him constantly.

AVOID THE FACTS AND PROSPER

By ERIC JOHNSTON

Washington.

Hollywood journalists are wonderful people. Yet we neglect them badly.

Look at it this way. They earn a living by writing about how everybody else earns a living. But the columnist, the critic, the reporter — nobody ever writes about how he earns a living. This is unfair.

Eric Johnston

We should get to know them better. We should understand them. We should appreciate them.

Fortunately, I think I can help.

A letter fell into my hands recently. It was written by a Hollywood journalist who was resigning after 25 years of writing about the movie business. It was his letter of resignation to his employer.

Here's this touching, revealing document:

"Dear B. J.:

"This makes it official. I'm leaving the old stand. Doesn't seem like a quarter of a century that I've been covering the Hollywood beat. Lots of good times and bad. Right, B.J.? Makes a guy almost choke up.

"At a time like this a guy remembers plenty of things. I recall when I was just a green kid. You gave me wonderful advice. Remember—you smiled and said: *'Facts don't have to be true.'*

"Well, I've followed that advice. It's the secret of my success out here. In 25 years, I never checked a fact, but I always got the story. Right, B.J.?

"Ah, memories . . . think of some of them, B.J. . . . the careers we've wrecked . . . the companies we've

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On Phoneys and Celebrity Hounds

Veteran Toastmaster-Columnist Catalogs Many Fighting 'For Place in Sun' as More Likely Being 'Crazy With the (Publicity) Heat'

By HARRY HERSHFIELD

Many a person fighting for "a place in the sun" is already crazy with the heat. It is not only the dictator, knifing and elbowing his way through humanity, to bare himself and beat his chest, to the mercurial glare. Your neighbor, in his comparative way, wants the limelight regardless of how many imperfections that glare will bring out.

Harry Hershfield

His self-importance, whether it's in the theatre, movies, or in the business or social world, is dangerously gnawing at his very marrow. Life is only made of moments of achievement, generated by years of desire. The struggle and pain of "arriving" is nothing compared to the agony of the decline, without the strength of his uphill fight. The disillusionment, especially in the emotional arts, which, because of its very nature, cannot be an exact science. To the actor "hope springs eternal in the human breast," long after that breast finds breathing the harder. He will always feel he is ready for stardom and the limelight. Exemplified by the "no talent" yesteryear performer hanging around the front of the Palace Theatre, with Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, George Jessel. When he came home late, his more practical, prosaic father yelled at him: "You're nothing but a small actor. Who are you, to hang around the corner with actors like Jolson, Cantor and Jessel?" "Listen, papa, when they're not working, I'm just as big as they are!"

Leading us to the other bit of fighting for "a place in the sun." The fellow who was to be the guest of honor, that night, at a banquet. At home, he stood in front of the mirror, fixing tuxedo and black tie. Patting his face to bring out the color; in fact, all puffed up, regarding his own importance. He turned to his wife and asked: "I wonder how many really great men there are in the world today?" "One less than you think," came her withering answer.

When a man thinks he's indispensable, in any line of endeavor, he can be shown how dispensable he really is. As in the 7-hand poker game. In the middle of the playing, one of the players dropped dead. They cried: "What'll we do?" Let's take out the twos and threes!" replied one of the card-sharks.

Reflected Glory

All this leads to the subject of "reflected glory." Our places in the searing, fickle sun. There are many forms of "tablehopping" and "namedropping." Most end up embarrassed and counting their freckles, for their trouble in exposing themselves to the glare of it all.

The simplest of minds have been bitten by that ego. Another, venerable example of the hillbilly, named Seth, told to go North, to make bigger money. Having no carfare, he was told to go to the Mississippi, nearby, get into a rowboat and after rowing all night, he'd be up North, in Illinois. He got in the rowboat, but forgot to take off the rope, tied to the dock. All night, he tugged away at the oars. In the morning, in the rising sun, and still tied to the dock, a friend walking along, hailed him: "Hello Seth!" "Who knows me here in Illinois?" came the surprised and proud answer.

"All is not gold that glitters," symbolically speaking. The other person appearing more alluring than yourself is the cause of one of New York's and Hollywood's greatest nuisances — insisting on being "introduced" to the other fellow—who is being "built up" on the way to the introduction. Forgetting the yarn concerning Voltaire, who asked about the capabilities of a certain noble. The friend answered: "He's got an answer for everything!" Great heavens," answered Voltaire, "is he as ignorant as all that?"

Many a man would rather look like a bad painting of Napoleon, than a good photograph of himself. Heed the words of two men of experience, who earned their right to their places in the sun, without harm to themselves. One, George M. Cohan and the other, Will Rogers; and both, in their own ways, saying the same thing. In discussing religion with Cohan, he said to us: "It doesn't matter *what* you are, so long as you *are*. A few months later, Rogers drawled: *"The minute you ain't yourself, you're in trouble!"*

I will now concentrate on my own baillwick, New York City. "Tablehopping" and "namedropping" is a way of life with many, especially the "nouvean riche." Ending up in the words of wisdom utered by one who should know, Mayor Jimmy Walker, who opined: "In a metropolis a person has more acquaintances and less friends."

When I concentrate on New York, I'm not unmindful of Hollywood. Have it in mind when I centre this article on New York—specifically, Manhattan, where the "social" position is paramount. The right address is vital to some. The division between the East and West Sides is cleavage beyond healing. Apparent in the yarn of the two snobbish women, looking from their East Side penthouse, at a beautiful sunset; and one gasping: "Isn't that sunset gorgeous—it's a shame it has to set on the West Side!"

"East Side Best Side? Since the self-appointed elite have "squat-

(Continued on page 49)

Masterson's Last (N.Y.) Posse

By HARRY GOLDEN

No television show claims my attention like the series featuring Bat Masterson. I watch it avidly, often grumping to myself when I see the neatly attired Masterson switch his silver-knobbed cane from right hand to left. You see I knew Bat Masterson and he looked a lot different then than he looks on television now.

I was a Postal Telegraph messenger boy and I met Masterson in the Longacre Bldg. at the crossroads of the world on Broadway and 42nd St. The first time I "met" Masterson, he was in the company of Bugs Baer to whom I was delivering a telegram, (how old is this wonderful man, Baer?; may he live to 120, like Moses!). As a matter of fact what impressed me most about Masterson was not that he had cleaned up Dodge City and tamed the western bad men but that he knew Bugs Baer. Nearly a year later I "met" Masterson for the second time and it had nothing to do with the wild west. Indeed, nothing could have been further from silver-knobbed canes and pearl-handled derringers than the job for which Bat Masterson hired me and nine or ten other Postal Telegraph messengers.

I remember the genial Masterson lecturing us as he introduced us to our foreman. He asked to be sure to remember the fellow's face because the foreman was going to take us to the Polo Grounds for the World Series game between the Chicago White Sox and the N.Y. Giants on this October day in 1917. Not only were we to see the game, but at the end of the day each of us would receive a dollar for services rendered. All we had to do was pass out little packages of a new cigaret called Lucky Strike to the fans as the game went on to pitch the little packages along the aisles to make certain that every man in the stands received at least one sample pack (the size of those you get on an airliner today).

Each of us was equipped with a tray and a placard we hung around our necks which read, "It's Toasted." The foreman would assign us to sections of the stands, show us where to replenish our stock and it was he who would collect our gear and pay us after the game was over, the dollar in addition to our commission of the hourly rate Postal was being paid.

Whether Masterson was performing this chore for a friend or whether he was involved in the promotion of this new cigaret, I don't know. I'm not sure to this day whether the Giants knew we were up in the stands distributing the cigarets; or whether they received a rental fee for the privilege. It wasn't until some time later, in fact, that I learned Bat Masterson was a newspaperman working for the N.Y. Morning Telegraph.

Eddie Cicotte pitched for Chicago that day. There was a popular rumor that went the rounds among all us boys concerning Cicotte. We heard he had developed a new pitch, that he could doctor the ball so that when it came across the plate it looked not like a sphere but a platter. Every time Cicotte wound up, we stopped tossing our Lucky Strikes and watched. It looked like a platter—somewhat. It didn't look enough like a platter because I remember the Giants won that day. But the Giants are gone from 42d St., and so are the interesting Bat Masterson and the tragic Eddie Cicotte. But me and Lucky Strike are still in there pitching, if you'll pardon one of the few metaphors I've ever used.

Is There An Artist In The House? H'wood Stricken With 'Sick' Pix

By JOHN E. FITZGERALD

(John E. Fitzgerald writes on films for The Critic, a magazine of Christian culture, and is the winner of the Directors Guild of America's Critic's Award (1959) for his column in the national Catholic weekly, Our Sunday Visitor. He was Editorial Consultant to producer-director George Stevens on the pre-production planning for "The Greatest Story Ever Told").

Hollywood.

Did you ever reach for your wallet or pocketbook and find that it was gone?

I had that feeling the other evening.

We were watching television. It had been a good week for old movies on the late show, that arsenal of celluloid bullets that the cinemamakers had sold to their electronic competitors.

It was then that I had the feeling of reaching for my wallet and finding it missing. I had been thinking of today's wide-screen, super-sized, stereophonic films and realized that something had been missing lately . . . *. . . where has the sweetness gone?*

Somehow, with a few exceptions, I couldn't remember where or when I had seen any warmth, compassion or good-hearted delight on the screen for quite a while—on the wide-screen, that is.

Let me hasten to state that I don't consider myself an escapist. I don't view the world through the proverbial rose-colored glasses, nor do I picture life as a bowl full of pitted cherries. Yet I know that there is a joy to living, an attitude and approach to life that sees good as clearly as it sees evil. There's something positive about life and the people who live it.

Things are tough, sure, but haven't they always been so?

There's something called *hope* that enables us to know that troubles can pass, that things can get better, and that we aren't eternally fixed in a rut without any chance of escaping or improving.

Where is our hope, our positive approach, our uplift? Where is our courage, our dignity and our God-given nobility on the screen today?

For one, I'm tired of sick and sour films. The over-emphasis on illicit sex (the perversion of love) and excessive brutality (the expression of hate) doesn't seem to be doing too well in luring people away from the big blue-gray eye of the electronic Cyclops in the living room. Too many picturemakers think that "adult" films must be synonomous with adultery films, and that people consider the transition from yesterday's sock-on-the-jaw to today's kick-in-the-groin as real artistic progress.

It's The Treatment

Let me interject a side comment that I'm not talking about the *subject matter* of our films as much as the *treatment* of it. If the filmmaker can—and some have done so—produce a good film on social, mental or moral problems, then fine, for we need such films. Subject matter that is unusual and even unpleasant can be handled in good taste. The problem is: it usually isn't.

Let me, if I may, anticipate a gripe so common it's become a cliche. It generally runs something like this: "When we *do* give you a 'family film' you don't support it!"

This presupposes that the public has an obligation to attend films of a certain type irregardless of the film's quality. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but, in art it isn't equivalent to goodliness. Who praises a chef because his poorly-cooked food wasn't poisonous?

Perhaps those who make the movies feel that a "family film" is one thing and those of us who evaluate the movies feel that it's another.

Too often "family entertainment" is considered merely another word for "sexless entertainment." As far as artistic integrity and quality of work is concerned, who cares, provided it isn't sexy. Some in the audience will even put up with extra violence to make up for less sex. I'm not advocating more sex in family films; I'm just saying that a good family film (as opposed to a *poor* family film) *has* something rather than *hasn't* got something. That something is quality—freshness, imagination, wide appeal, and the virtues of any fine film.

Much fault is with those of us who comprise the audience. We're too eager to accept junk films provided they're clean, patriotic, pro-American or anti-Communist junk films. If a movie praises our religious, national racial or prejudicial leangs, it's automatically, ipso facto and per se a great film, though artistically it may be merely dull drivel. We find the "artist" praised for what he says rather than for how well he says it. And the wily filmmaker knows that he can get a few boxoffice bucks any day by having his characters love animals, little children, God, mother, the flag etc.

Once again let me clarify myself. I'm not against any of these or against the honest moviemaker. What I'm against is the crass, cynical commercial use of these elements to cash in on the kiddies and/or their parents. The waving of the flag, the kissing of the cross, the outraged protest for the downtrodden minority, all good in themselves, can sometimes be more a matter of commerce than of conviction.

Hyper-Sentimentality

But one of the greatest faults with filmmakers is that of sentimentality—not sentiment itself, but the excess of sentiment. No one minds if the old idea of "boy meets girl—boy loses girl—boy gets girl" is switched to "boy meets dog—boy loses dog—boy gets dog." Almost all drama, as the old saying goes, consists of the playwright getting his hero up a tree, throwing stones at him and getting him down. But the sentimentality and mediocrity, separately and in combination, that try to pass for family films makes moviegoing equivalent to sliding into a bathtub full of molasses.

Art appeals primarily to the emotions and secondarily to the mind—it realizes you've got a head as well as a heart. When all the appeal is to the head, you've got propaganda, thesis and treatise bumping against each other—a lecture or sermon under the guise of art.

On the other hand when all the appeal is to the heart, you've got sentimentality, the opposite end of the stick. One promises you an emotional experience but is really trying to sneak across a message; the other tries to get by without substance or thought by playing on the heart-strings. Both are phoney art because they neglect or ignore the necessity of appealing to both mind *and* heart—they lack integrity and proportion.

Men like Robert Radnitz ("Misty," "Dog of Flanders"), Albert Lamorisse ("The Red Balloon," "Stowaway in the Sky") and, of course, Walt Disney, seem to know this instinctively and have produced many fine family films. A few others have, also—but the rest?

Audiences are slowly realizing that sincerity isn't a satisfactory substitute for skill nor is good will the equivalent of good work.

Mediocrity Vs. Skill

Producers need to realize that neither critics nor the public are satisfied with clean mediocrity as a substitute for artistic skill. It's not a case of a need for more family films, but a need for more *good* family films. We don't need more adult films; we need more *good* adult films.

Maybe it's the attitude we take. Some are downhearted that roses must have thorns; others rejoice that thorns have roses. Some see the bottle as half-empty; others as half-full. Some see the hole and not the doughnut. It's summed up by the old poem: "Two men looked out through prison bars. One saw mud, the other, stars."

Maybe the reason that so many movies are making mudpies is the basic approach of the moviemaker himself. A philosophy of life is hard to change. Maybe part of the blame goes on our authors who write more for therapy than for communication; writers who are writing mainly to get even with their parents, to justify their acts, or merely to howl that life slipped them a wooden nickel.

Perhaps people are getting tired of torn clothes, slipped shoulder-straps, and mediocre little films in which bitter little heroes have but two basic approaches to others: sock him if he's a man or of seduce her if she's a woman (or vice versa).

The Greeks, years ago, used to have their theatrical violence take place offstage, and Oedipus' tearing out of his eyes or Medea's murdering of her children didn't interfere with the flow of the plot and story line. Violence is necessary to many plots, and is a legitimate ingredient of drama—look at all the bloody bodies strewn across the stage at the end of "Hamlet." It's pretty much a case of "T'ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it."

Life can be rough and tough, but it's not all sour, sick and cynical.

Maybe things will get better. Maybe in the coming months many of us will heave a sigh of relief such as one might do on finding one's wallet or handbag was not stolen but merely somewhere across the room. Maybe some will even celebrate by taking that wallet or handbag with them to their local Bijou boxoffice.

But until then I can only sit and stare as I watch and wonder . . . *where has the sweetness gone?*

Andre Malraux: So What's Next?

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris.

What have you done for me in the last four and a half years? That seems to be the general show business query as to Culture Minister Andre Malraux. Until Charles De Gaulle took over in May, 1958, and formed his cabinet, the performing arts had a precarious office in one ministry though there was growing governmental control and taxation in films and legit. Malraux's advent, in the light of his liberal man-of-action qualities, and his film-making, writing and theories of spreading culture, was hailed at first. It is now coming in for reappraisal and some expression of disappointment.

It is felt he has not quite lived up to many promises and has not sufficiently altered things to ease the plight in particular of the still sorely beset films and legit trades. However in his favor is the fact that he inherited weaknesses and has been forced to vary make-do temporary measures.

His most positive move was shearing one of the two Comedie-Francaise houses away and giving it to the Jean-Louis Barrault Co., as a third subsidized theatre, along with the Comedie and the Theatre National Populaire. He has also tried to put the Opera and Opera-Comique on their feet by the use of several new directors, the latest and most promising being composer Georges Auric.

Barrault's new productions of classics and a few contemporary plays so far have been fair but not up to the hoped for quality. Comedie itself had to go in for more classical tragedy.

Importantly, the construction of up to 20 Culture Houses around France should aid films, theatre, art etc.

Meanwhile what about commercial, legit and films? The former was in trouble when Malraux came in. It was taxed 13% on grosses and got practically no return except for some advances for proming first plays or to new companies. But these were never sufficient.

Films had a staggering 30% rakeoff tax which came back in the form of aid handouts and then as a percentage towards next films. It just about got things balanced. Malraux's regime came along with dynamic attempts to work the film industry into the Common Market. It was decided to reduce aid handouts annually, make them non-existent by 1968. But this was slowed down when it was noted production could not do without it.

Though Malraux backed the creators and opted for quality, via advances on promising scripts and names, this has been handed to questionable pix and gotten rarer of late. Promises of easier censorship have also not been entirely forthcoming. Yet early next year the French filmmakers may get a lift by a hike to 13% or 15% on grosses locally over the present 5.5%

However there is no detaxation in sight yet. Legit is also crying for a cut in taxes and finding it harder to hold shows if doing fairly, due to rising costs. Aid to first plays and new companies are still held too nominal.

Even music halls have asked for state help, claiming they are true folk spots. Chansonniers, the seven surviving comic patter theatres, that take potshots at the establishment, have refrained from asking help. Latter did get some curbing and censorship at the beginning of the De Gaulle regime but then it was stopped.

Malraux does not control video or radio but has deplored the strict censorship handling of newscasting by the controlling Ministry of Information. Malraux's moves there may take shape next year.

LET'S SEE WHO SALUTES

By ART BUCHWALD

Have you ever wondered what would have happened if the people who are in charge of television today were passing on the draft of the Declaration of Independence?

The scene is Philadelphia at WJULY-TV. Several men in gray flannel waistcoats are sitting around holding copies of the declaration.

Art Buchwald

Thomas Jefferson comes in nervously.

"Tommy," says the producer, "it's just great. I would say it was a masterpiece."

"We love it, Tommy Boy," the advertising agency man says, "It sings. Lots of drama and it holds your interest. There are a few things that have to be changed, but otherwise it stays intact."

"What's wrong with it?" Mr. Jefferson asks.

There's a pause. Everyone looks at the man from the network.

* * *

"Well, frankly, Tommy, it smacks of being a little anti-British. I mean, we've got quite a few British listeners and something like this might bring in a lot of mail."

"Now, don't get sore, Tommy Boy," the agency man says. "You're the best Declaration of Independence writer in the business. That's why we hired you. But our sponsor, the Boston Tea Co., is interested in selling tea, not independence. Mr. Cornwallis, the sponsor's representative, is here and I think he has a few thoughts on the matter. Go ahead, Corney. Let's hear what you think."

Mr. Cornwallis stands up.

"Mr. Jefferson, all of us in this room want this to be a whale of a document. I think we'll agree on that."

Everyone in the room nods his head.

"At the same time we feel—I think I can speak for everybody— that we don't want to go over the heads of the mass of people who we hope will buy our product. You use words like despotism, annihilation, migrations and tenure. Those are all egghead words and don't mean a thing to the public.

"Now I like your stuff about life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. They all tie in great with tea, particularly pursuit of happiness. But it's the feeling of all of us that you're really getting into controversial waters when you start attacking the king of Britain."

Mr. Jefferson says: "But every word of it is true. I've got documentary proof."

"Let me take a crack at it, Corney," the agency man says. "Look, Tommy Boy. It isn't a question of whether it's true or not. All of us here know what a louse George can be. But I don't think the people want to be reminded of it all the time. They have enough worries. They want escape.

"This thing has to be upbeat. If you remind people of all those taxes George has laid on us, they're not going to go out and buy tea. They're not going to go out and buy anything."

"Frankly," says the network man, "I have some strong objections on different grounds. I know you didn't mean it this way but the script strikes me as pretty Left-wing. I may have read the last paragraph wrong, but it seems to me that you're calling for the overthrow of the present government by force. The network could never allow anything like that."

"I'm sure Tommy didn't mean anything subversive," the producer says. "Tommy's just a strong writer. Maybe he got a little carried away with himself."

"Suppose Tommy took out all references to the British and the King. Suppose we said in a special preamble this Declaration of Independence had nothing to do with persons living or dead and the whole thing is fictitious. Wouldn't that solve it?"

Mr. Jefferson says: "Gentlemen, I was told to write a Declaration of Independence. I discussed it with many people before I did the actual writing. I've worked hard on this declaration—harder than I've worked on anything in my life. You either take it or leave it as it is."

"We're sorry you feel that way about it, Tommy," the agency man says. "We owe a responsibility to the country, but we owe a bigger responsibility to the sponsor. He's paying for it.

"We're not in the business of offending people. British people or any other kind of people. The truth is, the English are the biggest tea drinkers of anyone in the colonies.

"We're not going to antagonize them with a document like this. Isn't that so, Corney?"

"Check. Unless Mr. Jefferson changes it the way we want him to."

Mr. Jefferson grabs the declaration and says: "Not for all the tea in China," and exits.

* * *

The producer shakes his head. "I don't know, fellows. Maybe we've made a mistake. We could at least have run it up a flagpole to see who saluted."

"As far as I'm concerned," Mr. Cornwallis said, "the subject is closed. Let's talk about an hour Western on the French and Indian War."

A NEW DAWN FOR HOLLYWOOD

Some Show Biz History

By WALTER WINCHELL

Vaudeville was sired by Tony Pastor in the Winter of 1881 when he opened his 14th Street house in Tammany Hall, New York City . . . It was the first "clean" vaudeville show in America and Fred Stone, the star, said, "It was a place a child could take his parents" . . . Variety halls (where beer and entertainment were the attractions) now were the rage of New York. Soon after empty barns, warehouses, livery stables, abandoned buildings and churches were converted into entertainment "palaces". . . It was in an abandoned church on 11th Street (N.Y.C.) that the hootchy kootchy dance premiered in this country.

The top professional "whistler" in those days was a lad named Benny Marks. He earned as much as $200 in his field. Variety actors usually got $40 a week and carpenters $12 . . . Ben was washed up, though, when (in a bar room brawl) someone threw a beer mug that knocked out 2 front teeth and after that he whistled off-key.

No bill in those days was complete without a banjo player . . . This instrument is pure Americana and was developed by a man named Sweeney from Virginia . . . One of the most popular banjoists was Al Reeves. His instrument was trimmed with gold and set with precious stones . . . In later years the banjo was stolen from Reeves . . . For years he inserted memorial ads in the local paper grieving the anniversary of its loss . . . One of the popular acts of the time was the "transformation" dance act—usually performed by a woman . . . She wore layers of costumes manipulated by strip strings reaching into the wings and worked from backstage . . . She'd start singing a military song dressed as a soldier and at completion the handler pulled the strip string. This released the costume revealing her in short skirts. (Hevvens!)

Another act was a man named Joe Chase, billed as "The Human Fish." Completely submerged he ate a banana, played the slide trombone and read a newspaper . . . Chase drowned when the SS. Lusitania was sunk by the Kaiser's subs.

Four graduates of vaudeville (in the 90s) who went on the legit stage were John W. Ransone, Lottie Gilson, Al Shean and George M. Cohan . . . Ransone coined the word "Vaudeville," preferring it over Variety . . . He became more famous for his catch line, "Vas you effer in Zinzinnati?". . . Lottie Gilson, who sang such tearjerkers as "White Squall" and "The Little Lost Child," moved a reviewer to write: "She had the beer glasses overflowing from tears."

Al Shean began vaudeville (in 1890) and 20 years later formed one of the great teams in show business with Ed Gallagher . . . For years after they teamed (and successfully played in musical comedies), they had an argument over whose name came first. They didn't talk to each other for six years . . . Shean at the time lived with his sister Minnie Marx, mother of the Marx Bros. . . . Trying to get the act together again she invited Gallagher to her home for dinner . . . After much persuasion he agreed and all through dinner he sat at one end of the table and Shean at the other . . . When the meal was over Minnie proposed a toast "To Mister Shean and Mister Gallagher." Gallagher waved his hand, "If it's Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean, I'll drink to it." Shean was ready to walk out but Minnie held him. In the next room she had Bryon Foy waiting . . . He came in, sat behind the piano and belted out a number titled "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean in Egypt". . . Shean, after listeneng, said, "As a businessman, I shouldn't do it, as an entertainer I must". . . They opened in the Fox Crotona theatre (in 1920) and soon everyone in America was whistling, humming or singing "Oh, Mr. Gallagher. (Yes, Mr. Shean?")

A legendary act was the big-time comedy team Duffy & Sweeney . . . Once, playing in a Memphis theatre (rated one of the toughest show towns in the country) Duffy, after the act finished, took a bow and announced: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, my partner will go through the aisles with a baseball bat and beat the bejaberz out of you". . . After they were fired, Duffy & Sweeney gave a party in their hotel suite that lasted till morn . . . During the hilarity someone started rapping on the wall to quiet them . . . Duffy waved the party to silence and announced: "And isn't this a hell of a time to be hanging pictures!"

When Eva Tanguay demanded $2,500 week (for a Buffalo booking) all show business thought she was crazy . . . Ten years earlier she did a singing and dancing specialty in the Star Theatre (at Broadway and 14th St.) for $40 a week . . . When her demanded fee was turned down Tanguay offered to buy the house. That is, play the week and take (for her share) everything over the average weekly receipts . . . The net for the first week was $12,000. After that she insisted on being billed as "The Girl Who Made Vaudeville Famous." The papers kidded her, but she loved it and so did the public . . ."Just spell the name right," was her code.

When "Old Folks At Home" appeared (in 1851) the title page credited E. P. Christy with writing and composing the song because Stephen Foster was "ashamed" to sign his name to it because of the prejudice of "refined people" against "Ethiopian melodies". . . By the latter half of that century the most popular form of entertainment was the minstrel show. From this American form of theatre came three songwriters: Daniel Decatur Emmett, who wrote "Dixie," Jim Bland (the Negro minstrel), who wrote "Carry Me Back to Ol' Virginny" and Stephen Foster—America's first major songwriter.

Lily Langtry made her American debut and was blasted by the critics, but the public liked her and she went back to England with a fortune. Twentyfour years later (at the age of 51) she came back again and played vaudeville where she was a wow . . . In 1915 she returned with a legit show called "Ashes." Her leading man was an unknown named Lionel Atwill, who became a star . . . The show folded overnight and La Langtry blasted American critics as being "too myopic to find their head if it had to be scratched."

Tony Pastor, about the time Langtry first came here, also had critic troubles with a scribe from the original Life. He was James S. Metcalfe . . . Tony and members of the Theatre Managers barred Metcalfe from the 47 theatres they controlled and the critic took the case to court. In a ruling (that has since held) it was decided that managers had the right to bar people because theatres are quasi-public places . . . Pastor, the showman, then built a special box for Metcalfe behind a large pillar . . . When critic Metcalfe died the bitter producer had the box draped in black.

SPOT-CHECK, '63: LOOKS BETTER

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Hollywood.

Will there be a boom in made-in-Hollywood theatrical feature film production in 1963?

The word going 'round 'n 'round since late last summer is that the action here will be noticeably greater in 1963 than it was in 1962.

Optimism seems to have been fanned by a number of circumstances, such as:

(1) entrance of Music Corp. of America into full-scale motion picture production via its merger with Universal and declared intention to expand and modernize the Revue-Universal studio facilities;

(2) Policy of the Screen Actors Guild not to seek a boost in basic wage scales in negotiating a new collective bargaining contract;

(3) Rising filming costs abroad and a general belief that "Cleopatra," for example, could have been made here cheaper;

(4) Personal disenchantment experienced by some performers, directors and producers who had envisioned a life of milk and honey away from Hollywood.

To seek out and attempt to isolate cold facts to support a swelling tide of optimism often leads to disillusionment. That, unhappily, appears to be the case in this instance.

The prospects for anything like a boom in Hollywood production

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2 Mins. & 7 Secs. That Shook The Boxing World

By HAROLD CONRAD

"Never has so much been written about so little," said Red Smith, the eminent sports historian discusssing the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight in Chicago the day after Liston disposed of Patterson in less time than it takes for your morning shave. The fight lasted exactly two minutes and seven seconds. Although Red is a modest man, he didn't realize he had just made the understatement of the week. The end is not in sight. Far from it.

A quartet of major novelists have taken those two minutes and seven seconds and masticated them, dramatized them and analyzed them, in depth and out. Their pugilistic pearls will be printed in national magazines within the next few months and sports writers around the country are wondering what in blazes those longhairs can have to say about those two minutes and seven seconds that haven't already been said too many times.

The first of these pieces just hit the stands in the January issue of Nugget by James Baldwin, now a fullfledged major novelist with the success of his powerful "Another Country," a current bestseller.

Baldwin writes, "I remained standing, staring at the ring, and only conceded that the fight was over when two other boxers entered the ring. Then I wandered out of the ball park, almost in tears." Baldwin was a Patterson supporter.

I read the columns and wrapup pieces on the fight by most of the leading columnists and experts throughout the country and I must admit no one had a line like that. I tried to conjure up a picture of Jimmy Cannon or Dan Parker leaving the ringside on the verge of tears after some heavyweight got flattened, but it just wouldn't manifest itself. You sese sports writers everywhere—you gotta' have heart.

Bud Schulberg, a qualified fight expert on his own, not only off his bestselling novel, "The Harder

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Mezzanine Miseries: or Death Comes To a Boxoffice Crank

By ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

On a crisp autumn afternoon, at exactly 4:30, Brutus Blackstone Parnaby 3d, age 88, quietly passed away in his magnificent walnut-panelled law library. Later, a great throng attended the simple obsequies. Among those present were some 40 to 50 representatives of The Entertainment Industry—and there wasn't a wet eye among them. Parnaby had been a thorn-in-the-flesh, a gadfly in the ointment, a nuisance, an annoyance, "a kind of nut or something."

One afternoon, for example, Parnaby had approached the boxoffice of an aging theatre that had finally landed a hit after countless flops. He requested, paid for, and was handed an orchestra ticket for that afternoon's performance. "May I have your personal assurance that this location provides excellent visibility?" Parnaby asked the astonished occupant of the cubicle. The latter, unaccustomed to such public speaking, looked startled for a moment or two. Then, quickly recovering his composure, he half turned away and replied to Parnaby in the mechanical manner of an impersonal, pre-recorded announcement: "There's a good view of the stage from every seat in the house."

At the first intermission, Parnaby returned to the boxoffice and addressed his contact as follows: "Sir, during the first act of your theatrical performance, I found myself seated at the extreme left of the-next-to-the-last row of the orchestra. As a result of this banishment, I was unable to see—much less hear—most of the proceedings on the stage. I did, however, have an excellent view of a massive Corinthian column adjacent to a porous exit some five drafty feet from my isolated perch. Being unable to see most of the stage most of the time, the action thereon was as Greek to me as the column itself. In view of this lamentable situation, and based upon your verbal representations, I am compelled to request (a) another seat that will permit me to view the remaining two acts of your play, or (b) a refund of the monies paid as consideration for my ticket of admission."

Upon receiving a negative reply to both (a) and (b), Parnaby cited the statutory penalties for obtaining money under false pretenses, and the following day the show's producer was served with appropriate legal papers by the firm of Parnaby, Henderson, Hutchison & Horowitz. The producer, who disliked lawyers even more than actors, nevertheless mailed Parnaby a good ticket for another performance, whereupon Parnaby sent him a cordial note of appreciation, along with a check made out to The Actors' Fund.

—A Nut!

Two letters written by Parnaby, both found in his desk after his demise show the evil in the man. The first communication was sent to the producer of a hit movie that ran on a two-a-day, reserved seat basis. I have deliberately removed the name of the producer (and his picture) to protect the innocent. With the exception of these deletions, here's the complete letter in all its Parnabyian asperity:

My dear Mr. :

One evening last week, feeling somewhat low in spirit, I dismissed my chauffeur and strolled down Broadway. Chancing to pass the theatre where your motion picture entitled was playing, I paused to read the lithographic allurements posted in the lobby, three of which I hereby quote for you:

"A CONTINUOUS MIRTHQUAKE THROUGHOUT!

"TWO HOURS OF UNINTERRUPTED LAUGHS!"

"120 MINUTES OF MASTERFUL MERRIMENT!"

Beguiled by your evaluation of your film, I purchased a seat for that evening's performance, sat myself in said seat, opened my vest and loosened my belt in anticipation of the side-splitting guffaws to follow.

The theatre darkened and the film lit up the screen. I beheld its title and the names of the cast, both fitting and proper, though scarcely hilarious. Thereafter, however, for a period of five minutes, the following paraded before my eyes: The names of the producer, the associate producer and the director . . . The name of the author of the original book upon which the film was based, followed by the names of the ink-stained wretches who perpetrated the screen play . . . The name of the gentleman who directed the second unit (whatever that is) . . . The names of the production coordinator, musical composer, musical arranger, choreographer, assistant choreographer, scenic designer, assistant scenic designer and graphic artists . . . The names of the individuals who designed the apparel worn by your actresses and actors . . . The name of the hair stylist for the female Thespians . . The names of the make-up man and his assistants, etc., etc., etc. The above etcetera are inserted in lieu of countless other names that I frankly am unable to remember.

Sir, this tiresome and tedious listing was irrelevant, immaterial and provided no entertainment whatsoever.

I am not qualified to comment on that part of your production which followed your catalog of cognomens. Optically wearied by this meaningless roster, I slept soundly for the remaining one hour and 55 minutes. During my rejuvenating slumber of personally participated in many merry dreams, possibly far more entertaining than the "Mirthquake" I escaped.

If my letter can succeed in putting an end to the boring practice of meaningless screen "credits," I shall indeed feel that I have rendered a humane service to captive audiences trapped in the dark recesses of motion picture theatres.

Sincerely yours,
Brutus Blackstone Parnaby 3d

Blasphemous as this letter was, the other one was even worse! Addressed to the producer of a star-studded musical show, the second astringent epistle read as follows:

My dear Mr. :

About three months ago, while thumbing through the pages of my Sunday newspaper, I came across an inviting advertisement for your production entitled . . . Your provocative advertisement, I might add, was inserted just as your show was starting rehearsals. (Incidentally, I note that you have not as yet opened on Broadway, a fact that is particularly pertinent to this communication.)

Influenced by that part of your ad which stated: "Mail Orders Now Being Filled," I proceeded to take the following stipulated steps:

(1) *I sent you my personal check in the amount of $36 for four orchestra seats.*

(2) *I accompanied this with a letter listing "four alternate dates."*

(3) *I enclosed a stamped, self addressed return envelope.*

This morning, exactly 91 days after my letter was mailed, my return envelope came home to roost. With eager fingers I opened it, only to find the following inside:

My $36.00 check, now slightly wrinkled, attached to a printed card. The first paragraph of the card informed me that no seats were available for any of the dates I requested.

Copyright and the Spin-Off Hero: B.O. Value of Incidental Characters

By RICHARD WINCOR

(*Of Law Firm, Stern & Wincor*)

The transplanted character is nothing new as a literary device. Falstaff, for example appears in several of Shakespeare's plays, but now something new is happening. Extracted characters are being paid for as separate commodities. In some cases they go simply from script to series while in others they are spun off completely from one show to another.

Richard Wincor

An example was reported in the June 20, 1962 issue of VARIETY: "'JULIE GREER' as Series Hollywood, June 19.

"Four Stars has acquired rights to the characters in the teleplay, 'Who Killed Julie Greer?,' from writer Frank J. Gilroy, and is planning to develop it as an hour-long series for the 1963-64 season.

"'Julie,' which was the first segment on 'The Dick Powell Show' on NBC-TV last season was immediately sought by Four Star as a series . . ."

For every spin-off actually effected there must be hundreds that are merely negotiated. You find it in all media now, but especially in television, with producer, writer and their buyer dividing up rights in the extricable characters of proposed shows. In a way this is simply insurance. This year's "friend next door" may be next year's hero in a new series. Minor characters may turn into protagonists and a source of annuity. Even animals, Martians and "combinations of the foregoing" as lawyers put it may turn out valuable. A moment's reflection on the track record brings home the point.

The problem is that characters have no independent status at law. On occasion distinctive characters have been protected against piracy when the same name is used but there are much larger issues. What are we dealing with when we license or sell characters? If these assets are copyrights one set of rules determines who owns what and for how long and under what circumstances. If they are trademarks different rules apply, and if they are something else again there may be no protection at all.

Characters Unprotected

Characters are not copyrights under our present laws. That much is clear; they may be protected as part of copyrighted works but not separately as complete commodities. Similarly they may be protected under the law of unfair competition and by contracts such as the Writers Guild of America Television Freelance Minimum Basic Agreement. All in all, however, they have only a glimmering of status. Obviously assets of such value deserve recognition as property.

Accordingly I suggest that fictional characters should be independently protected against substantial copying for the author's life plus 50 years provided they have distinctive elements besides names. This formula borrows the best of different systems: the British term of copyright duration (which British law does not apply specifically to characters), the copyright and trademark assurances against monopoly of mere ideas and the general equity of rewarding creativity. If your character is more than a stereotype you and your successors ought to own him exclusively for life plus 50.

The Authors League of America has endorsed this proposal in principle but has expressed some reservations respecting details.

Now the life plus 50 part of the proposal is simple enough. Either you think it is too long, or too short or just right. (Many of us favor it for copyrights generally.) The real problem arises in dealing with the requirement of distinctiveness. We do not want to protect characters who are mere ideas or stereotypes that you could not identify without names. Something unique must be there, that is to say, one or more qualities that point to this one character so that you could pick him out of a crowd.

Recurring Traits

This elusive quality is not easily pinned down. Characters change in the course of dramatic action; at least they use different words, wear different clothes, enact different behavior. Therefore it is a little harder to find fixed patterns than it is with trademarks since the brand name, or its dominant part, usually remains fixed for substantial periods of time. Nevertheless people have underlying traits that remain constant, and so do the people in books and plays.

This whole subject is considered at length in a book published last April, "From Ritual to Royalties," where I gave examples of recurring traits that identify and comprise characters. Certainly there is no blanket rule that solves everything. You have got to consider a question of this sort with specific illustrations.

I am not sure whether it can be done neatly but it should be done anyway. Artists who create characters that stir the imagination ought to be in a class with people who own homes and common stocks; all of these things are private property. Just because Mrs. Malaprop lacks the boundary marks of a clear acre in Ridgefield is no reason to say she would be public property if Sheridan were alive. We must work up our own boundaries case by case. And those not intrigued by the cultural aspects of this project might remember that characters can be money in the bank.

Now in all fairness this whole notion of dealing with characters as distinct properties can get pretty far out. Restraint always will be called for in determining which side of the line we are stepping on, private or public property.

Rex Stout's Nero

An example of private property, I should think, would be Rex Stout's Mr. Nero Wolfe, a distinctive compendium of name plus traits that has been developed and made by his creator into something more than a mere idea. On the other side of the line a mere idea deserves no protection as illustrated by the following example.

Assume that the author of a fifth-rate thriller inserts this

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At Last! Authors To Get Their 'Day'

By CASKIE STINNETT

It has long been my conviction that whoever designates such things as Better Writing Week (Oct. 7) or National Correct Posture Week (May 1) is governing without consent, a fact that I think should be concealed from the sentimental American public. I am delighted, however, to learn that August 19 has been proclaimed National Authors' Day, and while I'm in total bewilderment as to what it signifies, it seems to be trying to tell us that literature is as deserving in its way as, say, cotton denim. It's a thought.

At the moment I have no idea whose notion it was to set aside a day to honor writers, and it may even have been an inside job since writers—like other itinerant workers—are notoriously shifty, but the fact remains that the written word has been assigned a sort of value and this is certain to do much to lift the hearts of authors everywhere. The more I ponder it the more convinced I become that writing is a curious business, and that those engaged in this marginal occupation are dedicated people to whom the thought of a long, indolent retirement possibly never occurs. I don't know of a retired writer; even W. Somerset Maugham, well into his eighties, is constantly reemerging from retirement with a new volume, in much the same way that the late Walter Hampden used to schedule a farewell tour in repertory every fall. The only sure cure for the writing virus, it appears, is death.

By rights, a writer should travel fairly light, so I don't know what effect this new recognition will have upon him nor can I predict how comfortably this mantle will settle around his shoulders. It's just Authors' *Day*—he should remember that—and he may never achieve a full week, like the Business Women or the Boy Scouts or dogs. But if it doesn't go to his head and if he continues to mind his own business, he may be on the road to respectability. It's one of the more endearing qualities of writers that they seem to want to dwarf, but not completely dispel, the general distrust in which they are held by what may be called civilian life.

One reason for this distrust is that writing is assumed to be an easy occupation, and we've been taught to keep a wary eye on the man who makes his living without some perspiration pearling his brow. This is nonsense, of course; few jobs are more depleting than writing, and it is the good writer—the true artist—who works in a way that the reader does not hear the wheels grinding.

I suspect the writer shares a common dream of unfulfillment with all of us, and working on this conjecture I'm going to make a suggestion. When Aug. 19 comes around I hope everybody will hunt up an author—you can't throw a cigaret away without hitting one—and invite him in. Then, instead of saying, "What are you working on now?" sal. "What'll you have?" If, as I suspect, the writer feels he's on an undeviating excursion to nowhere, this is an occasion he should pause to celebrate.

Apprenticeship to a Genius: This Was Dreiser

By WILLIAM C. LENGEL

The author's impressions of Theodore Dreiser, and some of the people he wrote about, are recorded in two recently published volumes in the Premier imprint of Fawcett World Library. The books are reprints of Dreiser's "12 MEN" and "A GALLERY OF WOMEN," to each of which Lengel, who is editor-in-chief of the Fawcett World Library, contributed an introduction.—Ed.

Seventeen years after his death, and almost four decades since the publication of that grim masterpiece, "An American Tragedy," the granite figure of Theodore Dreiser appears more durable than ever. That the man who produced such classics as "Sister Carrie," "Jennie Gerhardt" and "12 Men," and almost singlehandedly changed the course of American letters was not awarded the Nobel Prize for literature is certainly one of the quaint ironies of the idiosyncratic times about which he wrote with such massive vigor. There is, of course, no doubt now that he will endure.

Of the real possibility of a Dreiser legend, a Dreiser niche in the great literature of the world, I had no suspicion when, as a young man of 21, I sought employment at the old Delineator, the top organ of the Butterick publishing enterprise.

This was 1910, before the era of World Wars, television and space—when, everyone now says in retrospect, "things" were more peaceful.

Things, I swiftly discovered, were not always so peaceful at the office of the editor-in-chief of The Delineator. I had been warned by Charles Hanson Towne, The Delineator's literary editor that the chief, Dreiser, was a most exacting man. And in fact it wasn't very long before I saw one of the young female secretaries leaving Dreiser's office in tears. If I hadn't been so eager for a job in publishing, I doubt that I would have had the courage for my first interview with such a man.

Fresh from Kansas City, I had given up the practice of law and come to the big city to be a playwright. For less-than-ultimate fame I would not settle, but the world even in those days was hard and by the time I answered the ad in the N. Y. Times, which stated that an editor-in-chief was looking for a secretary, I was about at the end of my resources.

As soon as I entered Dreiser's office and saw the great man seated there—seated as though he were poured from concrete—I knew I would not get the job. He was as somber as his black desk, the black chairs, and the great sweep of his fabulous office. It was like being interviewed by Thor.

Of course he paid no attention to me when I entered with Towne. He continued to write busily with a stylograph pen, and it seemed a good five minutes before he took off his pince-nez glasses, looked up and recognized Towne.

I took all this to be an "act," but I was also glad for the opportunity to observe this awesome individual He had a quite large, finely modeled head and a wild growth of straw-colored hair. His brow was high and broad, the hair over his grey-blue eyes was bushy. One eye was set lower than the other. It gave him a slightly lopsided look. Since one eye also had a cast in it, it was difficult to tell which orb was fastened upon you—a fact I swiftly discovered as he turned his head in my direction. Yes, he was all power as he sat behind that big desk in his grey herringbone suit. But he wasn't at all what I expected an editor to look like. He looked more like a college professor.

Happily, Towne did the talking for me, and presently Dreiser said, "I'll let you know Thursday whether or not I can use you." And he turned back to his writing.

'Sister Carrie'

That I got the job was one of the big surprises in my life. It was also the beginning of what developed into a lasting friendship. It was during my first day at work that I discovered that my boss was respected more for a book he had written than for his position as editor-in-chief. The title of that book was "Sister Carrie."

On my first Saturday half-holiday I bought a copy for 35c at a second-hand book store. It was an A. L. Burt reprint—and I remember that Dreiser later used to insist this edition never existed. But I still have my copy—autographed "To W. C. Lengel from Theodore Dreiser, October 14th, 1910."

I thought at the time that it was a strange thing for me to do—sacrifice my Saturday half-day off in this wonderful new city in order to read a book by a man who at best appeared rude, inconsiderate, egoistic. At the same time, I was curious about him. Perhaps he wasn't all that he seemed. After all, he *had* written a book; a book I presumed to be about a Catholic nun—that's what the title "Sister Carrie" suggested. More than likely, I reflected, this man was a religious fanatic—a strait-laced, bigoted Catholic. That's why he was editor of a woman's magazine.

I shall never forget that afternoon. I sat on a bench under a tree on The Mall in Central Park. I read until dusk and continued to read by the light of the street lamp. And when I closed the volume I sat very still, and for a long time, shaken at this chronicle of the pitiful Carrie Meeber and the tragic Hurstwood; and I thought of the man who had written this amazing book. His harshness fell away. The cruel arrogance of his manner was gone. These, I saw, were but a shield, a protection against his own softness. He was a human whose heart was filled with pity, whose sympathy and understanding were profound. Is it any wonder that Theodore Dreiser became my literary god? His novel was my introduction to realism in literature. Up to then only Hugo's "Les Miserables" had moved me as "Sister Carrie" had.

Yet, I have always felt it is unfortunate that Dreiser has always been classed as a realist or determinist. For me, he holds a much closer affinity to Melville than to anyone else in American letters. He *was* a realist, yes, but he was also a mystic, a man who sought more than the mere social surface of life.

Before the Numbers Race

Dreiser, I swiftly realized, had little time for writing during his Delineator days. He was the sort who gave himself fully to the job at hand. He had taken over editorship of The Delineator when circulation dropped to less than 400,000 a month. The magazine, with its watery fiction and features which were but fillers in a pattern book, was little more than a glorified house organ. Dreiser, with his vigorous and virile editorial policy, pushed circulation so swiftly that the advertising boys had trouble keeping pace. He increased circulation faster than they could raise the advertising line rate.

As a consequence, he was made editor-in-chief of the Butterick Trio, The Delineator, The Designer, and The New Idea.

This was the liveliest time. I was soon promoted to reading manuscripts, and commenting upon them; and I began to meet authors, artists, editors and other folk from the literary world. But mostly I liked being around Dreiser. He was a dynamo. He charged and vitalized the staff of each magazine, and it was easy to see that he loved the surge of life around him.

Yet I used to wonder why he did not continue his writing career. Of course, he had no time for anything more than a few poems which he later collected, with others, in a book, "Moods—Cadenced and

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INDIVIDUALISM & DIRECTORS

Jack, Jackie & Show Biz News

(Or the Kennedy's in 'Variety')

President John F. Kennedy and his glamorous young wife have had a special, precedent-creating impact upon American, Washington and cultural life which historians will undoubtedly be analyzing in time ahead. Even a partial check of issues of this publication since Jack and Jackie became the national headliners hints at the variety and color implicit in their presence on scene.

The following are notations of important (but not all) expressions of the Kennedys' impact upon amusements and its concerns. Let these suffice to put the present administration in perspective, theatrical trade-wise:

Kennedy's TV Success (Washington).

A President Who Honors Talent (Washington).

Pre-Inaugural Toasts (Washington).

Prez Praises Pros.

As JFK Goes So Goes Television (Streamer).

Kennedy As Fan, Cheers Film Biz: Set Back Golf.

A President Who Attends Movies (Washington).

Bob Kennedy's Profits (Washington).

President Bon Voyages ANTA's LEGIT Stars (Washington).

Keeping Up With JFK (Washington).

Will Kennedy Welcome Warners' Exploitation (Hollywood).

Fireside Chats for JFK (Washington).

D. C. Press Club Strips Stripper From Program In Deference To JFK (Washington).

What Price National Culture (Washington).

Jackie Goes To Opera (Washington).

Will Bob Kennedy—Written Film Bum Rap?

JFK Trip Favors TV (Ottawa).

B'casting: New Way of Life, Can't Turn Back the Kennedy Tide (Washington).

Youth Symph Bends JFK Ear, But Fails To Break Marine Band Monopoly (Washington).

Fan Mag Covers "New Top Stars: JFK & Jackie" (Hollywood).

TV's Aid Enlisted by JFK (Washington).

May 23, 1962 Page 1 streamer—JFK-SHOW BIZ IN LOVE, BUT—(New York).

Aug. 14, 1962, Page 1 streamer—JACKIE AS A GIRL IMPRESARIO (Washington).

These Our Critics?

[An Impression of Today's Film Criticism]

By CLAUDE BINYON

Hollywood.

I have just returned from a shattering experience—my first viewing of Microbenito Vacuumuli's "Ignotum Per Ignotious." There are many, perhaps thousands, perhaps millions, who would call this film an unmitigated bore; but fortunately they will never see it because they will be standing outside Radio City Music Hall in the rain awaiting their turns at the garbage trough of commercialism.

Claude Binyon

In "Ignotum Per Ignotius" Vacuumuli challenges the adult mind as it never has been challenged before. Here is a film without story, therefore without premise, suspense, climax or denouement; without the slick Hollywood devices of cuts, dissolves and fades; without purpose, without rhyme, without reason.

There are, for instance, hundreds of feet of film showing worn cobblestones in ancient village streets. At first you may be annoyed, reasoning that a cobblestone is a cobblestone; but then it dawns on you that, like snowflakes, no two cobblestones are alike. You begin examining them closely, and suddenly you see one that looks exactly like your Aunt Minnie. But then it is gone, and so, you remember, is your Aunt Minnie. But before you can exhale a nostalgic sigh you are looking at a dead cat in a village dump. An enormous surge of guilt overwhelms you. "I am a member of the human race," you say, "and someone of my race callously tossed that cat into the dump. Why? Where did I make my first mistake? What did I do to cause my fellow man to toss that cat in the village dump?" Boldly, throwing the gauntlet at your face, Vacuumuli refuses to give you the answer.

The camera moves to the rooftops, jerkily avoiding flying pigeons. It pauses before an open window, but decides not to look inside. And then comes a memorable scene of a peasant woman hanging out her wash: one man's sock. Your mind is in a turmoil. Does her husband have one leg, or is this a sock that was lost and later found? Obviously the peasant woman is poor, so if this sock was lost what did her husband do with the other sock until this one was found?

As you ask yourself a thousand questions you are confronted again by the man and woman who do not speak. Slowly they turn, walk down a long hall, into a bedroom, and close the door. Now your mind is racing furiously. Are they not speaking because the woman's cat died and the man callously threw it in the village dump? Should you hate this man because he may have involved you in your overwhelming feeling of guilt for your fellow man? Are they not speaking because the woman found the man with another woman in the room with the window we didn't look into? Are they not speaking because the sock the peasant woman has washed is this man's sock, and he can't remember what happened to the other sock? And what about the pigeons?

And so it goes, scene after scene, completely unrelated—or are they? Slowly, as you watch another several hundred feet of cobblestones, the truth comes to you. You do not want to see into that open window, because what you would see would make you unhappy. You do not want to know why the peasant woman is hanging out one sock, because one sock can only mean tragedy. You do not want to know why the man and woman are not speaking, because the answer could only be sad.

COMMENTS ON ART OF THE ILLUSION

By KING VIDOR

Hollywood

Pablo Picasso has in his home in Southern France over $5,000,000 worth of his unsold paintings. Would you call Picasso an artist or a business man? Whatever appendage you give him you would have to admit that he is tremendously successful and he has been successful since 1924, shortly after he started his career as a painter. We must readily acknowledge that the two most outstanding reasons for this long amazing record are talent and the courage to be an *individual* in his work.

We are all individuals whether we have the courage to practice it or not. In physical recognition there are only a few variants to give variety to the millions of inhabitants of the earth yet no two people look exactly alike. It is also true that no two people think or see things exactly alike. If a hundred competent artists, or a like number of writers were sent to paint or write about the Grand Canyon, they would each come back with a different picture, a different story. That is principally what makes life and art interesting. It is precisely the same with the Director of a movie. When individualism is encouraged, nurtured and allowed to express itself in the directing of a film, this is usually the principal factor that makes the film interesting to an audience, although they may not be entirely conscious of

(Continued on page 50)

New Standards Doom Mediocre Films in Spain

By HANK WERBA

Madrid.

Spanish film industry is gradually awakening to the hard reality that film production will be cut back sharply and that the future emphasis will be placed unequivocally on quality. The demand will appear distasteful at the outset, particularly after a record-breaking year in 1961 and a heavy output last year.

While the prime motivation for this outlook can be attributed to the unrelenting drive of Spain's new classification board since its appointment last summer, there has always been a wide current of industry opinion that pointed up the insufficiency of film-making talent to warrant an output of 70-75 features a year, let alone the record industry total of 96 in 1961.

Limited amount of talent covers actors, directors, screenwriters and cinematographers. Since government film authorities and subsidy classifiers will continue and probably intensify their policy to discourage mediocrity and encourage worthwhile screen fare, the best are being urged to work harder and more often to preserve a balanced, if reduced, production rythm.

Looking ahead, it is predicted that Spain will produce between 40 and 50 films a year, but prestige of product marketable abroad and eligible for film festival trophies (a big consideration here) will probably be much higher than it was in boom years. The new trend is also expected to cut down sharply on product that formerly qualified for subsidy aid but proved ineligible for exhibitor-distributor programming needs. Expected production cutback would eventually entail a modification of one film-aid clause requiring distributors in Spain to release one native feature for every four imported. As one commentator pointed out, the four-to-one formula could become five-to-one or six-to-one without jeopardizing national film interest if the future accent is on local film quality.

At a time when television is shrinking Spain's film audiences drastically, film officials hope to convince producers that the industry can meet this competition by raising program standards.

Government subsidies will no longer be a privilege to all, but a reward for merit. Limited talent to produce high-standard pix will consequently limit output and establish production norms consonant with realistic goals.

HOW MANY EYES DO YOU HAVE?

By ROBERT GESSNER

(Visiting Professor, Harvard University)

Cambridge.

If I were Messrs. Paley, Sarnoff, Goldenson I would worry about the number of eyes possessed by my vicepresidents in charge of operating my enterprise. If I were a minority stockholder in one of those enterprises I would worry about the number of eyes in the heads of Paley, Sarnoff, and Goldenson. After counting and recounting, I'd be fearful for the future of my investment.

If I were an executive at BBDO, & R, or any other Mad Ave I'd worry about the number of eyes in my tv producers, writers, and subcontractors of celluloid production; and if I manufactured bath-style soap, or dry cereal, I'd fret about the money I was giving to how many eyes.

Ditto for Jack Warner and Darryl Zanuck and their minority stockholders. Double ditto for Edward R. Murrow, George Stevens Jr. and the State Dept. worries.

The reason for such worries is the appearance of some very fine print on the wall of time. The handwriting, it says there, says the future belongs to the Three Eyeds, and that Europe is breeding more young Three Eyeds than New York or Hollywood. The handwriting is on the wall indeed! It is no secret that the most exciting films and tv are being produced in France, Italy, Poland, and Britain; the public proof is in the international festival awards and at box offices.

After teaching cinema (films since 1935 and tv since 1945) I have come to the conclusion, somewhat reluctantly, that both the commercial and artistic professionals in films and tv can be slotted into one of three pigeonholes.

One-Eyeds

First and most common is the One-Eyeds. Though nature has endowed them with two orbs, they are really blind. They look at the moving image, be it projected on a public screen or a private glass at home, and all they see is plot and acting. They might as well read a novel or attend a play, for they are visually illiterate. Cinema, for them, is a means of passing time; in their passivity they may escape boredom, or they may doze off, eyes open, under the continuous titilations of a visual massage. For other One-Eyeds, cinema may be a means of making money, not only as picture producers or purveyors of commercial tv, but as writers, directors, actors, and cutters. Sometimes as audio-visual experts and as professors!

If this sounds sharp the tone has been so pitched not only because the One-Eyeds are the majority consumer and consequently perpetuate the manufacture of mediocrity in films and tv, but the controllers of cinema culture, the operators of studios and stations, the owners of exhibition systems in homes and halls. On one hand the One-Eyeds applaud and support bad talent; they also hire and promote the talents that pay off in profits and publicity.

Two-Eyeds

The second category is the Two-Eyeds. Obviously, they see more, qualitatively and actually quantitatively, than One-Eyeds. In addition to plot and acting, Two-Eyeds are aware of movement; they realize alterations in size and proportion, created by the physical passage of either actors or the camera frame, or combinations of both.

They are aware of moving around a set, or crossing a room, or of rising in order to observe from an elevated position. They are aware of rapid changes in place and time, of leaps forward to another part of the forest or a float backward to a previous period, of being in two places at once, of colored photography, of furniture, costumes, and draperies. They are au courant, as the saying goes, with cinema. For them, cinema is an art, a craft, a profession; they are the minority as audience, actors, cameramen, editors, directors, producers, production designers, professors, set designers, and writers.

Although Two-Eyeds are competent, sometimes respected, and even appreciated, they are not, ipso facto, cinematic artists. Ordinarily, two eyes imply visual literacy, but, unfortunately, do not assure visual sensitivity. Two ears don't guarantee a musician is an artist, no more than two nostrils. A craftsman can construct a cinematic passage with visual legibility, and thus achieve effects that clearly communicate emotions and ideas. The values, aesthetically and socially, of those ideas and emotions, however, will depend more on art than craft.

The Three-Eyeds possess in the centre of their foreheads, like Egyptian mystics, the Third Eye. This rarity endows them with the rudiments for cinematic creativity, namely, visual imagination, visual sensitivity, and visual intelligence. They feel and think from within the image, their natural habitat. They are to cinema what—at the highest level—any *sui generis* artist is to his art, whether he be Beethoven or Louis Armstrong, Shakespeare or Robert Frost, Rembrandt or Picasso: in short, an artist.

Three-Eyeds have an extra-sensory feeling for composition and perspective, the fluidity that makes cinema unique—all the structure of cinema that expresses his thought and feeling, his will and desire. For him, cinema is the only art that can reflect his life in these years. More often than otherwise, he may have begun his craft discipline as a painter, least likely as a theatrical dramatist or a writer of words.

Three-Eyeds are found more frequently among cameramen than directors. It is not a rhetorical question to ask what part Gregg Toland contributed to "Citizen Kane," or Tisse to Eisenstein, or Bitzer to Griffith.

Talented editors, as distinguished from competent cutters, are invariably Three-Eyed. Production managers, on the other hand, never need be Three-Eyeds, and never are. You know you are in the presence of a Three-Eyed within the opening moments when the first half-dozen images cause a tired eye to widen, an experienced viewer to sit upright in his seat. The reasons may be manifold: a cameraman, by instinct and training, might have moved his camera setup an inch or two for a composition and perspective exactly suited to the concept demanded. A director's conceptual audacity in his treatment of themes, characters, plots, and ideas might have struck such a rare blend of visual intelligence and visual sensitivity that an audience senses it is in the midst of an artful experience.

With cinema becoming the primary language of the world, since electronic transmission, it is critical that all peoples become visually viterate, both for creative espousal of their ways of life and for healthy defenses against visual abuses of human aspirations. Lenin declared cinema to be the most important of the arts for revolutionary battles; but so might it be utilized for evolutionary progress. Provided we are scared enough by the One-Eyeds!

'Is It Mrs. Strasberg's Cooking?'

Playwright Ponders the New (and Needless) Intellectualism Among Actors—But With Dramatists It's the % of the Gross

By HOWARD M. TEICHMANN

One of the glorious advantages of being in the theatre is that there is always ready conversation about what is wrong with it. My current ploy at small dinner gatherings, cocktail parties, intimate after-theatre suppers, or anywhere else I can pick up free food and drink concerns itself with the ever-increasing surge toward intellectualism by the very people who deal primarily in emotionalism; i.e., the actors.

H. M. Teichmann

There was a time when actors were interested in how loudly they made the ladies cry at the Wednesday matinee, or how many laughs they got at a rainy Monday evening performance during Lent. I remember the times when I used to sit around actors' dressingrooms and listen to them tell lies to each other about how skillful they were in the art of acting. No more! Actors don't care about acting. What holds them entranced is intellectualism.

Station yourself inside a stagedoor some evening; watch them come in; see the books they carry. Kafka is as common as a comic book, and about as highly regarded these days. Aristotle is old hat. Nietzche and Schopenhauer, who might have been a pair of Dutch comics on the old Keith-Albee circuit, are rarely discussed any longer. Chorus girls today gab about Hobbe's Leviathan, St. Thomas Aquinas, Empedocles, Hume, Bergson, and William James.

Is this bad? Not especially. Is this good? Not necessarily. What Chandragupta had to say about Law has never made a comedienne read a punchline any better. Po-Chu-I's "Poems For Malaria" is yet to help an ingenue play a death scene in an Eskimo igloo.

A Stacked Blonde, Period!

Mind you, I'm not opposed to reading. I just wonder why isn't it enough for a blonde to be beautiful, 22 years old, talented, and perfectly built? Why must she also crave to be considered a girl with a mind slightly superior to that of a PhD. in Political Philosophy? I have spent 17 years at Barnard College and I have never seen a lady with a Doctor's degree dance one-tenth as well as the average kid in a Broadway musical. Nor, to the best of my knowledge, do any of the aforementioned learned ladies crave to dance that well.

Why is it that theatre people seem so little content with their talents? Why must they also be profound thinkers, brooders of problems social and political, delvers into matters economic and moralistic? I have seen actors in the third week of rehearsal of a Broadway-bound farce who did not yet know their lines but who could and did quote Walter Lippmann word-for-word out of the morning paper.

I always thought it was a cliche: clowns really want to play Hamlet. But I personally have met no less than five lady comics who, after the third drink, ardently admit the ability to play the Dane in slacks, and who, after the fourth drink, absolutely cannot be stopped from quoting both soliloquies from "The Prince of Denmark."

Is it The Method, is it the Studio, is it possibly Mrs. Strasberg's cooking that makes actors say, "I don't feel it," or "That's not me," or "Of what significance is this character to the cosmos?"

Agents, Hangovers—and Zen

The bona fide intellectuals or real brains in the theatre, however, speak a far different tongue. Most of the authors of what are considered fine modern dramas whom I know generally sit around talking about what percentage of the gross they are going to squeeze out of the producers of their next plays. If it isn't that, then they talk about how lousy their agents are.

The last time I saw Thornton Wilder, we discussed ways of making a livelihood without writing for the theatre.

I know a lyric poet who is considered to be one of the truly great original thinkers of the Western World. Every time we meet, he tells me how stupid all the other lyric poets are.

Harold Clurman, who is such an intellectual that he reads French paperback translations of Neo-Buddhist metaphysicians, stopped me in Sardi's one evening last month and treated me to a lengthy discourse on the four traditional ways of preparing matzo ball soup.

A few years ago I ran into Elia Kazan and Archibald MacLeish. We sat together for a while and finally Kazan unburdened himself of a deep and most significant, "My shoes hurt." MacLeish, being the more articulate of the two intellectuals, then initiated me into the profound knowledge that Kazan had been trying to get him drunk all that evening. Kazan hicupped and laughed. Then both men arose and went out into the murky evening. As you can tell, that intellectual adventure has never left me.

Albee, Meet the Babe

The other night I met Edward Albee. He told me how his head cold had developed into intestinal flu, and how that, in turn, had left him with a post-nasal drip. I was impressed.

Next morning, I ran into a young lady who is an understudy in an off-Broadway revue. For 45 minutes, in the pouring rain, she stood outside my umbrella and explained to me how the philosophy of Zoroaster is so right for existence in a thermonuclear world. When she paused for a breath, I asked how come she didn't catch cold with wet hair and sopping ballet slippers. She has a cold remedy her grandmother gave her, she mumbled, and then launched into the sub-advantages of the Outer Seven in the European Common Market. I later left her expounding about Locke, Marx, the Humboldt Current, Sir Siegfried Sassoon, the Mindanao Deep, and the first tariffs. I sure would like to get her together with Edward Albee. She could be a great help to him. Especially, if he still has that post-nasal drip.

The Cork Room—Perhaps New York's Most Exclusive Show Biz Haunt

And How Young Tom Edison Finally Achieved Theatrical Lighting at Koster & Bial's in The 1880s Recalled by Old N.Y. Historian

By SIDNEY ROSE

If you are inclined toward explorations in antique stores and old curiosity shops, you may be some million-to-one miracle encounter a bronze facsimile of a human hand grasping a primitive incandescent lamp fixture. Do not regard this as a mere impersonal relic of early electric lighting. You have hit the jackpot! The hand is that of Thomas A. Edison. And thereby hangs a tale.

In the early 1880s, Edison was deeply engrossed in the development of his Electric Light & Power Co. in New York and had a dynamo working in a powerhouse on Pearl St. His zeal became an obsession and he even begrudged the necessary hours of sleep as inimical to his goal. His only relaxation was the theatre, particularly that branch then known as the Variety Show. This he attended regularly and in due course found himself a patron of Koster & Bial's Music Hall on West 23d St.

Koster & Bial's was a raffish Tenderloin resort just off of 6th Ave., but was remarkable for its superior stage show. It was the first amusement resort in New York to describe its entertainment as "Vaudeville." Its talnt was mainly imported and some of it of international fame such as Marie Vanoni, a precursor of Anna Held in addressing amorous songs to baldheaded and stolid members of the orchestra; Jennie Joyce, who came from the English music halls; and also Paul Cinquevalli, a juggler whose feats had been a European sensation.

But the most famous attraction the house was to know was Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, immortalized on canvas by John S. Sargent and by William M. Chase; the latter's work, by the way now in Metropolitan Museum. Ladies of the "400," defying Victorian decorum, used to visit Koster & Kial's and peep out of curtained boxes to watch the saltatory senorita.

It was Edison's idea to light up New York theatres by electricity just as his English competitor, Swan, had done in D'Oyly Carte's new Savoy Theatre in London, the first theatre in the world to be so illuminated. But the New York gas companies posed a formidable opposition, and Edison had literally to make house-to-house calls to persuade the managers to put in the new lights. Of course Koster & Bial were among the first to be approached, but they were chary of experiments although Edison offered to install equipment and lamps free of charge as was his company's general policy at that early period.

Then the deus ex machina which solves knotty problems for the distressed, came down in Edison's favor. The stagedoor Johnnies had become anathema to Koster & Bial's. The establishment was a drinking resort and the Johnnies were kidnaping the lady performers at the stagedoor and carrying them away to consume the effervescent juice of the grape at the neighboring oyster houses and lobster palaces. There much be a change. Koster & Bial's determined to install a green room under the stage, where the playboys and the toasts of the town, the "wine openers" and champagne agents were to foregather for mutual enjoyment and for the enhancement of Kostr & Bial's exchequer.

Substage Boite

The space under the stage was just high enough to admit a tall man with his hat off. How was it to be lighted? Gas would make the place an oven. Edison and his light was the answer. Bronze castings were made of his hand and fastened on the walls of the below stage rendezvous. It was good publicity. The new light was fascinating, held in the hand of the wizard of electricity. Nothing but champagne was served on the magic premises and as the corks were drawn, they were pinned to the walls to spell the names of the soubret, the dancer, the chanteuse so honored.

The "Cork Room" became one of the legends of the town, and perhaps its most exclusive club. That Mr. Edison ever attended its rites, there is no record, but his friendship with Koster & Bial's was sustained, for in 1892—10 years after his acquaintance with them—they sent him a robust young German named Eugene Sandow who had been brought over by young Flo Ziegfeld to astonish the natives in weight-lifting. Sandow became one of the first—if not the first—subjects of Edison's newly invented "Kinetescope."

In 1895 Koster & Bial abandoned their 23d St. house to form a partnership with Oscar Hammerstein in the latter's Manhattan Opera House, which had fallen into financial difficulties. As the new Koster & Bial's it was converted to vaudeville and then on the night of April 23, 1896 the first moving picture in an American theatre was presented. There was a ballet dancing scene, a boxing match, and a picture of surf breaking on the shore, so realistic that people in the front rows stood up fearful of wetting.

Edison sat in the recess of a box, but in spite of the thunderous applause of the audience, refused to come forward and even take a bow. A few years later Koster & Bial's was demolished to make way for Macy's department store.

Women for Export

Looking Backward to the Heyday of the American Female Star in the Era of Profits

By RAY HAGEN

American womanhood, in screen image, has been an export commodity of rare sales value. Think back to the heyday of stardom, in the 1940s, say, when films made money, or at least the system did, though under the suspicious eye of the Dept. of Justice. What was it about the gals of yesteryear impact that captured public fancy world-round? Let us recall some of them:

BARITONE BELLES

BARBARA STANWYCK: As a murderess, octogenarian, widow or stripper—a howling success.

ANN SHERIDAN: Oomph to be sure, but a vastly underrated actress-comedienne with a terrific screen personality.

IDA LUPINO: Her lunatic streak kept subservient to a solid, sure, steady dramatic skill.

LAUREN BACALL: The one sparring partner equal (and then some) to Bogart.

MARLENE DIETRICH: Queen of the body-paint set.

ROSALIND RUSSELL: No one handled high comedy like Rosalind Russell.

JEAN ARTHUR: Except maybe Jean Arthur.

LIZABETH SCOTT: Thinking she was Lauren Bacall while she was really Ella Raines.

MUZAK MAKERS

JUDY GARLAND: Raw, pure talent—happy and frightening.

BETTY GRABLE: Her singing at least as good as her dancing. And those gams!

ESTHER WILLIAM: Finding the darndest things underwater—everything, in fact, from Peter Lawford to Xavier Cugat.

SONJA HENIE: Icy idol.

ANN MILLER: The American dream goes tap-dancing. (But the piercing sopranos really reigned supreme. If Deanna Durbin, Gloria Jean, Kathryn Grayson or Susanna Foster had been amplified one note higher, they'd have shattered every projector—and nerve—in the land. Little Jane Powell's future seemed comfortably assured.)

SHAKABLE VIRTUE

CLAIRE TREVOR: Semi-sweet in Westerns, super-sour in moderns.

GLORIA GRAHAME: Oversexed evil with an added fey bonus—a different mouth for each role.

GALE SONDERGAARD: Foreign intrigue, and fatal at that.

ANGELA LANSBURY: Dirty doings in period dress, and now in brainwashing.

PERFECT LADIES

Precious few, really, although Greer Garson, Ingrid Bergman and Irene Dunne seemed eminently qualified. So did Vera Hruba Ralston.

SWEETS

JEANNE CRAIN: Antiseptic love in a barn (no mean, fat)

DONNA REED: America's happiest housewife.

JOAN LESLIE: Sweetest lump of sugar since Mary Pickford.

WANDA HENDRIX: Passive resistance in in-action. The 15-year-old lead.

ANN RUTHERFORD: Fighting every starlet on the MGM lot—for Mickey Rooney.

BONITA GRANVILLE: Trying to grow up.

JANE WITHERS: Trying not to.

DIANA LYNN: Grin!

JUNE ALLYSON: Weep!!

MARGARET O'BRIEN: Simper!!!

NEUROTICS

BETTE DAVIS: Suffering slings and arrows, then spitting bullets—and doing The Twist even then.

JOAN CRAWFORD: Getting or going mad.

SUSAN HAYWARD: Nostril-flaring under stress on witness stand.

OLIVIA deHAVILLAND: Double, double, toil and trouble . . .

KATHERINE HEPBURN: Dangerously borderline without Tracy's no-nonsense back-of-the-hand.

GINGER ROGERS, CLAUDETTE COLBERT & SHIRLEY TEMPLE: All weeping prop tears like mad for Joseph Cotten overseas.

(There was a problem here. Does Barbara Stanwyck belong more with the bassos or here with the sickies? A hairline decision.

YES, VIRGINIA

—you should change your name. It seems not to be the ideal one for film fortune, i.e., the Misses Bruce, Dale, Field, Gillmore, Grey, Mayo, O'Brien, Weidler, Welles.

STARS AS TWINS

BETTE DAVIS: One good, one evil.
MARIA MONTEZ: One good, one evil.
OLIVIA deHAVILLAND: One good, one evil.
BETTY HUTTON: One loud, one quiet.

LOVE GODDESSES (TODAY SEX SYMBOLS)

RITA HAYWORTH: Toothsome and zesty, tossed like a Waldorf salad.

VERONICA LAKE: Lots of hair and only one eye.

HEDY LAMARR: Passive pristine porcelain perfection.

MAUREEN O'HARA: Douglas Fairbanks' prize in ship raids.

LYNN BARI: The Paulette Goddard of 'B' pictures.

PAULETTE GODDARD: The Lynn Bari of 'A' pictures.

DOROTHY LAMOUR: Only in America . . .!

YVONNE DeCARLO: As Sheherazade or Calamity Jane—same difference.

LANA TURNER: Men going wild.

JANE RUSSELL: Censors going wild.

MARIA MONTEZ: Monkeys going wild.

REALISM & 'TRADE SECRETS'

D. W. GRIFFITH

By HOMER CROY

I met David W. Griffith only once, but I sure 'nuff remember him. I saw him on the set when he was making "The Birth of a Nation," and spent that evening with him. I represented Leslie's Weekly and was there to write a piece about him. I didn't know it at the time, but the reason he was willing to see me was that he had once written a poem for that ill-starred weekly and thought that the magazine had assigned me to the interview because of this poem.

This poem was the only one D. W. ever published; the poor man believed in it as a mother in an only son. Unfortunately no one else believed as he did. He had been rehearsing day after day for "The Birth of a Nation." He rehearsed the shooting of President Lincoln 22 times. Finally the cameras began to roll July 4, 1914. That was the birth of the "Birth." There was only one camera. The picture cost $110,000.

The day I saw him on the set, I spent the evening with him in his hotel in downtown Los Angeles. Dog my cats, I can't remember the name of the hotel. I do remember, however, that it was surrounded by palm trees, with men sitting in cane-bottomed chairs watching the girls pass. We did not have a single drink, for, at that time, he did not indulge; later, yes. In fact, this became a problem. I can't remember a single important thing that he said. I've looked up the piece I wrote about him; it's so inane that I'm not going to quote even one line.

As I was leaving, I asked him—for no special reason—what time of a morning he got up? He said seven, then, before breakfast, he would have his ice bath, he said.

"Ice bath," I repeated, for I thought he was being funny.

"Every morning I have the bellboy bring up a bucket of ice and dump it in my tub, then I lie in the tub, with hunks of ice floating around me, and plan my day.

I was completely flabbergasted. But he meant it; he actually did it every morning.

Griffith was a kind of early Hollywood hypochondriac. He didn't take pills and nostrums; he took exercise. During his life he had half a dozen health fads. One that lasted a long time was swinging Indian clubs. They were his evening health-stimulator; ice baths in the morning, Indian clubs at night. And there, in the middle of the floor in his pajamas, he would twirl and whirl.

This great director, who influenced motion pictures more than any other person, became the Forgotten Man of Hollywood. DeMille died rich; Griffith died on the thin fringe.

The last days came upon this tall, thin, lanky man with what he called "my Wellington nose." His fortune was gone—this man who once, out of his own pocket, had paid $1,000,000 for a motion picture—and now he walked the streets of Hollywood with hardly a person to recognize him. The lonely man would return to his cheap hotel room and there, before going to bed, would swing his Indian clubs. When he was through with them, he did not put them in his clothes-closet, as you would expect, but tossed them into a corner of his room. I think the Indian clubs represented the day when he was important, and that he clung to them as a reminder of those great years.

And now, for the oldtimers, I will add the complete cast of "The Birth of a Nation":

Benjamin Cameron	Henry B. Walthall
His sister Florence	Mae Marsh
His sister Margaret	Miriam Cooper
Mrs. Cameron	Josephine Crowell
Dr. Cameron	Spottiswood Aitken
Austin Stoneman	Ralph Lewis
His daughter Elsie	Lillian Gish
His son Phil	Elmer Clifton
His second son	Robert Harron
Silas Lynch	George A. Siegmann
Gus	Walter Long
Lydia Brown	Mary Alden
Abraham Lincoln	Joseph Hennaberry
Charles Sumner	Sam de Grasse
General Lee	Howard Gay
General Grant	Donald Crisp
Jake	William de Vaull
Cyndy	Jennie Lee

Year-End Letter Home

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

Dear Old Friend:

It is some time since I passed along my glad news, and here it is already the end of the year, so perhaps you won't mind if I try to sum up the whole thing very quickly now, so that at least I shall be permitted to imagine I have not been completely neglectful and ungrateful.

Wm. Saroyan

The year 1962 was the best so far, not for myself alone, which would be ridiculous, but for the human race itself, of which (as you may recall) I am a member.

I started the year in a city that is famous in song, called Paris, and for the first five months of the year I took part in the religious rituals there involving mystic numbers, many thanks. Now and then the mystery of the numbers became both simple and rewarding, impelling me to believe in truth, right and pretty girls. If you didn't hear me laughing at the Opera, I can't believe you didn't hear me talking in Concorde. The anesthesia was Armagnac, a fiery distillation of the juice of the vine, and for me (as for several other townspeople) a staff, a stone, and a step to reasonableness which, in that city, was discourteous.

The song was bogus, though, not so much in that there was almost never any sunshine, as in that there was never an affectation of sincerity, excepting in travelers from Monaco who were nothing if not on the level.

Late in June your message came to go and so I did. That going was as good as any in any year of time. Lord, I went. I walked away. I rode away. I flew away. I sailed away. And I thank you.

When I came at length to the Big City which has the strange inappropriate and inaccurate English name—that is, New York if you will. What was old York that it had to be made new again, and here?

When I came there again I saw the people there, a people I cannot call my people but a people nevertheless that I always rejoice to behold again in all of their odd variety and lunacy, especially the children, ruthlessly captured and held in bondage by their mad parents, white, black, orange, and Asiatic. Two such of these were partly my own, and stunning in their entanglement in the streets and spaces of the various places. The girl I took to the Fair in Seattle while the boy made his way through the hot summer at a job with a printer of protest pamphlets.

That was a nice Fair out there, especially the little Navajo boy who disbelieved the people staring at him; the manager of the infor-

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OSTRICH BIT AS SELF-DECEPTION

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Talent, glamor, personality and occasional picture-making genius all entail secrets, but such elusive stuff is not the concern of the present article. Here the spotlight is upon certain practices and protected zones relating to the making and marketing of films and to the ostrich posture of hiding what everybody can see.

Justified trade secrets apart, there is a good deal of inherent absurdity in a showman who talks his head off in Rome, Paris, London, New York and Hollywood, leaving behind him a wave of busy rumor, but insisting, when cornered by a reporter, that what hundreds have heard, often in public cocktail rooms, may only be heard by the press "off the record." Which is no favor and also frequently makes no sense.

Showmen who occasionally lecture tradepaper reporters, are declaring, in effect, "I'm privileged to say that, but you're not privileged to print that." A dubious rationale.

"Trade secrets" are spilled all over the legislative tables whenever a plea for tax relief or other changes are sought. Securities & Exchange Commission reports regularly reveal who's buying and selling amusement shares. And so on. In short, much that is refused an inquiring reporter is already on the record and has ceased to be secret.

Boxoffice Estimates

A few remarks upon boxoffice figures are relevant. This is an area of "secrets" often expressed in the form of lies. VARIETY comments from much inside knowledge, having originated the publication of boxoffice estimates and printed them every week, for both film and stage, for some 40 or more of its present 57 years of existence. Respecting legit, the task of verification has been simplified for us by the rise of the general-and-limited partnership system, which circulates the truth under audit. But in the sprocket parlors cooperation still rests in the conscience of the manager, and his cousin, or chum, the distributor.

Curious behavior arises. Though they often know that VARIETY knows they are lying, some gents still try to do so. It's a symptom of the trade secret syndrome, the desire to feel one's self clever. A circuit spokesman, when queried, actually stated, "But if I tell you the right figures, you'll only cut

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Script & Etcetera Approval, Natch

By EDWARD EMERSON

Coco Vin is 30, going on 16, voluptuous, beautiful, selfish, loud-mouthed, self-centred and rich. Coco has great respect for two things — herself and sex. Coco doesn't mind spending $2,000 on a dress — but her pets are rationed out just the right amount of food per day.

Coco signs for a movie in Paris —"Queen of Sheba"—and her entourage, including one husband (he sings), three Pekinese, two Siamese, a tropical Bird of Paradise and three children accompany her. Coco has reel—and I mean reel — talent. But Coco needs the proper leading man to bring that talent out.

Coco tells her studio boss—Harold P. State — that she wants a new leading man for "Sheba" good publicity for the film—and she will personally pick out the new leading man. "Coco dear," says her husband Freddie, "maybe, darling, we should—" "Shut up!" says Coco.

Coco and her entourage board the United States for the trip

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Best Yank Propaganda In Middle And Far East: Hollywood's Films

By HOWARD PEARL

Recent trip around the world impressed, whether or not our State Dept. knows it, we are definitely winning the propaganda war against the Russians, without even trying. We are doing this through one medium—our motion pictures. Our films have an influencing effect the likes of which many may never realize.

We reach all the young and educated people of the so-called "underdeveloped" countries, and we immediately create a desire for them to copy us in every respect. These people want to live like us, and even have strong compulsions to live in the United States. Our stars are their heroes and they try to pattern themselves after them. It is chic to take on the mannerisms of Hollywood. They copy our way of life as much as they can and as much as their limited income will allow. U.S. films depict the luxury in which we live (by their standards) and create a strong desire for them to live as well as we do. Even our dress influences them. They copy our culture through our music, our songs, our dances, our language and even our "slanguage."

We are influencing these people like never before and we are consciously knowing it. These young, impressionable people, of all countries, like what they see in our way of life and they are "buying" it. Many state frankly they would leave their native countries immediately to live in the United States if what they see in our motion pictures is true. Some don't believe that we could possibly live as elegantly as some of our films show us. If they can't live in the U.S. then the next best thing they can do is to try to copy us. They get their vicarious thrills through emulating us.

Beirut, Lebanon—Beirut's "Times Square" is called Place Du Canon. The Rivoli Theatre is the biggest in this capital of 600,000. "Taras Bulba" is the holiday playdate. Price of admission for first run houses is 1 pound, 10 piastra, or 35c. The Empire, Capitol, the Miami (action house) and the Edison, near the American University campus, play American films which have English soundtracks with French and Arabic titles. A big bag of popcorn goes for 8c in this city.

Teheran, Iran—This capital city of 2,000,000 has become more westernized since the Shah did away with purdah (veils) for Moslem women. American films are heavy favorites here and Iranians (formerly Persians) like to know more about us and our country. Coca Cola and Pepsi-Cola have replaced Omar Khayam's proverbial "jug of wine" in this heat-ridden country. Mission is a new entry. All soft drinks sell for about 6 rials or 7½c a bottle. When caught, Radio City Theatre was playing "Twist Around The Clock," the Empire had "Young Philadelphians," Moulin Rouge had "Heller In Pink Tights," Metropole had "Wonders of Aladdin," and the Saadi Theatre was playing an Italian production starring Cornel Wilde in "Constantine The Great." Price of admission is about 60 rails or 75c. All American pictures have original soundtracks with Farsi (Persian) titles.

New Delhi—India is probably the only country in this part of the world where local films offer any degree of competition with American films. Single bills only in this country, admission about 2 rupees, 50 Naye Paise, or 52c. Elvis Presley and Pat Boone are huge favorites here and are helped with their popular recordings which the Indians seem to eat up. They really "dig" rock 'n' roll. Indian-produced films are plentiful and popular. The language is Hindi. American films have English soundtracks with Hindi titles. The main drag is Connaught Place and Janpath. Airconditioned houses are a necessity here as the temperature goes well over 100 most of the time.

Calcutta—This teeming Indian city of 5,000,000 has movie houses all over the downtown area. Chowringhee St. is the local Times Square and price of admission is 3 Rupees, 70 Naye Paise or 77c. The Roxy, Tiger and the Lighthouse are the firstruns.

Rangoon, Burma—This city is the only one seen that had a Russian picture playing first run downtown at the Palladium. This country leans heavily towards the Communist line. The Roxy and Ritz seem partial to Indian films. The Globe and the Royal play U.S. The main drag is called Sule Pagoda Road and the price of admission is about 2 Kyate, 50 pyas, or 52c.

Bangkok—An amazing sight was Elvis Presley's b.o. pull at the Grand. He's the third most important person in Thailand (formerly Siam). The first are King Phumiphol Adulydej and Queen Siriket. Another jukebox fave here is Pat Boone. Bangkok has plenty of night life, and has two tv stations. Paramount, King's, New Odeon, Queen's, Krung Kasem and Chalerm Ketr price of admission is about 7 Bahts or 35c.

Singapore — The theatre scene here is dominated by the giant Shaw Bros. Organization with a total of 17 deluxe houses in Singapore. Most product is from the U.S. Malay and Chinese population like noisy actioners. Occasionally, British films are shown. All have English soundtracks with Chinese subtitles. All theatres are airconditioned, clean and comfortable. The Lido (Shaw) is the most luxurious. The Odeon, Capital, Cathay, Rex and Paramount charge about 2½ Singapore dollars, or 83c.

Manila—The main drag of the Phillipines capital is Rizal Ave. and the price of admission is about 1 Peso, 80 Centavos, or 45c. Movies start at the early hour of 8:30 a.m. and the last show begins about 9 p.m. Hollywood, British, Italian and Spanish films are shown, with the Americans the most popular here. Foreign films with dialog other than English or Spanish have English subtitles. The Palace, Mayfair, the Avenue, Odeon, Vista, Republic and the Galaxy are the main cinemas.

Hong Kong — This beautiful, hilly, mountainous city is just loaded with refugees and tailors—and tourists. The main drag on the Kowloon side is Nathan Road and its counterpart on the Victoria side is Queen's Road. Price of admission is about $2.40 (Hong Kong dollars) or 44c in U.S. currency. The Queen's, Princess, Lee, Royal, Paramount, King's, Oriental, Capitol and the Astor play first U.S. then Chinese product. H K is also dominated by the Shaws.

Tokyo—Japan's huge, sprawling capital city has a big theatre district which centres around the Ginza and Z Avenue (Japan's Times Sq.). Average price of admission to firstrun theatres is about 430 Yen or $1.25. Japanese imitate Americans in almost every field. They excel at baseball and love our motion pictures. United Artists' "West Side Story" at the Shochiku Piccadilly made history as did "Judgment At Nuremberg" at the Tokyo Gegijo, "El Cid" at the Yurakuza "Blue Hawaii" at the Hibiya. Theatre Tokyo, New Toho, the Miyuki-za, the Scala-za and the Marunouchi Bunka favor foreign films. It is amazing how many French pictures play Tokyo. The Japanese are a cosmopolitan people and take in the culture of many countries.

Honolulu—The theatre district is broken up in two parts in the 50th State. Part of the first run breaks in Honolulu and part breaks in Waikiki Beach. Admission price is about $1.25 for first run theatres. The main drag of Waikiki Beach is tonguetwister Kalakaua Ave. The Kuhio, the Waikiki, the Hawaii, am Hi-Way Drive-In, the Kaimuki, the Pawaa and the Princess. Alternate between Yank and Japanese product. Japanese films are very prevalent on this sunny island; they have English subtitles.

DISTRIBUTORS' FISHEYE ON THEATRES: EXHIBS TALK, DON'T WORK AT SELL

By JACK PITMAN

Periodic soul-searching by U.S. exhibition interests, manifested by seminars on the "how to" of better boxoffice, don't much impress film distributor officials in New York. The latter colony views such exercises as soon-forgotten if gauged by practical day-to-day operation between exhib conventions.

Theatre operators, in this Manhattan view, tend to be increasingly aloof from their "showmanship" heritage; and worse, they fail to appreciate the helping hand when extended. To quote one official, "They don't want to know from showmanship — just how much advertising money we're going to spend."

At issue is the asserted failure of large numbers of domestic theatres to lift a promotional finger, even when the cost to them is negligible. Cited, for example, is the vast indifference to special theatrical trailers and tv footage, even when available as giveaway material. Contended by the companies is that even routine application of pressbook material is usually sloughed by the "showmen."

A couple of seasons back, complains one of the majors, it got out a super-duper press manual, an effort that went far beyond the norm. Resultant usage in the field proved so dismal, it's stated, that no comparable effort has been essayed since. No point, says the company.

Inert Postures

Exhibition's clamor for product and prime terms, comments a sales manager, is not matched by any will to make it a two-way street. Even those sweet overhead-covering 90-10 deals don't as a rule bestir exhibs to make with promotional tactics. Pertinently, such deals are under severe scrutiny—the sales veeps want to see more cooperative spirit in the future.

There is recognition, to be sure, of those exhibs—both indies and chains—who are ad-pub conscious (said of one circuit: "every manager's a pressagent"), but they constitute a small minority. Of the rest of their brethren, the complaints in New York are numerous and repetitious, the principal allegations being lethargy and scrooge mentality.

Exhibs, in their clamor for a better break with respect to trade practice, deplore the cutbacks in field personnel. Distribs counter that economy is mandated by presentday boxoffice patterns, and add another reason — theatre timidity when it comes to selling a picture. Argued as before is that the standpat houses are likewise deficient in dressing up and maintaining peak comfort, appearance, etc. "All this," a company exec states, "and they still expect us to be beholden."

Obsolete Plants

Acknowledged on both sides, however, and deemed of fundamental relevance to business, is that too many theatres are downright obsolete, and in effect are being subsidized by the producing-distributing companies. This is at least implicit in the cavalier treatment vis-a-vis literally hundreds of situations cross-country. It is dramatically expressed, of course, in the new saturation, "Premiere Showcase," et al, firstrun patterns in development, and in like kind re subsequent playoff. Noted, for instance, is the metro New York territory, where United Artists pioneered a "Preem Showcase" and now 20th-Fox is set to ditto.

These shifts put the big chains into primary focus. Albeit strapped with steep investments, some of the exhibition titans have lagged conspicuously in the progress department: the detour into drive-ins and the blueprinting of intime showcases correlated with population migrations and contemporary attendance habit.

They are hurt by the status quo. And the pain deepens the longer they remain committed to it.

As Publisher Sees An Author

I was just starting in the publishing business with Boni & Liveright, publishers of Theodore Dreiser and other greats, and soon decided you meet more interesting people in this racket than in Wall St. where the wellmeaning family indoctrinated me.

This was borne out by a li'l literati-dramalet, in the old Ritz-Carlton on Madison & 46th St., where I saw Dreiser hurl a steaming hot cup of coffee into Horace Liveright's face when the latter had told the eminent author he had just sold "An American Tragedy" to Paramount for $85,000.

This was 35G more than Liveright felt the book was worth; in fact, he had told Dreiser, "I can't see why Hollywood would ever buy such a story for filming." Liveright then said he'd make a deal and "anything over the $50,000 you doubt I can get I'll split 50-50 with you." Dreiser agreed, never believing a deal of any sort would ever be made.

So we had the festive lunch and, when told the pleasant news, Dreiser started figuring on the tablecloth—he now could pay off the house in Croton, other expenses, bills, and even have some left over for a trip to Europe. This was okay with Liveright excepting of the reminder that it wasn't 85G, but only $67,000, since Dreiser had agreed to 50-50 on any coverage above 50G, so he had earmarked the differential $17,500 for himself.

Whereupon the dramatic coffee hurling, as Dreiser stalked out.

Whereupon Liveright's classic advice to me, "So you see, Bennett, as I told you before, why a publisher is forced to the conclusion that *every* author is a SOB."

Bennett Cerf.

Filipino Censors Toughen

By AARON PINES

Manila.

The Philippines has been governed only by two censorship laws since its independence in 1946. From 1946 to 1961, the Board of Censors comprised a Chairman and 14 members. In the year 1962, the President of the Philippines signed into law a revised system which created a Chairman, a Vice-Chairman and 23 members. New Board has task of censoring all films and the additional task of censoring television programs, and there is now under study, a proposed amendment which will allow the censors to censor stage shows, as there are two theatres here in Manila—Clover and Opera House—which exclusively present live stage shows. Some acts are in Tagalog, the Filipino language and the others are in English.

When the new Censor Board came in early 1962, a new classification was set up for films, which did not exist previously, namely, "For Adults Only" and "For General Patronage." "For Adults Only" is for children over 18 and those below 18 are not allowed to enter the theatre.

During the recent months, a crime wave hit here with usual superficial scapegoat thinking, resulting in the Censor Board taking a more drastic policy regarding gangster pictures and films which play up violence. At a recent meeting of the Board of Censors, the following decisions were reached:

(1). Crime shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice, or to inspire others with a desire for imitation.

(2). Methods of crime shall not be explicitly presented or detailed in a manner calculated to glamorize crime or inspire imitation.

(3). Action showing the taking of human life is to be held to the minimum. Its frequent presentation tends to lessen regard for the sacredness of life.

(4). Suicide, as a solution of problems occurring in the development of screen drama, is to be discouraged unless absolutely necessary for the development of the plot, and shall never be justified, or glorified, or used specifically to defeat the ends of justice.

(5). Excessive flaunting of weapons by criminals shall not be permitted.

(6).There shall be no scenes of law-enforcing officers dying at the hands of criminals, unless such scenes are absolutely necessary to the plot.

(7). Pictures dealing with criminal activities in which minors participate, or to which minors are related, shall not be approved, if

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Encore Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

Someone once said you could tell more about a man by the letters he receives than the ones he writes. Leafing through the accumulation of years I select these few fugitive pieces at random, excerpts presented in no particular order—sometimes informative or revelatory, sometimes whimsical or facetious, sometimes sentimental or nostalgic —all bound together by the garland of the arts.

A poem from novelist Joseph Freeman, "On Hearing Herman Weinberg in His Film Class," at which Rene Clair's "Sous les Toits de Paris" was shown:

It's all true; we were there
When Spring came on with rain on a Renoir street
And Eros telegraphed on cobblestones
With lovers' feet.
Faces were innocent,
Weapons small,
Even the apache was magnanimous
Before the Fall.
The roaring smoke and glare of a passing train
Obscured the inconclusive fight;
No blood was shed that night.
Death was not yet despot of the world;
Right knew limits, so did wrong;
And under all the roofs we heard,
Above the self-delusion and the cant,
The golden phoenix chant
His ever-recurring song.
Both rivals lost the girl
To the faithful, astonished friend;
This was the Happy End.
The bombs drove underground to wait
For the next turn of the wheel of fate
When the Spring rains
Will come again.

A note from Ben Hecht commenting on an earlier installment of this column in which he reminisces wistfully about his own youthful walks through the garden of the arts: "It was the best time of all."

A "fan letter" commending me for my titles for "Sundays and Cybele" but adding fretfully, "Why do you insist on spelling 'all right' as one word?" Which reminds me of the late Sherwin Cody's frantic missives to me on the same subject. I hope that in Heaven, where he surely is, he finds both usages tolerantly accepted, else what is Heaven for?

Orson Welles

A letter from Orson Welles: "By long practice I generally refrain from reading reviews of my own movies or plays. Through the years I've found an uncomfortable majority of my critics to be the opposite of encouraging, and I have a weakness in this matter: I tend to be very impressed by almost any reasoned attack on my work which may get into print. But I did read your review (in Film Culture). You kindly lulled my suspicions by sending it to me and, besides, there has been so very little written about "Mr. Arkadin" in English at all. The result was a very happy surprise. Unluckily for my professional ego, I have never been able to take a good review quite as seriously as a bad one but I must tell you that your generous appraisal was deeply appreciated. What really pleased me was not so much that you liked "Mr. Arkadin," but that you liked it for what I take to be the right reasons. This, of course, is the ultimate compliment . . ."

From Symon Gould, a pioneer in the art cinema movement in the U.S. back in the '20s, on the launching of "Potemkin" here: ". . . As I remember it, those present at the pre-premiere of 'Potemkin' in Gloria Swanson's penthouse at 58th and 6th Ave. were Mal St. Clair, Adolphe Menjou, John S. Cohen Jr., Dick Watts, Lewis Milestone . . .

Tom Curtiss and Von Stroheim

From Tom Curtiss, VARIETY correspondent and entertainment editor of the Paris Tribune: "How can I apologize for the long silence? . . . Whenever Denise, Erich (von Stroheim) and I are together we speak of you and in the Kipling phrase 'raise our glasses towards you' . . . The Tribune work goes on and widens. I now do theatre, films and night-clubs, as my colleague Art Buchwald, is concentrating on his NY column . . . Von is working on the synch score of 'The Wedding March' . . . I haven't see it in years now. Is 'The Honeymoon' print still available? . . . I went to London last week to see some shows and Dick Watts, who is there for the opening of 'The Moon Is Blue.' Diana Lynn, his (then) current girl friend, has the lead and has made the play into a hit. She's charming but I wish she was playing something else. Ward Morehouse gets to London tomorrow for a week and I may go back to see him and a few more plays. The London theatre is fine but London life is dreary after Paris . . . Abel Green

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Representation: WM. MORRIS AGENCY *Personal Management:* BOB BRAUN

Ad Films Alone In Doing Well

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

The downward trend of the W-German feature film continued in 1962. This applies to artistry, rentals and exhibition. There were 106 W-German features made in 1959, 95 in 1960, 79 in 1961 and it's rather certain (1962 statistics not yet available) that there was another decline. Same as to this country's culture film (short pix) situation. But advertising films continued upbeat. Their number amounted to 893 in 1961 and may have surpassed the 1,000 mark for 1962.

Hello (a combination of his two first names, Helmut and Lothar) Weber, young Berlin documentary filmmaker who dedicates himself very much to industrial and other pix of commercial calibre (which included about 200 tv spots in addition to 30 theatrical shorts in 1962) said that one shouldn't overdramatize the contrast between the decreasing number of features and the increasing number of commercial items. "The increase of commercial films is naturally explained by the constantly increasing demand for such films."

The influence of U.S. advertising is definitely felt. The number

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'WEST SIDE'—THE LEAD 'STORY'

ALL-TIME TOP FILM GROSSERS

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

The great, all-time, rental-earning motion pictures in the domestic (U.S.-Canada) market are listed below in the yearly correction and updating of the data long an exclusive VARIETY *feature in the Anniversary Edition. It follows in the logic of film playoff and reissue that certain features, though released long ago, are still adding to their rental revenues. Of these David O. Selznick's 1939 tale of the Confederacy, "Gone With The Wind," still rates No. 1 position, at a revised tally of $41,200,000. Included, of course, are something like six reissues of "Wind" after its initial playoff.*

VARIETY'S: *All-Time Grossers include only films which have touched, or passed, $4,000,000. Similiarly, in the other related annual compilation, the Yearly Tops, the standard of qualification is taken as at least $1,000,000. These two fixed rules should be borne in mind. Readers sometimes look in vain for certain titles they regard as "great films" but which have not met the revenue minima as established for the purpose of giving these compilations a realistic character.*

Students of the silent film era invariably take notice of the absence from this All-Time Grossers list of D. W. Griffith's epic of 1915, "Birth of A Nation." A further exp'anation on this deliberate omission: nobody knows what "Birth" grossed. It may well have exceeded $50,000,000. If so, Griffith rather than Selznick would rate the laurel for the number one superblockbuster boxoffice picture. However, in the absence of any verification, VARIETY *has chosen from the beginning not to include the Griffith work.*

Gone With the Wind (Selznick-MGM) (1939)	$41,200,000
Ben-Hur (MGM) (1959)	38,000,000
10 Commandments (DeMille-Par) (1957)	34,200,000
Around World in 80 Days (Todd-AO-UA) (1957)	22,000,000
West Side Story (Mirisch-7 Arts-UA) (1961)	19,000,000
The Robe (Ross-20th) (1953)	17,500,000
South Pacific (Magna-20th) (1958)	16,300,000
Bridge on River Kwai (Spiegel-Col) (1958)	15,000,000
Spartacus (Bryna-U) (1961)	14,000,000
Greatest Show on Earth (DeMille-Par) (1952)	12,800,000
Guns of Navarone (Foreman-Col) (1961)	12,500,000
This Is Cinerama (C'rama) (1952)	12,500,000
From Here to Eternity (Col) (1953)	12,200,000
Giant (Stevens-Ginsberg-WB) (1956)	12,000,000
White Christmas (Dolan-Berlin-Par) (1954)	12,000,000
Samson and Deliah (DeMille-Par) (1950)	11,500,000
El Cid (Bronston-AA) (1962)	11,500,000
Duel in the Sun (Selznick-SRO) (1947)	11,300,000
Best Years of Our Lives (Goldwyn-RKO) (1947)	11,300,000
Peyton Place (Wald-20th) (1958)	11,000,000
Quo Vadis (MGM) (1952)	10,500,000
Sayonara (Goetz-WB) (1958)	10,500,000
Snow White (Disney-RKO) (1937)	10,300,000
Cinerama Holiday (C'rama) (1955)	10,000,000
Shaggy Dog (Disney-BV) (1959)	9,600,000
Operation Petticoat (Granart-U) (1960)	9,500,000
The Apartment (Mirisch-Wilder-UA) (1960)	9,300,000
Parent Trap (Disney-BV) (1961)	9,300,000
Seven Wonders of World (C'rama) (1956)	9,300,000
Absent-Minded Professor (Disney-BV) (1961)	9,000,000
Psycho (Hitchcock-Par) (1960)	9,000,000
Auntie Mame (WB) (1959)	9,000,000
Exodus (Preminger-UA) (1960)	8,700,000
Caine Mutiny (Kramer-Col) (1954)	8,700,000
King and I (20th) (1956)	8,500,000
Mr. Roberts (Hayward-WB) (1955)	8,500,000
This Is the Army (WB) (1943)	8,500,000
Lover Come Back (Schapiro-Melcher-U) (1962)	8,500,000
Touch of Mink (Schapiro-Melcher-U) (1962)	8,500,000
Guys and Dolls (Goldwyn-MGM) (1956)	8,000,000
King of Kings (Bronston-MGM) (1961)	8,000,000
Battle Cry (WB) (1955)	8,000,000
Bells of St. Mary's (McCarey-RKO) (1948)	8,000,000
Jolson Story (Col) (1947)	8,000,000
Lady and the Tramp (Disney-BV) (1955)	8,000,000
Shane (Stevens-Par) (1953)	8,000,000
20,000 Leagues (Disney-BV) (1955)	8,000,000
Swiss Family Robinson (Disney-BV) (1960)	7,900,000
Cat on Tin Roof (Avon-MGM) (1958)	7,900,000
Pinocchio (Disney-RKO-BV)	7,900,000
Pillow Talk (Arwin-U) (1959)	7,500,000
Some Like It Hot (Mirisch-UA)	7,725,000
Come September (Arthur-U) (1961)	7,500,000
Trapeze (HHL-UA) (1956)	7,500,000
World of Suzie Wong (Stark-Par) (1961)	7,300,000
How Marry Millionaire (20th) (1953)	7,300,000
No Time for Sergeants (WB) (1958)	7,200,000
Peter Pan (Disney-RKO-BV) (1953)	7,200,000
Alamo (Batjac-UA) (1960)	7,200,000
Not As a Stranger (Kramer-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
Hatari (Hawks-Par) (1962)	7,000,000
Gigi (MGM) (1957)	6,750,000
Cinderella (Disney-RKO-BV) (1950)	6,600,000
Search for Paradise (C'rama) (1953)	6,500,000
High Society (MGM) (1956)	6,500,000
I'll Cry Tomorrow (MGM) (1956)	6,500,000
Country Girl (Perlberg-Seaton-Par) (1955)	6,500,000
Going My Way (McCarey-Par) (1954)	6,500,000
Snows of Kilimanjaro (20th) (1952)	6,500,000
Imitation of Life (Hunter-U) (1959)	6,500,000
Suddenly Last Summer (Spiegel-Col) (1960)	6,375,000
101 Dalmations (Disney-BV) (1961)	6,300,000
Nun's Story (WB) (1959)	6,300,000
Picnic (Col) (1956)	6,300,000
Old Yeller (Disney-BV) (1958)	6,250,000
War and Peace (De Laurentiis-Par) (1956)	6,250,000
Vikings (Bryna-UA) (1958)	6,100,000
Welcome Stranger (Par) (1957)	6,100,000

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$19-MIL. GROSS TOPS '62 DERBY

By GENE ARNEEL

"West Side Story," the Mirisch-Seven Arts-United Artists adaptation of the Robert E. Griffith and Harold S. Prince legit musical, was without any doubt the boxoffice champion of 1962. Nearly all professional critics applauded it, the Academy Awards people called it best and the public obviously agreed.

"West Side" actually went into release in 1961 (it was for this year that the tuned-up tragedy copped the Oscar) but hadn't been in sufficient circulation at year's end to allow for any intelligent estimate as to gross in the previous Anni boxscore. At this time there can

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Tote Takes From L. A. Firstruns In 1962; 'West Side Story' Pacer; Market Admissions Coin Up 8.62%

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Los Angeles.

Los Angeles firstruns during 1962 skyrocketed to a towering $11,330,417, highest year's take since 1957's $11,534,700 and 8.62% over 1961's $10,431,221. Year also saw "West Side Story" breaking the million-dollar mark at Chinese—one of few pix on record to hit such a figure—where it ran a solid 52 weeks to tune of $1,187,825 and is still playing.

Lack of new product, which exhibs have beefed about over recent years, apparently had little bearing on the final outcome. With exception of 1961, when there were only 194 new bills and 46 reissues, year just closed had fewest openers in many years, 201 new bills and 54 reissues, latter, however, setting a new mark for re-releases. Year 1960 had 237 new and 49 reissue bills; 1959, 213 and 44; 1958, 232 and 43; 1957, 256 and 36.

In a further compilation of comparative figures, 1960's total amounted to $10,980,744; 1959, $10,070,212; 1958, $11,164,455. Year 1957 was under 1956's $11,918,400, which in turn was matched only by 1949's $13,596,400 and the alltime

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Big Rental Pictures of 1962

Herewith is VARIETY'S *annual Anni Edition exclusive, being the wrapup on which pictures of the year just closed contributed mostest to the boxoffice of the domestic (U.S.-Canada) market. The figures allude to rentals, i.e., the amount of money either collected or anticipated by the distributors from theatres.*

Qualifying for recognition in this chart are only the feature films which have already, or expectedly will, gross at least $1,000,000. Releases grossing less than that, are not included. The summary last year omitted some productions which went to market too late in 1961 to be included, and now are picked up. By the same token, some releases of late 1962 are omitted and will be included next year.

Feature	*Origin*	*Date Out*	*Rentals To Date*	*Rentals Anticipation*
West Side Story	(Mirisch-7 Arts-UA)	(Oct., 1961)	$11,000,000	$19,000,000
Spartacus	(Bryna-U)	(July, 1961)	13,500,000	14,000,000
El Cid	(Bronston-AA)	(Dec., 1961)	8,000,000	11,500,000
Lover Come Back	(Shapiro-Melcher-U)	(March)	8,500,000	8,500,000
That Touch of Mink	(Shapiro-Melcher-U)	(July)	8,500,000	8,500,000
King of Kings	(Bronston-MGM)	(Nov., 1961)	7,500,000	8,000,000
Music Man	(Da Costa-WB)	(July)	8,000,000	8,000,000
Hatari	(Hawks-Par)	(July)	6,000,000	7,000,000
Bon Voyage	(Disney-BV)	(July)	4,100,000	5,500,000
Flower Drum Song	(Ross Hunter-U)	(Jan.)	5,000,000	5,000,000
Judgment at Nuremberg	(Kramer-UA)	(Jan.)	3,800,000	5,000,000
Baby Jane	(Aldrich-WB)	(Oct.)	4,000,000	5,000,000
Interns	(Cohn-Col)	(Aug.)	5,000,000	5,000,000
Blue Hawaii	(Wallis-Par)	(Nov., 1961)	4,700,000	4,700,000
Babes in Toyland	(Disney-BV)	(Dec., 1961)	4,400,000	4,700,000
Lolita	(7 Arts-Harris-MGM)	(June)	4,500,000	4,500,000
Sergeants 3	(Essex-UA)	(Feb.)	3,955,000	4,100,000
Mr. Hobbs Vacation	(Wald-20th)	(July)	3,250,000	4,000,000
Moon Pilot	(Disney-BV)	(Feb.)	3,500,000	3,600,000
Chapman Report	(Zanuck-WB)	(Oct.)	3,000,000	4,000,000
Girls, Girls, Girls	(Wallis-Par)	(Nov.)	3,000,000	3,600,000
Splendor in Grass	(WB)	(Oct., 1961)	3,500,000	3,500,000
State Fair	(20th)	(April)	3,250,000	3,500,000
Boys Night Out	(Ransohoff-MGM)	(June)	3,400,000	3,400,000
Manchurian Candidate	(Essex-Frankenheimer-Axelrod-UA)		1,125,000	3,300,000
Liberty Valance	(Ford-Par)	(Apr.)	3,900,000	3,200,000
Bird Man of Alcatraz	(Hecht-Lancaster-UA)	(July)	2,200,000	3,100,000
Walk on Wild Side	(Feldman-Col)	(Feb.)	3,000,000	3,000,000
Two Women	(Embassy)	(June)	3,000,000	3,000,000
Follow That Dream	(Mirisch-UA)	(May)	2,660,000	2,800,000
Counterfeit Traitor	(Perlberg-Seaton-Par)	(Apr.)	2,700,000	2,700,000
Sweet Bird of Youth	(Berman-MGM)	(March)	2,700,000	2,700,000
Notorious Landlady	(Col)	(July)	2,600,000	2,650,000
Road to Hong Kong	(Panama-Frank-UA)	(June)	2,300,000	2,600,000
Susan Slade	(WB)	(July)	2,500,000	2,500,000
Kid Galahad	(Mirisch-UA)	(Sept.)	1,775,000	2,500,000
Pocketful of Miracles	(Capra-UA)	(Jan.)	2,385,000	2,500,000
One, Two, Three	(Mirisch-UA)	(Jan.)	2,380,000	2,500,000
Majority of One	(WB)	(July)	2,500,000	2,500,000
Spiral Road	(U)	(Aug.)	2,300,000	2,300,000
If Man Answers	(U)	(Aug.)	2,300,000	2,300,000
Period of Adjustment	(MGM)	(Nov.)	2,000,000	2,200,000
Miracle Worker	(Coe-UA)	(May)	1,600,000	2,000,000
Four Horsemen	(MGM)	(Feb.)	2,000,000	2,000,000
Advise and Consent	(Preminger-Col)	(June)	2,000,000	2,000,000
Pigeon That Took Rome	(Shavelson-Par)	(May)	1,400,000	1,900,000
Cape Fear	(U)	(May)	1,600,000	1,900,000
Children's Hour	(Mirisch-UA)	(March	1,500,000	1,800,000
Tales of Terror	(Amer-Int'l)	(July)	1,100,000	1,750,000
Gigot	(7 Arts-20th)	(Aug.)	450,000	1,600,000
Merrill's Marauders	(WB)	(June)	1,500,000	1,500,000
Tender Is the Night	(20th)	(Aug.)	1,250,000	1,500,000
Satan Never Sleeps	(20th)	(March)	1,200,000	1,400,000
Experiment in Terror	(Col)	(April)	1,400,000	1,400,000
Premature Burial	(Amer-Int'l)	(Feb.)	1,240,000	1,400,000
Twist Around Clock	(Col)	(Jan.)	1,385,000	1,385,000
Escape from Zahrain	(Par)	(June)	700,000	1,385,000
Bachelor Flat	(20th)	(April)	1,200,000	1,350,000
Hell Is for Heroes	(Par)	(May)	1,300,000	1,300,000
Two Weeks in Another Town	(MGM)	(Aug.)	1,300,000	1,300,000
Requiem for Heavyweight	(Susskind-Col)	(Oct.)	1,000,000	1,200,000
War Lover	(Hornblow-Col)	(Nov.)	1,000,000	1,200,000
Five Weeks in Balloon	(20th)	(Aug.)	900,000	1,200,000
The Innocents	(20th)	(Aug.)	1,000,000	1,200,000
Light in the Piazza	(MGM)	(Feb.)	1,200,000	1,200,000
3 Stooges Meet Hercules	(Col)	(Feb.)	1,175,000	1,175,000
Sail Crooked Ship	(Col)	(Jan.)	1,150,000	1,150,000
Sky Above Mud Below	(Embassy)	(July)	900,000	1,100,000
Horizontal Lieutenant	(MGM)	(April)	1,100,000	1,100,000
Tarzan Goes to India	(MGM)	(July)	1,100,000	1,100,000
The Tartars	(MGM)	(June)	1,100,000	1,100,000
Hey Let's Twist	(Par)	(Jan.)	1,000,000	1,000,000

Peron Racket Era Fades Away; Argentina Film Outlook Cheerier Though Vexations Still Numerous

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires.

For the past couple of years a new spirit has pervaded Argentina's 54-year old screen industry. Younger, self-reliant producer-directors are coming to the fore, eager to open markets for their product by dint of salesmanship rather than forced diplomatic deals. The "Statist" habit of mind fostered under the Peron dictatorship has been discarded. As of March 1963, producers will negotiate release of their product freely with exhibitors.

All this has stirred the veterans also to improve their efforts. Meanwhile new international interest in Argentine features has been aroused.

Against the foregoing, taxpayers and fans still pay through high admission taxes, which subsidize producers through Screen Institute production loans, cash awards, and "industry recovery."

Audiences have dwindled throughout the country—partially due to tv impact, but mainly to diminished spending power, and many film-theatres have shuttered. Cuts in admission taxes are inevitable, and have been the subject of protracted negotiations between INC, (Screen Institute) Exhibitors and recalcitrant producers.

The fact is that the 500 or more million pesos spent annually on screen production over the past 15 years, had they gone on necessities like say: roads, electrification, farm mechanization etc., the country could now perhaps afford an unsubsidized film industry.

The new spirit amongst producers is due mainly to the enthusiastic work of the country's critics. They take their profession with utmost seriousness and integrity. They founded the "cine clubs" to analyze the work of famous directors, awakening juvenile interest to an extent which blossomed into the now budding directors. The critics are now working to set up a Film Academy. Fernando Birri, director of "Los Inundados" (The Flood Victims)—shown out of contest at Venice this year, but creating a better impression than the official entry—is a graduate of the Litoral Northern University Screen Academy. The National Art Fund also helps with scholarship aid for foreign study and production finance if script etc. show promise. (This Fund is financed by a tax on all productions in any art form "in the public domain.")

Critics' Assn. also launched the Mar del Plata Film Festivals which also foster enthusiasm and bring European producers, talent and businessmen, encourage coproduction, reopen foreign markets for native product, afford opportunities for local talent to work abroad, and generally put Argentina back on the international map in a responsible and serious vein.

Bad All Over

Film industry is perennially stymied by Argentina's economic crises. Politico-economic blunders over the past seven years brought a crisis which slashed film audiences severely, as the leisured class shrank. Money is short in all industries.

Economic necessity makes it imperative for practically all Argentine women to work in some way to keep the puchero (stew) pot boiling. This cuts down on movie attendance; matinees were formerly attended by the femmes, who were always interested in local stars, hence in local films. Many working femmes patronize movies in the lunch-hour, say from 12 to 2, but not enough of them.

In the '40's B Aires had 10 well-equipped studios with 28 sets and several laboratories, employing many workers. This number has now dwindled to:

Sono—4 sets (often leased to independent producers). This company, founded in 1933 built its large studios in 1937, now finances production and is tending more and more to coproduction with Spain's tycoons.

San Miguel—4 sets—available for leasing by independents.

Baires—2 sets—available for leasing by independents.

Lumiton—4 sets—available for leasing by independents.

These four now longer producer, merely lease their facilities.

Emelco, confiscated by Eta Peron's brother, Juan Duarte, was mooted as a possible Screen Institute purchase for experimental studio work, an idea now dropped.

Local technicians still work with obsolete facilities and are extraordinarily ingenious at improvisation. Throughout its history the local industry has excelled on the technical side, erring in treatment and story choice. The conditions of light may account for good quality of photography. A main defect is disorganization, but this is much better than 10 years ago. The current power shortage forces most producers to work in the night hours when power demands are less, and this in itself does not contribute to good organization.

The Aramburu Film Law is deemed a model of its kind, though Congress should pass some amendments (if and when there is a Congress). The 10% admission tax must be cut, if the populace is to afford film entertainment as before. Criticism of the Film Law also hinges on the chances that unscrupulous governments could again use films for propaganda, if a subsidy system continues. When elections are held around April, 1963, the future of the industry will be determined by the type of Government elected, and whether it believes in free enterprise.

SW Takes Over 37 Lone Stars Jan. 16

Stan-Tex Corp. has been formed to take over and operate the Lone Star Theatres circuit for its new owner, Stanley Warner Corp., which officially takes over Jan. 16.

Harry M. Kalmine, v.p. and g.m. is slated to make a visit to some of the ozoners in the circuit.

Stanley was authorized by the N. Y. Federal Court to acquire the 37-theatre Texas circuit in October, but directed the company to divest itself of 13 theatres of the circuit within two years. The chain consists of 32 drive-ins and five conventional theatres in 13 Texas localities.

Sam Dembow Jr. and Ned Depinet have been financially interested in the Lone Star operation.

MIKE TODD

By BILL DOLL

On a midsummer morning in 1939 Mike Todd stepped off a Boston & Maine train at a wayside whistle stop, and was pleased beyond belief when a sleepy stationmaster eyed him, grinned, and exclaimed "Damned it ain't Mike Todd."

For Mike this was a milestone. It was the first time he had ever been recognized so far away from State Street or Broadway. His publicity was starting to pay off.

By the time the World's Fair closed in 1940 millions of people from all over America knew of him. They had seen his name—immoderately big—on signs, ads and billboards. They had heard him mangle the King's English on radio. They had followed his Peck's Bad Boy didoes in the press, and they had seen the brassy, blatant, extravaganzas that had become his trademark.

(Bill Doll was with Mike Todd at the N. Y. World's Fair and went on to press-agent all the Todd hits over a 20-year period. He'll be back at the 1964 Fair drumbeating for many major exhibits.)

The World's Fair gave Mike a halo of instant public identity that would have taken years to establish on Broadway. His flamboyant image sprang full-blown from the Flushing Meadows amusement midway, and he managed to maintain and magnify it until the day he died.

Actually Mike Todd got to the World's Fair by mistake.

In spite of hit notices, his sizzling "Hot Mikado" with Bill Robinson was foundering at the Broadhurst when the projected avalanche of customers overflowing from the Fair failed to materialize. Meanwhile, the 1,000-seat Hall of Music on the fairgrounds was having scant success in its bid to intrigue the fun-loving yokels with an array of ethnic cultural attractions. When absolutely no one came to see the Polish Ballet it was the last straw. Fortunately for Todd, Billy Rose, whose contract gave him the privilege of having the only major musical at the Fair, waived his exclusivity rights and welcomed the younger showman to install "Hot Mikado" directly across the midway from the Billy Rose "Aquacade."

With a borrowed $10,000 "Hot Mikado" moved overnight into the shadow of the Trylon and Perisphere. The prizewinning mosaic facade of the Hall of Music was immediately obscured by the world's largest circus banner, and signs that could be seen for miles on a clear day were painted on the classic sidewalls of the theatre. When the loudspeakers were turned up full, and the barkers went into action, there was no

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Scares You, Doesn't It?

By TERRY TURNER

You know you are getting near the end of the line when the trades start referring to you as "the veteran this and the veteran that."

When your same medico of years standing starts saying "Slow down" or asks, "By the way, how much do you drink and eat nowadays?"

When your kids say, "Now give grandpa a kiss" when jelly and crumbs cover their little red lips.

When you meet a friend of yesteryear on the street and he exclaims, *"Gee, I thought you were dead!"*

When the dame you used to ogle waddles by and doesn't even recognize you.

When you are introduced to some newcomer in your business and, vaguely, he says, "I think I've heard the name."

When insurance agents who hounded you in your youth stop sending birthday cards.

When most everyone starts addressing you as "sir."

When phone calls inquire whether "Terry" is a dame or a man.

When any opinion you offer at a conference is held suspect.

When your madam starts worrying if you have forgotten your rubbers or topcoat.

When you shave you have to be sure to pull the skin taut so you won't cut into the wrinkles.

When after a few drinks you chew on your cud of memories and have everyone in the room bored to tears.

When you go over a flock of old photographs and start thinking about writing a book.

When you turn first to the "obit" columns.

Under The Roman Sun

By STAN DELAPLANE

Rome.

In the morning, we sit at the sidewalk tables beside the sun-warmed Roman wall and drink cream-topped cappuccinos.

Poodles are big in Rome this year. Each polished Italian girl parading the fashionable Via Veneto has a clipped French poodle on the end of a thin leather leash.

The poodles trot along snootily, never stopping to niff a tree.

The girls walk stiff-backed and thin, clickety-click on spike heels.

Sometimes there is a combed and immaculate young man holding the leash for her. He sports a hairline on his upper lip. And the three look like a team from "Dolce Vita."

The sidewalk tables on the Via Veneto are where you hear the latest scam.

". . . I know they say it was an Egyptian asp. But I got it straight from the assistant cameraman. They had to get an asp from Sardina. Egyptian asps hibernate or something in the winter."

"'. . . all right,' I said "Get a new agent, I'm willing to tear up the contract, boy, before I let them cut your pay.' Well, he cried and he cried . . ."

". . . it's all in blocked lire is the way I hear it. So what if it does cost another million."

". . . If you hang around Bricktop's long enough, you'll see her, I remember the night she and . . ."

The more-than-a-year making of "Cleopatra" has pumped a good deal of money into Rome. If 20th Century-Fox bankers are nerved up, they should find comfort in that they did more for Rome than Foreign Aid.

Expensive villas were rented. And antique Italian families are subsidized for the winter on the Costa Brava of Spain.

The Hostaria dell'Orso—the "21" of Rome—had to be booked for a day in advance. The Palazzi, where Mussolini provided a home for Claretta Pettacci, is full of the stylish in silk suits tailored on the Via Condotti.

Alfredo's serves buckets of fettuccine, still with the golden fork and spoon presented to the late owner by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

And the musicians—violin, guitar, accordion—know only the tunes "Chicago," "California, Here I Come," "Back Home Again in Indiana" and "The Eyes of Texas Are Upon You."

The tourist wipe their eyes with buttery napkins and rise in State cheering sections.

The appropriate costume for the sidewalk tables is a striped sport shirt from Battistoni. Slacks from Brioni. A soft Borsalino hat from Fabrizi. A pair of suede shoes from Roland.

The wearer is hidden behind dark glasses and a copy of The Rome Daily American or VARIETY which is flown in.

Behind this bulwark, they watch the passing parade of models-and-poodles. The exits and entrances from the stylish Hotel Excelsior. The arrival of the Alfa Romeos.

The sun is a golden promise on the antique squares of the Eternal City. The carabinieri patrol in slow and stately ballet, their silver swords glittering in the sunlight.

The scarlet-robed students in Holy Orders, the "cardinales" strike a note of color against the gray buildings. Money flows gently and fully as becomes a high-budget picture.

And life in Rome is "Dolce Vita."

Meanwhile, back at the Forum: The asp chewed Miss Taylor on the fingers.

"There is no historical background to show just where Cleopatra got fanged," said the press agent. "The idea that he bit her on the brisket was Shakespeare's idea.

"In the picture, Cleopatra commits suicide by sticking her pinkies in a basket of figs where the asp is living it up. He gives her the one, two, fang-o. And she dies.

"She hears Marc Anthony is dead and she does the Dutch."

"It was a Sardinian asp," said the assistant press agent on 20th Century-Fox's extravagant production. "We had it in training for six month—asps are out of season in the winter and we gave this one star treatment.

"We put the serpent on Miltowns, he shouldn't bite Miss Taylor too hard. Nine days shooting. You get too much tranquilizers in an asp, he won't do much more than lick. Too little, he gives your star a tooth up to the hilt."

The asp bit on Miss Elizabeth Taylor puts the finish line in sight for this amazing picture of amazing

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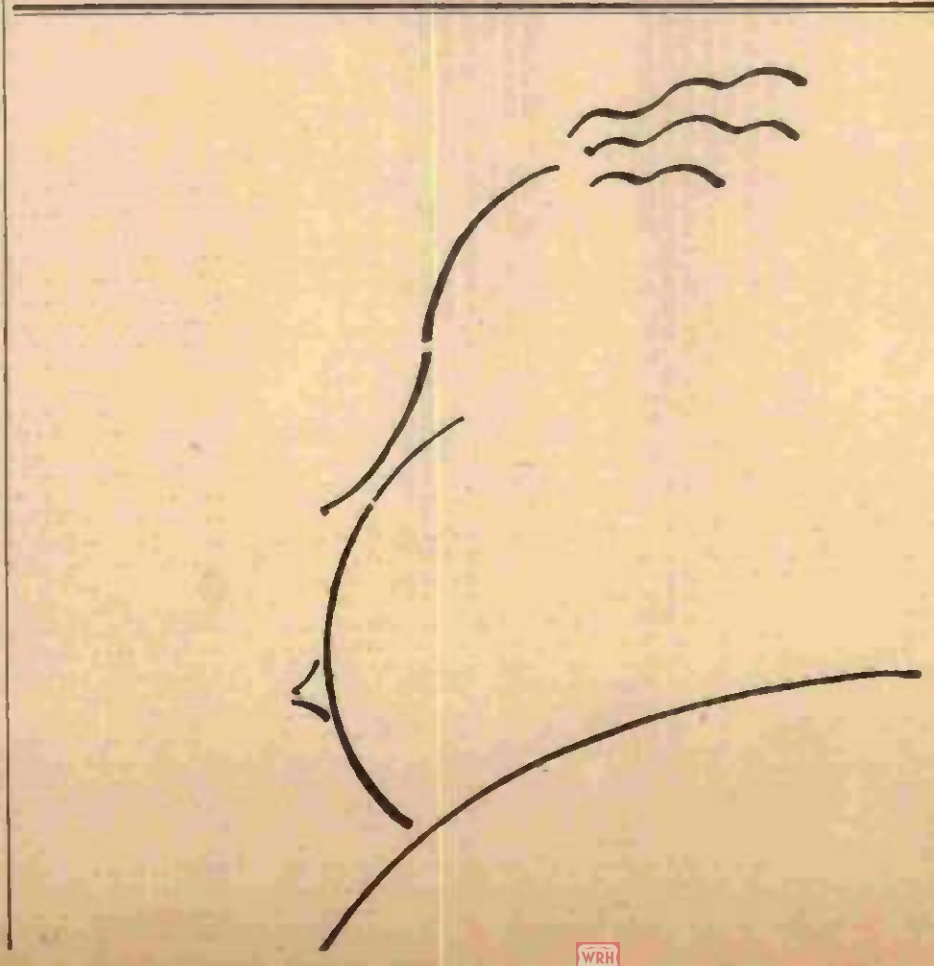

Black and White: A Red Hot Theme

By REV. MALCOLM BOYD

(Episcopal Chaplain, Wayne University)

Detroit.

From Genet's off-Broadway longrun play, "The Blacks," to James Baldwin's bestselling novel, "Another Country," and from the Broadway musical hit "No Strings" to Stanley Kramer's last film "Pressure Point," race is a hot communications theme.

The breakthrough is finally coming for the Nego in those areas of show business from which he has overtly or subtly been barred.

Rev. Mal Boyd

It was in 1949 that Bosley Crowther of the N.Y. Times, in his review of Kramer's "Home of the Brave" could write: "Why, since a decent discussion of racism makes a powerful film, should our Hollywood people have eschewed it—or sidestepped it—for so many years?"

Yet, just the other day, I was counting up the number of recent films which have dealt honestly with race. One was "The Defiant Ones," another was "A Raisin in the Sun." A film still awaiting general release which is unusually forceful in regard to the racial problem is "The Intruder."

Race as a theme holds interest and fascination for a number of film fans and theatregoers.

Not long ago, in an experimental theatre located in an all-white suburb of Detroit, I appeared in an evening of theatre concerning race relations.

I wrote the three one-act plays comprising the evening. I did this because I believe that the most powerful sermons of our time and culture are to be found in the theatre, the novel and occasionally in the medium of film. I have something to say about race . . . or, as I prefer to call it, human relations. Many people do not attend a church or synagogue; some persons who attend seldom listen in depth to sermons, or are seriously moved by them. Therefore, I have employed the medium of the theatre to speak about race, or human, relations.

I do not recall exactly what first "involved" me in the racial question. Perhaps it was early reading of such a book as Alan Paton's "Cry the Beloved Country." I grew up in the white American culture in which the Negro was truly the invisible man. By 1959, when I was a speaker on the campus of Louisiana State University, I felt so strongly about the racial question that I made a racial statement in the course of a university address and was henceforth barred from returning to the campus for a later conference which I had been invited to conduct for students. I was, at the same time, cancelled by Mississippi Southern College, which had asked me to be its principal Religious Emphasis Week speaker the following year.

In September, 1961, I participated with 27 other Episcopal priests in a "Prayer Pilgrimage" which commenced in New Orleans, moved through Jackson, Miss., and Sewanee, Tenn., and ended in a white northern suburb (Dearborn, Mich.) where we protested discriminatory housing practices. In 1961-62, I participated in two additional trips into the deep South, one of which involved me in a 10-hour-long sit-in at a segregated restaurant on the campus of the University of the South.

Returning from my "freedom" ride and sit-in experiences in the South, I have engaged myself in Detroit in direct action against housing discrimination and race prejudice. I have also spoken on the subject of racial prejudice in churches and on campuses throughout the country.

Reverse-Casting

A year ago, in a Detroit coffeehouse-theatre, I appeared in a play which I wrote entitled "Boy: An Experience in the Search for Identity." In this short one-act play, I portrayed a Negro, while a Negro actor, Woodie King Jr., portrayed a white man.

The three new one-act plays, premiered in a Detroit suburban experimental theatre during the first three weekends in November, featured three actors: Cliff Frazire, King and myself.

In the first of the three plays, "They Aren't Real To Me," we are projected into the future. There has been a revolution, following a centuries-old enslavement of the whites by the Negroes, and the whites are now free. I play the role of a white man who is one of the first of his race to qualify for an executive post in the new order. I work with two Negroes, one of whom is a moderate (on his way to becoming a liberal), the other of whom has a pathological hatred of whites.

In the second of the plays, "The Job," Cliff Frazier played a Negro celebrity who is hired by a white Hollywood producer to exploit every possible race angle for the promotion of a new movie about the Negro in America. I wrote this satire because of the increasing exploitation of race as a "gimmick" or a chic element in present bestselling books, magazine articles, plays, movies and other media.

In the third of the plays, "Study in Color," King played a white man and I portrayed a Negro. Then, we put on masks of colored stripes and colored polka-dots: this is to depict the absurdity of color as the essential criterion of knowing a man or "cataloging" him.

The third play is, in fact, in the idiom of the Theatre of the Absurd. A highlight of the play is an erratic dance movement accompanied by primitive humming and singing, which signifies a religious experience accompanying the laying-down of an old role and the taking up of a new role.

The three plays, taken together, represent an attack on racial prejudice and the use of color as a means of labeling a man and thereby dehumanizing him; too, they are designed to disturb audiences out of complacency about human injustice, to raise sharp questions about anthropology and the existential human condition and to harass an over-simplified commercial exploitation of race.

The plays, presented before integrated audiences in a white suburb, evoked sharply differing reactions from Negroes and whites. Too, these reactions broke into complex sub-levels depending on such factors as economic position of members of the audience and their social or professional standing and housing location within the city.

Whites waited for Negro audience reactions before articulating any response. But one white woman was heard to exclaim, during an intermission in the lobby: "I don't know if I'm laughing where I'm *supposed* to laugh. I wish I knew."

Some whites were offended by Negro laughter at spots which didn't seem funny to whites. That there was a sharp difference in Negro and white reactions to the plays is undeniable. One Negro critic, in fact, commented: "Very, very few white men know how it feels to be a Negro. Even fewer know how to translate this 'Negro-feeling' to the meaningful and interpretative language of the stage. The Rev. Malcolm Boyd—Caucasian on the outside, human being on the inside—knows."

Honest, sensitive, probing and sometimes even painful racial drama serves a profound purpose in helping hitherto estranged persons of different races to understand each other better. It often provides a first step in enabling them to relate to each other. Consequently, there will be an upsurge in the number—and one hopes also in the quality of the black and white dramas.

Gray Flannel Suit in Kashmiri

By JO RANSON

There is ample reason to suspect that the shrewd Muslim Kashmiri operators know all there is to know about motivation research, subliminal persuasion and all the other psychological and sociological newfangled ad row gimmicks commonly practiced on Madison Avenue. Ten thousand miles away, a traveler comes upon a tall sign on Residency Row in Srinagar, the summer capital of the State of Jammu and Kashmir in outermost northwest India, a land area flanked by Afghanistan, China and Tibet. This sign heralds the establishment and sublime wares of one, *Subhana The Worst*. It is rupees to betel nuts that the advertising theme is psychologically sound and that the wide-eyed consumer has been hooked.

If Madison Avenue's 15%ers can foist upon a pliable, gullible people such blandishments as Brand X cigarettes and Brand Y stockings, et al., it is indeed fair, fitting and the ultimate of super-sophistication in merchandising to intrigue the traveler summering in the Vale of Kashmir with such signs as the aforementioned *Subhana The Worst* or, in a lesser degree, *The Real Ma Kay*.

Nor are the travelers happily ensconced in celebrated houseboats on the river Jhelum or Dal Lake immune from this alluring advertising come-on technique. Here, too, one cannot but lean to the belief that the Kashmiri houseboat entrepreneurs are indeed better acquainted with the King's English than they pretend to be. In fact, when they huckster the many creature comforts of their houseboats as, for example, *Dandi Flish Tolet System* (translation: Dandy Flush Toilet-System) they are fully aware that they are deliberately misspelling the words on the sign. Moreover, they are convinced, and rightly so, that they can capitalize on their self-manufactured "illiteracy." They undoubtedly argue that it has more eye-appeal to display a misspelled sign on their flower-bedecked houseboat rather than one orthographically constructed.

They fully expect the sophisticated American, British or Indian traveler to roar with laughter when they spot these nescient, mangled advertising pitches. Travelers have been heard to exclaim: "How quaint!" "How divine!" "Quaint, shmaint," the Kashmiri merchant or houseboat owner says to himself, "I hope Sahib stays long and buys much." Like the copywriter for the advertising agency for Winston cigarettes who penned the assortment of immortal words: Winston Tastes Good *Like* a Cigarette Should, the grizzled Muslim merchant on Residency Road or Hari Singh High Street in faroff Srinagar is constantly scheming to misspell his signs and slogans because it is an artful and gratifying technique and a most efficient way to open doors and increase sales. It is a sales getting maneuver apparently far more effective than anything ever devised or analyzed by such American scholars of marketing behavior as Doc Ernest Dichter, Doc Paul Lazarsfeld and Doc Alfred Politz. In other words, the business of appearing untutored and unlettered is a brilliant piece of strategy on the part of the suave salesmen beyond the Banihal Pass and as salubrious all around as the fragrance of the nearby Mughal gardens at Nishat Pegh.

Paul Ankas Aweigh?

A sail on Dal Lake reveals houseboats with nautical nomenclature as mystical and beguiling as an India cobra charmer: *Tchita Flowa Garden* (Tahiti Flower Garden), *Purl Ship Egipt* (Pearl Ship Egypt), *Goona Land* (Ghana Land), *San Soocie* (Sans Souci) and *Churchil* (In honor, no doubt, to Winston Churchill). Some bear, in addition, denominations of *Special Class* or *Between A and B Class*. Less pretentious are signs which read just plain *Modern Sanitary Fitted* and *Flush System Lucifer*.

There is hardly any question in the minds of discerning Marco Polos but that this matter of misspelled signs is a deeply calculated pilot on the part of the Kashmiris to capture the eye of the tourist and to lighten his rupee-filled pocketbook. It has been whispered in some Kashmiri circles that the more energetic of the local vendors consult Srinagar's motivation-research-marketing savants much as American industrialists lean on, say, Dr. George Gallup or Dr. Sidney Roslow. The end result is best obtained according to the local media masters by "cultivated" illiterate signs or adaptations of internationally known figures and exotic flora and fauna.

Certainly no one could resist taking a jaunt on a vividly draped shikara (water taxi) on Dal Lake, particularly on one proudly displaying this hand-lettered placard: *New Pintale. Fill Spring Site—Huppy, Likly* (New Pintail, Full Spring Seats—Happy, Lovely.)

Not only is there a much larger turnover of business among merchants whose signs are whoppingly misspelled, but local mass consumption experts go around saying that the longer a sign over one's establishment, the more goods one is bound to sell to the traveler. Hence, it figures, that one Srinagar tailor, in particular, is doing a sensational business because his sign reads: *Please Do Not Mis To Visit Gulam Hussan, The Tailor*. Still others do relatively well with such modest billing as *Cheap John, Cheerful Charlie* and *Sufferin Moses*. Restaurants in Srinagar spell Hollywood in two forms: *Holly Wood* or *Holly Wud*. Several bonifaces call their establishments *The Delite Restaurant*.

It would be extremely difficult for this observer to decide which of the "Venice of the East" signs are more socko and apt to increase the traveler's appetite for the hand-crafted treasures of woodwork, engraved silver, pashmina shawls embellished with gem-like embroidery and the superb hand-knotted rugs worked on by all the male members of a Muslim family from little brother on up to grandfather. Would it be the signs on the luxuriously deep-cushioned Orientally decorated shikaras or the placards atop the many houseboats moored on the River Jhelum and Dal Lake?

Parenthetically, a houseboat holiday on the serene and magical waters of Dal Lake in the shadow of the towering snow-garbed Himalayas is one of the best buys in world travel. These floating structures, many of them with butler's pantry and roof terrace besides several bedrooms, livingroom and diningroom, come fully equipped with modern plumbing. They also come equipped with four highly remarkable servants, among them a chef experienced in haut cuisine who, on short order, produces roast teal with saffron rice and effortlessly whips up an ethereal souffle surmounted with meringue in the form of mushrooms, the likes of which the Colony in New York cannot match—all this in matchless scenery. The guide, an integral part of this foursome, is undeniably endowed with extra sensory perception for he is constantly fulfilling your every known and unknown wish. The traveler obtains this prize package for 35 rupees ($7.21) per day—for two!

In winter, when the last tourist has departed and the Kashmiri with a long pole searches underneath the waters of Dal Lake for the roots of the withered lotus plant to feed his family, when the chinar leaves carpet the Shalimar Gardens and kangri pots bellow the purdah garments of the Muslim women, it's a safe bet that the canny merchant faces Mecca, praises Allah and slips the "l" back into "Spring" and merges "Holly" with "wood."

Show Biz Slanguage

Recently published "Dictionary of Word and Phrase Origins" by William and Mary Morris (Harper) interprets the etymology of "ham actor" as follows:

"*Ham* in this phrase has two rather distinct meanings. First, probably by analogy to "amateur," there is the use of *ham* to mean an actor who is incompetent or unskilled. That's the meaning intended in such phrases as "Hollywood *hams*."

"Then there is *ham* in the sense of one who overacts or outrageously overplays a scene—especially when his intention is to center all attention on himself to the exclusion of other players. Such devices as upstaging other actors, grimacing at the audience and pointedly fiddling with one's pocket handkerchief during another player's speech are common practices of actors bent on "*hamming* it up."

"Whichever the meaning, there seem to be several theories as to the origin of the term. In the days of blackface minstrel shows before the turn of the century, one popular song was "The Hamfat Man" and it clearly referred to second-rate actors of the type that appeared in such shows. But nobody knows for sure whether the song inspired the name *hamfatter* for these actors or whether the name preceded the song.

"I am inclined to think that the name came before the song, probably from the minstrel's practice of using ham fat to remove the heavy black makeup used during performances.

"It has even been suggested that the name came to be applied to actors because they all want some day to play the title role in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. Were this true, actors would have been labeled *hams* for centuries. Actually, though, there is no record of the word's appearance much before 1880—and it's very definitely an American slang term, not British.

"*Lush* as a generic term for beer and other intoxicating drinks has been British slang for more than a century. It is supposed to have originated as a contraction of the name of a London actors' club, the City of Lushington. The use of *lush* to describe a drunken person and *lushed* or *lushed up* to describe the state of intoxication has been common in America for at least forty years."

'Diversifying' Ourselves Out of the Film Business?

By NORMAN B. RYDGE

(Managing Director, Greater Union Theatres)

Sydney.

Diversification, a word which not so long ago sounded strangely to our ears, but now in constant usage within the motion picture industry, has, to my own mind, tended to create an entirely false impression.

So much emphasis has been placed upon the incursions by the larger motion picture organizations into other avenues of business, that the investing public may be forgiven for believing that there may be some lack of confidence in a long-term future for motion pictures.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Here in Australia my own company has embarked with some success, upon a policy of diversification, but we have never lost sight of, and will always hold firmly to, the faith that our main business is the distribution and exhibition of motion pictures. It is our prime function and always will be.

Earlier this year Greater Union celebrated the 50th anniversary of the amalgamation of its four famous Australian pioneering founders and it is from a vast reservoir of experience and hard-won leadership that we draw our faith and confidence in the future of the cinema.

Indeed, as these lines are being written, Greater Union is in the process of ploughing very substantial sums into the remodelling, reequipping and refurnishing of more key release houses in the capital cities. By the time this edition is circulated yet another "new" theatre will have come into operation, the fifth in two years, but still only a stage in a calculated policy to ensure that motion pictures continue to be our main business.

We realize, of course, only too clearly that many of the industry's economic difficulties have yet to be solved, that there is still a long way to go and some problems stubbornly resist present efforts to achieve solution. Yet there are tangible signs to show that the rate of recovery for the boxoffice will accelerate in the not too distant future. Ours is a resilient industry and many times in the past we have marvelled at its inherent capacity for recovery from serious setbacks.

I can't help feeling that the course of events in 1963 will be influenced largely by our own state of mind.

We must fix firmly in mind that our industry is in the process of changing over to something entirely different from the pattern of the past, that the very elements which made it a worldwide colossus have become ineffective and must be recharged by advanced thinking.

From being a source of low-cost diversion for the masses, it is now becoming a first-class entrepeneur of high-class entertainment, offering highest quality attractions to a specialized clientele in a more intimate type of luxury theatres.

Success has already attended the efforts of those enterprising producers who have been quick to sense this new pattern and it is with this in mind that my company has set itself to be in a position to provide the right type of theatres and the right type of marketing in order to provide the fundamental essentials to achieve maximum results.

In short, we are endeavouring to put ourselves in the strongest possible position to assist our distributor allies in restoring the fortunes of our great industry. It has within itself unrivalled creative forces for extracting the maximum advantages from the opportunities which the coming year will surely bring within reach.

SMOKEY

By HECTOR CHEVIGNY

He is our hero. He is our martyr. Long since we have forgotten those things about him that used to annoy us. We can now freely acknowledge that he was the most gifted among us.

At our annual meetings as we gather from all parts of the nation, there comes a solemn moment as the chairman rises to conduct what has become our established ritual. He lifts his glass and says, "To Smokey." That's all he says, simply "To Smokey." More we might not be able to stand without unmanly tears. Our own glasses lifted, we all say, "To Smokey."

We are sky-writers. We are the men who loose, far above your heads, those trails of vapor which spell out the names of the world's most famous comestibles, beverages, motor cars and amusement parks. Some dismiss us as writers of no more than commercials. That is as may be but we have had Smokey. A man who showed that we too have our yearnings toward higher forms of expression.

Smokey — his real name was Harold—had his training, as I did, at the hands of the world's greatest teacher of the art of writing in smoke. He was Chief Ska-out-lelt of the Montana Flathead Indians. He knew his art from the ground up, literally, which is to say from its ancient beginnings in the days when tribes communicated with each other by means of puffs of smoke from a carefully-made fire controlled by the manipulations of a blanket. So many large puffs, so many small ones with meaningful intervals between.

The Chief started us with easy stuff, such as "How is the weather in North Dakota?" From that we progressed to more sophisticated dialog. A feature of the course was the sending up of commercials for a local maker of blankets. But that part of it the Chief had to discontinue when, his signals being readable as far as Wyoming, he was informed that he infringed on interstate commerce and was likely to be ruled subject to the FCC. Anyway by that time some rival-blanket merchants in Canada were jamming our signals; and to do so not hesitating to set forest fires.

Creative, That's All!

In the fullness of time we were graduated and Smokey and I went our separate ways to set the world if not afire, at least asmoke. I continued to hear about him. He was, as I said, the greatest. He was not, however, the most popular with the sponsors. Temperamental, they called him. As events proved, what he wanted to be was a so-

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Distortion of Screen 'Cowboy'

Divergent Views, From European Perspective, Vie With TVersions of Fancy-Dan Lassoers

By HERBERT G. LUFT

Hollywood.

At a documentary film festival in West Germany one summer a series of factual pictures dealing with the atrocities of the Nazis were shown to the international press. During a lengthy discussion period, immediately following the screening, I talked about the crime of genocide and collective guilt, when a German newspaperman walked up to me saying, *"How about the American Indians? Weren't they all exterminated by the white man?"*

This German, just as millions of his countrymen, picked up his meagre knowledge of United States history from watching our screen features and television films. The fault for his misunderstanding of the American past lies in such dramatic motion pictures in which the struggel to secure the land has been grossly distorted, and a recent slapstick comedy western which shows the Indians not only being slaughtered wholesale but also ridiculed even after they have vanished.

The image of the Cowboy has been at least as distorted on the theatre screen and on tv as the one of the American Indian. It we only examine the meaning of the word "cowboy," we fathom that he should be a boy attending cattle and livestock in general. Yet, the movies have elevated, or rather degraded, him to a gunslinger, an outlaw, and a town-tamer. He has become both a hero and a villain. In Westerns laid in the immediate post-Civil War period, the leading man is often fighting for the "honor" of the Confederacy and, disappointed with the surrender of Lee, proving his "honor" by joining up with a gang of hoodlums.

In his recess from fighting Yankees, Indians and villains of his own clan, the screen cowpoy engages his prowness in drawing his srutsy .45 out of its holster to shoot off cans from a fence and perforate with his swift bullets silver dollars thrown up high in the air.

Our "time-worn" cowboy stereotype is usually a bashful, girl-shy creature refusing to adandon his own simple-natured personality for the love of a woman, yet defending her virginity with his last drop of blood. At the slightest irritation from manfolks, he will lapse into pure schizophrenia, in gun-crazed mania shooting down a whole village full of enemies. He drinks excessively, drowning his sorrows with a double-shot of whiskey. Cornered at the threshold to his favorite saloon, he will cope swiftly with a dozen heavily armed bandits knocking them out one by one with his bare fists. A recent multi-million dollar epic depicted a cowboy playing around with live rattlesnakes, a dubious pleasure with which he would risk not only his own skin but also endanger the lives of his travel companions.

Irrespective of the distorted image created in literature and on the screen, a goodly number of Europeans in the past have admired the American cowboy, his guts, native humor and basic honesty. Those who studied something about our heritage know that it was the cowboy who did his share in feeding the vast Southwest territories during the first part of the 19th Century, through the Civil War and through the painful years of the reconstruction period.

Mounted on half-broke horses, the cowhands rode into the thick Texas brush and with their ropes alone gathered the cattle up by the countless millions, then put the lifestock safely on the trail to Dodge City and other rail centres. It was beef that gave life blood to the frontier communities of the Old West. No one can deny the need for law and order in those years of constant turmoil. But the men who broke the laws and those who enforced them were no cowboys—as the cinema and tv westerns today wish to make us believe.

Seldom Fired

While the "movie" cowboy uses his gun indiscriminately, the genuine works with his rope, his tool of trade and his badge of honor. The rope procures his living and provides some of his enjoyment.

"A six-shooter" alone could not provide a secure delivery of live steers to the market. It took the skill and experience of a man who had learned how to handle wild cattle. The job of the cowboy, by its own nature, has been an exacting one, eliminating the weak and the unwilling. I am told that, in the old days of the West, it was a supreme compliment for one man to be called by another: "A cowboy" —the label itself proving his qualifications.

The real cowboy cannot afford to dress as flamboyantly as his counterpart on the screen. In fact, the attire of the working cowhand has little relationship to the brand-new, fancy Western outfits, holster, silver spurs and shiny boots paraded by our actors in movies and on television.

The real cowboy in his days had a reason for everything he was wearing, just as a soldier has who goes into battle. His wide-brimmed hat was suited to keep the sun from burning his eyes, his spurs designed to coax a bucking horse, to gear him into quick action in order to head off a runaway cow. His boots were designed not for display but to hold a stirrup; his high heels not to make the wearer appear taller but to brace his stance and prevent his foot from slipping. His saddle was not embroidered with artistic patterns, but strong and solid—adated to take the wear of the weather, hard falls, and a thousand pound of steer hitting the end of the rope tied to the horn.

The language of the cowboy was not nearly as laconic and curt as it seemed to appear when listening to the late Gary Cooper's interpretation on the screen. On the contrary, Western gab was rather descriptive and useful. In frontier days, there were no words in English to describe many of the self-devised tools and working gear (just as there were no names for the crafts in the various fields of early "flickers").

Nineteen sixty-three can be as big in opportunity as we are prepared to make it. It can be a year of accelerating progress and solid financial achievement. The months ahead will surely prove that, regardless of diversification,

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'DON'T PUT DOWN SNAKES'

By JACK DOUGLAS

My publishers, E. P. Dutton & Company, *inspired* by the enthusiastic critical and public reception of "Ring of Bright Water," Gavin Maxwell's delightful account of his experiences as the owner of two unforgettable otters, have just announced the Dutton Animal-Book Award, with a guarantee of $7,500 to the winner. By the time this article is published the contest will be over and *I* will have won—with *my* delightful account of my experiences as the owner of two unforgettable boa constrictors, Charlie and Mildred. Or if *they* don't work out—my experiences as the owner of two unforgettable water buffalos, Charlie and Mildred—or two unforgettable manta rays, Charlie and Pierpont (Mildred got hooked by Zane Gray).

Animal books have always made money (which no doubt inspired E. P. Dutton & Co. a little, too). "Elsa," the story of a lion was a big bestseller, and "Lad: a Dog," the story of a dog, has been a bestseller since 1919. I would feel a bit plagiaristic doing a story of lions, or dogs, or otters, so that's why I'm going to try it with boa constrictors, or water buffalos, or manta rays, any one of whom, I would figure, on being unforgettable.

Animal stories have a pattern that must be followed rigidly, if you want to make the bestseller lists. The animals must start off small and they must be orphans, because some cruel moron just shot their mother. If they weren't orphans and you *stole* them from their mother—you'd be the cruel moron, which doesn't quite fit in with the E. P. Dutton policy. They have a dozen over there which goes: "Cruel moron authors don't sell many animal-books." And they're right.

Now (with the two unforgettable boa constrictors (which we'll try first)—when you first get them they are just puppies—or goslings —or weanlings — or wormlings— or whatever teensy-weensy, cuddly little boa constrictors are called, and you have to bring them up by bottle feeding them. This of course, leads to a very funny scene where the two cute little darlings swallow the bottles whole—after which,

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CHARLTON HESTON

"DIAMOND HEAD" (Columbia)
"55 DAYS AT PEKING" (Samuel Bronston)
"THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD" (George Stevens—UA)

GIANTS OF AMERICAN WRITING

Presentday Americans Tend to Take Our Great Pioneer Accomplishments for Granted — Europe More Appreciative — Was Theodore Dreiser Our Greatest, Despite His Life of Starvation? —Writers Who Changed American Life and Thought in the 20th Century

By LESTER COHEN
(American Novelist & Biographer)

American writing, in the early 20th Century, was the great writing of the world. It won universal acceptance. The giants of the American novel, Theodore Dreiser, Jack London, Mark Twain, Upton Sinclair, Frank Norris, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Wolfe, won a huge audience in the Soviet Union, in Germany, France, Japan, in fact, one may say: wherever books are read.

Nor is there anybody of opinion in France, England, Germany, Italy, Russia, that would seek to deny the ascendancy of the American novel.

If you wish to include Hemingway as a giant, you may; I think he will dwindle. O'Neill was the giant of our drama, and also won universal acceptance. Even T. S. Eliot, the great British poet, was American to start with. But our singular and most great poet was, I think Edgar Lee Masters—a very twisted man, a drunk, a Jew-hater, despising Abraham Lincoln, but a great poet of the American land, nonetheless, who gave us "Spoon River Anthology" of Illinois and much else. The poetry of America, earlier in the century was stupendous, and one can hardly think of it without mentioning Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Amy Lowell.

Reformers Supreme

Upton Sinclair changed the Food & Drug Act, singlehandedly. Frank Norris, in "The Octopus," depicted a condition put upon the American people by the railroads, then wallowing in wealth and corrupt power—and Norris changed the freight rates.

Yes, ours has been a literature of protest, as was The Bible, and the work of that greatest of all protesters, Charles Dickens. Our giants, however, did not always protest rotten meat or rotten freight rates—they protested, at times, a stale state of mind or society.

Sinclair Lewis protested the narrow and stifling stupidity of Main Street—and never again was it the same. It may now be more depraved, more sensual, if possible, but it is less hypocritical.

The self-made writer, Jack London, who once supported himself as the human ferry ferrying men into the Klondike—loved drink, loved women, loved mankind and espoused Socialism. It is not possible to say London brought us to Socialism—we now call it unemployment insurance, crop insurance, pension system, income tax and much else.

Dark Caverns

Two of our novelists are like Dark Continents, Thomas Wolfe and Theodore Dreiser, and some of the dark element of each may relate to the Germanic. They brooded in inner vastness never fully expressed. And perhaps, because of this more mysterious, more disturbed, more brooding element, they are our greatest.

To Wolfe the family, the American family, its pretense of love within the family, its pretense of regard, was the greatest sham on earth. The second sham was the love of women, whether of mother, sweetheart or quickie. The third sham was the South, the wonder of the South, the gentlefolk of the South, the pretense of the South—to him a barbarian entity which he ripped with savage barbarity.

Friendship to Wolfe was a sham, editorial wisdom was a sham, and finally—the State was a sham.

Who was this man, what was he, this great poetic decrier of Things That Be? Tom Wolfe, as almost everyone knows, was born in Asheville. Though he spent endless pages of "Look Homeward, Angel" telling how lousy was the home of his childhood, if you go to look at it, you realize it must have been not at all a bad house

Love-Hate Oscillation

Yet it was lousy to him because of the people in it, the human infestation. He spent endless pages of "The Web And The Rock" telling how wonderful was Esther Jack, how wonderful was love—and then, how lousy was Esther Jack, and how lousy a snare and delusion was love.

Why the love-hate, the self-hate that tore Wolfe's world apart and that, in essence, was the thing that killed him? There are many contradictory stories about his end, but the true and basic one is the one he foretold in "The Web And The Rock."

Wolfe was a Scotch and German clansman. The clan was the life he understood—but his great intellect, his great poetic sweep rebelled against it.

He slept with his mother till five or six, she fed him from the breast till he was four—he was Mama's Boy, though all his Gargantuan body and soul rebelled against it. He was always so happy, however, when "Mama" came to New York, always so intrigued by Mama's stories, though often he hated her.

Wolfe fell in love with the next best thing to Mama—Esther Jack, herself a mother, a woman 18 years older than himself. Her real-life identity was no secret; she was herself a woman of considerable accomplishment, and very beautiful.

Father Fixation

Back there, with "Time and the River" was Wolfe's father, the old drunk, the old stonecutter of the Angel. Wolfe, the author, the brilliant intellectual, a king of the world, could hardly accept the old man as his spiritual father—for this he chose Max Perkins.

Wolfe was crazy about family, he never had enough.

And as he hated his original family, so too he finally hated the "adopted" family.

Perkins appears as Fox Edwards in one of Paine's later books, and as Fox Edwards, Wolfe decries him.

A look at Max Perkins will tell us much about Wolfe. Perkins had five daughters, and longed for a son. Wolfe became that "son." Edward Aswell, Wolfe's final editor, tells a revealing tale about the Wolfe-Perkins relationship. Aswell was an old friend of Wolfe's, portrayed not very flatteringly as a minor character of "The Web And The Rock." Aswell was a Hurt Southerner, and beneath that, a hurt man. And this was his tale, told with great swelling sympathy for "Tome" as he called him.

"Tome had thousands of dollahs coming to him. Scribner was perfectly willing he should have ut, Max Perkins was willin he should have ut, but—

"'Tome,' Mr. Perkins would say 'why not leave the moneh here. You take ut, you'll only spend ut.'

"Tome was broke," Aswell would confide, "told Perkins he was hungry.

"'Now Tome,'" Aswell would quote Perkins, "you take 10 dollahs, that'll see you ovah the weekend.'"

Of course the point of the story was not that Perkins wished to be stingy with Wolfe, but that he wanted to be the father, controlling the "boy."

Wolfe was what the headgrabbers call an "injustice collector"—he had to suffer, suffer, suffer Mama, Papa, Esther, Max Perkins, until finally spontaneous combustion took place inside him, and he blew up at all of them, at the world. Finally, at himself.

And Wolfe died, leaving in his pages an imperishable America . . . though much of his literal model, the small-town, the closely connected family, the railroad train, has in essence perished, that is, perished in importance.

Dreiser, I believe, was the Giant of the giants. Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis quarreled with him. At Horace Liveright's second wedding, Lewis threatened to shoot him . . . but never, never, never did Anderson and Lewis lose realization of the great work Dreiser had done.

Heavy-Footed Pioneer

He was the Pathfinder. Sherwood Anderson speaks of Dreiser's heavy feet blazing the "trial of the pioneer." Born around Warsaw, Indiana, Dreiser loved his mother, hated his father. When the farmhouse burned down Theodore was taken to live at Sal Fitzgerald's, whose house is immortalized in a song by Theodore's brother, Paul, who wrote "My Gal Sal." Paul was her lover and when the Dreiser farmhouse burned down he arranged for Theodore to live at Sal's.

Theodore sometimes said "I was raised in a whorehouse." I would guess he also meant the whorehouse of the world.

A male endlessly in love with his mother (Theodore's favorite ghost story was how his mother died in his arms) —petted, too, by the girls of a "house" is not inclined to take women too seriously, or to be very nice to them.

It is almost axiomatic: If the Mother is sacred, the Girl is profane. Nonetheless, so great was Dreiser's genius, that he gave us the greatest portraits of women in 20th century American writing: "Sister Carrie," Jennie Gerhardt, Aileen of "The Financier," and various others.

Dreiser made a great big discovery upon which all American writing ever since has rested—namely: that a technically "bad" girl like "Sister Carrie" can nonetheless be a pretty good sort. This was not admissable in most of American writing before Dreiser, and indeed, Dreiser was made to pay for his discovery: "Sister Carrie" was all but destroyed by its original publisher.

In "The Genius" he advanced the idea, among others, that a man might have many affairs, and that with many men it was sensible and inevitable—imitation by authors and public alike would seem to make Dreiser's discoveries trivial. But for his time and place Dreiser's voyages were as distinctive as those of Columbus—another discoverer who was made to pay. Columbus died in chains.

Dreiser very nearly died in the chains of hunger and despair, he did have a nervous breakdown and was narrowly saved by his brother, Paul

In "The Titan" and "The Financier" Dreiser (his wife Helen always called him "Teddy") advanced a portrait of an American business man that is to this day the great portrait of the species. But more, he advanced a picture of American society, centered on business, and its necessary politicians doing the dirty work in City Councils and Legislative halls. This too may now seem old stuff, and though Mark Twain also did such pictures with sardonic humor (and great contempt)—Dreiser's were the Rembrandt-like masterpieces that other guys have since "abstracted."

I suppose the greatest subject of a writer, or, a writer's greatest subject, is Humanity. It was the essential subject of Dreiser, Balzac, Tolstoi—and Dreiser is more or less in their company. He never faced so broad a subject as War, nor did he try the entire range of the Human Comedy, but like Balzac and Tolstoi (and like Sinclair Lewis) he spoke the yet-unrealized truth of a society.

Suspicious Mind

Dreiser's truth has now become an accepted reality, an almost necessary bore. But when he advanced it, it was shattering, and he paid a price that caused oddities in his being.

He was very suspicious. Even when you were his friend, even when he knew you admired and meant well by him —the cast in his eye would travel over you as if saying to himself: what does the fellow want?

A starveling most of his life, I heard him say, *"I never made any money out of writing till I was* 55." He meant from *"The American Tragedy."* And he never wrote anything good after that.

Dreiser was gruff, ill-tempered, and at moments a great and lordly gentleman. He is given very little credit for humor, but he did write Mencken, saying that Mencken might puff him for the Nobel Prize, "Not that I deserve it, but it's a nice piece of change."

He never won the Nobel Prize, or the Pulitzer; he won merely a grudging place in the heart of the American reader, the utmost respect of the European, and the everlasting gratitude of literary greats nearly as great as himself.

One of his amusing salutations, should he not have seen you in quite some time, was: "It's a long time between drinks." When he was off the stuff he would condemn "those goddam drunks." When he drank, beginning with bourbon before breakfast, he would sometimes venture into stuff like: *"Why don't Jews drink?"*

Later Ashamed

He tried everything, from the Republican Party to Jew-hate (very little of the latter, of which he was finally ashamed. In the end, drunk and his mind a shambles, he tried God. In a way he was Everyman

One thing we may say about the writers: they could not be bought. Hunger may have driven them to a piece of hack, but no essential ingredient of these men was ever For Sale. And they had, in their work, great dignity.

Jinxes and Jonahs of the Theatre

By DICK HYMAN

The superstitions of the theatre are all based on a firm belief in the principle of luck; they are worldly from beginning to end, and without a spark of religious association. Like many of the old superstitions, they are groundless for the most part, being no more than artists —whims, supposed to be borne out by the experience of the rank-and-file.

To whistle in a theatre is a sign of the worst luck in the world, and there is no offense for which the manager will scold an employee more quickly. Vaudeville performers believed it was bad luck to change the costumes in which they first achieved success. Old actors believe the witches' song in "Macbeth" to possess the uncanny power of casting evil spells, and the majority of them strongly dislike to act in the play. Hum the tune in the hearing of an old actor and the chances are that you will lose his friendship. Actors will not repeat the last lines of a play at rehearsals, nor will they go on the stage where there is a picture of an ostrich if they can avoid it. Let them try the handle of a wrong door when seeking the manager of a theatre, or the office of an agent, and they will regard it as an omen of failure.

If an actor's shoes squeak while he is making his first entrance, it is a sure sign that he will be well received by the audience.

To kick off his shoes and have them allght on their soles and remain standing upright means good luck to him, but if they fall over, bad luck is to be expected. They will also bring him all kinds of misfortune if placed on a chair in the dressingroom.

If, when an acrobat throws his cuffs on the stage, preparatory to doing his turn, they remain fastened together, all will go well; but if, on the other hand, they separate, he must look out for squalls.

Cats and Mirrors

Cats have always been considered the very best fortune-producing acquisitions a theatre can possess, and are welcomed and protected by actor and stagehand alike. But if a cat runs across the stage during the action of the play, misfortune is sure to follow. Bad luck will always come to those who kick a cat.

The actor goes the layman one better in mirror superstitions. He believes it will bring him bad luck to have another person look into the mirror over his shoulder while he is making up before it.

Even the drop-curtain contributes its share of stage superstitions, as nearly every actor and manager believes it is bad luck to look out at an audience from the wrong side of it when it is down. Some say it is the prompt side that casts the evil spell, while others contend it is the opposite side. The management not being sure from which side the bad luck is likely to accrue, places a peephole directly in the centre.

Front Of The House, Too

The players are not the only ones in the theatre having superstitions. The "front of the house" have their pet ones as well.

In the boxoffice, if the first purchaser of seat for a new production is an old man or woman, it means to the ticket-seller that the play will have a long run. A young person means the reverse. A torn banknote means a change of position for the man in the boxoffice, while a gold certificate, strange to say, is a sign of bad luck.

The usher seating the first patron of the evening fondly imagines that he will be lucky until the end of the performance, but if the first coupon he handles calls for one of the many 13 seats, he is quite sure that it will bring him bad luck for the rest of the night.

Semantics

In sending telegrams to actors on opening nights, you wish them a great opening; that they knock the audience for a loop, but *never* that they will have a long run.

Some producers will not attend the opening nights of their plays.

Many actors think that it is bad luck to talk about a part until the five-day probation period is up and the contract signed.

Don't open up "opening night" wires until after the first show.

Peacocks have been considered bad luck for a long time.

There is a powerful phobia against the color green in the theatre in almost any shade, and this probably derived from the same source as Freud's theory that green is the color of abnormality, and is frequently used in the theatre to suggest perversion.

Perhaps the most superstitious person in show business was Jack Pearl. He collected pins for good luck—straight pins and safety pins. Pearl believed that it's a good omen to find a pin with the point toward you.

Another Pearl superstition is that if someone touches him on the ear, he must touch said person's ear in return before he could play a show. One night a practical joker touched Pearl's lobe just before curtain time and Pearl chased him for blocks to return the touch. He would not go on the stage until he did, and he almost missed the curtain.

'O Rare Don Marquis' Indeed

Sire of Archy & Mehitabel and 'The Old Soak' a Real Stagestruck Guy — Fittingly He Will Reach the Stage Anew

By EDWARD ANTHONY

When John Effrat acquired through Doubleday the dramatic rights to my biography "O Rare Don Marquis," plus similar rights to most of Marquis' books, which are controlled by the same publishing house, he virtually assured the production of a show based on the works and career of the famous columnist-novelist-poet-playwright who died 25 years ago. The playscript, which is virtually completed, is a collaboration between Effrat and this byliner.

Under the circumstances it seems appropriate at this time to tell some stories about Don Marquis and his aspirations and accomplishments involving the theatre. These fall into two categories: the stagestruck Don Marquis who wanted to be an actor and the Marquis whose ambition it was to become a playwright. In his column in the N.Y. Evening Sun and in magazine articles DM wrote extensively about these ambitions of his. Some of these recollections give so vivid a picture of the author that it seems only right to present them in his own words, as for instance:

"I was born stagestruck. I have had many years to get over it in. But I can't. The stage to me is still the most glamorous thing in human life. And nearly every actor wears a kind of halo. I've known dozens, scores, hundreds of them; some of them I've known pretty well—and still they're not like ordinary people to me.

"I can get used to novelists and poets and painters and sculptors and musicians—I can even get used to playwrights—but the actor has to take the most extraordinary measures to keep me from admiring and envying him just simply because he's an actor. The glamor clings.

"I know I can't act myself. I found it out by trying it. But even now, at my middle-aged time of life, I'd rush from my cell with a helluva yell and go on the stage, if I were not occasionally subjected to restraint.

"In fact, once I did rush from my cell. Before the turn of the century, it was. I was working on a little weekly newspaper in a country town in Northern Illinois, and a touring repertory company came into the office one day and blew up right in my face.

"I was, at the moment, kicking off some dodgers on the job press. The manager of this rep outfit—a burly, fat man he was, just simply full of vocal words—had come in to get some handbills printed and a notice in the paper, and his troupe had followed him, wanting to know querulously why they hadn't been paid. A terrible question to ask anybody. The altercation reached its height right beside the job press where I was standing with my mouth and ears open, and in a few hundred well-chosen phrases the company resigned and was fired.

What's In a Name?

"'Horace,' he said to me—I don't know why he called me Horace, but I liked it better than Rube or Giles, which people from the great outside world were apt to call me in those days—'Horace, don't you tell me that there isn't a home-talent dramatic club in this town!'

"He'd nicked the mark; there was. I was—need I say it?—one of them, specializing in bucolic comedy and low villains. He got us together; he gave a home-talent show with us, for the benefit of something or other and—

"Wonder of wonders! Ambition of my youth! He told me I could act! He was a fat liar, but I believed him. Four or five other youthful inspired hicks like myself credited the same mendacious statement about themselves—oh, how readily! He organized us into a travelling company!

"Napoleon never felt any more swell-headed after crossing a bunch of Alps or kicking a scuttleful of kings off his front doorstep than I did when I became a professional. An actor!

"This beautiful dream lasted just 10 days, and we got as far away from my home as the third village down the branch line of the railroad before the company busted up again.

"I got home in a box car and asked mother if there was anything in the icebox.

"We played several plays. I remember but one of them. It was called 'Tony the Outcast, or The Convict's Daughter,' and I played James Barclay, the villain. I had a little black mustache, which I twisted, and riding boots, which I assiduously switched with a riding whip. At the end of every act I rushed at the Hero, pulling a dirk, and he pointed a revolver at me, and I dropped the dirk and slunk off, cursing, left upper entrance.

"The experience was not utterly wasted. The sort of wholesome American sentiment which dripped from this play always appealed to me; it appealed to audiences. There was a mother in it; there was a sweet daughter in it; the noble outcast was not all bad. I learned lessons from it. Twentyfive years later I wrote a play called *The Old Soak*, which had the same sort of wholesome sentiment, and a mother, and a daughter, and an outcast who was not all bad—and I made about $75,000 out of it, and when it was made into a movie I made some more."

Marquis also recalled in his column that a few years later, still stagestruck, he was working as a cub reporter in Washington at "the princely salary of $15 a week," as he put it. Otis Skinner, Don's favorite actor, was in town. "The dramatic critic of the paper"—at this point Marquis has the floor again—"saw Mr. Skinner in my behalf and Mr. Skinner said to send me around—he would give me a tryout; I could be assistant property man, and walk on in one of the scenes. If I made good walking on, maybe before long I could have a line to speak.

"I was elated. Life seemed to be opening up, indeed. But one of those things came along—the very same day!—that change the entire course of a man's life. The city editor called me to his desk and informed me that my salary on the paper was to be raised to $18 a week . . . I pondered. The stage? Or literature? A couple of years previously I would not have hesitated a moment . . . Finally I said to myself, 'I guess I'd better stay where the big money is,' and took the $18 job." Years later Marquis and Skinner, now good friends, and both members of The Players, enjoyed many a laugh in the club's bar over this early crisis in Marquis' affairs.

Getting back to Marquis the playwright, Arthur Hopkins (who eventually produced "The Old Soak," which ran for 423 performances at the Plymouth Theatre) told Marquis in the early stages of their relationship that he was troubled by the columnist's apparent belief that it would be a cinch to transfer the Old Soak to the stage. "It's not as easy as you think," the producer said, indulging in a bit of whimsy based on a story the columnist had told him, "to write a bad play."

Marquis, in one of his conversations with Hopkins, had told the producer about a talk he had had with an interviewer for a college publication. To what, the campus reporter had asked Marquis, did the columnist attribute his success? Marquis, in his best deadpan delivery, replied that he ascribed it to the public's lack of discrimination. "I've been writing a bad column for years," he said, "and no one seems to get wise. Now go back to your editor, young feller, and tell him you found Marquis the most modest genius you ever interviewed."

Hopkins had picked up Marquis' little joke and had adapted it to the proposed dramatization of the Old Soak sketches.

Homer Croy, one of Don's oldest friends, and Dana Burnet, who shared an office with the columnist on the Sun, report the following conversation between Hopkins and Marquis as described to them by the latter:

Hopkins: You're sure, absolutely sure, you can write a bad play?

Marquis: Positive.

Hopkins: What makes you so confident?

Marquis: I'm resourceful.

Hopkins: Other writers I consider resourceful have tried it without success.

Marquis: I've consulted the foreman of my Hack-Work Department and he says we can count on him. He's never failed me.

Hopkins: Good! But never lose sight of the fact that it's hard to write a really bad play—one so bad it's good.

Marquis: I'm your man. I'll write the worst play you ever read.

Hopkins: I'm banking on you. You mustn't disappoint me.

Marquis: If it isn't perfectly terrible I'll eat it.

Reassured, Hopkins stuck out his hand and they shook to seal the bargain.

Ode to SRO

The play was produced, it was enthusiastically reviewed and became a success overnight. In less than two weeks after it opened there was an SRO sign in the lobby of the Plymouth, which inspired Don to write the following in his column:

"STANDING ROOM ONLY" elicits my cheers,
It pays for a lot of my whiskies and beers.

When Marquis was asked by Theatre Magazine for a statement for inclusion in a symposium on "the fundamental significance of the theatre," he wrote: "Here are a few lines which I am glad to send you in response to your request:

The theatre has been, in all ages, one of the greatest of cilivizing and cultural agencies. Indeed, it might almost be said that the era which has no theatre, or which has a dead theatre, is little better than dead itself intellectually. One of the most promising things about America today is that it has a living theatre, a theatre that is liberated, a theatre that is open to experiment.

The foregoing paragraph is for publication; for your private ear I wish to remark—having two plays now ready to go into rehearsal and two producers unable to cast them—that I think the American theatre is a lousy institution and I hope it chokes to death.

One of Marquis' favorite pastimes was kidding the summer theatres, or the Haybarn Circuit, as he designated them. One of his articles on this subject—it appeared in Stage Magazine—started a lively controversy. Some agreed with him; others attacked him. Here are some quotes from that highly controversial piece:

"As for the Little Summer Theatres, they can turn them all back into stables and garages and woodsheds and lumber scows for all I care . . .

"I have seen Little Summer Theatres which employed as good actors as you can find on Broadway, and as good directors too—in fact, the same actors and directors—and yet the net result was something amateurish. A show may go into a Little Summer Theatre as sleek and neat as an eel, attended by all the wisdom and experience of a corps of theatrical trained nurses, mounted and lighted with everything in the latest editions of the latest textbooks, but when the curtain goes up (and sometimes it actually goes up the first time they try to put it up) that show comes forth treading amateurishly on its own feet, and stands there embarrassed, all covered with horse-feathers, applesauce and alibis. It's in a Little Summer Theatre, and it knows it and feels it, and wishes it were somewhere else. The 134 people in the 197 seats thank everybody connected with the theatre for the good time they have had, and say what a wonderful thing it is for the community to have a theatre like that in its midst, and the next night go to a good clean movie, or even a dirty one . . .

"I think that maybe the main thing the matter with the Little Summer Theatres is that few of them ever make any money, and few of them expect to . . .

"The backer . . . sees after a few weeks that he isn't going to get a break . . . He goes and counts the seats in the auditorium. He figures that if every seat were filled at every performance, the total intake would not enable him to make any money . . . There are a surprising number of Little Summer Theatres which innocently start out with this handicap, and the seats are counted later . . .

"I think, on the whole, that the Little Summer Theatre does more harm to the drama than good. In hundreds and hundreds of spots all over the country it pops up every summer, and tells thousands and thousands of people who have not had much experience as theatregoers: 'This is the theatre.' And because they believe it is, it puts them off the theatre. It kills more audiences, by and large, than it makes."

Marquis' scrapbooks attest to the continuity of his interest in the theatre over a period of many years. If collected, his pieces on the subject would make a rather fat volume. His own particular favorite, he revealed in a letter to his friend Clive Weed, famous political cartoonist of the 1920s, was a piece for Stage in which archy the cockroach was given a chance to tell the story of his family's theatrical background. It began:

i come of a long line
of theatrical cockroaches
for thousands of years
one of our family traditions concerns
the ancestor who stood up in one
of the eye sockets of yoricks skull
at a performance of hamlet and waved
four of his six legs jovially at
queen elizabeth
she thought the skull was winking at her
and was in doubt whether to be insulted
or complimented but finally compromised
by ordering the execution of the earl
of essex that afternoon.

Marquis frequently expressed himself in terms of the theatre even when he wasn't specifically writing about it. In a philosophic, half-humorous piece about death written a few years before he died, he said:

"When the time comes for me to give up my seat in the theatre, I hope I shall have the good manners to go without making too much fuss about it, realizing that the show is over and that it is time to get a little sleep."

AND YOU THINK VARIETYese IS CRYPTIC!

Playwright Frank Norman, Author of 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be,' London Click About Soho's Seamier Slice of Life, Discourses On 'Rhyming Slang,' Unique Unto Britain and the Aussies

By FRANK NORMAN

London.

Rhyming slang in itself is not a language, there are many factors which go to make up the cockney dialect—Yiddish, Romany, descriptive and rhyming slang. However in this short piece I will not go into the finer points of the idiom, but will confine myself to the rhyming slang.

The way rhyming slang works is quite simple. All one does is find a phrase which rhymes with an object, then forget the half of the phrase which rhymes with the object—and use only the other half. I.e. MINCE PIE rhymes with eye, so take away PIE and you are left with MINCE; Therefore, an eye is called a MINCE—"I've got some dirt in my mince!"

However, it does become a little more difficult when a word is rhymed phonetically, as a cockney would pronounce it, such as WINDOW, pronounced WINDER, which rhymes with BURNT CINDER. Therefore, a window is called a BURNT. Similarly HORSE is called CHARRING CROSS; CROSS being pronounced 'kraws' and HORSE being pronounced 'awce.'

So that the reader can get the color of rhyming slang as used, I think the best thing for me to do is to have a short conversation between two people. We will call them Fred and Sid:

FRED—So I've seen the Sweeny comin' along the frog and toad—so I jumped into me jam-jar and 'ad it away a bit lively.

SID—I 'ope ya don't git captured with that tom on ya, because if ya do the chances are you'll wind up in a flowery.

FRED—Use ya loaf—I ain't gonna be a steamer and carry it abaht in me sky, am I? . . .

SID—Well I was 'avin' a rabbit wiv me old woman the other day and she reckons the Sweeney are getting very shrewd and all the tealeaves are turnin' it in.

FRED—Well if one of 'em comes near me, they'll get a right smack in the boat!

GLOSSARY:

SWEENY Todd	Flying Squad (police).
FROG & toad	Road (both words are used).
JAM-JAR	Car (both words are used)
TOMfoolery	Jewellry.
FLOWERYdell.....	Cell
LOAF of Bread	Head.
STEAM tug	Mug (steam becomes steamer).
SKY rocket	Pocket.
RABBIT & pork	Talk.
TEALEAVES	Thieves.
BOAT race	Face.

I have taken a slight poetic license with this little conversation, because a lot more slang, other than rhyming slang, would have been used!

This idiom, has, to a fairly large extent, cerpt into the everyday conversation of office workers, salesmen and actors—who invariably refer to the stage as the GREENGAGE. In fact, even the upper crust (Pound Notes) are not above using it occasionally. I have found myself at smart cocktail parties in Belgravia, "having a rabbit with a duke," who would all of a sudden remark: "I say, old boy, that's a jolly nice Peckham you've got on!" (PECKHAM Rye — TIE).

To the American reader, rhyming slang may sound a little obscure—but then the whole point of slang is that the person using it does not want to be understood by anyone other than his own kind.

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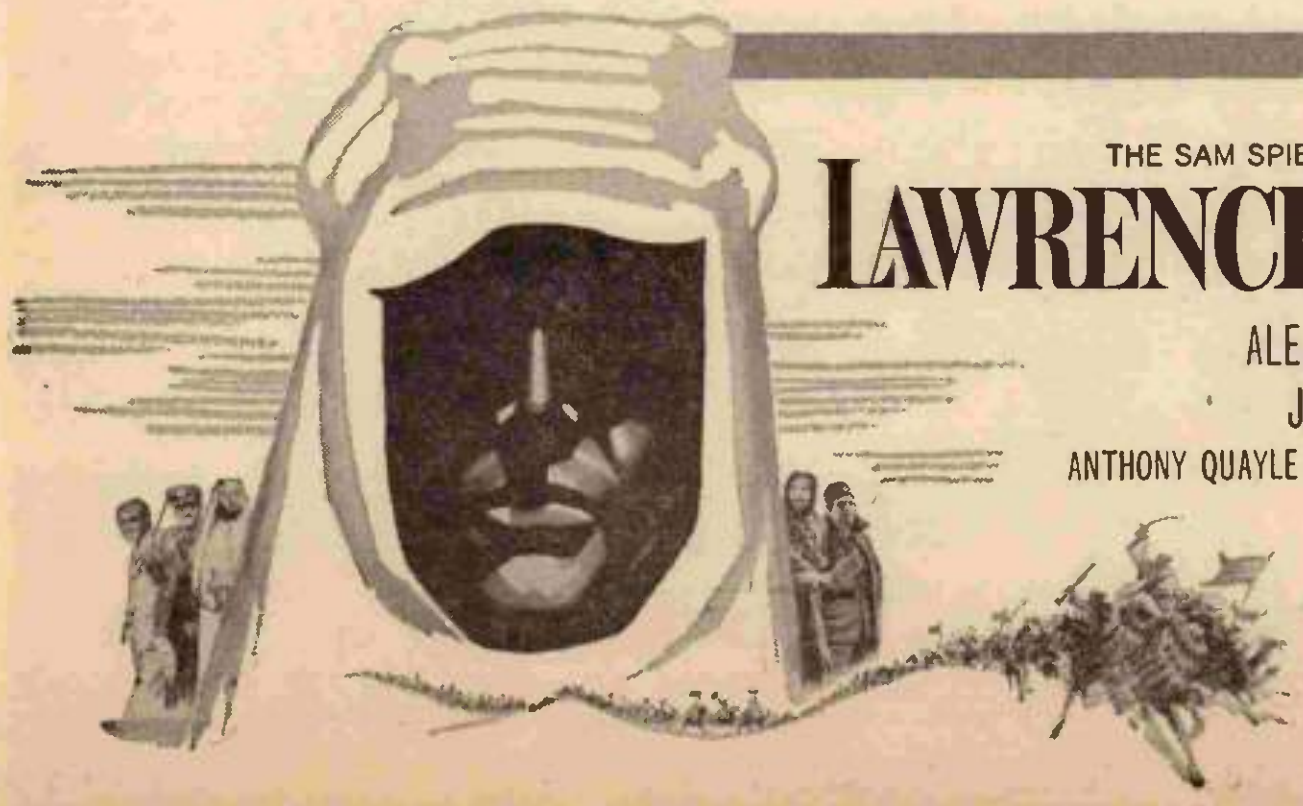

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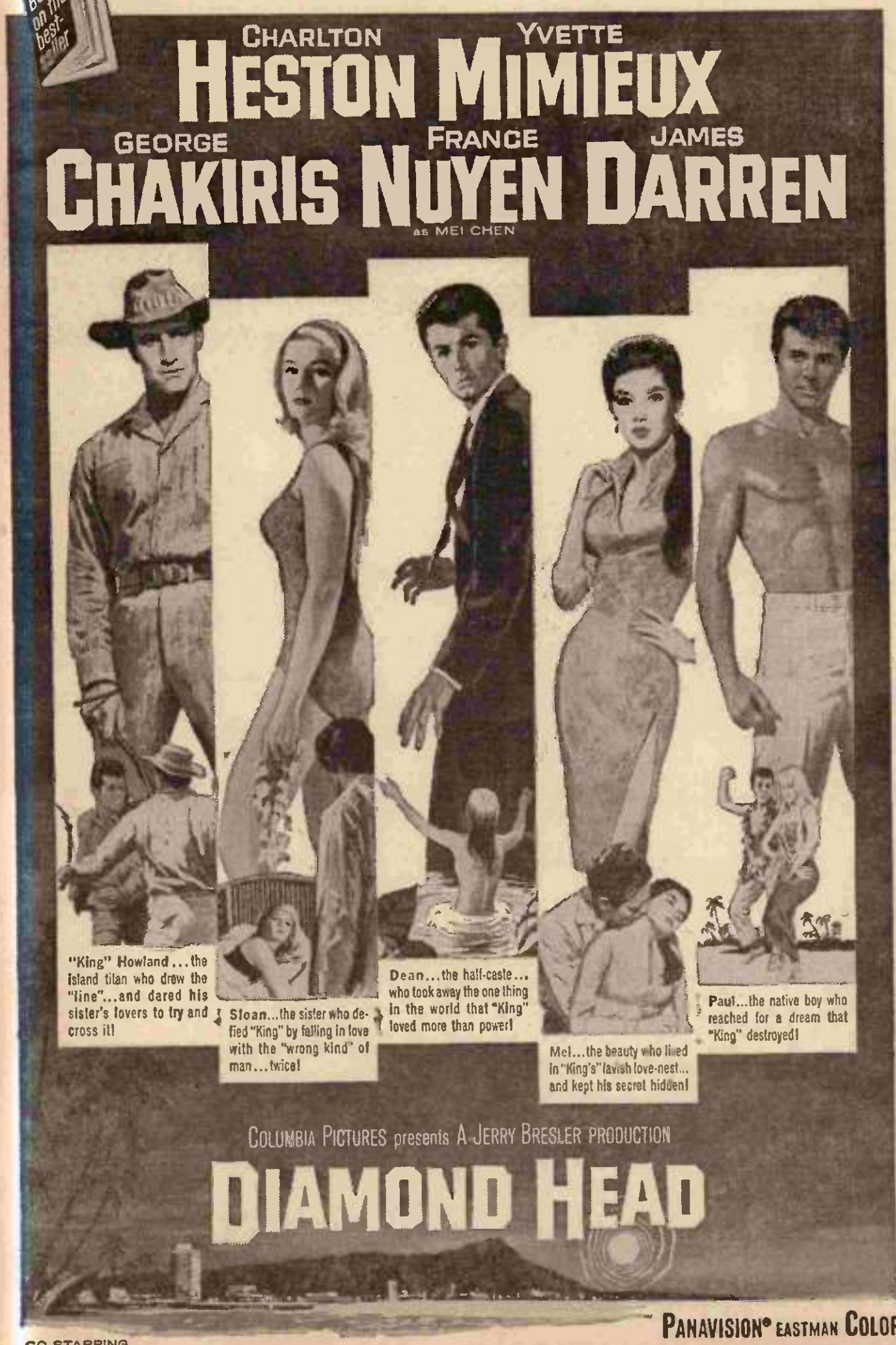

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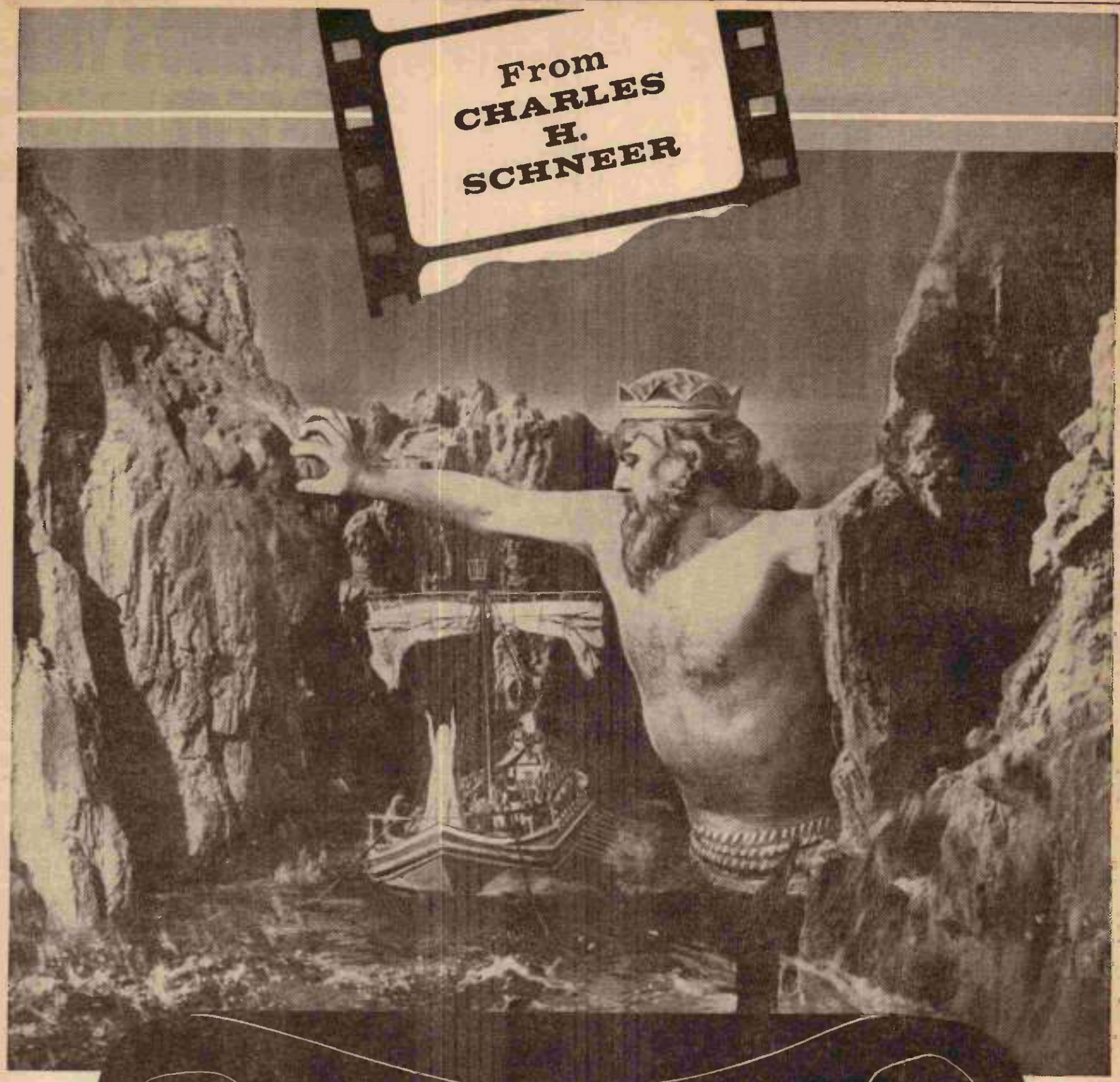

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Attorney-Author's Program To Advance U.S. Culture

By MORRIS L. ERNST

This is the era for advances in our culture. A poet has been at the White House and literacy is held in high prestige. As a lazy soul, I have not written a new article for VARIETY but I follow with more than a score of sample suggestions which I have discussed with August Heckscher, the White House Cultural Advisor to the President of our Republic.

This list relates to books. I have other lists that relate to television, sculpture, theatre and even the remnants of the formerly mighty movie industry. Here goes for the list I sent to the White House after conferences there:

(1.) Follow up use of post offices for distribution of Government pamphlets, as designed in experimental form by General Day.

(2.) Use of 30,000 post office walls, since outside of the big cities, post offices are the meeting places of our people. Note possible use of American Institute of Graphic Arts and supply of material by cabinet officials.

(3.) Slotmachines for sale of uniform size pamphlets.

(4.) Extension of use of coupons into area of special stamps for printed material, since a high percentage of our people have no bank accounts, resist putting coins in envelopes, and often find money orders expensive and cumbersome.

(5.) Servicing of foreign correspondents and later to everyone at surface postage rates for books, etc., but material to go by air. I have a sample brochure on this subject which I can supply to you At the moment no foreign correspondent can afford to buy in timely fashion a book to flow by air.

(6.) For 80 years we have had a tariff on book paper (including magazines) and no tariff on newsprint. This tariff collects no revenue and is solely for the purpose of increasing the price to consumer of printed material other than newspapers.

(7.) Review spreadback positions of taxes on authors, etc., needlessly clumsy—to the point of rarity of use.

(8.) Review spreadforward provision on royalties, movies, etc., highly valuable but scarcely known among certain groups of authors, such as writers of textbooks, etc.

(9.) Capital gains present pro and con arguments. Note that Dramatists Guild for a score of years has been afraid the producers would use outright sales to buy an unknown and first time dramatist for less than the market. Note also legal philosophy embedded in opinions which permit at times capital gains based mathematically on future sales.

(10.) Review inheritance of copyright renewals. Congress, as nurse girl for creative people, took away from creator the ability, under certain circumstances, to prefer a lovely crippled child to a healthy lousy one.

(11.) Length of monopoly of copyright is now under review with little, if any, thought as to the basic philosophy and the number of persons to benefit from the extension of the number of years of copyright.

(12.) Few of our people now see live actors. Note Rockefeller solution for New York State and Mrs. MacFadden experiments with children's theatres, and growth of amateur theatres.

(13.) "Ice," to the extent of $10,000,000 minimum, is stolen from our theatres every year. The Secretary of the Treasury can, by a simple ruling, cut down this shocking theft Robert W. Dowling, in New York, acting for the Mayor, might give support and the Treasury can easily, by looking at the labels of the tailor of the suits of treasurers, of our theatres, come to grips with this unhealthy skullduggery, in which producers cooperate rather uniformly.

(14.) I mention to you the boondoggle in the theatre, no worse than made work on our newspapers. This year the Judiciary Committee of the House may go into this. This burden on the press contributes to the evaporation of newspapers so that we now have 1,000 less daily papers than we had at our peak, and our weeklies have been reduced from 13,000 to 8,000.

(15.) I have some testimony that in the year 2,000, much of the library at colleges, etc., will be non-existent—books were printed on paper that will not endure.

16.) I should guess we will have 1,000 new colleges between now and the year 2,000 The minimum library for each such college will run 200,000 to 350,000 books. Where do they come from?

(17.) Microprint and similar processes need immediate evaluation.

18.) Learned journals on an average run a year behind the material proferred. This means that our scientific culture is often delayed a year.

(19.) Take a look at Xerox and other processes and the recommendation of the Copyright Office on the problem. Must, for example, every student of Joyce come from the west coast to wherever on the east coast the correspondence and other material are located through gift or purchase.

(20.) Our office is trying to help the Commissioner of Internal Revenue on the intriguing and important problems of valuations of scholarship and other material given to libraries or other institutions of learning. In the art field auctions play a part in establishing of a base for values. We certainly do not want the material in American attics to be destroyed without at least a thought as to scholarly values.

(21.) What kind of a world do we want to live in with respect to the publication of letters? I think I told you the story of the Teddy Roosevelt letters now possessed by Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt. This is a clash between royalties to heirs on the one hand and the right of our people to knowledge on the other.

(22.) Look at Hubert Humphrey's great report on the diffusion of scientific knowledge within departments of our Government and the more recent hearing by Senators Humphrey and Karl Mundt as to the spread of medical knowledge

(23.) Speak to David Ladd of the Patent Office. In that office there are about 50 million pages of patent papers. This is the scientific knowledge of our people during the history of our nation. Why must the inventor in Keokuk come to Washington or hire a lawyer in Washington? The cost is minimal to have *all* the patent papers diffused to important areas of our nation

(24.) Explore the exciting program of Carl Haverlin, of B.M.I., to help those who have read a book and want to go forward with their reading. Many in our culture are blocked because of the absence of bookstores, libraries, etc. A suggestion that anyone can address a postal card to Books, U.S.A., and get answers, is intriguing and possible of accomplishment.

(25.) Check in with Wardlaw, editor of Texas University Press, who had high success in selling a book through a library where there was no bookstore in the neighborhood. Thus can libraries double their budgets for purchase of books in such areas.

(26.) We have no bookstores left and in thousands of towns the owner of the weekly could by special arrangement at less than ordinary discounts, get books on consignment and thus become the cultural centre of the area.

(27.) One of the retarding influences contra to purchase of books is the overflowing book case. I think I have sold George Hecht of Doubleday the idea of inviting customers to bring in books to be sent to such prisons, hospitals, libraries, etc., as the customer selects and in the customer's honor and, of course, tax deductible as to the fair value of the gift.

WRH

THE BIG VIDEO BLACKOUT

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Future historians must keep in mind that the spending of incredibly immense sums of money didn't enter into it at all. The generality of American citizens accepted this without a great deal of complaint, even though the money was coming from their own pockets.

H. Allen Smith

And so the Government continued to accelerate its program of celestial science at the various launching pads scattered along the two ocean fronts. There were times when the missiles were banging off the pads so rapidly that the astronauts, already in orbit and looking earthwards, bethought themselves of skyrockets and aerial bombs going up from a State Fairgrounds on the Fourth of July.

There were a few neurotic citizens who spoke of the possibility of self-inflicted disaster. Most of these people lived within a hundred miles of the major launching pads. A retired native of Georgia, sitting out his hours of quiet desperation in the city of Orlando, 50 miles west of Cape Canaveral, sounded a typical note of alarm whenever he could get an audience.

"You watch'n see," he said. "One a these days one a them things is gonna flip ovah backwuhds and steada goin' ovah the ocean, it's gonna land rat smack dab in the middle a one a these towns down heah. Pussonly I hope it's Miamuh. But you watch'n see. It'll still be shootin' fyah outa its tail, and it'll go skitterin' aroun' like a skahrocket that zigs and zags back and fo'th in the street, only this skahrocket will be as big as that Singin' Tow-wuh down at Lake Wales—nilly as big as the Ampyah State Buildin'. And it'll knock down ever'thing and set fyah to ever'thing and fry and frizzle a few thousand folks to death, and then maybe the gov'ment'll get some sense in its haid. I said it befoah and I say it again, this country went plumb to the dogs when it put that shidepokey peckerneck in the What House."

"Ay-yuh," said a retired druggist from Vermont.

There were quite a few eggheady people who adopted a Progress-CAN-be-Stopped attitude.

"How foolish can you get?" these people demanded. "Is there no end to the stupidity of mankind? We have not come within 60,000,000 light years of solving the problems that harass us each day on our own sleazy, disorganized little planet. We haven't even learned how to fly people safely from city to city. We haven't, in fact, learned to process their tickets and baggage in anything but an atmosphere of frenzy and clamorous madness. We aren't able to cope with juvenile delinquency and our finest public parks are deserted after dark. Labor and management are as violently at war as they ever were in the past, and each side stands ready to pick up the bludgeons and start shattering skulls. The population explosion, described by reputable scientists as a bigger threat to the world than all known diseases, doesn't disturb the public one whit. Our highways and systems of traffic regulation become obsolete almost before they are opened to public travel. On every side people are clawing and clutching for dollars, cheating on their income taxes, loopholing their way through life. Think of what it might mean if all that missile money were being put into the fight against cancer, and against those crippling diseases that affect so many children. So we shoot for the moon. If that is Progress, then we say Progress can be stopped, and should be stopped."

Let us remember that none of these carping movements had any more effect on the thinking of the general public than the stout declaration made by a woman in Southern California when she was stopped by a tv man who was conducting sidewalk interviews. Asked what she thought of the whole space program, she said:

"All them people ought to quit that fool stuff and go home and watch television like God intended we should."

This lady's statement was made in 1960 and recorded in the nation's press, and all over the country sensible people read it and smiled, or laughed outright. Even the clergy amused. Nobody suspected that there was more than a grain of unconscious prophecy in that sidewalk interview.

Hertz's Pie-In-The Sky

The occasional complainings went all but unnoticed and the man-in-the-street seemed indifferent and uninformed about moon-shoots and all other space-delvings save one. Considerable public interest was aroused when the Soviets playfully put a jeep into orbit, and even more when we countered by orbiting a jeep with a man at the wheel. Somehow the very idea of a jeep circling the earth tickled the public fancy and the greatest of all orbit-rubbering crowds turned out each time one of the vehicles passed across the continent—a tiny speck of light with four-wheel drive.

And then came that grim February day when the trouble began. People in the lower Mississippi Valley apparently were the first to notice it. Their television sets began to "act up crazylike" as they phrased it. Some sets developed an unnerving and incurable condition known as fast flopover. Others brought in nothing but snow. And still others acquired the look of old-school necktie patterns.

Soon the tv sets in other parts of the country began to jerk and flicker, to fade in and fade out. Television repair men were driven frantic by the piles of fix-orders in their shops, especially since they were unable to fix anything at all except by pulling the plug. The audio began to go haywire. Sound, whether of music or the human voice, was slightly garbled at first and then in a matter of weeks everything that came out of the speakers sounded like blah-blah-whee-whee-blub-blub-blub. The network people and the owners of individual stations and the ulcerated advertising executives were in a towering frenzy trying to find out what was causing the trouble. And while they sweated and roared, the lights and the noises faded away altogether, and television was dead.

Launching A TV Blackout

Now the shrill voice of the people was heard in the land. The public began screaming for the Government to get off its posterior and find out what was going on. It took a while—three and a half months from the time of the total blackout. Then a team of scientists in Chicago found the answer. They hurried to the White House and reported to the President. They told him that television reception had been nullified by the vast increase in rocket launchings plus the steady procession of orbiting objects moving across the outer sky. There were times, they pointed out, when great chunks of metal were sailing through space less than a mile apart. And rockets of varying sizes were crisscrossing back and forth in the heavens because everyone, even El Salvador and Haiti and Luxembourg and Baja California, had launching pads in operation. All this celestial activity had created an atmospheric condition in which television waves were stifled and beaten into the ground.

The President had ample knowledge of the temper of the public; he could hear the rumblings and the roarings from every quarter of the country. He listened, grave of countenance, to the report of the Chicago group and then retired to think for an hour or so. After that he notified the scientists that their discovery would have to remain top secret. He had a vague premonition of what might happen if the public learned about it.

But it leaked out, as all secret matters affecting the well-being of the people have a way of leaking out. Somebody talked and away it went like a cyclone sweeping across the nation.

Angry murmurings now increased in volume and became a shout.

"It's the missiles! It's the rockets! It's them damn jeeps and all that other scrap iron whirling around out there!"

Neighborhood meetings were summoned. Then town meetings, and these grew into great outdoor gatherings. Spellbinders were hired by the television industry to address these growing throngs and to keep them stirred up, though this was hardly necessary. The people were angry to the point of untrammeled fury, *to the very verge of revolution.*

"You idiots have killed tv!" they howled.

They shook their fists in the direction of Washington and cried:

"You have taken the joy out of our lives!"

"We're not able to see 'Ben Casey' any more!"

"We haven't watched 'The Untouchables' in six months!"

"We've almost forgotten who's in 'Gunsmoke'!"

"We feel like as if Ed Sullivan was dead and buried!"

Mobs of unruly citizens began marching on Washington. Coxey's Army and the Bonus Marchers were as subcommittees alongside these furious throngs. Ballparks and amphitheatres were crowded with outraged citizens And then under steady prodding from the television magnates, a program of protest backed by grave threatenings began to take form. It culminated in an ultimatum which was laid on the President's desk as four and a half million shouting citizens milled around in Pennsylvania Avenue.

Pronunciamento

The decree of the people was clear and to the point, demanding:

That all rocket shoots, all space adventuring, all orbiting experiments, shall cease within one week from this date or

1. We will refuse to go to the polls on any Election Day hereafter
2. We will defy pury summonses.
3. We will refuse to send our children to any school or college.
4. We will not enter the employ of any manufacturer who uses steel in his product or products.
5. We will cash in all our Government bonds at once.
6. We will refuse to pay one penny in income taxes, either Federal or State.

That did it. The President and his advisors knew, from hurried but trustworthy surveys, that at least 88% of the people were in sympathy with the movement and would obey the terms of the decree, down to the last letter. The remaining 12% were listed under "Don't Know."

There was no alternative. In a sense it was a greater crisis than the War Between the States. Immediately, then, all the launching pads were closed down and the personnel dispersed. Stop orders went out to all plants producing missiles, or parts of missiles. Coded messages zipped into space telling all our astronauts to return to earth at once. Down came the jeep. Meanwhile the President got on Telstar phone to Moscow and said, "We'd like to have you stop all space activity at once." The Kremlin responded, "Certainly. Whatever you say." And so, with the United States and Russia calling off their orbiting, all the lesser nations followed suit.

Now the picture and the sound came back to television. The people settled back in their chairs, fastened their eyes on their screens, and were contented once again. The images were clear and lovely on the screens in livingrooms, lounge and ginmill.

The lonely stars twinkled in the night sky and the nation, and the world, were at peace.

Casting For Global Impact

BRITISH NO LONGER TIGHT L'IL ISLAND IN HOLLYWOOD

By GERALD PRATLEY

Hollywood.

Hollywood once invited and attracted to its studios the best directors, writers and actors from abroad. It was a forgone conclusion that once stars and directors made their name in their own country they would be lured to Hollywood—which is what most of them dreamed of happening. Very few of Europe's celebrated screen personalities are interested in going to Hollywood today. There is too little activity there. It no longer means anything to their careers. Sophia Loren was probably the last, now she too has returned to Europe.

Such celebrities as Jeanne Moreau, Peter Sellers, Jean Paul Belmondo, Marcello Mastroianni—and many more—are now content to remain at home. And so Hollywood goes to them. This has resulted in an international kind of film production never known previously. So many movies today are a mixture of American-British-French-American-Spanish-Japanese scripts, money, studios, producers and stars that it is frequently impossible to give them a distinct nationality. And those involved in their creation travel the world filming on actual locations.

With this remarkable change in production methods has come a subtle change in national character, as exemplified by the stars. You have only to watch any of the old movies on television to be reminded that the lines were once clearly drawn so far as nationals and their class standing went. The best example is of course, the British.

Who could possibly mistake Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, Sir C. Aubrey Smith, Basil Rathbone, Errol Flynn, Charles Laughton, Nigel Bruce, George Sanders (that British-Canadian, Walter Pidgeon) and the rest of Hollywood's large British colony as anything but right and proper uppercrust Englishmen? None could possibly be confused with those virile, rough-cut Americans, Gable, Bogart, Dix, Raft, Cooper; nor the British ladies of the manor (Diana Wynyard, Heather Angel, Joan Fontaine, Elisabeth Allan, Greer Garson et al) with the Misses Stanwyck, Colbert, Davis, Crawford, Dunne.

Now, all has changed. Moviegoers are so confused they don't know where a film was made and they don't know what nationality the star might happen to be.

The aristocratic Englishman with his "Oh I say, rather, by jove" has disappeared and with him have gone the beautiful voices of Colman, Marshall and Rathbone.

With the British and Americans drawing closer together in speech and habits and social changes and class distinctions disappearing, the time has arrived when British actors are playing Americans without most moviegoers being aware of it. The leading practitioner is Laurence Harvey.

The Texans were not too happy when he portrayed Colonel Travis in "The Alamo," but no one else seemed to mind. He has since played Americans in "Butterfield 8," "Summer and Smoke," "A Walk on the Wild Side" and "The Manchurian Candidate." Ralph Richardson plays James Tyrone in O'Neill's "Long Day's Journey Into Night," Jack Hawkins a teacher in "Five Finger Exercise," and Stephen Boyd is fitting into the American pattern in an increasing number of movies. James Mason crosses the Atlantic to be either British or American depending on the script, while George Sanders appears now in British films, maintaining to the last the portrait of the cultured, handsome, fluently spoken man-of-the-world.

In the British studios, the image of the hero has changed too. He is not American, yet could quite easily pass for one. In "Whistle Down the Wind" and "A Kind of Loving," it is only a matter of accent which places Alan Bates. Otherwise, in looks, gestures, and dress, he fits into the American scene, without being marked as an Englishman, as easily as Peter Finch, Michael Craig, Stanley Baker, Dirk Bogarde and Anthony Quayle. Only David Niven still retains traces of the Englishman as he used to be, while Cary Garnt, after a young period of brash Americanism, has matured without difficulty into a landed Englishman in "The Grass is Greener" and the sophisticated British-American in "That Touch of Mink." Even Norman Wisdom, in the realm of comedy, is akin to Jerry Lewis.

Three English actors who could not be anything else but British today are John Mills and Richard Attenborough, who alternate between working and middle-class characters (the new heroes of the age once confined to below stairs servant duty) and Kenneth Moore, whose brightly waist-coated cheerfulness simply radiates faith in the Empire and all that.

The Irish, (Cyril Cusack, Kieron Moore) like the Canadians, are the in betweens: when they are not themselves, they can with conviction portray either Britons or Americans.

The American influence on the social scene has been such that most Continental actors now look American—and sound like them if they are dubbed! For example, Alain Delon, Jean Sorel, Vittorio Gassman, Horst Buchholz and Hardy Kruger, no longer represent the French, Italian and German image as it once looked in the portraits of Charles Boyer, Maurice Chevalier, and Otto Kruger.

The only difference today between George Hamilton, Warren Beatty, George Peppard, Alan Bates, Michael Craig, Richard Harris and Albert Finney is in their acting ability rather than national characteristics. The world has indeed grown smaller and the internationalization of the screen is nowhere more vividly represented than in the universal younger generation.

NATIONALISTIC FLAVOR, ONCE A MONEY FACTOR, BUT NOW FADED OUT

By JOAQUINA CABALLOL

Barcelona.

Pardon is begged in advance for the impoliteness of stating that mixed casts in motion pictures are a mixed blessing at best. Few dare express this thought in an era where all up-to-date producers consider their brilliance as showmen clearly established by polyglot casting. Take the recent instance of "Phaedra" wherein Melina Mercouri, a highly sophisticated dramatic actress is represented, against all probabilities, as "*mad about the boy*" Anthony Perkins, a coltish type from America. The same American youth has previously been represented as driving crazy with passion such leading ladies as the Swedish Ingrid Bergman and the Italian Sophia Loren.

This sort of casting would have been improbable once upon a time, though not, of course, impossible. But the offbeat ideas of the present time are consciously planned as part of the new "internationalization" which wants "something for every market" in real or imagined boxoffice lure. Hence one encounters Maria Schell and Glenn Ford, polar opposites from Hollywood and Switzerland, in "Cimmarron," a story of Oklahoma land-rush days. Bernard Shaw's "The Millionairess" is Sophia Loren right out of Sicily and the Hindu is Britain's own Peter Sellers. The national hero of Spain, "El Cid" is, in this logic, an American boxoffice powerhouse, Charlton Heston. Meanwhile Tony Curtis from the Bronx is now playing a (1) Tartar ("Taras Bulba") and (2) a Venetian ("Marco Polo".)

Nobody has particularly bothered to go beneath the surface of this "clever casting for the world boxoffice" to inquire if more is not lost than is gained. Is it not significant that American supremcy is threatened in this day of mixed-nationalities starring whereas in the pre-war era no rival film industry could compete with American product, with predominantly American faces and attitudes?

True enough many of the American leading men were actually British, but for most of the film fans in foreign countries it was more distinction than difference.

One may of course blame it all on the upheavals following hostilities, the subsidy of the British, French, Italian, and German film industries at the very time when television and "antitrust" were knocking the U.S. industry into a shape quite different from the old days.

Italian production came back after the war with "Bicycle Thief" produced with nothing but the streets of Italy but a masterpiece which created a style. My point is the obvious one—this was all-Italian. Rory Calhoun wasn't in it, or Rhonda Fleming, not even Orson Welles.

International

At the beginning of international casts there was curiosity but when they became a general policy patrons missed the all-American, all-French, all-Italian, all-German pictures.

No Return Ticket Home

Some of the people who went to work in a foreign country liked the atmosphere and remained. Some, even married abroad, and their own country was almost forgotten. In the meantime pix were being made with as international as possible and perhaps it is not saying too much that even the director and the producer did not have the least idea what "flavor" it would have when finished. All this mixing of actors and traveling is now fully accepted. Still I argue that something has been lost.

Possibly it is dangerous to generalize. Still there was once "recognizably American" films which were popular on that account. This was especially true here in Spain. Spanish audiences of yore doted upon the films from Hollywood. They have since been educated, at least to a degree, in opposite directions and the exclusively Yanqui flavor is now diluted.

Meanwhile take Ingmar Bergman of Sweden, a recent enthusiasm in Spain. This man is saturatedly Swedish. His story, his locale, his people are native to that land and much of the charm of his pictures, conceding some "genius," lies in the appeal of another culture when projected on the screen to be viewed at leisure.

One reads in VARIETY that the British product has been extensively accepted in the States, a matter of the last eight or nine years. Some of the popularity of British films must be ascribed, surely, to their "Britishness." True, an occasional British film may splash Jayne Mansfield or Van Heflin, but in the aggregate they are reliably and predictably British. The growing popularity of French product may be similiarly evaluated. But meanwhile, how "American" pictures?

I'm not suggesting that the trend can be reversed but I am suggesting that there has been loss of value with any gain.

The Pause That Depresses

[Or How Vague Is Your 'Nouvelle Vague']

By GERARD WILLEM VAN LOON

Can it be a coincidence that the French word for "wave" is "vague"?

The question how vague a *nouvelle vague* can be may be answered in one word. Plenty. What's more, this "new wave" isn't all that new. All the other "arts" have been getting vaguer and vaguer as the century progressed. It just took the flicks a little while to catch on and discover they were "the art of the cinema." But now they've done, brother, they've done it.

I recall when I was a kid—and that, as the clock ticks, is quite some while back—we used to say about blank verse that the poets wrote the verse and you filled in the blanks. Then someone set this "new poetry" to music, that is one guy recited while another guy he hadn't even been introduced to ran a bulldozer through a hardware store. There must have been a lot of paint in that hardware store. That's how painters picked up "the value of the accident." Luckily they remembered to stencil on the back of each canvas THIS END UP!

Then sculpture. It used to stand on the floor. Remember? Now it's taken the place of the chandelier. Then — seemingly spearheaded by those New York stories that begin in the middle and amble off into the cosmos — literature took to levitation. Finally the theatre got wise and began trotting out those plays where the only action took place during intermission while you had stepped outside for a smoke. But you could still, if you were of a literal turn of mind (which I am), run off to the movies.

Alas, no more.

Economics may have something to do with it. Raw film must be a whole lot cheaper than it used to be. Time was when they had to cram one heck of a lot of story onto every thousand feet of film. No longer. Nowadays a thousand feet barely documents the opening of an eye-lid. "But O," I am told, "That is what makes it so significant!"

"Makes *what* significant?" I protest." And to whom?"

"Well, you see, to anyone who has been *on the couch*," they begin.

"Who hasn't!" I reply with a knowing wink. "But we used to call it a chaise-longue and then came the rumble-seat and then..."

A pitying glance throttles my levity. "Haven't you even been analyzed?"

"No," I confess. "The Freudian hot-house is beyond my means. I cultivate my neuroses in a window-box. Don't they still make movies for unintegrated personalities like me? "

"Yes, Westerns. And then there's always 'Silents, Please.' Go watch *that*."

I have noted over the years that the people who really make steady money have some "concession" or other going for them. They corner the market in some vital item like soft-drinks at Yankee Stadium or umbrellas at the Salzburg Festival and they've got it made. Well, next to running the insulin stand that does a land-office business at your nearest brokerage I want the concession for all that glue those "new wave" actors always seem to be wading through and which has made the slow-motion sequences of my youth look like a Mack Sennett chase. And while I'm at it I am going to put some of that same glue on the seat of my pants. Maybe that will keep me leading from my seat and running out into the night to find someone who can tell me a story that begins somewhere and ends somewhere and doesn't take two-and-a-half hours in the telling.

A BAD CASE OF HEIMWEH

By JULES ARCHER

"So tell me, please, Mr. Archer, the matter is what?

"I'm not quite sure, Dr. Bergelmayer. Everything seems so far away and remote. And 40 years ago seems like now."

"Ach, so? Please, we will have the Bergelmayer association test. I will speak first names. Whatever it pops into the head, you must make the response. Verstehst-Die?

"Go ahead, Doctor,"

"Pearl?"

"Water's rising up past her neck *don't miss next week.*"

"Lon?"

"Unmasked at the organ *gawd!*"

"Eric?"

"Walls and ceiling closing in on him *scrunch.*"

"Wallace?"

"Aw, now, Min, shucks . . . "

"Harold?"

"Step right up and call me Speedy!"

"Douglas?"

"Leaping from balcony to horse, sword raised."

"Hoot?"

"Bandy legs in woollen chaps."

"Mickey?"

"Two-foot boy with three-foot cigar."

"Bebe?"

"Wink wink wink flutter flutter flutter?"

"Gustav?"

"Grimly smiling as he starts the buzzsaw in the logmill."

"Charlie?"

"Strapped in the assembly-line feeding machine."

"Mary?"

"Pigtails down to here."

"Buster?"

"Caught in the hook-and-ladder."

"Gloria?"

"The better to eat you with, my dear."

"Adolphe?"

"Through outer Graustark with moustache and tails."

"Franklin?"

"The eternal hotel clerk,"

"Mack?"

"Easy Street's terrible Mr. Eyebrows."

"Greta?"

"Folded arms—the way Marilyn never could."

"Reginald?"

"Oh, deuce take it dash it, old man!"

"Zasu?"

"Fingers with actress attached."

"Lupe?"

"Erupting from a pinch south of the border."

"Rudolph?"

"Hot time in the old sand tonight."

"Emil?"

"Peeking in sadly at the family he deserted, at Christmas."

"Theda?"

"Smoldering sex with pearl necklaces to the knees."

"Fatty?"

"The human bowling ball."

"Roy?"

"Pencil mustache, monocle, smirk, white Prince's jacket."

"Victor?"

"Sez you, Quirt! Yeah . . . sez me, Flagg!"

"Clara?"

"On a table, swinging the fringe in jazztime."

"Lionel?"

"Now . . . see . . . here . . . Doc . . . tor . . . Kil . . . dare!"

"John?"

"The hunchiest Richard III of them all."

"Eddie?"

"Prancing white gloves and blackface."

"Rudy?"

"Maine adenoids behind a megaphone."

"Gary?"

"Yup."

"Milton?"

"Up in the shrouds, in profile, sea-hawking."

"Ach, Mr. Archer, I have already the diagnosis. You are suffering from a bad case of *heimweh*."

"*Heimweh*?"

"Enchantment with the past, when you spent so much time in the oldtime movies that your emotional development was arrested at the age of 10. *Nicht wahr*?"

"It did seem a happier time. They just don't seem to make villains today the way they used to. But, Doctor, what can I do to cure my *heimweh*?"

"Why cure it? Do like me, Mr. Archer—every night at 11:15 turn on the tv."

Motion Picture Ballyhooey, Or, 'They Can't Fire Me Now'

By WILMA FREEMAN

About a thousand years ago or so it now seems, I was promotion manager of the then large but now almost defunct motion picture company. How I achieved this exalted position is from Horatio Alger. I had been a secretary. My ambition then was tremendous, my nerve colossal, and my boss, the promotion manager, was what I now charitably call a character. He was scheduled to go on a trek to all branch offices to address the sales staffs on that year's product, in order, it was hoped, to whip up a frenzy of sales. He started, not from New York to work his way around the distribution map, but with fine disdain for logic, money and organization, he flew to Hollywood to make his first speech there. The day of the meeting arrived, but not the man from the home office. He had checked out of his hotel in the smoggy dawn, and done a quiet Judge Crater. He was discovered two weeks later, through the efforts of various official agencies in Denver, hiding because he hadn't the nerve to make that speech. He was an introvert in the motion picture industry!

This was my big chance. Naturally I thought I was smarter than he. In fact I thought I was smarter than anyone. I pleaded for the job, put on a real campaign and finally got it. Not because I was smart, I discovered subsequently, but because I could be had for half of my predecessor's salary, and in those days the carrot dangled before us donkeys was "*Promote from the ranks.*"

The job and that wonderful title were mine. I had visions of owning Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer within five years or, at the very least, adding my name to say, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn's.

A mention in Winchell's column confirmed the fact that I was on my way to fame and fortune. The fact that the item concerned the news that I had broken my leg and was allergic to adhesive plaster in no way dimmed my satisfaction. Then the N. Y. Times society page named me as "also present" at a luncheon to Madam Frances Perkins.

To me, and to the outside world, that "title" promotion manager a different meaning than to my bosses. My employers expected anything from automobiles to dollhouses wholesale. They even expected and demanded all kinds of miscellaneous merchandise and services free. If one wanted a baby grand piano or a mink coat wholesale, and I could only get them a 50% discount, their reaction would be: "Do they know who I am?"

The "incident dollhouse" is typical of those operations. Macy's advertised a cardboard dollhouse for $1, and my superior asked me to get one for him "wholesale." In those days you never said you couldn't do anything. I took a cab to Macy's for a dollar, took a cab back to the office, and told my boss it had cost 50c. He told me to put it on the expense account. The cabfare to Macy's became a lunch for a beauty editor, all of whom are always hungry and thirsty anyway. But he was able to brag that he got it wholesale.

As In 'For Nothing'

Promotion meant basically to promote free space, preferably space paid for by another advertiser. Consequently I had what I fondly believed "my stars" smoking one brand of cigarets, brushing their teeth with one brand of toothpowder, and wearing nationally advertised hosiery. Unfortunately for the hosiery manufacturer the stars he wanted for endorsements frequently had legs which were not exactly photogenic, and many stars and starlets were amazed to see photographs of their bodies with someone else's legs superimposed. And don't think they didn't object. I kept a close rein on advertisers' demands too. Nothing undignified or unglamorous, no matter how much loot they offered me and or the studio. Nation's Business quoted me as saying, "A star can't have anything to do with hair rinses, hair dye, rubber shields, deodorants. A goddess is supposed to be flawless, of alabaster perfection."

My goal was to entice more people to their local movie house. We didn't have television then; just what we considered a big menace, radio. Now it can be told though, about the vicepresident whose secretary called and said, "My boss wants to read a book; can you get it for him wholesale?" I didn't even know he could read, but when I asked, "What book?" She replied, "He hasn't decided yet."

Full Range

Always though, whether it was a cookbook, a toy, a record, a pocket radio or a cake of soap, there were at least 50 executives who had to have one or a dozen or a case, to show how clever they were to have hired me.

However, came a fateful day. The director of advertising and publicity, the all-knowing god who controlled our fates and our raises, got himself a new Mussolini-type office. You know, where every time you entered you felt as though you were walking your last mile by the time you reached his desk.

This new office was surrounded on three sides by floor to ceiling bookshelves. All empty as an editor's promises. After the usual pleasantries, such as (he) "What have you done for me lately?" (and still he) "I haven't seen any horses named after me this month" he inquired charmingly, and he certainly could turn on the charm when he wanted to; "How soon can you get enough books to fill these bookshelves?"

In my childish innocence I thought he wanted to buy books so I asked whether he wanted biographies, trade books, or books from which our movies had been mangled. But no, he wanted to get them for free. I pointed out to him that it would take about 2,500 books to fill the shelves and he said, "*So what? You're the promotion manager . . . so . . . promote!*"

This was not a challenge, it was an order. After salaaming and backing out of the office as was customary, I retired to my office. "Make with the telephone" I told myself. "Your job and reputation, if not life, are at stake." Fortunately, I knew a number of publishers and fancied myself not devoid of charm either. First I conceived the cute idea that my lord and master was an "opinion molder" and the complete set of the Modern Library in his office would be a great boon to Bennett Cerf. But Bennett, who in those days was very approachable, said "For nothing? I wouldn't even sell them to him wholesale."

The Case for Subsidy

"For I have always taxed with want of judgment those who condemn these recreations 'dramatic performances' and with injustice those who refuse to admit into our good towns those comedians who are worth seeing, and begrudge the people these public pleasures. Well-governed corporations take care to assemble and unite the citizens not only for serious and devotional offices, but also for plays and sports; sociability and friendship are thereby increased. One could not besides concede to them more orderly pastimes than those which take place in presence of all, and even under the eyes of the authorities.

"And I should think it only right that the magistracy and the prince should from time to time gratify the community with such spectacles at their own expense, out of a sort of paternal goodness and affection; and that in populous towns there might be places intended and arranged for these shows, as some diversion from worse and secret actions."

Montaigne, 1580.

'Don't Call Me a B'way Columnist'

Bitter Indictment By a Cynical Observer of Today's Not-So-Gay, Gray (Faded White) Way

By HY GARDNER

When we were young and ambitious and naive there was a spine-tingling tempo and an aura of excitement attached to the name of Broadway. There were Winchell and Hellinger pounding their beat in matching white linen suits and dark blue shirts. Skolsky and Sullivan and Sobol and Runyon were other Broadway Boswells whose way of life we envied and whose by-lines we coveted.

Broadway spelled romance, sentiment, glamor, fame, good fellowship. It was the market place for fun and entertainment. The magic spell it cast was contagious, even to strangers who captured the festive mood of a 'round-the-clock, four-season mardi gras.

That day is gone. The Broadway sentimentalized in words and music by Runyon, George M. Cohan and Irving Berlin is no more. Broadway's dearest friends are her memories. The Broadway of today is little more than a shabby, rainbow-hued, vile-smelling, dirty-looking, cheap and tawdry human jungle. It is inhabited by prowling punks, pushing, shoving, leering, sneering drunks, dope addicts, wiseguys, juvenile and adult rowdies, pimps, panhandlers, perverts, frowsy females and prostitutes of all sizes, shapes, colors—and sexes.

Broadway is a Ziegfeld beauty who never learned how to grow old gracefully or tastefully. It is the wino cellar of the Bowery, uptown branch; the dank-smelling, dingy basement clubhouses of the Harlem, Yorkville, Brownsville and Hell's Kitchen gangs mozied midtown.

Broadway, once a street of dreams, is now Nightmare Boulevard. Broadway is a former mistress of a millionaire lend-leasing the tattered remnants of her charms for whatever the traffic will bear. Broadway is defunct physically, morally, emotionally and spiritually. The only way it hasn't changed is geographically. Broadway, once the toast of the world, has crumbled and all that remains are crumbs.

How It Started

The disintegration process commenced shortly after World War II and hurtled with the momentum of a parachute which failed to open. Today the so-called Gay White Way is a cluster of cribs. Legitimate businesses, theatres, restaurants and hotels are landscaped by cheap souvenir shops . . . gaudy clipjoints . . . record shops blaring rock 'n' roll so loudly it deadens the heart-stopping whine of an ambulance, a fire siren or an emergency police vehicle careening through the sticky traffic.

Pizza parlors . . . chili con carne nooks . . . hotdogs and health-fruit drinkstands . . . bookshops brazenly displaying pornographic pulps . . . novelty shops offering knives, bayonets and other handy weapons to sadistic shoppers . . . movie houses selling sexy features "For Adults Only" . . . street-corner orators sermonizing atop dirty soapboxes. That's a panoramic glimpse of Broadway tonight.

The respectable theatregoer is reasonably safe as long as he steps directly from a car or cab into a theatre, club or hotel. But he'd better not decide to stroll along Broadway or its side streets. For all kinds of mixed nuts are on the loose; lone troublemakers and organized packs of rats jostle obviously decent passersby and challenge you to exchange words and blows—and maybe lives.

Just the other night we saw a middleaged woman elbowed, maliciously, by a young punk. The victim's husband, in his late 50s, lost his temper, grabbed his wife's molester and started to throttle him. "No, no, darling," she screamed, frightened, "let him go—he probably has a knife." From the way the hooligan grinned maniacally and continued to plow into and upset other pedestrians, he probably did have a shiv up his sleeve. We tailed him for three blocks, hoping to see a cop. But the only one we saw was a traffic officer busy writing out a summons for a jaywalker.

The fault does not lie with the police, they are spread so thin it is a tribute that they have kept some semblance of law and order in the jungle. It is also not the fault of the Broadway Association. That organization has healthy gums but no teeth. What we think is urgently needed, unless the City Fathers want to turn over Broadway to the criminals the same way it surrendered Central Park is for the business men of the area to organize their own private police force, similar to the system applied so effectively to other midways. Broadway deserves that kind of consideration, just as any fading star can't be allowed to wither away and die, broken-hearted, of old age and neglect. Till such measures are taken we'd rather not be called a Broadway columnist.

WHAT'S IN A ROSE?

By JOSEPH BORKIN

(Auther of 'The Corrupt Judge' and one-time Washington Counsel for the late Nate Blumberg, Jack Kapp and Robert R. Young).

Washington.

Just how and why people choose, change, or otherwise modify their names has always fascinated me. Three years ago the anniversary issue of VARIETY contained my analysis of why William Sidney Porter chose the name O. Henry. For me, at least, it was O. Henry's greatest and shortest story, consisting of one word—O. Henry—which he adopted as an alias to conceal the fact that he was a prisoner in the

OH lop EN itentia RY.

One theory of names that has always fascinated me concerns the reason why certain girls put a "y" in their names in place of the "i," "e" or "o"—such as Edyth, Bettye, Ethyl, Caryl, etc. According to Jule Eisenbud, a psychoanalyst, ". . . where a woman has preferentially adopted a 'y' in place of an 'i' or 'o' in her name . . . observation will disclose a strong but usually inverted [masculine] envy throughout her entire character structure."

In view of my interest in the significance of names, one can imagine my surprise last year when I was informed by a friend that review of my "biography," written by Herbert Mitgang, could be read in the N.Y. Times. My vanity is not such that I could let five minutes pass by before I had located a copy of the Times and read the review of Mitgang's book. "The Return" was the story of a young GI named Joseph Borken, who during the Sicilian campaign had become involved in a violent love affair with a girl named Francesca. Several years later the same Joseph Borken returned to Sicily to resume this passionate interlude.

I thereupon wrote Mr. Mitgang and asked him how he came to pick the name with merely the smallest of vowels separating it from mine. He replied that he though he was picking a name with no ethnological, religious, or national roots—hence, a name that meant Everyman. He generously added that he was surprised to learn that it belonged to such an important somebody.

Washington is a wonderful place to study names. Take, for instance, the wife of the banker, Mrs. Spencer Davis, who, the newspapers report, is being pushed in and out of Robert Kennedy's swimming pool. She is always being confused with the bibliophile, Mrs. Spencer

(Continued on page 47)

INDIA'S BEST LIKES U.S. PIX

–Economics Hamper Hindi Tongue Soundtracks;
–Regional Language Production On Increase
–China Makes United States Look Good

By N. V. ESWAR

Bombay.

Much has been written these last months about the disenchantment of India with their "comrades" in China. Land-grab invasion of the Chinese military caught India unprepared militarily, caught between its illusions of non-alignment and the reality of Communistic muscle. The United States has gained a new dignity here by having the inspired good sense, via its ambassador, John K. Gallbraith, to declare that its aid to India, in its present military crisis, has "no string tied"—in other words, that Washington does not ask political attitudes be altered as a price for help.

All of this stands apart from the economics of India's film industry. In any event, that would be suffering. The shortage of raw film stock and the prevalence of usury in film financing have been detailed at length in previous Anniversary and International Film Editions of VARIETY. Also set forth in the past have been the weird way in which certain stars rule the roost, far beyond the dictatorial powers of even the most in demand figures of Hollywood. It continues true that a star in India is able to sell himself or herself in fragments of a week or month to a number of different productions, collecting a fortune from each but budgeting performance time in front of cameras with miserly care.

Film production was below even the reduced level of 1961. Drop was 30%. This despite promises of a number of films in color when it looked as though 1962 was going to be big.

However, there was no real shortage crisis. Playing time was filled by widening use of substandard films in Tamil, Telugu, Canarese, Bengali, Hindi.

Drop in Hindi films was brought about by two factors, South Indian producers, who were concentrating only on Tamil and Telugu language films, invaded the Hindi film market with Hindi versions of their successful films which usurped screens in a big way. Raw stock shortage and private borrowing at high rates of interest charges stood against important new production, while production of B and C grade films was given up as uneconomical and unprofitable.

Due to the drop in Hindi film production, business with foreign films was increased as much as 35% to 40%, since theatres had to find second product to keep operating. Many theatres all over India switched over to showing foreign films completely or by as much as 60% to 75% in a number of cases. This is particularly noticeable in cities like Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and Madras and Bangalore, where the time clearance between first and second runs is just a little over a month while it used to be as much as six months.

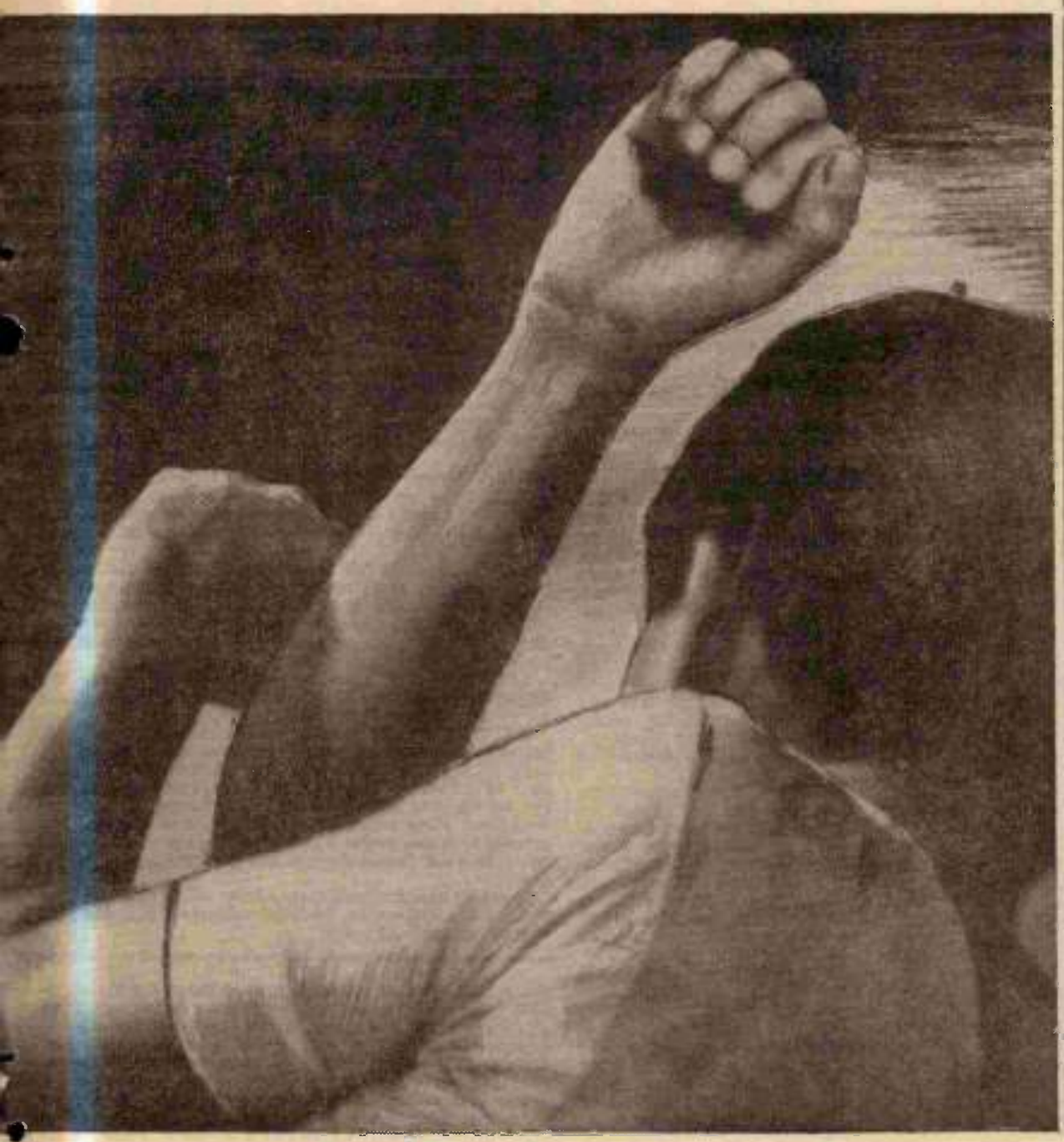
Whether one likes it or not, the young generation in India has virtually no liking for Indian films which claim only the working class and the lower middle class types of audience—mainly women and children. American films have captured the imagination, whether viewers know English or not.

The virtual admission that Hindi is not going to replace English as the National language for many years to come, coupled with the rennaissance of the regional languages, has more or less restored English to its original status. At least the majority of people have started worrying about the deteriorating standards of English Education in the country.

All this means that the potentialities for American films in India are good, but distribution has to be done more energetically, with imaginative salesmanship and drive on a personal level.

in

"The Hook"



A STRANGE AND COMPELLING STORY

In these days of man's inhumanity to man, its haunting theme will not soon be forgotten, for it proves that all men, no matter how different, have one thing in common ... their humanity!

NEHEMIAH PERSOFF ENRIQUE MAGALONA

GEORGE SEATON Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG · In Panavision®

MGM

WHO'S AFRAID OF ELINOR GLYN

[A Postscript to the Roaring Twenties]

By JOHN ROEBURT

"Jackpot" writing today and the exultant triumph of sex over the censor, owes both legitimacy and fortune to a small band of fellows who were superbly the literary bravos of the '20s. The current puddling of Krafft-Ebbing into prose-molds for best-sellers (no names, *please!*), had its genesis in the scribblings of such eyebrow-raising '20s writers as Carl Van Vechten, Hergesheimer, Floyd Dell.

John Roeburt

Packaged sex, however, was but coincidental to headier themes of the '20s—a decade remembered and valued as America's literary Renaissance. Writers then declared War on Puritanism, the Genteel Tradition, the Status Quo and the Ivy Tower. Dadaism and the gospel of the New Humanism stirred "tweedy" minds to inquiry and iconoclasm; writers became world-aware, pencils became torches, and books were typed with fingers of flame. Angry young man F. Scott Fitzgerald crashed his hipflask to the floor to sound the toesin: *Victorians, Victorians, who never learned to ween; who showed the bitter harvest that your children go to reap.*"

Assaultive writing became the vogue; the new novels (each one of the purposed as *the* Great American Novel) berated and blackened America's muddling ancestors, dissected Man and isolated his libido, hurled curare-tipped pens into Government bureaucrats, venal businessmen and Elmer Gantrys, destroyed the myth of smalltown rectitude, prose-murdered Victorianism and its Pontiffs.

The big names were Edmund Wilson, Gilbert Seldes, Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Boyd, Sinclair Lewis, James Branch Cabell. The deposed literateurs, writers whose reputations had begun to fade by 1919, were George Barr McCutcheon, Robert W. Chambers, Temple Bailey, Harold Bell Wright, Harold MacGrath. All scriveners of monotonous minds, barren both in style and ideas, who struck typewriter keys like greengrocers at the cash register thrilling to the sound of money.

The immediate post-World War I reading audience available to the new literary *avante-garde* was pitifully small, 20,000 to 30,000 possibly. (The time-in-the-future of a multi-million reader paperback market was *unthought-of*, even in prophecy.) Popular reading tastes were geared to such folksy periodicals like Good Housekeeping and The American. Demobilized soldiers, trench-and-barracks-addicted to the Katzenjammer Kids and Mutt & Jeff, were an unlikely new audience for esthetic and artistic novels—the minds and psyches of doughboys for years to come would anyhow be too-full-up with "Mademoiselle from Armentiers" for any liaison with "Main Street's" Carol Kennicott.

Bud Kelland and Anderson

With the new epoch in American writing, collision and wrangles with censors was to become a theme shouting louder than the produced book. The first faint stirrings of this Armageddon were felt with the publication of a story that violated the taboo against prose-mention of sexual intercourse. The story: "The Little Moment of Happiness," by Clarence Budington Kelland. A freud-enlightened yarn in which American women and wives condoned the overseas love-antics of the A.E.F.

More censor growls rasped into the free American air with the publication of Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio." Authors were further "comstocked" when booksellers-turned-lexicographers devised their own definition of "obscenity" and refused to exhibit and sell Warwick Deeping's "Doomsday," Jim Tully's "Circus Parade," Aldous Huxley's "Two or Three Graces," Julia Peterkin's "Black April." Newspaper belief that reader seduction-by-book was indeed possible became flaming editorials—The Richmond News Leader railed against "the young authors of America" who were writing "naked, ugly filth," while the Newark Times of the period attacked novels for their "orgies of sensuality."

The anti-authority, anti-institution impulse of the bellicose '20s was symbolized in the writer-critic Harry L. Mencken. Mencken, who was to coin the killing epithet "booboisie" (bourgeoisie) and generally inveigh against and muckrake the American scene (while encouraging idea-heretics in his American Mercury magazine), was the gust of critical wind behind the novels "Main Street," "This Side of Paradise," "Jurgen," three heretical books that were to flap the toupees of the Elders of the Watch & Ward Society and forever change the American literary scene. The books assailed prevailing hypocrisies about sex, threw surgeon's knives into the flabby and tumorous body politic, showed (sin-charged) Echo Hollow, population 1620, to be more a wayside stop before Purgatory than a heaven on earth. The books were admired and applauded by reader-partisans of the new mood and made surprising penetration into that body of readership whose more customary brain-food was the literary birdseed confected by Zane Grey, Kathleen Norris, Blasco Ibanez.

Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" (rejected by *five* conventioned-complexed publishers before its acceptance) hit the top of the bestseller list. The speeches of Fitzgerald's protagonist and viewpoint-character in the book, Amory Blaine, were in nice alignment with the Mencken dichotomy. Through Blaine, Fitzgerald slighted institutional American society, poo-bahed codified morality, approved sex foolery and sex experimentation, added the middle "J" to the name Sigmund Freud—"J" for Jehovah.

Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" also achieved the top of the bestseller list, with even more spectacular success than the Fitzgerald entry. And more censor furor. The challenge posed by "Main Street" went beyond its free-swinging iconoclasm and assaults on sacred dogmas—the novel's sales statistics showed hundreds of thousands of readers, a "propaganda" radiation north and south of Gopher Prairie that touched both coasts. Where Fitzgerald's book had mainly lodged Freud in the American bedroom, the satirical insidium of Lewis was such that it threatened The Establishment and The American Way.

The *full* lightning of censorship struck one James Branch Cabell. The pathetic irony of this was that Cabell was felled mainly for the sins of Fitzgerald and Lewis. Cabell, a man of milder milk that Fitzgerald and Lewis, was more poet and allegorist than social revolutionary or reformer. A Virginian, born rich, Cabell came to writing by erudition more than any compulsions of anger and bile. His novel "Jurgen," a fable about a philanderer in a magic shirt astride a centaur riding into ladies' boudoirs, was speedily banned by the New York Socety for the Suppression of Vice. The book mocked prevailing sex mores, exalted libidinous license, but in figures, images and "code" writing a la Anatole France. Yet it was sex literature purely, *the* red flag to the bullish censors.

An obscenity indictment against "Jurgen" with officials of the publishing company as defendants was remarkable in that the indictment sought to prove its charge *not* by excerpting words and passages from the book, but by a "modest" citation of the objectionable pages. Some 80 pages were cited by page-number only as "offensive, lewd, lascivious and indecent." The indictment explained that the cited pages were so foul that "a minute description of the same would be offensive to the Court and improper to be placed on the records thereof" (!)

The publishers were ultimately acquitted of the obscenity charge, but *too late* for profit to them, or to James Branch Cabell. The legal ban had dropped "Jurgen" from bestseller potentiality to a footnote in censorship annals.

Flight to Freedom of Expression

In time, and for a time, a covey of writers left New York and America to John S. Sumner and made the Atlantic Crossing to Paris. The home air was too stifling, the courtroom air where censorship was argued fetid, and John S. Sumner was as dull a man as was "Pilgrim's Progress" a book. Paris offered champagne at two francs, collapsible canvas tubs for bathing, the "tyrannical" concierge, good talk, publishing freedom, the salon of Gertrude Stein, the Little Magazine.

Montmartre tenants newly-installed were American expatriates Sinclair Lewis, Konrad Bercovici, Louis Bromfield, Scott Fitzgerald and his capering Zelda, newsman Ernest Hemingway, Ford Madox Ford, Carl Van Vechten.

Dublin's James Joyce was there too; his scatological book "Ulysses," unobtainable in the Home of the Brave, could be bought in any Paris bookshop. The Paris experimental magazine *transition*, edited by Eugene Jolas, offered the self-exiled American writers that total literary freedom refused them in the States. Writers who availed themselves of the carte blanche were Malcolm Cowley (who was to write the brilliant "Exile's Return"), Kay Boyle, Hart Crane, Matthew Josephson, Samuel Putnam, Hemingway.

Boys, and men, inevitably grow older; middle age in perverse alchemy turns champagne to water in the stomach. The expatriates came home—the Paris scene and literary bull sessions transferred to Greenwich Village's Pirate's Den and the Pig and Whistle Inn.

Boston Gets Into The TNT Party

With the home-censors mobilized and girded for this invasion, brandishing blue-pencils and legal writs for bludgeons. With a dread twin to the Agent of the New York Society on deck, cut from John S. Sumner's rib. The name of this emergence: J. Frank Chase. The portfolio held by Chase was Agent for the Watch & Ward Society of Boston. A *paying* job, a well-buttered dedication, and a lively trade to boot.

A United States Senator got into the censorship act. In a speech on the floor of the Senate, Utah's Reed Smoot said about the new mainstream of literature: "I would rather a child of mine take opium than read one of those books." And throwing grammar to the winds, Smoot raged on: "There cannot be viler language, there cannot be words put together so vile and rotten as in these books."

In the year 1927, Boston's Watch & Ward Society managed to ban almost 100 books. The ban fell equally on obscure and famous novelists, one fine works and second-rate fiction. A sampling of the prohibited books show: "An American Tragedy" by Theodore Dreiser, "Manhattan Transfer" by John Dos Passos, "The Plastic Age" by Percy Marks, "Oil" by Upton Sinclair, "Dark Laughter" by Sherwood Anderson, "The Sun Also Rises" by Ernest Hemingway, "In Such a Night" by Babette Deutsch, "Count Bruga" by Ben Hecht, "Mosquitoes" by William Faulkner, "Young Men in Love" by Michael Arlen.

Sinclair's "Oil" was tabooed because of its searching and impolitic comments on the Warren G. Harding Administration. The mercurial, idol-smashing Sinclair defended the case himself and addressed a throng of 2,000 on Boston Common. (Censorship was an old story to Sinclair—In 1910 a national campaign was organized to prevent the circulation of his novel "The Jungle".)

Banned In Boston

As sex themes became the mode in literature, the censors grasped for greater powers. Court convictions wre obtained (in Boston) against Floyd Dell's "Janet March," Elliot Paul's "Impromptu," Ben Hecht's "Gargoyles," Boccaccio's "Decameron," Dos Passos' "Streets of Night." In New York, a Supreme Court Justice expanded his *private* war against D. H. Lawrence and especially Lawrence's novel "Women in Love" into a hastily-gotten-together pressure group that took the name Clean Book League.

While poet-novelist Maxwell Bodenheim was defending his sexual fable "Replenishing Jessica" in a New York court, Bronson Cutting, the Senator from New Mexico, informed his constituents and America generally that "Ulysses" could only have been written by a soul-less man rotten in heart, and a psychopath.

In counterattack against runaway censorship, writers Dorothy Parker, Jim Tully, William Allen White, Ernest Poole, John V. A. Weaver, H. M. Tomlinson, Heywood Broun, Charles Hanson Towne, Alexander Woolcottt, others, organized The Committee for the Suppression of Irresponsible Censorship. A book was produced, pointedly titled "Nonsenseorship," with satirical drawings and cartoons supporting the text. The opening paragraph of the Introduction to the book set the mood for the chapters to come: "At current bootliquor quotations, Haig & Haig costs $12 a quart, while any dependable bootlegger can unearth a copy of 'Jurgen' for about $15. Which indicates, at least, an economic application of nonsenseorship."

The first words of (the immortal) Heywood Broun's chapter contribution were: "A censor is a man who has read about Joshua and forgotten Canute. He believes that he can hold back the mighty traffic of life with a tin whistle and a raised right hand. For after all it is life with which he quarrels."

The 'Hatrack' Case

The casus belli of the period was clearly the "Hatrack" case. The story, "Hatrack," written by Herbert Asbury and published by H. L. Mencken, told of a prostie who conducted her affairs in a cemetery. A (Boston) court ruling favored Mencken and the story over censor Frank J. Chase. The "Renaissance" decade came to a close with censors feuding-fussing-fulminating over lurid titles such as "Scarlet Sister Mary" (Julia Peterkin), "The Hard-Boiled Virgin" (Frances Newman), and "Kept Woman" and Loose Ladies" (Vina Delmar).

And this finally (modern-day *sexsational* writers please note): Burton Rascoe observed preceptively of the popular '20s novelist Ethel M. Dell that "(her) novels were straight out of Krafft-Ebbing with elaborate sugarcoating," but that "the stories utilizing every known perversion were so innocently and sentimentally narrated that readers did not suspect the morbid basis of their appeal."

P.S.—Watch for a discussion of Elinor Glyn in 1964 VARIETY Anniversary Issue. I'm working up the courage.

An Intaxicated Nation?

By J. S. SEIDMAN, C.P.A.

In the Thwarted Thirties, the Administration in office proclaimed that the way out of a depression is to spend and spend, and tax and tax.

In these not-so-Soaring Sixties, a frequent slogan to get the country moving again is to spend and spend, but not tax and tax. Some carry it further and urge that we spend more and tax less.

The year 1963 is likely to be a year of decision. Show business people, like all others, have a great deal at stake. Show business people, being in the public eye, have both an opportunity and responsibility for leadership. Make believe is all right on stage, but grim realism takes hold offstage.

It's natural for everyone to want a tax cut. It's natural for everyone to want a Government handout of one sort or another. What's unnatural is not to face up to the fact that we can't have it both ways without ultimately falling on our face.

Hence, this clarion call to restraint and sobriety. To use accounting language, let's all look at both sides of the ledger. Here are the answers that emerge:

(1) To have a tax cut unmatched by an expenditure cut is to endanger the economy, not improve it. We don't get stronger by depleting the Treasury. If budget deficits were the way out, we should now be enjoying economic paradise, since we have had sizeable deficits in 25 of the last 31 years. But we know from history what happens to nations that persist in living beyond their means.

(2) Spending more than we take in does put more dollars into the economy. But that is not the equivalent of more purchasing power or more purchases. A deep-rooted anxiety, reaching out to the entire Western world, is not about the quantity of our dollars, but their quality. Quantity without quality places in jeopardy the Savings Bonds, life insurance policies, bank balances, and pension benefits of our own people. Adding deficit on deficit may get the country moving again—but in the wrong direction.

(3) The road to tax reduction is in expenditure reduction. Expenditure reduction requires determination and forthrightness by each of us. Lip service and pious resolutions won't do it. Every one of us must recognize that expenditure reduction may curb or eliminate advantages that some of us, or certain groups, areas, or parties now unwarrantedly enjoy.

(4) The President properly put it to the nation when, at his inauguration, he said it is time for the people to ask: "What can we do for the Government?" There are many things we can do if we are serious about having our economy advance. For one, we must stop calling for, or condoning, the spending of money that we don't have.

Who's 'Welfare'?

(5) We must realize that today's promises become tomorrow's taxes. We must therefore turn a deaf ear to rosy pictures of lavish "welfare" programs, and other spending that we just can't afford.

(6) We must recognize that nothing impoverishes us, as a nation, more than to pay out a dollar without getting a dollar's worth in return. Featherbedding, or sloughing off of any sort, comes at a high cost to all of us. Show business should sit up and pay particular attention to this one.

(7) We must therefore instill or restore in ourselves an interest in work, a pride in work, a sense of responsibility about work. We must stop trying to get the most and give the least. Otherwise our economy and our jobs are imperiled.

(8) By the same token, we must insist that our elected representatives scrutinize every public program or activity, and measure it by dollar's worth in results and efficient administration. The same rigid analysis, support, and yardsticks must be applied to public expenditures, as is expected of business in its expenditures.

(9) Furthermore, priority must be assigned to the different expenditure requests by government, to permit postponements or eliminations as need be.

(10) We must not only welcome, but also insist upon, tax reform. We must get rid of punitive and outmoded tax laws. In the process we must correct the excessive reliance on the income tax. We must bring to whatever income tax we do have, simplicity, equity, certainty, and administrability. More important, we must get away from the present situation under which taxes, rather than common sense or good judgment, run our personal and business lives.

These 10 commandments may keep us off the shoals of intaxication. Otherwise, financial sobriety can easily give way to financial pie-eyety.

How Private Is Your 'Privacy'?

SHIRLEY BOOTH VS. HOLIDAY
SIDIS VS. NEW YORKER
HILL FAMILY VS. LIFE
GOELET VS. CONFIDENTIAL

By PAUL J. SHERMAN

(Chairman, Authors Committee, American Bar Assn.)

When Shirley Booth, vacationing several years ago at Round Hill, Jamaica, was photographed standing up to her neck in water, with a broad-brimmed floppy straw hat on her head, little did she realize that the striking color picture taken by a photographer from Holiday Magazine would later plunge her into a prolonged legal battle and result in new law being made in the field of "Right of Privacy."

There was no question raised about the magazine's right to run the picture. However, four months later, in June of 1959, the same photograph of Miss Booth was republished in the New Yorker and in Advertising Age as part of an advertising campaign showing the content of past issues of Holiday and soliciting advertisers for the periodical.

Miss Booth registered her objections to this use of her photograph with Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, the advertising agency for Curtis Pub. Co., publisher of Holiday. Ultimately, suit was instituted against the publisher and its agency for invasion of Miss Booth's right of privacy, and the trial jury handed down a unanimous verdict in Miss Booth's favor in the amount of $17,500 . . . $5,000 for actual damages, and 12,500 for punitive damages. Defendants appealed, basing their argument on a two-pronged defense: first, Miss Booth, by being in a class of persons who are public figures, had yielded her right to privacy; second, the magazine as a member of the communications industry, must be permitted to advertise its wares in order to preserve and foster informational media in the public interest.

The Appellate Court said it was faced with a question of first impression. In the end it reversed the judgment given Miss Booth and dismissed her complaint.

Legal Reasoning

The Court ruled that republication by Holiday of Miss Booth's photograph was merely incidental advertising of a news medium. Underlying its decision was the Court's belief that the leeway given the publication was a "vital necessity for preserving a strong and free press." Justice Breitel who wrote the opinion later affirmed by the highest court in New York, stated that it had been previously held acceptable for news media to advertise their contents by means of extracts, dust jackets, or posters using names or pictures of individuals relevant to such contents. The Court felt the privilege accorded the publisher of Holiday to use the Booth photograph in other periodicals, and at a later date, for the purpose of exploiting interest in and stimulating circulation of Holiday was a logical extension of this liberal rule favoring informational media.

At the same time, the Court rejected the notion that as a public figure, Miss Booth had no right of privacy. The actress had testified at the trial that she never at any time lent her name to any form of advertising unrelated to her appearances in radio, television or motion picture. Like many other members of her profession, Miss Booth objected to being "used commercially." With this, the Court sympathized, but nonetheless pointed out that the right of privacy could not protect Miss Booth from true and fair presentation in the news or from incidental advertising of the news medium in which she was presented.

The decision in the Shirley Booth case fits into the classic mould of decisions in right of privacy cases in New York. In this State, the basis for restraining invasions of privacy is a Civil Rights statute. The statute authorizes injunctive relief and recovery of damages for using any person's name or picture for advertising or trade purposes without written consent.

The same law also has a penal section which makes such conduct a misdemeanor. Because of this penal section, there has been a tendency to construe the law strictly, giving the benefit of the doubt to the defendant. Various rationales such as the "incidental advertising" approach in the Booth case have resulted in a progressive narrowing of the right of privacy in this State. This has occurred, most often when newspaper or magazine stories have revolved around people who in some way have come into the public eye.

Newsworthy in Obscurity

The most famous case in this category involved a former child genius named Sidis, who was profiled by James Thurber in New Yorker series, "Where Are They Now?" The article described Sidis' attempts to bury himself in obscurity, working at a routine, menial job. Article contrasted Sidis' former feats of mental brilliance with the lowly position to which he had descended. Despite the complete exposure of his private life, much against his will, the suit by Sidis for invasion of privacy failed. The Court held that he was a "public figure" who had become a matter of public interest and therefore subject to appropriate scrutiny in a newsgathering medium. The fact that the force of public scrutiny may be stirred by nothing more than morbid curiosity makes no difference.

In a case against Confidential Magazine an actor and his actress-wife protested that certain intimate details of their lives had been exposed and distorted in the magazine. However, the court felt that the plaintiffs had become well known, often sought the limelight, and were therefore proper subjects for examination in print. On this ground of being "public figures" recovery was denied. Similarly, the hero of an airplane crash into the side of the Empire State Bldg. could not recover in a suit against a comic book magazine in which his activities were portrayed six months after the incident. Even a comic book was regarded by the court as a medium for the dissemination of factual events. The plaintiff's one heroic deed had made him a "public figure" insofar as his right of privacy was concerned.

It would seem that the courts place a high value on keeping the public informed. In one case, Pageant ran an article on the evils of boxing. To advertise and call attention to the article, the magazine ran a large picture of prize-fighter Lou Oma on its back cover with the caption "Tycoon — This man can make $25,000 on a single deal, but it might cost him his life. Why? See page 24." On this factual situation there would appear to be nothing wrong except for one thing . . . the article on boxing made no mention at all of the boxer Lou Oma. The sole purpose for using the plaintiff's pic-

(Continued on page 37)

Hollywood Freelance Writers: High Or Low Men on the Totem Pole?

By DORA ALBERT

Hollywood,

Just what is the status of the Hollywood freelance writer? Is he Hollywood's low man or high man on the totem pole?

But Hollywood freelance magazine writers are an unorganized, amorphous group, consisting of some who almost starve to death and others who manage to get excellent rates, often because they are good negotiators or have agents who are. Attempts to organize freelancers have failed because of the highly individualistic characteristics of the writers. Most Hollywood writers' organizations are primarily social. The Society of Magazine Writers has tried to improve relationships between writers and editors, but it functions most effectively in New York.

For better or worse, Hollywood freelances are among the few remaining relics of the bygone era of rugged individualism. Each freelance is pretty much on his own, fighting his lonely battles.

When the magazines for which they write fold, they are sometimes paid for their contributions, sometimes paid half price, and sometimes paid nothing. I knew a lawyer once who attended a creditors' meeting, where he put forth the somewhat revolutionary idea that writers who had conscientiously carried out their assignments should get preference, along with the office workers. They, too, he said, were "labor." He was overruled.

A Hollywood freelance writer's life looks much jollier than it is. Many senior flacks, weary of the tiresome routines and lengthy hours that earn them their $245.69 and up weekly salaries, are envious of freelance writers and their supposedly free, undisciplined existence. Any flack sitting in on an interview with a fan magazine writer is apt to think the writer is sitting pretty. He knows that the writer will receive anywhere from $100 to $500 for that story—and if he's a big name perhaps even more.

The mathematics of someone else's profession is often difficult for others to understand. To some flacks it's obvious that a writer earning $300 for a simple, apparently easy-to-write story that has taken him only a few hours to do, must be rolling in wealth. To the flack it seems obvious that any competent writer could turn out 20 such interviews in a month and earn $6,000 a month. The fact that the writer might have to think of 100 hot ideas a month to sell 20 may not occur to the p.a. The intense competition among freelances means that if a writer had a mind fertile enough to think of 100 hot ideas, he'd find himself in competition with (1) staff writers and (2) editors. The editors, when they have to pare their budgets, cut down on the freelancers.

Competition for assignments from the national magazines may be even more ferocious. Here he is often competing not only with other Hollywood writers, but also with New York and Philadelphia writers who want nothing more than a good excuse for going to Hollywood.

When the red carpet is being spread by studios, it is often spread most lavishly for visiting New York writers, even those who come with daggers concealed in their sleeves. Hollywood bowed loudly and long to the visiting New Yorker writer a number of years ago. The people who talked eagerly to her found themselves empaled in the scabbard of her scathing wit. Snide were the remarks in an article that went all over the country mocking Hollywood.

The freelance from New York, even if it's his custom to take potshots at the stars he interviews, will usually get quicker service than the Hollywood freelance. Of course, if he stays in Hollywood long enough, the service may diminish considerably. Their best bet usually seems to be to grab what stories they can, and run with what they have.

Columnists' Edge

While studios make a fuss over more important New York writers, the Hollywood writer not permanently attached to any newspaper or magazine has to achieve the almost impossible task of pleasing his editor, the star, the studio, and the public. As for his status, any newspaperman with a column in the hinterlands—even if he gets the tiniest stipend for his column, or writes it just to be on the Johnston list—is more highly regarded by some flacks than the freelance writers. When junkets are organized, Christmas lists or party lists assembled, the freelance writer is not considered as important as the worst hack on the smallest newspaper. This isn't entirely unreasonable, because many industry functions need quick mentions in the local press. The freelance who is trying to earn a living can usually do it only by writing full-length stories, so he is rarely in a position to pay off for a party invitation with a quick mention of the party-giver in print. However, when names are pared from preview lists, his is apt to be one of the first eliminated—a threat to his livelihood, since he, too, needs to know which actors and actresses are worth writing about.

The value of the ethical freelance writer to the industry is grossly underestimated. Since the freelance can make a living only if he has ideas that an editor considers usable, he *has* to be creative

POSTMORTEMS OF 1962

¶ Rhymes Out of the Broadway Hive
¶ For 'Variety' Born in 1905

By AL STILLMAN

Politicians, singers, fighters,
And, occasionally, writers.

A lot of stocks went on the skids.
The Music Biz is for the kids,
Though, listening to the tunes and words,
I'd say it's also for the birds.
Albums got the biggest rakeoff,
Especially the "Family" takeoff.

The Burton-Taylor nightly capers
Sold a lot of morning papers.

The Prez gets less than he's demandin';
Jackie had a TV stand-in.
The banks now have accomodations
In some of the better subway stations.

Ole Case, the erstwhile Yankee click,
Went from the sublime to the ridic.

The boys are shooting for Mars and Taurus.
Roget came out with a new Thesaurus.
They'd do much better in the stix
If they had subtitles for British pix.

"Seidman and Son" was saved by Sam.[1]
Anthony Newly rhymed "man" with "am."[2]
"Who's Afraid . . . "got Taubman's praise,
But "Long night's journey into daze"
Was McCarten's nifty phrase.
Thanks to parties[3] "Mr. President"
Should become a long-term resident.

Bossa Nova, the recent rage,
Didn't come from Lindy's or The Stage.

The plush Americana glories
In 50 million-dollar stories,
And on the 50th one can thrill
To views of Jersey and the Brill.

Quite a little blood was shed
By India and China (Red);
Stevenson took the U.N. floor 'n'
Got Real Mad at Comrade Zorin.
Meanwhile everything was cool
Back at Peter Lawford's pool.

The protestations of the Birches
I do not, can not, will not purchase.

The White House, nettled by a rib,
Doesn't read the Herald-Trib.

Drew Pearson wasn't always right.
I "saw" the Patterson-Liston "fight."
The New York tracks were full of platers.
I had no arguments with waiters.[4]

The Yankees overcame the Giants
Who demonstrated great defiance.
The Braves were sold for a teenie-weenie
Five million ones by Lou Perini.
Maury Wills set records reeling
By doing all that legal stealing.

James Meredith, fighting segregation,
Received a "liberal" education.

"Come On Strong" went out weak
Despite Miss Baker's fine physique.

The Christmas Choir sang out at Sak's.
Happy birthday, Income Taxes![5]
Rush hour biz showed no declines,
It was S.R.O. for the transit lines.
The Social Register dropped some names.
None of my friends reads Henry James.[6]

Twentieth-Fox was in a panic—
There was a whole lot wrong from A to Zanuck.
"That Touch of Mink" had the Midas Touch,
Though the critics didn't rave too much.

Republicans and Democrats
Had their pre-election spats;
To lots of people, it seemed to be
Tweedledum vs. Tweedledee.

Tired of the true-and-trite?
Try "Points of My Compass" by E. B. White.
Steinbeck copped the Nobel cash;
When will they give it to Ogden Nash?

What with the rise in population
And the growth of automation
Try and choose an occupation.

Paper books are in demand.
The Culture Craze has swept the land.
The traffic jam is still a worry,—
I always walk when I'm in a hurry.

Election day was cold and raw
Especially for Morgenthau.
Nixon now is free to plan
A life as the Forgotten Man.
While Capehart and his staff (or staffs),
Can concentrate on phonographs.

The Twist was still the King of Dances.
No one cries like Connie Francis.
Sinatra didn't wed again.
I went into the red again.[7]

A high-class word which seems to be a
New Yorker fave is "logorrhea."[8]
Wanna make your New Year merry?
Read "The Devil's Dictionary"
Or take a week off and be beguiled
By the thousand-page volume on Oscar Wilde.

The tepid notices for "Gee-Go"
Didn't add to Gleason's ego,
But "Lolita" tickets were worth buyin'
Just to gaze upon Sue Lyon.
I didn't attend the Debutantes Ball.[9]
Many things happened I can't recall;
And I hope by December '63,
You'll have some cheerfuller news from me.[10]

---

[1] *Levene, that is.*
[2] *It didn't hut the sales any.*
[3] *Non-political.*
[4] *I ate at home.*
[5] *110th Onniversary Internal Revenue Service.*
[6] *Neither do I.*
[7] *Due to a few minor setbacks at the Big A, Belmont, Roosevelt and Yonkers.*
[8] *The last time they used it was in connection with Edward Albee who they said had come down with an attack of it.*
[9] *I wasn't invited.*
[10] *I doubt it.*

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POLLY BERGEN
JOAN CRAWFORD
IN The Caretakers
WITH
JANIS PAIGE • DIANE McBAIN • VAN WILLIAMS • CONSTANCE FORD
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SCREENPLAY BY ISOBEL LENNART
PRODUCTION DESIGNED BY BORIS LEVEN
MUSIC ANDRE PREVIN
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Screenplay by NATE MONASTER
Directed by GORDON DOUGLAS

SEPT

SUSAN HAYWARD
in
SUMMER FLIGHT
with
Michael Craig · Edward Judd · Diane Baker
Chet Baker · Basil Sydney
Produced by STUART MILLAR and LAWRENCE TURMAN
Directed by DANIEL PETRIE Screenplay by JESSAMYN WEST
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BILLY WILDER'S
IRMA LA DOUCE
with LOU JACOBI • HERSCHEL BERNARDI
Screenplay by BILLY WILDER and I. A. L. DIAMOND
Produced and Directed by BILLY WILDER
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OCT

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DEAR HOLLYWOOD: AN ADIOS FROM SPAIN

By JIM BISHOP

Madrid.

It was up over the rise of the hot barren hill and at first it looked like a dark shimmering blob against the Guadarrama Mountains, but the progress of the car made it come up bigger and bigger until the pagoda roofs and the great wall became clear and when it drew close, it seemed as though all of Spain had been transmuted, by some magical touch, to China.

Jim Bishop

There was a rutty lane to the left and a lone juniper tree, fighting for its life in the sun. Under it a Spaniard sat. He had a stick and, reposing against the burled bark of the tree, a goatskin of wine. Once, he had been a matador. Now, in age, he rubbed the puckered skin over the three cornadas and tried not to think of the days when he was carried on many shoulders as the crowd screamed "Ole!" He thought only of the strangers he must keep from the motion picture set.

This was enough. A man can think very well of one thing. If you give him a tree, and some wine, he can think that one thing to death. He sat watching the American car come slowly, the shockabsorbers whistling like shepherds, and he got to his feet. He dusted the tan trousers and pulled the blue shirt around so that the buttons were in front, and he bowed. He would not be mistaken for a watchman. This man was a retired matador with the gracious manner one would expect of a proud man.

He looked at the passes, counted the people in the car, and bowed. His stick pointed to the set. The car moved on and the Americans said "Gracias," being careful to make the c sound like th. The man sitting in the back was an American writer, a good one with a big blackboard for the faults of others and an eraser for his own. Beside him was a stout woman with a deep bosom who breathed noisily.

She was his wife. When the writer's love faded, the wife learned to enjoy the martyrdom of asthma. It made him solicitous, sometimes. He was a fretful man who wrote mostly at night, and drank. Sometimes he read his stories in the morning and tore them into strips. When he said: "Hey, get a load of this . . ." she knew that he thought it was good. She responded accordingly.

The driver took them through a gate and onto the set. There was a huge wall, broad enough for an automobile race, in a rectangle around a city purporting to be Peking, China, circa 1900. There were streets and alleys and shops—all full scale with backs as well as fronts—a big temple in the Forbidden City area, moats, a canal, Chinese princes in the green and gold embroidered garments of the Dowager Empress, and hundreds of Spaniards with slant eyes, long queues and cotton blouses.

What Sam Hath Wrought

The Writer looked around. "What Sam hath wrought" he murmured. The Wife thought it might be an inside joke. "Sam who, dear?" she said. The Writer shaded his eyes against the sun to examine the battlements atop the walls. "Sam Bronston," he said. "The neglected child of Hollywood."

"Oh," she said. "I know. He's the producer." The writer nodded to an assistant director. "He's the producer who produces. There aren't many left." The wife opened her purse and pulled out a small black vial. She applied it to one nostril, then the other, like playing a toy clarinet in reverse. "Have we met him, dear?"—she said. She sniffed the words as well as the inhalant.

"You haven't," he said, still looking. "I knew him in Hollywood years ago. He was a little dandy with lots of ideas and no money. The big men in the studios had lots of money and no ideas. So they ignored him."

The wife snapped the purse closed. "He seems to be doing all right now, this what's-his-name." "Indeed," the Writer said. "They now call him Solvent Bronston. He left home, so to speak, I used to write for Hollywood when Faulkner was getting the third line and Jerry Wald was getting the first one. But that doesn't explain anything, Sweet. Hollywood has come full cycle. They started by producing two-reel Westerns and now they're doing it again.

"The difference is Sam, and a few other Sams who go under other names. Bronston is here in Madrid turning out big spectaculars like 'King of Kings,' 'El Cid,' and now 'The 55 Days of Peking.' Other Sams are doing it in Rome, or Cyprus, or Tokyo." He pointed. "Take, for example, this set. They tell me it cost a million. Okay. The same set would cost Sam three million in Hollywood. The extras, whatever they cost, would triple in cost back home. The sun comes free, and it's reliable without smog."

"Sorry," the wife said, "I root for America." The writer stopped his study of the set to look at her. It was rare for her to take a view contrary to his. He nodded solemnly. "So do I. So does Bronston. So do Zanuck and Kramer. But if you are producing, and you know that the picture is going to run you 10 million in Spain or 25 million in Hollywood, you are going to blow fifteen on patriotism?"

She thought about it. The wife sniffed several times, making her nose swing like a rabbit's. "A woman," she said, "will always go for a bargain." He took her by the hand and led her into a Chinese apothecary shop, laden with Tiger Balm and crocodile unguents and some Western importations like iodine and bandages and witch-hazel.

"What is the story?" the wife said. "You say that every thing must start with a story." "The story," he said, looking at the array of colored bottles and jars, "concerns the Boxer Rebellion of 1900. It was an assault by [illegible] Chinese against the white devils in the foreign compound. A cruel story," he said, "which amounts to a footnote of history."

"But who gets Ava Gardner?" she said. "I mean, in the end." The writer ran a tired hand through his gray hair. "Heston, I guess," he said. "It has to be Heston. It can't be David Niven." "Oh no," the wife said. "He's the kind who always loses gallantly." "You should write," he said. The wife giggled. "You always say that when I say something wrong. Now what have I said?"

"You forgot to say that Niven is the only man who can phone his part in," the writer said. She thought that was funny. "No matter what lines you give him," the writer said, "they sound the same." "Is Ava here today?" the wife said. The writer shook his head. "They're shooting the interiors at Chamartin," he said. "And before you ask me 'What's that?' I'll tell you: It's a Bronston studio on the other side of town."

"My," the wife said, "he must have money. You said he was broke." The writer stopped to say hello to a man who wore a lean, lined face and a pair of knees perpetually crossed. The Lean One listened to the hello of the writer, thought about it a moment, and then said hello. "That," said the writer, "was Nick Ray. He's the director of '55 Days'."

"Is he angry at you?" the wife said. The writer smiled. "No. Nick Ray always thinks before he says hello. Sometimes, he thinks before he thinks." The wife laughed heartily. "You should be taking notes," she said. "You're so sharp today."

The writer's smile died. "Yeah," he said. "Today. Well, we've seen all of this place that I want to see. Let's go." The wife pouted. "I haven't even seen Mr. Heston." "He's not here. Don't worry. I'll get one of his teeth for you." "You know something?" she said. "I'll take it."

As they walked toward the car, the writer turned once more to look. "This," he said, "is the biggest set I've ever seen. What a pity it has to go." The wife was fluffing her hair. "Go where?" she said.

"Boom," he said. "In the final scene, they blow it up." She said nothing. She half believed. "Yes," he said "It's true." She giggled. "Wouldn't it be funny if they did it and found no film in the camera?"

He did not hear her. "This is the new Hollywood," he said. "Madrid. Rome. Tokyo. Stockholm. Paris. The Bronstons of the world. As long as they maintain high standards and good taste, they'll make it big. When they start to cut corners, all the little Hollywoods will fade into their own spectacular sunsets."

The wife eased herself into her back seat. She sighed. "Are you going to write a story about all this?" she said. He grunted. "No," he said as he got into the car. "There's nothing to write about." . . .

A Plea For The Unknown Writer

By BENNETT CERF

(President of Random House)

Like the Broadway theatre, the book business today is suffering from a rash of "me-too-ism" that has the country in its grip. Every visitor to New York wants to see the same few smash-hit shows and spurns the broker who tries to sell him tickets for a play that his neighbor has not boasted of seeing when he visited the Big City. By the same token, people are buying books today not because they have a particular message, but because their neighbors are reading them or at least displaying them on their library tables—or because they are No. 1, 2 or 3 on national bestseller lists.

Bennett Cerf

This insistence of the American public to read and see what everybody else is reading and seeing has proved a bonanza, of course, for the few fortunate authors of the smash hits and bestsellers—but what about the authors—just as deserving and often more so—whose plays and books have not hit that magic circle? More important still, what about the authors who are totally unknown and have just seen their very first novels appear in print? If anybody will give these newcomers a hearing, how are they ever going to get started on the road to success?

I cannot emphasize the difficulty a publisher encounters today in getting a hearing for a new writer. There are exceptions to the rule, of course; maybe once or twice a year an unknown hits the jackpot, but for every "To Kill a Mocking Bird," "Goodbye, Columbus" and "Catch 22," there are at least 100 extremely good first novels that not only sell fewer than 2,000 copies, but that are never given as much as a one-paragraph review in leading literary journals and book sections. Booksellers do not even want to stock a couple of copies of these first novels, despite the fact that they have full return privilege from the publisher. How often have I heard them say, "First, you create a demand for the book and then I'll order copies. Meanwhile, I don't want to clutter up the shop with books nobody has ever heard of."

It's disheartening to tot up the number of the shining literary American greats of the past generation who have disappeared from the scene in recent years. Just think of the stars who have died in that brief span: Theodore Dreiser, Thomas Wolfe, Sinclair Lewis, Willa Cather, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and within the span of the past 15 months, Ernest Hemingway, James Thurber and William Faulkner. In the theatre, we have lost Eugene O'Neill, Robert Sherwood, Moss Hart and George Kaufman. This is but a partial list. How are we going to develop replacements for these shining stars if we don't encourage our promising newcomers?

This, then, is an urgent plea to every reader of this brief piece: the next time you go to bookstore in search of something to give a sick friend or to take for yourself on a vacation, let a clerk whom you trust persuade you to buy a book by somebody who has never had anything published before. Then, if you like what you have read, beat the drum for your discovery. Tell people about it. Help, possibly, to launch another Hemingway or Faulkner on the road to fame!

Shakespeare in Boozeville

[*or, The Bibulous Bard*]

By PROF. JOHN McCABE

(New York University)

There is, I fear me, too much truth to the observation heard 'round about these days that theatrical scholarship like almost every other brand of scholarship concerns itself too much with the minutiae of life. A look at the titles of M.A. and Ph.D. projects in their annual listing in the American Educational Theatre Journal would lead one to think that theatre research is concerned heavily with wanting to know too much about too little. I have felt keenly about this for some years. Judge then my own chagrin in discovering that I have been doing just such scholarship and, what is more, enjoying it—and, what is more than more, thinking that perhaps some people might be interested in it.

This all began one evening when I was post-prandializing with Les Gruber, owner of The London Chop House, Detroit's best saloon et salle-a-manger.

"Mac," said Les, "I have been brooding about something. What was Shakespeare's favorite drink?"

"Why—" I began astutely, and slowly foundered on my own petard. (This is not only a dreadful situation to be in but is complicated by your remorse at finding yourself spang-dang in the midst of a hopelessly scrambled mixed figure of speech. Hideous feeling.)

And since I could not answer his question I set out to discover, if I could, just what Our Will drank. As far as I knew, no Bardic scholar had ever attempted to go through all the plays in an attempt to determine just what Shakespeare's favorite guzzle was, and it occurred to me that if I succeeded at this task, my only reward perhaps would be that I was allowed to wander down a bosky dell as yet untrod by mortal feet.

I think surely I can say at once that Shakespeare was an advocate of the right drink at the right time.

"*Good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used.*" OTHELLO, II, 3.

Shakespeare was probably not a considerable tippler but all the evidence in the canon suggests that he was not unmindful of the beneficient qualities of good booze.

Actually as I began to skim through the plays in an effort to locate all references of an alcoholic nature, I found a definite pattern forming. Shakespeare *did* have a favorite drink—and the evidence is indisputable. If we go on the sound assumption that reiteration is indicative of an author's interest in a certain thing or things, there seems to be little doubt that Shakespeare had a pronounced interest in one particular kind of strong waters.

Naturally, the stout brown ale of Old England comes in for its share of the Master's praise.

"*For a quart of ale is a dish for a king!*"—WINTER'S TALE IV, 3. is a rather explicit statement of Shakespeare's feeling about ale. And yet when the totals are in, it is (I think) a rather astonishing thing that the legendary beer and ale do not figure largely in the plays. Herein, I believe, is proof indisputable that Shakespeare may have liked ale but his favorite tipple was something else. The facts:—in the entire First Folio there are five references to beer, 14 references to ale, five references to spirituous liquor (denominated 'aqua vitae')— and—*this is it*—over 120 references to wine!

That, I submit, is rather good evidence that Our Will was addicted to the grape, not the malt.

Of the many wine references, a clear favorite emerges. "Sack" leads the field by a considerable margin, being mentioned 42 times. Sack (from 'vino seco': literally, 'dry wine.) was a term that covered Spanish wines generally, but was specially applied to the *vino seco* of Xeres, or Sherris, from whence derives "Sherris-sack" mentioned so frequently by Sir John Falstaff. "Sherris" eventually became "sherry" and, not only because of the frequency but also because of the warmth with which he speaks of it, I am convinced that Shakespeare was a sherry man through and through.

Literary figures have always been fond of quoting Shakespeare to prove any number of points, but why should they have a monopoly on this diverting pasttime? The following are all practical ways in which Shakespeare can be quoted by the likes of you and me in some of our every day activities.

ADDRESSING ONE'S WIFE IN THE MORNING WITH A PLEA FOR THE HAIR OF THE DOG: "*Love, I am full of lead. Some wine!*"—ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA, II, 3.

IN ATTEMPTING TO GIVE FULL PRAISE TO A WINE YOUR HOST IS PROUD OF: "*That's a marvellous searching wine . . .*"—2 HENRY IV, II, 4.

QUERY TO BE USED BY A BARTENDER WHO IS TIRED OF THE CONVENTIONAL "MAY I HELP YOU SIR?": "*A cup of wine sir? A cup of wine that's brisk and fine?*"—2 HENRY IV, V, 3.

PLEA OF A TIRED BUSINESS MAN AT THE END OF A HARD DAY TO HIS FAVORITE BARTENDER: "*I am weary: yea, my memory is tired. Have me no wine here?*" —CORIOLANUS, I, 9.

THE LAMENT OF A BIBULOUS GAMBLER: "*Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly . . .*"—KING LEAR, III, 4.

THE WAIL OF A REJECTED SUITOR: "*Give me a bowl of wine. In this I bury all unkindness.*"—JULIUS CAESAR, IV, 3.

And finally, simply to prove that the devil can quote the Scriptures to his own purpose, A STIRRING MOTTO FOR THE W.C.T.U.: "*O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!*"—OTHELLO, II, 3.

Wildly un-apropos though it may be, I have always found it pleasurable to contemplate the fact that Shakespeare's magnificent theatre, The Globe, has only in recent years been located resting beneath the site of London's largest brewery!

Finally, to dispel any doubts that the Bard was fond of his glass there is a possibly apocryphal (and possibly accurate) account of his drinking habits by John Ward, who became the Vicar of the Church at Stratford-upon-Avon 46 years after Shakespeare was buried there. In his diary (1662), Ward said: "*Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Johnson had a merrie meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted.*"

However that may be, Shakespeare loved his wine and I like to think that he put in a speech of Falstaff's the wine-lover's sorrow over the man who does not know it or how to use it well. "'*Nor a man cannot make him laugh,*" cries Sir John, "*But that's no marvel, he drinks no wine!*"

'Fall Guy' Strikes Back

By LOUIS NIZER

Editor's Note: Recently, in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf Astoria, the Circus, Saints & Sinners gave their vaunted treatment to Fall Guy, Louis Nizer, attorney and author of "My Life In Court." His spontaneous reply was recorded. It was considered one of the best retorts by a Fall Guy in the history of that organization.

Saint, Harry Hershfield; Devil, Tex O'Rourke; Sinner, Les Kramer; and Sadists all. I do not know whether this will be a memorable day for you, but for me it marks the peak of my audacity. For me to stand here and pretend that I am important enough to have been the subject of so much savage satire and insult is to assume achievements, which, of course, I disavow.

I have no difficulty with Harry Hershfield. His generous comments were, of course, the ameliorating effort to clean up the blood so that it will not show. Furthermore, I know enough about his art as a toastmaster to know that he has to hand out the usual soft soap, and I am also aware of the fact that the chief ingredient of soap is "lye."

However, I cannot dispose of Tex O'Rourke as easily, though I wish I could. Unfortunately, his comments strike too closely to the truth. And, as you know, it is not as difficult to find the truth as it is not to run away from it after you have found it. There was once a lawyer who summed up a case over a period of three hours ranting and fuming in demagogic fashion. His adversary arose to reply and said: "I too have decided not to make an argument" and sat down. O'Rourke was too effective for me just to sit down. I am afraid I will have to answer at least as much of his observations as I can recall.

Riposte

He made many allusions to my noble profession. I think many who know me will realize that I am simply a poor lawyer earning his bread by the sweat of his brow-beating. As to his references to my fees, in which he distorted my extraordinary modesty into exorbitance, I recall the definition of a lawyer as "a man who gets for you what's coming to him." I should like to remind O'Rourke (who incidentally is the only Texan I know who has an inferiority complex because he thinks he is no better than any other American) of the man accused of murder in England who approached the most celebrated criminal trial lawyer of the day and asked him to defend him. He was told that the fee would be 50,000 pounds. He was outraged and said that he had just visited Lord Hale, who was a foremost criminal lawyer, and who only wanted 10,000 pounds to defend him. The great lawyer said to him: "Then I suggest that you retain Lord Hale because not only will you save 40,000 pounds, you won't have to pay any of it. Your estate will pay it."

O'Rourke's references to my being a self-made man reminds me that anyone who brags about being a self-made man may be met with the proper retort that this relieves God of an awful responsibility.

O'Rourke's comments about my representation of wives and the millions of dollars obtained for them may prejudice you since you are a male audience. I have represented husbands too. And indeed I remember one occasion when I was cross-examining a lady, who was accused of infidelity, and, after close questioning, she broke down and screamed: 'What you say isn't true. I have been faithful to my husband dozens of times."

As to O'Rourke's comments about my books. I am reminded of the author who wrote a book which dealt with contemporaneous figures, and, therefore, the subject matter was so sensitive, that he decided not to publish it immediately. After one of his lectures, a little old lady, who should have been more literate than she was, approached him and said: 'Have you written a new book?" "Yes," he said, "but, due to its contents, it will have to be published posthumously." She replied: "Well, I hope that is very, very soon." I am not sure but I think I detected a slight note of malevolence in O'Rourke's observations which would make me believe that perhaps he would like my next books to be published postumously and very soon.

One of your sketches on the stage had an ironic truth in it. I refer to the one where the Judge demands my presence, but my associate explains that I can not come until 8 o'clock in the evening, because I am out making speeches for sundry unimportant organizations. Well, it so happens that I am in the midst of a lengthy trial in the Federal Court and I obtained permission of the judge to come here today to make this speech. Of course, not having seen your sketch, I represented to him that this was an extremely important organization.

Saints & Sinners All

Every person is both a saint and a sinner. We are all subject to the charge of being split personalities. A saint has only a past, a sinner has a future and you have opened up a wide future for me.

In a way, this entire treatment today is of a psychiatric nature. You remove the pomposity, egotism, self-opinionation, and vanity from your victim. I could have gone to a psychiatrist for a thousand hours. Instead, 1,000 psychiatrists have taken care of me in one hour.

Indeed, there is a technique in psychiatry which is called the shock treatment. It used to be induced by camphor, then later by insulin, then by electricity and, in a certain way, yours is a new technique in shock treatments. It may even have a name someday. Instead of the Rorschach test, we will talk of the "O'Rourke shock test." I can report to you, however, as the patient, that, like all others who have gone through the shock treatment, there was a momentary unconsciousness and thereafter a return to more sanity.

I think it was Heine who said: "Tolerance means you have forbearance for my breathing and I have forbearance for your rages." He must have been thinking of this organization when he wrote that. But even in this atmosphere of humor, we are all conscious of the great dilemma of our age. A dilemma indicated so dramatically by our President's address last night, which brings us to the realization that all humanity totters on the brink of self-annihilation. The reason for this dilemma is the gap between humanism and science.

Russia is one of the foremost scientific nations of the world. She was the first to produce the sputnik. Yet Russian leaders practice the same unscrupulousness, breach of faith, and avarice, which have been characteristic of the Machiavellis and others for hundreds of years. It is this gap between humanism and science which it is more important to close than even the gap in missiles. For have we not learned that while science can equip us, it cannot guide us. It can illuminate our way to the farthest star and yet leave our hearts in darkness.

The symbol of this organization —The Circus Saints & Sinners—is really the symbol of the humanities. In a humble way, you preach the doctrine of sentiment of the heart—of the wiping away of affectations and pretense, and you do charities with what you achieve. It is a noble work even if it only adds one drop of water to the streams of man's enoblement which will ultimately cascade into roaring rivers of good will.

It is difficult for man to change himself without suffering, because he is both the marble and the sculptor. You have cast some blows from the outside which have aided in shaping the marble.

When God examines each of us, He will not look for medals or diplomas. He will look for our scars and I thank you for giving me a few today.

Albany Area Collection For Saranac Hits $10,365

Albany.

A total of $10,365 was collected, in the Albany exchange district, for the Will Rogers Memorial Hospital at Saranac Lake, during 1962. This is without the report of take-ups in Schine Theatres.

Amount donated the previous year was $8,285.

John G. Wilhelm, 20th Century-Fox branch manager, served as distributor chairman in 1961 and 1962. Adrian Ettelson, Fabian district manager, and Joe Miller, operator of Menands Drive-in and a former Columbia branch boss, were exhibitor co-chairmen the past year. Miller functioned for the Albany unit of New York State Allied Theatres.

The famed institution for treatment of chest diseases is located within the local exchange territory.

Accustomed Only to Profit-Taking, Swiss Producers Easily Frightened

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

Swiss film producers have learned their lesson—the hard way. In recent years, new production companies have sprung up here for one-shot projects. In 1961, an alltime high of 13 Swiss features reached the local screens. Of these, however, only six, or less than half, managed to make money, whilst the others were either spotty items or downright flops. With this alarming result (formerly, almost any locally made film automatically was in for fat returns from Swiss showings alone), even the most optimistic among local producers could not fail to show loss of zest.

Consequently, a sharp decline marked the Swiss production situation in 1962. Only three features were produced during the whole year, the most meagre result in a long time. Moreover, depressing boxoffice returns registered by some of the films by new producers helped to separate the men from the boys, i.e. the only stout survivors proved to be Switzerland's two oldest and longest-established production companies, Praesens-Film A. G. (Lazar Wechsler) and Gloriafilm (Max Dora), both in Zurich. Inasmuch as these two companies have merged their production and distribution facilities some time ago, they may practically be considered as one.

In all, six Swiss films were released in 1962, of which four were 1961-produced items; one was a condensed version of two previously released, separate films based on an epic Jeremias Gotthelf novel; and only one was a 1962-produced feature. The two remaining new films made this year are both slated for Christmas unveilings.

Grossers

Here is a breakdown of the 1962 Swiss release output: (1) Top moneymaker was the 1962-produced Praesens-Gloriafilm comedy, "Es Dach ueberem Chopf" (A Roof Over Your Head), directed by Kurt Fruch and based on a popular Swiss radio serial. A well-made, entertaining, but predominantly locally-slanted film helped by critical approval and strong word-of-mouth.

(2). Second spot was held by "Chikita," a satirical comedy gently rapping bluenoses and hypercritical would-be moralists. This one of the new non-casualties among films by newly founded companies (in this case, Turnus-Film A. G. Zurich) thanks to a snappy theme, good cast including Germany's top cabaretist Hanne Wieder, and lively direction by Karl Suter. Despite the Wieder name, however, it failed to catch on in neighboring Germany.

The condensed version of Praesens' two previous features based on Swiss 19th century poet Jeremias Gotthelf's peasant novel, "Anne Baebi Jowaeger," formerly released separately with moderate success and now edited into one three-hour "epic," managed to to rack up nice returns in the new format. It was also in for critical attention.

On the other hand, two local attempts at new wave techniques and themes, "Rosen auf Pump" (Borrowed Roses) and "Seelische Grausamkeit" (Mental Cruelty), flopped completely and also took severe beatings from local scribes. The same happened to "Demokrat Laeppli" (Democrat Laeppli), sequel to a successful farcical comedy starring and directed by Swiss comedian, Alfred Rasser.

Skedded for Christmas releases are two musical comedies, both German-Swiss co-productions and released here by Praesens. One, "Schneewittchen und die sieben Gaukler" (Snow White and the Seven Jugglers), is in color, produced by Praesens (Lazar Wechsler) in collaboration with Germany's Heinz Angermeyer and directed by Kurt Hoffman, whose credits include "Aren't We Wonderful?," "Spook Castle in the Spessart" and the filmization of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's comedy-drama, "Marriage of Mr. Mississippi" (Fools Are Passing Through). The latter also was a German-Swiss coproduction. "Snow White" has an original screenplay by German cabaretist, Guenther Neumann, and stars Caterina Valente, Walter Giller, Hanne Wieder and Georg Thomalla. It was made on location at Swiss winter resort, St. Moritz, with studio work done in Zurich and Munich.

The other, "Der 42. Himmel" (The 42d Heaven), in black-and-white, is a Gloriafilm Zurich (Max Dora)—Columbia Film Frankfurt co-production, directed by Kurt Frueh from his own and Hans Hausmann's original script. It is available in two versions with two different casts (shot simultaneously); one is destined for Swiss consumption, in Swiss dialect, and the other for Germany, in straight German. Latter version features Rudolph Platte, Hans Leibelt, Waltraut Haas, Maria Perschy and Trude Herr whilst the Swiss edition's cast includes Walter Roderer, Heinrich Gretler, Elvira Schalcher, Ruedi Walter, Peter W. Staub and Margrit Rainer.

Future developments of Swiss film production may be decisively influenced by the planned completion in 1964 of the first large-scale Swiss film studio currently in the building stage outside of Zurich. It will have facilities for feature and tv film production and be available for rent to foreign producers between shootings of local films. An important upswing may result from this project, even for local production, according to Wechsler.

Meanwhile, Praesens is planning for 1963 a Swiss version of an already released German film, "Das Fenster zum Flur" (Window to the Hall); a Ladislao Vajda production starring Swiss actress Lilo Pulver; a feature entitled "Das Feuerschiff" (The Fire Ship), to be produced in Germany, and a new story by Duerrenmatt whose 'It Happened in Broad Daylight," also a Praesens production, was highly successful both here and abroad. In addition, a semi-documentary on the problem of sex criminals, made in close collaboration with the Zurich Police, is scheduled for a probably February release. It has a script, based on facts, by Franz Schnyder and Richard Schweizer and is directed by Schnyder, with mostly unknowns in the cast.

Youth's Discovery of The Obvious

(Or, Riding the Crest of the Old 'New Wave')

By CARL FOREMAN

London.

Just the other day, all unsuspecting, I got the news, according to a scholarly young man who interviewed me for an esoteric film review (about my debut as a director with "The Victors"), that I am now a "new wave filmmaker." For a few moments, as I sat basking in the glow of what is obviously the highest possible praise from the 2,369 readers of his publication, I thought I had finally discovered the middle-aging filmmaker's Fountain of Youth. But, reading down toward the dregs of this article, I found that being called a "new wave filmmaker" doesn't necessarily imply youth by association. Others in this wide-open category included D. W. Griffith and C. B. DeMille! We are, alas "old wave," and so, for that matter, is the entire "new wave" movement.

It's amazing how quickly memories fade and how unaware the new generation is of what their elders were doing a handful of years ago. Whether or not some of the "new wave" films are masterpieces is a matter of individual taste. But the universally accepted belief that these films are experimental or innovatory is not entirely true. They are as experimental as the curriculum of a college chemistry course; the original experiments were done years ago, but each student goes through them himself in the laboratory as an educational experience. The results are no longer new or startling, but they bring home to each student the meaning and implications of the original discovery.

Many of the so-called "new wave filmmakers" are still going through their basic educations. Their efforts are often more amateurish than artistic, and motion picture directors have been utilizing the same techniques since the 1920's, in America, in Germany, everywhere. It's a pity that we can't make each admirer of the "new wave" sit through a season of early motion pictures at the New York Museum of Modern Art. Then perhaps it would be clear that the misnomer "new wave" merely indicates, in many cases, a 30-year throwback to the past.

The one really significant "new wave" aspect about the international film business is the changeover to independent production, the breakdown of the big studios, the weakening of the star system—all of which are pleasantly indicated by the subtle semantic switch from "film industry" to "filmmaking."

In this sense, I have been a "new wave filmmaker" for many years. My experiences with the restrictive big studios methods is limited to a short stint as a contract screenwriter before the last war. Although I was "in residence" on a gigantic studio lot, I lived in a little world of typewriters and scripts, as far removed from the actual creative act of film-making as possible. My years with the Frank Capra unit during the war changed all this. We were terribly short-handed, and a writer who couldn't help out in the cutting room was useless. After the war, I was still basically a script-writer, but I had a sense of what was possible in films, of the importance of each individual contribution toward the greater whole, and of what I could personally contribute.

When my partners and I formed our fledgling independent production company immediately after the war, we were "new wave filmmakers" in the most accurate sense of the term. We worked as a team, and the results were not so much a compromise as a refining of the various (and with other producers, totally separate) elements. There was no attempt made to keep the director away from the writer; none of our directors were presented with a script as if it were a *fait accompli*. As the screenwriter in this particular operation, I was never sure of my final script until the last day of shooting. I often had to rewrite on the spot, but these last-minute changes were never improvisations, sudden inspirations that seemed great at the moment but that didn't really fit into the finished film. Such is the case with many of the younger "new wave filmmakers," who sacrifice coherence and pace to momentary whims, which can't help but weaken and dilute their work.

During my days in Hollywood, when we were lucky enough to turn out a good film, it was good in all its parts—or at least as good as we could make it. The elements of production, script, direction and casting seemed to hold together because the goal we were working toward was a vision of the finished film, conceived from the very beginning as a coherent whole and executed with single-mindedness of thought and long, hard hours of teamwork. If today I feel strong enough to undertake the combined burdens of script, production and direction, it is only because I have spent many

(Continued on page 47)

OFF TO A TREMENDOUS START AT THE VOGUE

"IT'S YOUR WIFE, JOE. IN ANOTHER MOTEL. COME AND PICK HER UP."

JACK LEMMON LEE REMICK "DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

His name is Joe Clay. Much that is unsavory and terrifying has happened to him and his young bride. In this remarkable motion picture all of it happens to you. Please come prepared.

JACK LEMMON · LEE REMICK in "DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

From the days of wine and roses finally comes a night like this...

JACK LEMMON LEE REMICK "DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick and their "Days of Wine and Roses"

and their nights of shame and terror...

JACK LEMMON "DAYS OF WINE

His name is Joe Clay. Much happened to him and his yo picture all of it happens to y

IT IS DIFFERENT. IT IS DARING. MOST OF ALL, IN ITS OWN TERRIFYING WAY, IT IS A LOVE STORY...

JACK LEMMON and LEE REMICK in "DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

CHARLES BICKFORD · JACK KLUGMAN

This, in its ou

A MARTIN MANULIS Production

Co-Starring CHARLES BICKFORD JACK KLUGMAN

JACK

THEATRE, LOS ANGELES...

THEY WILL LET HIM UP SOON AND HE WILL LOOK FOR HIS WIFE AND HE MAY PRAY THAT HE DOESN'T FIND HER...

Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick

"Days of Wine and Roses"

IT IS DIFFERENT. IT IS DARING. MOST OF ALL, IN ITS OWN TERRIFYING WAY, IT IS A LOVE STORY

CHARLES BICKFORD JACK KLUGMAN · A MARTIN MANULIS Production · HENRY MANCINI · J.P. MILLER · MARTIN MANULIS · BLAKE EDWARDS · WARNER BROS.

Lee Remick
and Roses"

"STOP SCREAMING, MR. CLAY, NOBODY'S CHASING YOU. STOP SCREAMING."

Jack Lemmon
Lee Remick
"Days of Wine and Roses"

IT IS DIFFERENT. IT IS DARING. MOST OF ALL, IN ITS OWN TERRIFYING WAY IT IS A LOVE STORY...

THIS, IN ITS OWN TERRIFYING WAY, IS A LOVE STORY.

...n terrifying way, is a love story...

...K Lemmon and Lee Remick
...in "Days of Wine and Roses"

...by HENRY MANCINI · ...Book by J.P. MILLER · Produced by MARTIN MANULIS · Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS · Presented by WARNER BROS.

Jack Lemmon and
Lee Remick
and their "Days of
Wine
and
Roses"

IT IS DIFFERENT. IT IS DARING. MOST OF ALL, IN ITS OWN TERRIFYING WAY, IT IS A LOVE STORY...

BICKFORD · KLUGMAN · ...

Two of the most startling performances you have ever seen in the most shattering entertainment experience you have ever known! Academy Award talk has already begun for

Jack Lemmon
and Lee Remick
in "Days of
Wine and
Roses"

CHARLES BICKFORD · JACK KLUGMAN · ... · BLAKE EDWARDS · ... · J.P. MILLER · ... · MARTIN MANULIS · ... · HENRY MANCINI · ... · WARNER BROS.

ACADEMY AWARD TALK HAS ALREADY BEGUN...

LEMMON AND LEE REMICK IN "DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES"

NEXT ATTRACTION, RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

[*Of Interest to Authors and Others*]

Who's In Charge Here–Tax-Raise Wise?

By HARRIET F. PILPEL
(*Greenbaum, Wolff & Ernst*)

(VARIETY, Oct. 8, 1962)

Deferred Income for Floyd Patterson

Many individuals in show business, authors and others are on the alert to the outcome of the economics involved in the wake of last week's Patterson-Liston fight. The deal with Patterson was to provide him with a $2,000,000 payoff—$300,000 the first year and $100,000 for each of the next 17 years.

First there must be some resolution as to the conflict between the promoters and the Government, which confiscated the gate for the time being, at least.

Then the payoff to Patterson. The 18-year spread would reap vast tax benefits for the ex-champ. But the high-bracket people in other fields pay their taxes on royalties or just plain salary on the full sum and in the year that it's received. They'd like to spread their income for tax purposes, too.

The above item, which appeared in VARIETY early this fall, strikes both a right and a wrong note—wrong in its specifics, right in its main thrust—so far as authors and creators of other copyright property (music, art, photographs, films, plays, etc.) are concerned.

First as to the thing that is specifically wrong about it: Authors (and I shall use the word to mean all creators of copyright property) have for many years been "spreading" their income by contracts. Such contracts, which are most common in the publishing and motion picture fields, typically provide—usually and better in the first instance, sometimes by amendment—that the amount payable to the author, whether fixed or on a royalty basis, shall be paid either in stated amount installments or equally divided over a stated period of time. Until recently there was no clear Treasury Department sanction for this.

However, the "better view," as the lawyers are fond of saying, was that this could legally be done with the result that instead of a large lump sum coming in at prohibitively high tax rates in one year the author received his money at lower rates over a period of years. In 1960 this "custom of the trade," utilized by authors, agents and lawyers who were tax-wise, was given official sanction by the Internal Revenue Dept. in a ruling which has since come to be known as the "deferred compensation ruling." So it's legal—and so far so good.

'Divisibility' Ruling

The Internal Revenue people, in one other way too, took official cognizance of something else with a beneficial outcome to authors. They recognized the realities of the literary and entertainment market place and, in something now known as the "divisibility" ruling, said that from a tax point of view people could dispose separately of the separate rights that make up a copyright. In the case of a book, for example, this means that the author can dispose separately of his motion picture rights, his book rights, etc., with varying tax consequences and it matters not from the standpoint of this ruling (as added to by a later one) whether, in the case of a sale, he sells for a lump sum or on a royalty basis. In either event he has sold an asset and, if he has chosen to consummate the sale through a corporation, the proceeds would seem not to be the kind of harshly treated corporate income which is known as personal holding company income. And this can have definite tax advantages.

But now to the general: The item quoted above suggests that authors are in a bad way tax-wise. And they are. The rulings mentioned above are but two ameliorative factors. The rest of the picture is fairly black. For 12 years now—ever since 1950—authors and those to whom they may give all or part of their properties have been specifically denied by Congress the benefit of any capital gains treatment—that nice maximum 25% tax which is available to most of those who sell other kinds of assets. And to make matters worse, the creators of patents, as opposed to the creators of copyrights, are, also by express Congressional action, given the most preferential tax treatment of any group in our nation. As a nation, we prefer gadgets to books.

This is not to say that authors do not have available to them a variety of techniques which they can use in an effort to rescue at least something from the high personal income surtax rates, for themselves and their families. They can set up trusts or make gifts to members of their families of all or part of their works so that the income flows to several taxpayers, no one of whom hits the surtax rate which would be applicable if all the income owed to one person or entity.

In a limited class of situation, they may be able to set up corporations and partnerships which can dilute to some extent the full impact of the graduated surtax rates. In addition, the tax people have come to recognize that the raw materials of the authors' craft, i.e., their manuscripts and notes, have some real value so that if authors give such materials to tax-exempt institutions like universities, schools or libraries, they can take a tax deduction which in effect means money in their pockets.

But it's not enough. The rich, in the form of those who have inherited capital, get richer under the benign protection of the capital gains tax. The people who work for corporations—especially the big corporations—have all sorts of "fringe benefits" as well as high *regular* salaries—pensions, profit-sharing, stock options and stock ownership, to mention only a few. They thus escape at least some of the highly graded personal income taxes either entirely or at a time when their application would be most damaging.

Authors, whose thinking generates much of our material wealth and prestige not to mention our survival, can look to none of these. Moreover, they are apt to be the recipients of bunched income so that, in the absence of sound tax advice (and sometimes with it, because it can go only so far under the existing law and regulations), they find it virtually impossible to build up any financial security or backlog for themselves.

And the suggestion that since they cannot go on actively creating forever they ought at least be entitled to the same privilege as oil wells in the form of a depletion allowance is treated as fanciful, though it shouldn't and needn't be.

So what? So in 1963—and it's more than high time—the Government ought to do something about this. Indeed this particular administration has, through statements of the President prior to his election and through the Treasury Department, indicated it would like to do something along the lines of relieving authors of at least some of the present income tax discrimination against them. (There's inheritance tax discrimination, too, but we'll discuss that another day.)

Thus, while we should give credit where credit is due—and it is due on the deferred compensation and divisibility rulings—VARIETY and all other media in the copyright field should continue to print items about what's wrong here tax-wise—should see to it that someone is put in charge here—tax-wise, that is.

Hawaiian Film Biz Much 'Distracted'

By WALT CHRISTIE

Honolulu.

The best things in life are free, or nearly free, much to the constant consternation of Honolulu's motion picture theatres.

Moviegoing here has always been rivalled by the climate that fosters year-round outdoor recreation.

But even more pressing is the stiff competition provided by "live" entertainment of both pro and ham-ateur quality.

Let's face it, Honolulu has more "live" attractions throughout the year than any Mainland city of comparable size. (Las Vegas, natch, is another story).

The "live" calendar leads off with both participant and spectator sports. The city has 21 ultra-modern bowling centers, not counting the array of bowling palaces that dot the military bases. That subtracts a lot of theatre tickets.

High school football, four games each weekend in season, can and does draw thousands to Honolulu Stadium. And don't forget boxing, both in the Civic Auditorium and sometimes outdoors in the Stadium, and wrestling, and baseball, and golf, and tennis, and surfing, and swimming and shore and deep sea fishing. Okay, forget them if you will, but the theatres can't.

Other Rivals

Honolulu Symphony orchestra draws up to 8,000 admissions for its summer Starlight concerts, packs McKinley High school auditorium for its regular subscription concerts. And the Symphony grabs column after column of news (i.e., publicity?) space in the daily newspapers.

Stage productions? There's the Honolulu Community Theatre, the Windward Theatre Guild, the U. of Hawaii Theatre Group, various military thespian troupes, the Oumansky Magic Ring Theatre, and—ugh—high school plays. Increasingly active, too, is the Honolulu Theatre for Youth, which generally draws an accurate aim on the age group it's catering to.

In recent months, Honolulu has been host to dozens of dance and entertainment troupes from Japan, the Philippines, Thai, Latin America, the Mainland. (The Royal Thai Dancers, to cite a for-instance, drew turnaway patronage).

There are recitals.

There are lectures.

There are cultural demonstrations (flower arrangements, bonsai plant exhibits, Japanese tea ceremony, etc. etc.).

There's an occasional circus—and who cares whether it's one-ring, two-ring, three-ring?

And there are carnivals. Carnivals galore. Every P.T.A., every community booster association, nearly every church sponsors a nabe carnival once or twice a year. You can't drive to a theatre without passing some carnival.

Operation Film Fest

By ROBERT F. FREDERICK

I will arise and go now, and go to Venice see,
And a deal or two I'll make there, of fine-print clauses made;
Nine lawyers will I have there, to help in the money fights,
But I sign alone for U. S. rights.
I'll try to see some films there, but films kill so much time.
In confabs since 9 in the a.m., right through the cocktail hour;
Past midnight's gala screening, rush back to my hotel room,
For the mail, a shave and a shower.
I will arise and go now, for who's got time to fool?
Sweet Co-Production's calling, with deals I'll fill the day.
Don't seek me at the Derby, or sunning beside my pool.
Venice calls, and I've "run away."

(With apologies to W. B. Yeats)

Fan Mags: The Pros and Cons

By LAWRENCE J. QUIRK

Nephew of 'Photoplay' founder-editor James R. Quick Deplores the Sensationalism of the Latterday Film Fan Magazine — Yesteryear Mature Readers Give Way To Teenage Yen for 'Inside' Dirt

Byliner Lawrence J. Quick, quondam fan mag editor and now freelancer, is nephew of the late James R. Quirk, founder-editor-publisher of Photoplay, considered the daddy (and best) of the film fan magazines. Byliner Quirk's opinions (especially the "con") are frankly biased, since he admits, "I have withdrawn 100% from the fan magazines as their cheapness and scurrility have alienated me to the point where I cannot put my heart into such work. When I edited fan mags I tried to raise standards wherever possible but in view of the general degradation of the field, I came to feel that such efforts were not worth the trouble. The decline of Photoplay from the greatness it knew under James R. Quirk is one of the saddest facts in magazine history, and numerous film commentators have remarked on it. My forthcoming book on him will, I think, show just how great his contribution to films and film journalism was."—Ed.)

Fan magazines have been under considerable fire in the last year or two. National magazines, newspaper columnists, the trade press, recent books on Hollywood — all have had a go at them.

The gist of the accusations seems to be that the fan magazines revel in rehashing current scandals about prominent film and television personalities, lending to their treatments a saccharinely mendacious and circusy tone.

Religious publications denounce them. Studio publicity executives hold them in contempt. Stars, allegedly unhappy over distorted quotes and tasteless story slants, duck interviews with them.

What is behind all this journalistic sound and fury?

There are currently some two dozen movie and television fan magazines with an estimated total circulation of 8,000,000. Motion Picture, Modern Screen and Photoplay—the so-called "big three," claim circulations of well over a million each. The remainder, some of them bimonthlies and quarterlies, trail with circulations averaging 250,000.

In the 1920s and early 1930s (some readers may be surprised to learn) the better fan magazines were highly respected and influential journalistic mediums with a predominantly adult readership. Today's readers are chiefly teenagers.

Thirty years ago, Photoplay, whose then editor-publisher, the late James R. Quirk, was known as "The Inventor of the Fan Magazine," led a field of about a dozen publications. Photoplay's then circulation, quite respectable for its time, was 500,000. Its nearest rival, Motion Picture, boasted a readership of several hundred thousand. The others, led by Picture Play, New Movie, and after 1930, Modern Screen, averaged 150,000 copies each per month. The total circulation of the fan magazines in 1932 hovered at about 3,000,000.

These 3,000,000 constituted, however, a quality readership, an eager, adult public enthralled by the then fresh, novel and vital film medium. This public, especially that of Photoplay, sought information about all phases of movies, and tended to concern itself more with clean romance than with morbid sexual experience. Certainly it was at that time more enthralled by wholesome dreams and fine ideals than the later generation of readers, who sought sensational revelations and vicarious eroticism.

Strictly Aural

There was no tv, of course, in those days, and radio had the drawback of being strictly an auditory medium. Movies, accordingly, enjoyed a monopoly on the attention of the entertainment seeking public. The movie magazines of that time monopolized the field journalistically, for the newspapers and magazines on the national level were slow to accord space to a medium that was just peculiar literature and was only just commencing to engage the attention and respect of more intellectual folk.

As the 1930s advanced, however, the nationals and review weeklies began giving the movies more and more coverage, the adult film public began turning, especially after the tasteful James R. Quirk's death, from Photoplay to the metropolitan newsaper critics and review weeklies for advice as to what films were worth seeing, and for intelligent, informed information about picture people in general.

The fan magazines, which up to the mid-30s had been feeding the public equal doses of romance and information content, found themselves accordingly at an impasse.

Photoplay and its rivals resolved this by lowering their cultural sights and aiming at younger, more impressionable audiences. They proceeded to cultivate the readership allegiance of these youngsters by providing them with romantic escapism and soapy, semi-fictionalized articles on stars—to the gradual exclusion of more informational, analytical and documentary-type material covering every aspect of films, and which Photoplay, especially, had formerly stressed.

The transformation was dramatic. Photoplay within a few years had regressed from a highly respected journal of the screen to a plaything for teenage girls. The other magazines followed suit. This debasement continued, with minor variations, from the mid-30s to the mid-50s, when Confidential's gaudy success forced the fan magazines into still another "agonizing appraisal" based strictly on the dollar sign. For fan magazine editors and managers found to their consternation that the hitherto moneymaking saccharinities and escapist pipedreams were beginning to pall on their young readers.

In a desperate effort to retrieve a declining circulation and tap some of Confidential's ever-growing audience, the fan magazines began aping that publication's scandalous format, with, however, somewhat more caution and restraint than their high-flying model.

Nationals Compete

Once engaged on this cycle, however, they shortly found themselves vying with some of the franker, more incisive national magazines when it came to collecting their fair share of libel suits brought by enraged stars. In late 1960, Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher brought suit against seven fan books, the total damages asked being some $7,000,000.

In justice to the fan magazines, it must be stated that certain stars proceeded to forfeit popular sympathy by public carryings-on, leading to the suspicion that they secretly relished the lurid publicity that they sometimes publicly deplored.

Incongruously enough, the stars often rap the fan magazines for intensively briefing the public on scandals that these undisciplined, mercurial personalities bring on themselves because of untidy personal lives, which, being exhibitionists by nature, they have a compulsion to project on the public.

Some of these personalities, especially the ones who are slipping or have slipped, have even carried their essential hypocrisy to the point of instituting unjustified libel suits against fan magazines as a publicity gimmick, later quietly dropping, or eeling out of, suits they know they can't win, once their specious publicity aims have been achieved.

Without unduly whitewashing the questionable taste of the fan magazines in some instances, it must be pointed out that they have often been treated with rank ingratitude by stars they helped to fame—stars who, once "arrived," scorned the "lowly" fan magazines whose coverage they had once eagerly sought, and which had made them national names. Deploring highly personalized stories that

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Candid Camera on Croy

By GLENDON ALLVINE

"Over Chinese laundry," the postcard noted, in addition to my correct street address, and this had the postman puzzled as he handed me the mail at my house on Lon Guyland.

One glance and I knew that here was another occasional communique from Homer Croy, a literary farmer from upper Manhattan, whose odd envelopes and goofy addresses have been his hallmark for almost half a century.

It is the persistent whimsy of this author of 27 books and half a dozen screenplays to write his notes on the backs of letters addressed to himself (often demanding immediate payment) and to mail them in envelopes from such unlikely locales as the penitentiary at Pocatello or an undertaking parlor at Jackson Heights.

Now this refugee from a Missouri farm was confiding in me: "Just got a check from Huntington Hartford for my Lincoln book. Buy A & P."

As I drove off to shop at Bohack's, where there is less waiting at the checkout, I assumed that he must be post-carding that show (incorporating Show Business Illustrated) would print a digest of his latest book "The Trial of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln," published last August by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.

With my note of congratulations I demanded, with the petulance of an old friend (since pictures were silent) "Just what has Mrs. Lincoln to do with show business?"

Back come a letter in an envelope from the University of Mississippi asking, "Have you forgotten that her husband was shot by an actor?"

Of course! And the coauthor of "Mr. President" (advance sale $2,600,000) is president of the Players Club, housed in the Gramercy Park residence of the brother of the man who killed Lincoln.

When I caught up with him at The Players he set me right on the many faces of Huntington Hartford. The Lincoln book, now being dramatized by Leonard Stadd, is scheduled to open in the luxurious Huntington Hartford Theatre on Vine St., Hollywood, and to shake down across the country before Broadway next fall. Al Lewis (formerly of Lewis & Gordon before tv) will present the play, possibly with Bette Davis as Mary Todd. (One D was enough for God, as her husband observed wryly of his eccentric wife.) Bette Davis as the waspish first lady being committed to an insane asylum by the president of the Pullman Co., her son Robert Lincoln? Sounds great.

"It would be nice if Al and I could be lucky again; it was he who first saw the possibilities of my novel 'They Had to See Paris' for Will Rogers' first talking picture. That's what Fox needs now—another Will Rogers and another Shirley Temple."

Croy's previous novel was optioned by Ethel Merman, who saw herself as "The Lady From Colorado," belting out Cripple Creek songs, until "Gypsy" came along, and she fancied stripteasing. Meantime Robert Ward and Bernard Stambler are writing the lady into an operetta to be presented in June, 1964, at Central City. Both men are Pulitzer Prizewinners. Twentieth Century-Fox already owns the movie rights, and "The Lady From Colorado" is one of the many films Zanuck isn't making.

Pix Gushers Then!

In the great days of Fox, when films instead of oil gushed from Pico to Santa Monica, Croy's "So This Is London" was another Will Rogers success, among the many stories he has sold to Hollywood. When I was story editor at Paramount I bought his novel "16 Hands," figuring that was cheaper (and more honorable) than to have him sue because one of Paramount's contract writers had, perhaps inadvertently, written the same plot into a script then ready for the cameras.

Putting words end to end has provided Croy with a good, if not steady, income ever since he became the first student in the first school for journalism in the world, at the University of Missouri, not far from the Croy farm at Maryville, on the barn of which is a mural depicting his father and mother arriving by covered wagon from Ohio.

Because he flunked out in Shakespeare, the first student did not graduate from the pioneering school of journalism in 1907, humiliation that was mitigated in 1957 when his alma mater made him a Doctor of Literature.

Unlike his nemesis who signed his name Shaxpe, Croy has never had a play on Broadway, but before the year is over he may have two: the Mrs. Lincoln drama and a musical for which Alec Templeton has written the score.

Croy's book, "Corn Country," has a chapter on Spillville, Iowa, where descendants of immigrant Czechoslovakians annually revive old Danubian songs, dances and customs. It was there that a lonely Anton Dvorak, homesick in Manhattan for his landsmen, settled down to drink Pilsener and compose his "New World Symphony."

Too close to the Iowa trees to see the corn, Croy for a decade did not glimpse the musical within his book until E. B. Garnett of Kansas City called it to his attention, and to Templeton's. I have heard the tape and it sounds great.

I told him so on the back of an undated letter from Croy in which he confided that his novel "Coney Island" (published 1922) was being made into a stage play that Al Woods would present that next season.

Sounds great!

Rights of Privacy?

Continued from page 29

ture was to catch the eye and attract reader interest. Nevertheless, the court upheld the magazine's right to run Oma's photograph.

Also Unauthorized Blogs

Books have generally enjoyed the same immunity as magazines with respect to "public figures." Serge Koussevitsky objected that he had not given permission to the writing of a biography of his life, nor to use of certain pictures in the volume. The court said it did not matter that there was a commercial purpose attached to the publication of the biography because of the informative aspects involved. This case is the basis for the present rule in New York that an unauthorized biography is not barred by privacy laws, unless the biography is fictionalized or novelized.

In view of this history of cautious interpretation of right of privacy laws by the New York courts, when newspapers, books and magazines are involved, the recent verdict in "The Desperate Hours" case came as somewhat of a shock. The jury awarded $175,000 damages against Life. That case centered around the Hill family which had experienced in real life the very situation so grippingly described by Joseph Hayes in his bestselling novel "The Desperate Hours." In 1952, Mr. & Mrs. Hill and their three children were held captive by three escaped convicts for 19 hours in their home at Whitemarsh Township, Pennsylvania. Following newspaper reports of the incident, the Hills sought to shun all further publicity. They refused to appear on the Ed Sullivan show and soon thereafter moved away to Connecticut.

In 1954 Hayes wrote his book entitled "The Desperate Hours." It was produced on the Broadway stage in 1955 by Howard Erskine and was made into a motion picture the following year.

Why the Hills Won

Life on Feb. 28, 1955 ran a story identifying Hill and his family as the "true life family" of the book and the play. The magazine showed side by side parallels between the story of the Hills and the work of fiction. No consent was given by the Hills to the Life feature. They instituted suit for breach of their rights of privacy against everyone involved.

In preliminary moves to the main action, the author of the novel, the producer of the play, and the motion picture company demonstrated to the court's satisfaction that their property was not based on the incident involving the Hills. They were each relieved of liability, but the action proceeded against the magazine. Life's defense was that the article on the Hills was news of general interest to the public. The court disagreed, stating that three years had passed since the original incident which was no longer news. The fact that the article was not uncomplimentary to the plaintiffs did not sway the court which held this to be an unlawful use of the Hills' name for purposes of advertising and trade in violation of their right of privacy.

The decision in the Hill case, coupled with the sizeable jury award against Time Inc., publisher of Life magazine, may indicate a conflict of judicial thinking in balancing the need of society to be well informed with the desire of the individual for privacy.

Beards, Mud And Showmanship

By JOHN BYRAM

Naples, Fla.

Things have been pretty active down here recently in the beard department. First a fellow called Fidel Castro, who operates in Havana, a little more than 200 miles away, kicked up a bit of a fuss, assisted by some visiting Russians, Czechs and other Iron Curtain types.

Nobody got terribly excited, for most people figured that, if there was a missile shoot, they would be safer in Southern Florida than in the industrial north.

Then, while there was a relatively calm interlude in the storm, came the three-day Swamp Buggy Day weekend, an annual event in this town on the fringe of the Everglades.

Part of the celebration involved the growing of beards by all males capable of doing so, under penalty of fine or imprisonment in a gag jail. (The oversigned stuck to his trusty Gillette and paid.) The result was that for two or three weeks in the fall Naples was dotted by beards, doubtless giving the more apprehensive visitors the idea that Cuban commandos had landed via the Gulf of Mexico.

Besides these examples of what used to be called hirsute adornment, the Swamp Buggy festivities included the selection of a Queen (natch), a long parade and the buggy races. Also a turkey shoot—and they weren't shooting at some of this season's Broadway shows.

Since none of these *voitures* has ever been seen in Times Square, it should be explained that the swamp buggy as a vehicle is *sui generis*. Designed to penetrate the Everglades or the Big Cypress Swamp, primarily during the hunting season, it is an ungainly, bumpy but serviceable conveyance. Furthermore, no two swamp buggies are exactly alike, for they are home-made productions and apt to derive from jeeps, tractors, trucks or any other hardy means of transportation the builder can lay his hands on. What swamp buggies have in common is their huge tires, borrowed from airplanes, tractors or transcontinental trucks. These tires, plus powerful engines, can get you into otherwise impassable parts of the South Florida wilderness.

The buggies race and wallow in a sea of mud especially created for the occasion, since the autumn weather is apt to be dry. Drivers, passengers and spectators get all mucked up, and even the newly crowned queen has her royal robes dirtied. This is part of the ritual, and it is forbidden for anyone to play Sir Walter Raleigh and come to her assistance.

During the 14 years that this Mardi Gras of Mud has been staged, it has become increasingly important as an attraction, both for Floridians and out-of-state visitors. Basically a dirty, unglamorous business, it is now presented with some flair for outdoor showmanship, and every year the attendant attractions are better managed.

While it is unlikely to succeed the Indianapolis or Sebring races as a sporting event, or to replace Disneyland, it does prove the Barnum-tested adage that you can sell anything with a little showmanship—mud, beards and all.

The local beards are admittedly smalltime and part-time, but so far they seem to be doing better than Castro's muffadillos. Even the barbers' union can't object to that.

When the Newspaperboys Supported the Writers

By MILTON M. RAISON

Hollywood.

When I was a gay, young blade in Hollywood before World War II, I lived in what is known as a "double," that is a livingroom, bedroom, kitchen, bathroom, back porch and the usual appurtenances. Because I was still pulsating with the gregariousness of my New York pressagent days, I was delighted to find that the livingroom not only had a double bed concealed behind French doors, but a wide couch. As a well-salaried motion picture screenwriter, I had scarely felt the pinch of the slow depression which was only then just dribbling into Hollywood.

Therefore, when cocktail parties turned into midnight suppers, and some of my newspaper and screenwriting friends wanted to use the pull-down bed or double couch, they were more than welcome, with a beer or a gin thrown in for breakfast.

Came the day when I finished my assignment at 20th-Century Fox and started a flat deal at Columbia. My producer suggested that I work home, as Columbia in those days was a very tight lot. Even Harry Cohn used one of the broomclosets.

However, when I started working home, I found to my consternation that I interfered with the plans of some of my out-of-work friends. Though I tactfully used the kitchen as an office, I was often interrupted by journeys to the refrigerator for a cold beer or a drink mix or a bowl of ice. Or even a snack or two. At the time, I was writing a mystery, which had elements of tragedy in it, and I was thrown off my pace by the sounds of girlish laughter, the loud coaxing of men and the sniffling of small animals accompanying the female contingent.

At night, I tried to get to bed before midnight. But this, too, I found was impossible because of my former attitude toward noise and time. When I took it up with my friends, I encountered not only resentment toward my attitude, but donwright belligerence. I began to feel like the rancher who refused squatters' rights to the sodbusters near the only waterhole in the territory. Not only were the men resentful, the girls treated me as though I had leprosy. Unfortunately, I had given out a key or two, and I was helpless against what threatened to be a constant invasion.

I mentioned my problem to Sidney Sheldon, a young screenwriter who had gone through a similar harrowing experience. I suggested moving, but Sidney shook his head. They have an instinct for finding your apartment anyplace in Southern California, and getting into it by charming the manager or climbing through the windows," he said. "A house is worse—far worse."

Gracie's Hideaway

Then, taking pity on my plight, he took me up to meet Gracie Seidel, who ran a "guest" house on the Cahuenga Pass, a house once owned by James Kerrigan of the original "Covered Wagon" fame, and inherited by his family. Gracie, a handsome, middleaged woman of rather definite ideas, knew all about the ways of Hollywood denizens. Not only did Sidney Sheldon live there, but Ben Roberts and George Sayre, all screenwriters. Also, two actors, two newspaperboys, Pat and Leo, and an old, but lusty pensioner. The house, of course, was enormous, as were the grounds. Gracie ran it with an old Missouri gal called May Tipton, who told me the only advice she got from her father was, "I don't care how much you fight, but don't ever let me catch you crying." This, before the days of the "Beverly Hillbillies."

I moved stealthily one Sunday with the help of Mac, one of the actors (western and full-bearded), while my friends were sleeping off their hangovers. It was a dirty trick, but I did leave them a bottle of Scotch. But no forwarding address or phone number. Only my agent and studio had that.

Gracie's place was heaven. Not only were all her roomers bachelors, but women were not allowed on the premises. She always answered the phone and automatically said you were not in, until you vigorously nodded your head. She also answered the door and anyone she didn't know was sent packing. Furthermore, she provided breakfasts, and for those who desired it, dinners. Between meals, you could lock yourself in your room and write, undisturbed, to your heart's content.

But with four screenwriters in the house, staying locked in a room was a little difficult. Occasionally we had to go to the bathroom. Often, that meant a conference in the hall, or out on the wide porch. But Gracie kept a sharp eye on us and broke up all meetings until we hit on the idea of collaborating on a screenplay together. The screenplay was written, signed with a pseudonym, consisting of all our first names and promptly rejected by the studios.

Came the day when we were all suddenly out of work. And since we were unencumbered bachelors, living up to our last dollar, we were unable to pay the rent. Shamefacedly, we had to confess this to Gracie. We knew it would be a shock to her for she, too, was liberal with her money, and often lived beyond her credit, housing and feeding us monsters.

She laid down the law. No more collaboration. We would all work on our individual projects and find employment at separate studios. But, we pointed out, this would take time. And meanwhile, how could we survive?

"My secret bankers," she announced. "My newspaperboys."

It turned out that Pat and Leo were not only newspaperboys, but owned a flourishing stand on Hollywood Blvd. and booked an occasional bet at the track. Though they rarely read anything but the Racing Form, they were glad to help the cause of literature, and the crisis was surmounted.

Sheldon, recently on the screenplay of "Jumbo" for MGM, has been a producer and writer at Paramount and counts among his credits: "All In A Night's Work," "The Buster Keaton Story," "Pardners," "Birds and Bees," "Anything Goes," "You're Never Too Young," "Annie Get Your Gun" and "The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer."

Ben Roberts, who teamed up with Ivan Goff, has among his credits: "Midnight Lace," "Portrait In Black," "Shake Hands With The Devil," "Band of Angels," "Man of a Thousand Faces" and "O'Henry's Full House."

George Sayre, who recently died, was credited with "Secrets of a Co-ed," "Jungle Siren," "Where Are Your Children," "Alaska," "Black Market Babies" and "Rocky."

Personally, I wrote 40 screenplays, six books, and about 200 teleplays—all dedicated to Pat, Leo and Gracie.

As for the newspaperboys, they still own the newsstand, and I wouldn't be surprised if you could still bet $5 in the fifth at Santa Anita—merely to help the literati Gracie Seidel is now harboring.

Nat'l General Deal For Mobile Rentals Gets Latter's Okay

Hollywood.

Stockholders of Mobile Rentals Corp. approved the proposed acquisition of the company by National General Corp., parent company of National Theatres, and will exchange 483,000 shares of common outstanding for NGC common on share-for-share basis.

MRC, according to prexy M. E. Hersch, will operate as an autonomous subsidy of NGC following acquisition, now pending for final tax ruling and Government approval.

20th Forms Out Shipping

Dallas.

Shipping-inspection department of 20th Century-Fox has been shuttered at the local exchange and all work will be done by Central Shipping.

Many of the employees had been with the exchange for many years. The shippers went to Central Shipping but the women did not.

British Fight ECM

Continued from page 3

on and on, and there's still little sign of a deal.

Ask British producers and they'll say the stumbling block has been the uncooperative and unfriendly attitude of the studio unions. Ask the British unions, and they'll counter with strong comments about the refusal of the producers to recognize and understand the problems of labor. In short, one side blames the other, and the agreement, much desired by producers on either side of the Channel, is still some way from ratification.

Rising Costs

At first, when the prospect of Anglo-European coproduction was conceived, it looked a natural proposition to solve many of this island industry's financial problems. Filmmaking costs were rising in Britain as much as they were on the Continent, and in both areas the producers were faced with a shrinking market and a lower potential return on their investment. What could be better, therefore, than having an arrangement whereby the production investment was shared on a partnership basis, and the completed picture would qualify as quota in both territories? For example, an Anglo-French coproduction would qualify for British and French quota, and, even more importantly, would be entitled to film aid in both countries.

The union reaction, not too surprisingly, was one of immediate caution. In view of the financial advantages they feared a rash of joint Anglo-Continental efforts, at the possible expense of exclusively made British films. If their fears were proved well-founded there would be a danger of less employment for their union members, and that, they insisted, would be a bad thing for the British industry. So, their first demand was for an assurance that if there was any substantial volume of coproduction, the industry would ask the Board of Trade to increase the present 30% quota for British films. They also sought safeguards on other counts, but as time went by, and the talks dragged on, the producers urged the Board of Trade to take unilateral action, and to conclude a trial pact with at least one of the countries involved in the joint negotiations.

French Overtures

Some little time later, the Cinematograph Films Council, the official body appointed to advise the Board of Trade prexy on the operation of the Quota Act, recommended that a trial agreement should be immediately concluded with the French Government, but there has been no sign, so far, of any official action on these lines.

Having spent several years in these abortive negotiations, several leading lights in British production are beginning to feel that their efforts would be better rewarded by pressing for participation in the Common Market. If the United Kingdom joins the community, they argue, the other problems will resolve themselves more or less automatically. But that's a sanguine attitude, and one which the unions have indicated they are ready to resist. There is, however, more uncertain reaction by the unions on the Common Market issue than there has been to date on European coproduction. There are widespread misgivings among the labor forces on the merits of ECM participation, based on the interpretation of Article 92 of the Rome Treaty, which stipulates, among other things, that subsidies, and other artificial aids to industry, may not work to the advantage of one member country against another.

This, the unions argue, could put into jeopardy such legislation in Britain as the Quota Act, which insures that British theatres show a guaranteed proportion of domestic production; the statutory Eady fund, which gives producers a direct return from the boxoffice, equal to 40 to 45 per cent of the United Kingdom gross; and the operation of the National Film helped many independent film makers in the last 13 or 14 years in obtaining, at reasonable rates of interest, the necessary coin to continue in production. If these advantages are threatened, the unions claim, any other advantages of joining with the rest of Europe in the Common Market are largely negatived.

On the other side, the producers insist that the unions are crying before they are hurt. In the main, they accept there is some doubt about the interpretation of Article 92, but point out that film aid is already a recognized feature in France and Italy, and is under active discussion in Germany. They are confident that the German film industry will fall in line rather than compel the industries of France, Italy and Britain to forego their financial advantages. That would eliminate the main issue, and the producers believe that quotas and the films bank are matters that could be easily resolved around the table. There is now a permanent commission sitting in Brussels, and doubtless all these issues will be determined before long.

The debate must, necessarily, be brought to an end before long, and the final decision will rest not with the industry, even though its views may be taken into account. It's strictly a Governmental matter, and Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, and his top advisors in the Cabinet, have clearly indicated that they will take every practical step to secure admission. Arthur Watkins the retiring president of the British Film Producers Association, may holler in favor of joining the ECM, and George Elvin, the general secretady of the Association of Cinematograph, Television and Allied Technicians, may protest loudly, but these will be largely voices in the wilderness. There are far bigger issues at stake, and these will be the determining factors. For better or for worse, (to use the title of one of Arthur Watkins' plays), the motion picture industry in Britain will have little say in Government policy. At best they must look forward to a prolonged period of diplomatic negotiation to be sure that they are able to continue the natural advantages they already possess.

LV's $30,000,000 Boom

Continued from page 3

the showrooms and casinos, and since Nevada's estimated take from tourism in 1962 topped $600,000,000, resort investors are keen to oblige with the new high-rises.

Vegas visitors this year will see the most costly single building ever constructed in the state of Nevada: the new "Diamond of the Dunes"—a 22-story, $8,000,000, 510-room addition to the Dunes Hotel, with a "Top O' the Strip" cocktail lounge, solaria and health clubs for men and women; an 18-hole championship golf course and country club, plus many other attractions for the tourist trade.

Desert Inn Adding

The Desert Inn is adding a 10-story building and the colorful Wilbur Clark from Cleveland and his cohorts are doing another building bit across U. S. Highway 91 on one of their other properties, known as the Stardust, which will be going up 13 stories. Del Webb, of N. Y. Yankee fame, who associated himself with Milton Prell and Hotel Sahara in 1961, has been watching a new 24-story building go up as an addition to this resort at the corner where the "Strip" begins. The new annex will have 400 rooms and suites, towering 260 feet. It will cost $6,500,000 of the overall $12,000,000 expansion program, and will give the Sahara a total of 1,000 rooms. The new rooms are expected to be ready by May of this year.

Then there is the Landmark, a 32-story tower that has the odd shape of an atomic mushroom-come-sewing-basket. The casino for this latest entry into the Vegas gaming scene will be located near the top of this tallest building in Nevada. On a clear day, the blackjack player may even see Lake Mead, some 20-odd miles away.

The Sands, under the direction of former New Yorker Jack Entratter, will soon commence with its eight-story addition over the present casino area. This elegant thrust into the sky will cost more than $5,000,000.

Downtown Las Vegas with its glittering slot machine palaces and casinos (the area used to be called "Glitter Gulch" but the operators nowadays prefer the more genteel "Casino Center") are going to have a high time of it, too. The Fremont has just added 14 stories; the Las Vegas Club is building a 14-story resort and The Mint (they've got a sign that will pierce your eyeballs at a thousand yards) broke ground Nov. 5 for a 25-story resort structure.

Back on the more luxurious four-mile Strip, a New Yorker, Edwin S. Lowe, is about ready to spring his 450-room Tallyho with a nine-hole golf course and 32 villas, each with a private swimming pool. This might be called a Lowe-rise by recently acquired Vegas standards, since the Tudor-styled hotel will only be three-stories high. Lowe, a Manhattan financier and industrialist, has staked $12,000,000 in the plant. Oddly enough, it has no casinos.

On Nov. 23 the Thunderbird Hotel broke ground for a $1,000,000, four-story addition which will have 214 rooms and is skedded for completion May 1. Joe Wells, hotel prexy, says the addition will give the spa a total of 750 rooms. In 1964, a $4,000,000 16-story skyscraper will go up at the T'bird, giving an additional 350 rooms.

Just six years ago, the tallest building in Nevada was less than 140 feet high. Commenting on their now-abuilding tower, Dunes owner James Gottlieb and prexy Major Riddle point out that Las Vegas has been growing at seven times the national rate since the 1960 census and declare that "our entire expansion program which will eventually represent an investment of $30,000,000 is designed to meet the phenomenal demands of this expanding tourist and convention market."

It is evident that as California moved last month into its exhilarating new status as the nation's most heavily-populated state, Las Vegas will continue to boom right along with it. About two-thirds of the Vegas visitors come from Southern California.

Perusal of a just-completed economic survey of Southern Nevada further reveals why the resort owners are betting heavily on the future of this area. McCarren Airport has just gone high-hat with a new $5,500,000 terminal which will go into full-scale operation this month. It will handle about 1,200,000 passengers in 1963, funnelled into town by seven airlines which provide big-jet service. In the opinion of the locals, the day is not too far off when the lucrative New York market will be serviced with non-stop-to-Vegas daily jet flights. The record as of December, '62, showed air travel up a dandy 17%.

About 10 years ago, the entire population of Clark County was about 65,000. Today, the permanent population is nearing 200,000. More than 40,000 new residents will have moved in by the end of this year, indicating that Las Vegas may by the home of 1,000,000 American before 1975. Since Las Vegas Valley embraces an area of about 900 square miles, there'll be plenty of room for those pioneer-type souls who are "Westward Ho To Vegas." The population growth in 1962, incidentally, is estimated at 21%.

Construction doubles and redoubles from year to year. In 1962 it was up over 100%.

The natives can spread out—and the tourists will go up in those new skyscrapers.

OLSEN & JOHNSON BIO SET AS 1963 FEATURE

Olsen & Johnson are to be biofilmed by Stan Selden and Zev Bufman, Los Angeles legit producers now expanding into films, with Ole Olsen acting as technical advisor and aid on the script.

Ganenden Pictures has been formed for project, slated to roll sometime this year.

Paris' 'Lost Generation'

Continued from page 3

ticipated, not only Americans. But what made it most meaningful to American writing is that all these artists met and had mutual contacts. And all of them grew and were part of something very special. With American writing benefitting most—or so it seems today. Possibly because American writing had a desperate need for that bit of cultural leavening which the co-citizens of this international community offered.

An American editor who was part of that Paris of the '20s said recently, "I have a feeling that most of these expatriates didn't know at the time what fate and destiny was to earmark for them. It surely went for me; I was there working for a newspaper, nothing more, it was an assignment, could have been Baltimore or Los Angeles." Sure. None of us who were there then "knew." And that was true of more than the writers and the painters. It was just as true for the allied (if that is the word) alleys.

Those Crack Newsmen

Consider the newspaper situation. Hemingway started as a Paris reporter for the Toronto Star. William Bird, a reporter of the N.Y. Sun, amused himself by printing and publishing stories and poems of various "friends," including the first published work of Hemingway. McAlmon, et al. Floyd Gibbons, Walter Duranty, Whyte Williams, Henry Wales were Paris newspapermen of the period, tough, rough, arrogant, each of them in his own way a "character." It was not the day of "gentlemen journalists" who accept handouts and cooperate with public relations experts or publicity men.

Jimmy James, the chief N.Y. Times correspondent (later managing editor in New York) once waited at the Quai d'Orsay for several hours on a tip that U.S. Secretary of State Kellogg was inside confabbing with Aristide Briand. Finally Kellogg emerged, frowned and said he had nothing to say. What did he do inside? Nothing. What did he discuss? Nothing. What did he plan? Nothing. James lost his patience. "Mr. Secretary, you were in there with the French Prime Minister for four hours. What did you do all that time—play patticake?" He got his interview.

The English speaking papers published in Paris at the time (the Chicago Tribune, the N.Y. Herald and the Times, a local polyglot) were staffed with men and women who have made history. Al Laney, night editor of the Herald in those days and now on the N.Y. paper's sports desk, wrote a book about those newspaper years in Paris a few years ago which was (it seemed to me) too polite and too anxious not to hurt; Al's too nice a guy for the job. Ned Calmer, CBS news commentator and novelist, who was a Herald reporter in those days, fictionalized it in a book about a year ago. But a mere glance at the roster of the Paris American that the book of the "news" boys in Paris during the '20s remains to be written.
newspapermen of that era proves

More Names

Take a look. Whit Burnett and his wife, Martha Foley (as a team they later founded Story Magazine) were on the Herald. Leland Stowe, of the Herald staff, later became a several-times No. 1 book-writer. Leo Mishkin, now movie critic of the N.Y. Telegraph, was on the Trib. Rex Smith, who later found fame as an American editor and publicist, was the Herald's Embassy reporter. George Davis, editor of Mademoiselle for many years, was a Paris newsman of the era. Virgil Geddes, who wrote several Broadway plays later, was the Trib's financial editor. Robert Coates, later of the New Yorker staff, was on the Trib's rewrite staff. Eve Brown, now p.a. at the N.Y. Plaza Hotel and longtime aide to the original "Cholly Knickerbocker" (Maury H. B. Paul), was the Herald's society reporter. Stewart Brown, later a top U.S. Red Cross official, was a Herald rewriteman.

Elliot Paul was on both papers. (He was on the Trib copy desk first. One night he excused himself for a few minutes to grab a quick drink, returning several months later. He was so furious at finding someone else at "his" typewriter that he refused to go back to work, switching to the Herald instead.)

William Shirer was Hank Wales' assistant at the Trib, a timid, studious little man whom it is difficult to think of as the incisive reporter and author he became later. Edmond Taylor was a fledging reporter on the Trib who later wrote some important books. Waverly Root was a rewrite man on the same paper who has since done some important writing. Abel Green organized and ran the Paris VARIETY office on the Boulevard des Italiens. A few doors down the street a young man named Burnet Hershey was in charge of the N.Y. Sun office. (When Hershey took charge, one of the first things he did was to toss out a lot of old papers; a roll of gaily colored posters he gave to the son of his concierge to use as cutups. These, he later learned to his sorrow, were about two dozen original Toulouse-Lautrec drawings.)

Vincent Sheean was a Chi Trib rewriteman before he began writing his famed books. John Chapman (now drama critic of the N.Y. News) was an INS photographer in Paris in this period. Don Skene, who later wrote some fabulous books, was on the Trib sports desk. (He once covered a world championship fight in Paris, returned to the office, typed furiously for more than an hour before realizing there was no ribbon in his machine.) George Seldes was another famed Chi Trib reporter. James Thurber was a copyreader on the same paper, but always irked the editors because he was doodling and making "drawings" instead of writing headlines.

Still More

It was on the Trib, incidentally, that Elliot Paul met Eugene Jolas and Robert Sage, both rewritemen; together they started the "transition" (lowercase "t"), perhaps the highpoint of Paris literary publishing. Sage, who was associate editor of the magazine when it started, remained in Paris, working on the Herald until his death a couple of months ago. Frank Scully (before he became Hollywood's Sir Francis) worked for the Trib in Paris. (Actually he was its Riviera correspondent and was not on the Paris staff and later did the European funaround for VARIETY.) Larry Blochman (who later turned out some fine books and movie scripts), Jierre Loving, Martin Summers, Allen Raymond (later prez of the Newspaper Guild), Reynolds Packard, Ralph Frantz, Larry Rue, Ed Lanham, Lansing Warren, Jay Allen, Lawrence Dame, John Weld, Freddie Abbott . . . these are some of the Paris newsmen of the period. (Excuse, fellas, those forgotten to list here; one didn't have sense enough in them days to keep a notebook; so must rely on memory.)

Culture and Pioneers

There are other ways we, in the newspaper biz in Paris during those years, were importantly involved with the world of culture. A guy named Rex Stout came into the Herald office one day. He was a banker who had decided to start writing (and pretty doggone well, as it turned out) and who brought us a copy of a new book written (and published) by D. H. Lawrence called "Lady Chatterly's Lover" which he (Stout) thought might be "important some day." A lady poet named Michael Strange also came into the Trib office one day and introduced us to an American actor named John Barrymore (he made the drawings to illustrate her newest book of poetry) whom she was to marry. A guy named Jack Connolly, ex-cameraman for Fox Newsreel, brought in (at the Herald) a strip of film with holes on the side which, he said, would reproduce sound on screens. We thought he had holes in his head, but the sound came, and he became head of Fox Movietone and later a key member of the State Department's newsreel service in Washington.

Gertrude Stein named the expatriates of that period the "lost generation," a name which stuck. But no, we weren't lost, we were just replaced. And we opened a lot of doors.

Lengel On Dreiser

Continued from page 8

Declaimed." But I saw, in my youthful way, a great, a tremendous talent going to waste. Surely, a man who had written a "Sister Carrie" should not leave it at that. Of course, he had reason to be bitter over the fate of his first book.

I learned of that bizarre and heart-breaking publishing venture from Dreiser himself. The book was accepted by Frank Norris (famed himself as the realist author of "McTeague") for Doubleday-Page. A certain female member of the Doubleday family thought the story immoral. The firm demurred over publication, but Dreiser insisted on his contract. The publishers capitulated to the extent of a "technical" publication which in actuality was suppression. Only a few copies got out of the house; probably thanks to Norris who was touting the book highly.

'Jennie Gerhardt'

But Dreiser *had* started another novel. I discovered this quite by accident when in a drawer of my typewriter desk I came upon a publisher's dummy of a proposed novel titled "The Transgressor." This eventually appeared as "Jennie Gerhardt," in 1911, more than a decade after "Sister Carrie," and after Dreiser had left his position at Butterick. I have often wondered if perhaps that wasn't Butterick's left-handed way of contributing to American letters; although I am also sure that a man of Dreiser's vast talent and unbelievable determination would one day have returned to writing, even so.

Now he produced a great deal of work. After "Jennie Gerhardt" he wrote "The Genius," although "The Financier" and "The Titan" appeared before it. Later came such work as "A Book About Myself," "A Traveler At 40," "A Hoosier Holiday," all autobiographical; "The Color Of A Great City," sketches of New York; "12 Men," "Free and Other Stories"; and in 1925 "An American Tragedy." He also found time to write a number of plays, "The Hand of the Potter" being the most notable.

And as I knew the man and read his work I was continually struck, and still am, by his ability to use so skillfully the material of his own life in his works of fiction. For all those years that he was a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and editor-in-chief at Butterick, Dreiser was gathering material—as, in fact, he always had and always was to.

He drew a pretty stern picture of his father in "Jennie Gerhardt," a man for whom we must suppose he had little love. For his mother, it was quite the opposite. And in "12 Men"—in the classic "My Brother Paul"—he writes with touching warmth of his beloved brother Paul Dresser, famed songwriter of his day. Also in the same collection is "A True Patriarch," a portrait of his future father-in-law.

Following his grueling battle over "Sister Carrie" and the wretched way his publisher treated him, Dreiser had a nervous breakdown and was sent by brother Paul to the health farm of the old wrestler William Muldoon. This furnished him with the story "Culhane, The Solid Man." And later, in order to regain his health, he worked as timekeeper on a railroad construction crew—with the result, "The Mighty Rourke"—both segments of "12 Men."

Ladies' Man

He used everything and everyone as grist for his creative mill. I shall never forget reading that terribly lonely letter in "The Genius" which Eugene Witla receives from the girl he has left and then later reading, almost word-for-word, the same letter in one of Dreiser's autobiographies—an actual letter that had come from one of his real girls.

There were countless women in his life—a glance at "A Gallery Of Women" shows that. But apart from Dreiser's felicitous portrayal of some of the various women he knew, he had a way in actual fact of touching an essential note in any relationship. For one thing, he was a good listener, not a social listener; he really paid attention to the person he was with, man or woman. He was actually interested in that person.

He was, in consequence, a huge success with the ladies. Indeed, I can think of no more delightful—though perhaps oblique—appreciation of this characteristic than that bestowed by his widow in the dedication of her book, "My Life With Dreiser": "To the unknown women in the life of Theodore Dreiser, who devoted themselves unselfishly to the beauty of his intellect and its artistic unfoldment."

Knowing Dreiser as I did, I am pretty sure he would have appreciated the inclusion of those who responded also in a more secular manner.

I can so well remember, when I first moved into his office, how quickly I realized that he was right then in the throes of an agonizing passion. The object of his affection was a young beauty who later became "Flower Face" in his gargantuan novel "The Genius."

But like so many who are cursed—or gifted—with the artistic temperament, while insisting upon absolute rectitude in his work, in the matter of pleasure quite different values prevailed. Dreiser, in fact, was one who expected utter fidelity on the part of wife or girl friend, but where he was concerned himself, he thought nothing of indulging in extracurricular liaison.

Reverse Romance

One of the more humorous illustrations of this facet of the Dreiser character is revealed in that quaint, albeit gingery, episode concerning Helen, whom he later married, and a young man named Jason.

Jason was a pianist of a certain skill, and both Dreiser and Helen were enthusiastic about his talent. In fact, Dreiser invited him to drop around to his studio. When the young man called he announced that he had no place to practice and, seeing the Dreiser concert grand, asked if he might not come to the studio to play. Dreiser, in a generous mood, swiftly agreed.

Dreiser at the time was apparently involved in a love interest by name of Camilla, with the result that Helen found much time on her hands. It was only natural that she turn to Jason for conversation and company. Presently, wanting "to do the right thing," she decided to ask Dreiser if he would object to her having a deeper relationship with the young pianist.

I can only say that she could not have known Dreiser very well—at least until that moment—or she would never have broached such a forbidden subject. In rage, Dreiser was a tremendous figure, and he must have been monumental when his rage was spurred by sexual jealousy. I can imagine the scene—any woman daring to suggest that she could do what he himself so frequently did; that she had the same rights, rights which Dreiser had himself hammered home in print to the American public time and again—but which in actual life he denied his own spouse-to-be. But apparently he made it stick; she gave up the pianist. Such was the force, the tremendous magnetism of the man.

It has been said that only a great man can act or speak inconsistently and get away with it. If this is so, Dreiser was certainly a member of the club. I believe it. I believe he was one of our truly great writers. To paraphrase one of his contemporaries, Sherwood Anderson. *"Where would we, the writers of today, be without Dreiser and the trail he alone blazed through the wilderness of lies and puritan denial."*

PLESKOW AND KATZ'S SALES POSTS AT UA

The realignment of United Artists' foreign operations, indicated last September with the announcement that Louis Lober, veep in charge of foreign operations, would be taking a less active role, continues with the formal announcement this week that Eric Pleskow, a recently named veep, has been put in charge of all foreign distribution. Pleskow, who was formerly Continental manager, thus becomes UA's first foreign distribution veep since Arnold Picker was elevated from that post to his present exec vicepresidency.

At the same time, Alfred Katz, also a recently named vicepresident, will assume the post of foreign sales manager. He was formerly Latin American and Far East supervisor. Both Pleskow and Katz headquarter in the New York homeoffice.

Copyright & Spinoff Hero

Continued from page 8

sentence a propos of nothing whatever and with no further reference to it:

"As Detective U Brain artfully observed, tapping the dreaded Bucharest Sword Cane against his one good leg during his lecture at Mutton Academy on The Case of The Beethoven Tenth, 'Well gentlemen, there is nothing new under the sun, and tomorrow is another day'."

Now under orthodox copyright law nothing but the specific language, if you can call it that, of this deplorable passage would be protected. Let us suppose, however, that a television producer with the taste and imagination to cut through such pedestrian style saw the real possibilities in that sentence. The rest of the novel is of no interest to him; the one sentence, however, suggests gold.

For what he sees there is a new series hero. U Brain, obviously Burmese, is a new thing for a television detective. His traits are right there for development: a game leg, and a habit of mouthing uncopyrightable platitudes "artfully," to conceal his cunning. The man has stature; he lectures at Mutton Academy, a fictitious locale with spin-off possibilities of its own. The dreaded Bucharest Sword Cane is a good identifying prop with merchandising potential if the network is reasonable. Finally there is The Case of The Beethoven Tenth; good as the pilot, suggesting a lost symphony dedicated by the composer to Napoleon's wife. Stirred deeply by the prospect of residuals and capital gains the producer phones counsel.

Now counsel, I should think, would be a little perplexed. Nobody cares about the novel or the quoted sentence as such. The client wants the rights to U Brain and all of his trappings. But what, actually, does he consist of?

'Lifting' Legally

These possibilities occur as "practical business ways" of avoiding trouble: (1) change of name to another Burmese name (2) to a Scots name (3) change the game leg to a bad arm (4) substitute folk proverbs for platitudes (5) make Bucharest Sword Cane a Lucerne Crossbow (6) change Mutton Academy to Groton (7) for Beethoven's Tenth substitute Brahms' fifth, and so on. If you make one of these changes you probably still have U Brain. If you make all of them you have somebody else. Where, at what point, does the character lose identity?

As fanciful as all of this sounds it is the kind of problem that characters create. I feel sure that nobody owns U Brain and his demented props, but such views may be modified in his fifth year of syndication.

In any event there have got to be ttests for "distinctiveness." The stock sheriff, the omniscient mother, all of these types are nobody's property. When something unique comes into the character then you may have property rights. I think audience recognition is one good test, recognition apart from the name of the performer playing the role. Anyone, for example, can spot Mrs. Malaprop.

Minor Characters, Ahoy!

G. K. Chesterton wrote something about Dickens that seems very much to the point:

"If Dickens brought in a man merely to carry a letter, he had time for a touch or two, and made him a giant. Dickens not only conquered the world, he conquered it with minor characters."

That is exactly what I mean, the touch or two that creates a giant. There are not many writers who can bring it off. Those few who can manage it ought to be rewarded and their imaginings should become estates. I am even willing to suggest, although without much company, that a highly developed character ought to be protected against substantial copying of his unique traits but with a different name.

This proposal of legislation is not intended to suggest that existing common law furnishes no separate rights in characters. I feel sure that it does, in a clear case, and there is plenty of history to support the proposition that law protects new forms of property created by industrial practice. The point of a life plus fifty enactment would be pinning things down and affording some better measure of predictability.

Even with legislation the problem will not be resolved immediately. There are too many subtleties involved in determining which characters are distinctive enough for protection and which are not. Still there is no use pretending the whole question will go away. I think it may be some help if a writer knows that his best creative efforts will survive him by at least fifty years in the bread and butter sense.

A portfolio of characters may be quite a prize.

Pros & Cons On Fan Mags

Continued from page 36

they themselves had once eagerly cooperated in preparing, they belatedly found expedient to seek a "dignified" public image—often losing public favor in the process.

Most glaring current example of fan magazine bad taste, of course, is the frequent use of Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy on fan covers, accompanied by often tasteless cover lines. The White House is reported increasingly irritated over the exploitation of the President's wife in this crass and infantile manner. The misuse of a non-cinematic personality of exalted background and exemplary private life smacks and exeorable taste and editorial desperation, and has caused a number of observers to ask if circulation-chasing is superseding common sense along Fan Mag Row these days.

The current scene finds these two dozen fan magazines serving an audience that has changed vastly over the past three decades—an audience which they helped cultivate and whose tastes and intelligence they have often underestimated and insulted. But it is also true that most of the teenagers who read these magazines are more concerned with romance and glamor and self-indulgence than with the culture and artistry of films.

The attempts of the fan magazine editors to mix the scented water of romantic mendacity with the murky oil of Confidential-type (albeit watered-down) scandal has currently produced an uneasy, tightrope-walking editorial compromise between the two once-successful formats. Still, as their healthy circulations attest, they have retained the loyalty and interest of their young readers. Chief reason: their constant and detailed and highly personalized coverage of young personalities that teenagers want to read about.

Studios consequently owe the fan magazines a considerable debt. For there is no denying that they have been more responsible than any other journalistic medium for for the emergence of new young stars like Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens and Vince Edwards.

Fan publications have invested these personalities with a glamorized, personalized (albeit often phoney and overblown) public relations gloss that has no parallel since the old days when studio contract lists (now largely nonexistent) sustained mammoth publicity staffs who kept the public star-conscious. The fan magazines are serving this function today—and doing no mean job of it.

Some analytical observers feel, however, that if this same loving attention and image-fashioning were accorded more intelligent and talented younger players coming up, that the fan magazines would really be a firstelass publicity outlet.

Cince *adult* readers have now, it seems, permanently turned to other publications for their entertainment news, criticisms and personality profiles, and since the fan magazines still engage their young readers heavily, what, then, should their function be henceforth if they are to grope their way to some sensible medium between healthy circulations and editorial self-respect?

As one shrewd observer put it: "They can point a good moral for immature minds, sugarcoating it to order. They can subtly uphold right values for courtship, marriage, and later family life. And if you add to a basically moral content (and by "moral content" I *don't* mean preachy, antiseptic, puritanical Pollyanna-ism) the values of literacy, taste, originality and liveliness (all geared, and stirred-in, for teenage palates)—and above all, truth and common sense, then fan-mag editors might feel a greater sense of fulfillment and creativity than they have for 30 years now."

Will the fan-maggers follow such wise advice? It is possible they may have to, and soon, for young people of the '60s are less easily hoodwinked.

Herb Aller

Continued from page 3

now seems necessary to comment on this wishful thinking—for, in the absence of anything more concrete, that is what it is.

"The catchphrase 'new blood' is a semantic ploy coined by producers, directors and writers—and some actors—in their eagerness to enthuse and inspire young students of the cinema in schools and colleges before whom they have appeared from time to time as lecturers and professors. It is their recurring contention that there exists a burning need for new blood in the motion picture industry. But to what, exactly, do they refer? And why do they continually harp on it? It is not altogether clear.

"Perhaps these pedants are impressed with the applause this catchphrase always elicits from students. And why shouldn't it? This is just what they are all waiting to hear. But what is the actual—and factual—situation? If the industry needs new blood and claims it cannot for long survive without it, then let us look at the record, as a certain New York Governor once said, and let us pinpoint those areas in the business where there is a lack of talent."

Aller proceeded to argue that there are plenty of writers in the Writers Guild, plenty of directors in the Directors Guild, and so on. He then paid tribute to the long years invested in their skills by the members of his own group. "As competent, ambitious and progressive a group of technical artisans as exist anywhere in the world," said he. He also declared that the second cameraman, who operates the camera, was equally alert.

In a diminishing market, Aller made clear, the available jobs were not likely to go to newcomers, and it was hokum to pretend that they would.

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Realism and 'Trade Secrets'

Continued from page 11

them." "We cut them because they are padded." "Well, I'd look foolish if I told the truth."

He feared, in short, a loss of chic.

Despite the rigors of his misson our VARIETY Diogenes of the film grosses, Mike Wear, does not raise his voice though he does raise his lantern. If you encounter Wear shuffling about Manhattan in pursuit of believable figures, speak to him gently. His job has not embittered him. Perhaps because he has his victories to compensate his frustrations.

What Price Realism?

But trade secrets at the weekly b.o. are as nothing compared with trade secrets—bona fide or pseudo—elsewhere. The trade's outright, unblinking liars are fortunately a minority. Nor do they limit their art to reporters. Reluctantly, they end up convincing mostly only themselves of their cleverness.

Broadly, and seriously, the film industry needs better, more up-to-date, more detailed data for its own realistic guidance, the better to know and avoid the pitfalls of risk. Myths flourish where facts fail to take root. The industry needs to know many things it now only guesses at—like the pull or repel of given stars.

Also, consider that zealously-guarded area of maximum prestige security, actual negative costs. Where did the money go? Who knows? Almost nobody knows. It's a trade secret. Don't be rude.

Attacks on the star system have lately grown in number and volume, though almost never naming names. But singularly little data is exposed for study. There is mystery in the very logic of certain deals. Who is the salesman? Does the star sell the banker? Does the banker sell the producer? Is the key a lawyer, C.P.A. or foreign government? Who's got the action? Who holds the gun? What makes the star a partner, too? Participation without risk — who invented that? In all this,secrecy is ruler.

Stars of the screen like stars of astronomy are supposed to project mathematical computations but the evidence is that the scholars in their domed workshops are much more on the light-beam. The analogy need not be labored further than remarking that in the astronomy trade all capable of understanding the basic data have access to it.

Mercy To The Merciful

More to the immediacy of film industry survival through a long, painful transition is the question of the conspiracy of silence to thwart open study of film flops. Stardom is getting a bad name because it wants all the market will bear with no related responsibility. The answer is not a cartel against high wages for stars, as adopted in Germany with unfortunate results. Let a star be paid to the fullest calculation of worth but let there also be some kind of honest evaluation of worth. Actually when a star's boxoffice performance remains unimpressive over a period of releases, the news will surely get around, with or without trade-paper help. The realistic point is that some stars, having showed no mercy, solicit the mercy of a protective blackout.

In our present age, euphemisms flourish all over, and in the film business not least. Hollywood today is the homeland of the 22 supporting names grouped under the classic courtesy billing —"also starring." Nice little costume action pics pass as epics. People are never fired but "resign." Nobody is ever beyond his or her artistic depth but miscast. A director who is unable to end his story is not inept but avant-garde. The ending was at the beginning.

Here is not the place, and the present writer is not the sufficiently detached scholar, for discussion of that other form of "trade secret"—the release that faces a nervous first 100 playdates. Again what everybody in the trade openly discusses may not be privileged for publication.

Don't Put Down Snakes

Continued from page 16

you have to give them a palliate (more fun scenes).

The second phase of the book about these two unforgettable boa constrictors has to do with their training. They have to be taught not to constrict children (yours). Or if they must constrict children you just let them out at night (Halloween is a good night, and so what—the schools are too danged crowded in your neighborhood anyway). Or you might take them over to the television studio and have them wait at the stagedoor for Ben Casey—good constriction might loosen him up a little.

After you have trained the two unforgettable boas where they will constrict only on command, you should—to follow the correct pattern—get them into some kind of trouble. Cute trouble. For instance, they could get into the back seat of your neighbor's stationwagon, and as she is driving her husband to the station to catch the 8:15, they could suddenly play "guess who?" with her. This could, of course, go beyond the cute trouble stage, and become a major traffic accident, involving an on-coming Greyhound bus, a Texaco gasoline truck and perhaps (if you're lucky) the 8:15 itself. This could take up a couple of chapters, at least—what with lawsuits and all (you might even get a funny courtroom scene where the two unforgettable boa constrictors win the judge over with their cute antics and a little applied psychology on his windpipe).

Sad Part of Tale

Now we're up to the sad part of this animal-book. This is the part where the two boa constrictors must return to their natural state in the jungles of the upper Amazon river. This is really sad because no matter how many friends you may have at the Chase Manhattan Bank they seem very reluctant to lend you the kind of money it takes to journey to the upper Amazon river—no matter how charitable your cause.

There is an alternative, of course —join the Peace Corps. This may seem like a farfetched idea at first because the Peace Corps has the right to send you where it wants to, and no matter how much you may want to go the upper Amazon, you may wind up at Grossinger's —helping to stamp out the tsetse fly over Labor Day.

But no matter how you arrange things the two unforgettable boa constrictors *must* be returned to their *home jungle*. After this is done you paddle the 600 miles *back* down the Amazon, grab a few Hertz U-drive native beaters and beat it through the bush to the nearest airport, and in no time at all you are safely back on your sunny New York terrace. You're sipping a tall one when suddenly you look up and there they are—Charlie and Mildred—the two unforgettable boa constrictors. The jungle just doesn't *appeal* to them anymore.

Sipping another sip from your tall one, you heave a large sigh and throw them the "new" Jayne Mansfield (the *old* one you're keeping for yourself). Secretly, you're happy that the two unforgettable boas have come back "home" but now you're going to have to plan their future for them. You make a mental note to call Irving Mansfield in the morning.

* * *

On second thought I may *not* win the $7,500 that Dutton is giving for their Animal-Book Award. *This* will make me bitter and I'll go back to writing about *people*—whom I hate—but like Tab Hunter's dog says: "That's all there is."

Script Approval

Continued from page 11

abroad—and there is no need for farewells at the pier since Coco always takes everyone with her.

In Paris, Coco's arrival causes a furor. The station is mobbed by thousands of fans. Reporters are tightly squeezed in one group awaiting the "Queen's" long delayed descent from her private car. Coco appears on the platform —throwing kisses to the now near hysterical crowd. She descends, amid a police guard, to her waiting car, but not before answering questions from the reporters and throwing wet-lipped smiles at the tv cameras covering this—er—national event. "I'm no different than any Parisian girl on the street," says Coco.

At the studio, the lavish sets for "Sheba" are already set up. Coco, in costume, rants that the script stinks. "It's great!" says Harold P. State, who wisely made a special trip to oversee production. "I'm going to be ill," cries our star. "Oi," cries State.

Coco is in her ornate Louis XIV custom designed hospital room. The company realizes that a script doctor is the cure for Coco's sudden malady.

"I think the leading man should be blonde, don't you, Harold?" says Coco, sitting in State's lush office. At this moment the telephone repairman enters the office. He is blonde, about 30, very tall and very good looking. When he sees Coco-vin, he is totally speechless. "Harold!" screams Coco. "It's him! This is he! This is my leading man!"

* * *

The set of "Sheba" is bustling with activity. Coco is in her chair, radiant and happy. Her husband is sitting on a chair near the men's room. Tar Feather — the former telephone man—is seated next to Coco, wearing the absolute minimum required for a male actor. "The Queen of Sheba" will be the greatest *musical* ever made!" says Coco triumphantly. "Now that they've added those musical numbers and changed the script like I *wanted*.

British Fear 'Monopoly' in Toll

London.

A plea for adequate safeguards against monopoly in tollvision has been made in a submission to the Postmaster-General by the British Film Producers Assn. on a majority vote decision. This is one of the most significant features of the Association's representations to the Government on prospective feevee experiments.

The document, now before the body, also insists that pay tv should not be controlled by concerns which already have dominant interests in the entertainment business, although such concerns should not be precluded from holding an interest.

Amplifying the document, BEPA prexy Arthur Watkins explained that the association was opposed to the principle of one company having a monopoly control of programming and equipment in any one region. It was the Association's view that there should be an element of competition and that they should avoid the situation of having one person in any one area with the power to say "yes" or "no" to any proposition.

These representations to the Government have special significance in view of the fact that the Rank Organization, and other prominent BEPA members, are already involved in toll television. The Rank group, for example, is partnered with Associated-Rediffusion, the London commercial tv programming company, in a company known as Choiceview, and it would seem that such an outfit would fall under the axe if the PMG accepts the advice that pay tv concessions should be withheld from companies with "dominant interests in the entertainment industry." Presumably, Telemeter, the Associated Television system, and, possibly, British Home Entertainment, would also come under the same chopper.

The BEPA submissions also urges tests on a sufficiently extensive scale and calls for an assurance that a substantial part of the programming should be of British origin.

WRH

Coffee, Brandy & Cigars

Continued from page 12

was here over the weekend after the opening of the new Hilton hotel in Madrid. He gave the Broadway news but N.Y. doesn't sound inviting. Still, I think I'll be home for 3 or 4 weeks in January."

From Dick Watts: ". . . Curtiss has really made himself quite a figure in the cultural life of Paris by his stage and screen columns in the Herald Tribune there. But success hasn't changed him. He's still 45 minutes late for all appointments . . . A Paris maitre d'hotel recently told Tom, "I have had the honor to serve your distinguished father for 30 years" and then it turned out that he thought von Stroheim was his father! I haven't for years seen anyone look so pleased except when Diana Lynn told Tom in London that he was getting to look and sound more and more like George Jean Nathan."

From Tony Richardson: "I've been meaning to write you ever since I got back (to London) but my life has been in even more chaos than usual. This has been largely because an uncompromising girl with a child and two lovers (for use and pleasure respectively) has been sitting in my flat. In the meantime I've had to sit on the doorsteps of all my friends. However, she's gone now."

Again from Ben Abramson: "Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar. Where are they now?"

From Karl Freund: "One of the interesting stories about Murnau's life was his friendship with Walter Spies, who lived on the island of Bali. Spies was an excellent painter and musician, handsome, the son of a very fine Baltic family. 'Civilization' at the end of the First World War proved too much for him, so he decided to run away from it and start a new life in the Dutch East Indies. Murnau, however, could never forget Spies, and many times attempted to persuade UFA to make a South Seas picture so he could see Spies again. While he came quite close to fulfilling that desire during the filming of 'Tabu' in Tahiti, I don't think Murnau actually ever did see Spies again. Spies, who was known to all travellers to Bali including Noel Coward, Vicki Baum, Miguel Covarrubias, died as a prisoner when the boat on which he was being transported to a concentration camp was torpedoed during the Second World War."

'Wickedest Eyes In The World'

From Anielka Elter, the masked girl-musician in Prince Danilo's seduction scene of Stroheim's "The Merry Widow," once publicized as "the girl with the wickedest eyes in the world": "What a shame that one gets to be old and the wicked eyes are not so wicked anymore. I was a Hollywood girl when the going was good and the most interesting or the craziest people were always interested in me. I was a musician in 'The Merry Widow,' a girl with a mask, which Stroheim saw as a temptation of evil. I wore what in those days we used to call 'A couple of flowers and nothing to pin them on.' As always in Stroheim films, I was also a face on the cuttingroom floor. He shot a cigaret out of my mouth in that picture. I was insured at Lloyds for one day but the scene wasn't shown. I knew 'Von' very well, really well. Some of the parties, with lots and lots of drinking which he enjoyed enormously, were just terrific. Once he told how, in Austria, officers, after a night of spree, would hop out of the windows into the deep snow, their batmen holding up sheets for them. There were always some in the wild party scenes who, being well loaded, tried the same. There were broken legs, blood flowing—a wonderful mess.

"Once he decided my hair needed washing and broke a dozen eggs on my head and poured champagne on it as fast as he could. I could tell stories like this 'till the cows come home.' But later he would not have it and did not like to speak about it. There was a wedding in Vienna's Stephansturm (St. Stephen's Cathedral), for instance, a real wedding of his cameraman, Hal Mohr—the church being one of the sets for 'The Wedding March.' I was the bridesmaid, Stroheim was best man, but we all had so much 'developer' out of the glass basins where they developed the film that none stood straight during the ceremony. I was one of Elinor Glyn's pets and she was quite a type, too . . . During the war I became some sort of a Mata Hari but someone slipped up, not me, and I went to prison. It was pretty tough. I was actually in front of a firing squad at one point. My prison experience left me physically ruined by dysentery and infections and my health is very precarious but since I've travelled a great deal and studied a bit I can now make a living as a writer. . . . 'The wickedest eyes in the world' . . . good old Hollywood! 'She prays daily to a god of love.' What nonsense was perpetrated in the name of publicity. Old father De Mille wrote me recently saying, 'I shall never forget how beautiful you were and how brave.' Well, I was by no means ravishing, I think. But look at my generation today. . . . Garbo . . . I remember the days when she was in love with Jack Gilbert; she looked as if she had a light shining from within. Don't think me sentimental, I'm quite down to earth now. It's only that old scrapbook. . . ."

From S.T. Carrier: "I do not know whether or not my wife, Anielka Elter, answered you last letter. It is with very great regret that I have to tell you that she died two weeks ago."

Again from Tom Curtiss: ". . . I covered the Venice film festival and saw a great deal of von Sternberg which was very pleasant. In fact I was booked to go to Vienna to spend a few days there with him but he wired he was leaving immediately and later wrote that he was disappointed and depressed by the sight of the postwar Vienna . . . 'The Devil is a Woman' in the retrospective at Venice was the best film to be seen at the festival. Denise is well and happy and we both wonder when—if ever—you are coming here. Do so before we're put in bath-chairs . . . You should have been in Venice. The festival films were mediocre but the weather was glorious and von Sternberg was a wonderful companion. We dined and shopped and drank a marvelous new beverage called the Bellini' (peach juice, orange and champagne) . . . He talked of a story he has optioned and wants to film—I guess he's the greatest of the directors still with us."

From George Pratt of the George Eastman House in Rochester in reply to my inquiry about Louis Siegel, composer of the score for "Lot in Sodom,' one of the most remarkable music scores for a film ever written: "He died, apparently of cancer, in 1955. He was born in Rochester and when 11 was taken to Belgium where he studied under the violin virtuoso, Ovide Musin. At 16 he graduated with honors from the Royal Conservatory at Liege. He was a close associate later, in Vienna, of Leopold Godowsky . . . His obituary mentions only one composition, a short symphony. (Sic) called 'Nocturnal Rouge.' There is no word about his score for 'Lot in Sodom.' In 1938 he was decorated by the government of Yugoslavia where he'd gone to conduct Bach, Beethoven and the violin concerto of the American composer, John Alden Carpenter. Hildegarde Watson (who played Lot's wife in the film) recalls listening to his rehearsals in Yugoslavia, which she was able to do as she was touring and singing in Europe at the time. 'He could play any instrument,' she told me on the phone yesterday. 'He was the finest violinist I ever heard, and his performance of the Bach Chaconne was unsurpassed.' In spite of the fact that he was a recluse, 'because he was almost pathologically shy,' Hildegarde said, 'he was a very, very great man.' Hildegarde recalled that he was a great friend also of Casals and at one time had gone to Spain and lived and worked with Casals, 'who was very fond of him.' Hildegarde said, 'Louis Siegel had the most marvelous musical mind I ever met.' She also recalled that the music for 'Lot in Sodom' had so impressed someone in Rome that he requested the score separately so that it could be performed there in concert,"

I wanted to end these fleeting fragments and bits of reminiscence fancifully, as befits such a motly roundup, with an extract from Norman McLaren, but a McLaren letter consists as much of the whimsical drawings that embellishes it as the text itself.

Have Foreign Location, Will Travel—

By HARVEY MATOFSKY

London.

I sometimes think that the boys who grind out those durable tv series about trenchcoated foreign correspondents and pistol-packing international troubleshooters are missing a sure thing by not dramatizing the life, times and adventures of a globetrotting movie publicist.

The subject matter is an inexhaustible as it is unpredictable. And think of the limitless possibilities for upper case hyperbole in the ad campaign. To anticipate a likely few, there's movie world glamour! . . . scene-stealing intrigue! . . . intramural romance! . . . ulcerating suspense! . . . and a fabulous new foreign location each week!—not to mention, of course, the inevitable triumverate of picture-making in another country: heartache! headache! and heartburn! Could Trenedex or Nielsen ask for anything more?

Before touching on some of the real-life dramas a film publicist may be faced with on a foreign location, let's consider our proposed TVer and see what shape it might take.

Our undaunted hero—we'll call him Gabe Freebie—is ready at a moment's notice to take off for parts unknown to deal with a passel of publicity problems on Global-Worldwide Pictures' farflung production fronts. Heading up G-W's promotion operations at Adpubexploi Command Headquarters in New York is "The Chief," known simply and affectionately to his friends in the trade and family at home as "The National Executive Assistant to the Vice President in charge of International Advertising, Publicity, Exploitation and Sales Promotion for Global-Worldwide Pictures."

(To understand The Chief and his relationship to Freebie it is important to state here that as far as The Chief is concerned "position is nine-tenths of the law." He has but one burning ambition in life and that is to see his title, not his name, up in lights.)

Each installment starts with the same scene before the main title credits. The Chief, munching a cornedbeef sandwich, bursts into his secretary's office shouting, "Get me Freebie! If he's not at Lindy's, try his office."

Against the have foreign location, will travel main titles and theme music we see Gabe Freebie wearing a sardonic smile and walking toward The Chief's office trenchcoat. He checks the coat with the secretary, pockets the ticket stub and walks through the revolving doors of The Chief's plush office as the title of the pilot, "The Case of the Missing Copy," flashes on screen.

The Chief perfunctorily offers a bite of his cornedbeef sandwich, which the latter politely declines.

"Let's get down to cases, Gabe," he says grimly, pulling down a relief map of the world behind his desk.

'Africa Swings'

"As you know, we're filming here," he continues, pointing to a place on the map in central Africa with a fistful of press clippings. "The picture is based on Arnie Toynbee's bestselling 'Africa in Turmoil,' but since we're making it as a musical we've changed the title to 'Africa Swings'."

Freebie nods his head in approal. "Musicials are bigger than ever at the boxoffice, Chief," he affirms. "Why, only last week at the Music Hall 'Song of Czechoslovakia' broke all existing records for a non-holiday rainy weekend. It racked up . . ." But before he can quote the record-shattering grosses, The Chief cuts him off.

"For the past two weeks we haven't heard a word from the unit publicist," he growls. "Not a line of copy. Not a single contact sheet. Not even a memo on how extensive the local coverage has been."

Still munching on his sandwich, he extricates a piece of paper from the clutter of dishes, cups and saucers, half-eaten half-sour pickles, coke bottles and wax paper on his desk and hands it to Freebie. "This is the last piece of copy we received from him. Here, read it."

Freebie peruses it incredulously, then reads aloud: "Exclusive in Your City. Victoriaville, Darkest Africa, Aug. 21—More than 6,000 Zulu warriors, many of them dangerous head-hunters, have been signed for the climactic dance scene in Global-Worldwide's new African musical epic 'Africa Swings,' it was announced today by Luanda, Chief of the Zulu tribe and assistant producer-director-writer of the film.

"Luanda declared that this is a record number of Zulus used in a motion picture production and marks the first time hostile headhunters have appeared as actors. Rip Rory and Dawn Pirouette costar in the multimillion-dollar song-and-dance spectacle, now filming in AfraScope and Afracolor in Africa for G-W worldwide release."

A solemn-faced Freebie replaces the paper on The Chief's desk. "When do you want me to leave?" he asks.

Get Cracking

"I've booked you out on the first flight tonight," The Chief replies, and two men exchange knowing smiles of old comrades-in-arms.

The Chief rises, signalling the end of the meeting, and guides Freebie to the revolving doors. "I want tons of copy, Gabe. And lots of color art. Both Life and Look are interested and so is the entertainment editor of National Geographic—from the Zulu angle of course. And Gabe,"—here The Chief places his hand, still clutching the morning's teersheets, fondly on Freebie's shoulder—"I'm giving you the title of International Publicity Coordinator and Global Sales Liaison. The story goes out today."

"Thanks Chief. I could use a new title."

They shake hands and as Freebie passes through the revolving doors, The Chief shouts a farewell reminder, "And don't forget the Sunday Times piece just as soon as you get there!"

Of course, Gabe Freebie solves "The Case of the Missing Copy" and gets Life, Look and Sunday Times breaks to boot. It turned out the Zulu chief, bargaining for bigger billing, was holding the production company, including the unit publicist, hostage. Freebie not only got him to agree to 50% billing of *"And Introducing Chief Luanda And His Tribal Zulu Dancers"* after the cast credits but solved the regenerated chief's daughter's marital problems by marrying her off to the son of the chief of a rival tribe, thus ending a long-standing show business feud between the warring dancing Zulus.

At the fadeout Freebie has also pulled the promotional coup of the year by staging the nuptial celebration—erotic Zulu rites and all—in the lobby of the Loew's Victoriaville on the night of "Africa Swings'" world premiere with Telestar beaming—in Freebie's own mineographed prose—"the precedent-setting showmanship event to an estimated 300,000,000 potential moviegoers around the world."

* * *

His workaday may require him to assume the several guises of wet nurse and chaperon (to recalcitrant child stars), sightseeing guide (to visiting press), father confessor (to all the young ones making their way), boon drinking campanion (to almost anyone), interpreter (equipped with Berlitz and/or high school French), diplomatic courier (oftimes between the producer and director), placater of injured egos (including his own), English-speaking movie extra in a pinch ("we'll dub him later"), mythmaker ("the picture will cost between 10 and 20 million dollars before its completed") and starbuilder ("she's another Anna Mae Wong").

In the course of his work he may sometimes become involved in, or witness to, local revolutions, border incidents, earthquakes, political crises, sitdown strikes and, occasionally, other peoples' illicit romances.

To cite just two memorable—and publishable—examples of the above, a few years ago we were on location in a place called Kairouan in Tunisia. The company had secured permission to shoot in the Grand Mosque there despite the impassioned protests of the Grand Mufti who, it seems, had some political fires to fan.

While we were filming, the Grand Mufti was animating the populace with what can loosely be described as anti-Administration speeches, making much of the tion" of the religious shrine. No sooner was he arrested when all hell broke loose outside the Governor's palace. When the gunsmoke had cleared there were six Arabs dead and many wounded. After reporting the story to the wire services in Rome (not a word of the riots was allowed to be printed in the local press), this publicist had the dubious distinction of being designated persona non grata in Kairiuan on penalty of arrest.

On another location, the director, two of the stars and the film's publicist, enjoying a peaceful drive through the roadless North African desert, were detained by Algerian border troops after inadvertently crossing the frontier. Somehow we managed to convince them that we weren't gunrunners but were scouting film locations in the desert. Once this was established, they treated us as though they were unemployed actors looking for work but kept us "prisoners" for two hours until a messenger could return with the hotel concierge and our passports . . . And so it goes, wherever you go, on the "Have Foreign Location, Will Travel" route.

Filipino Censors

Continued from page 12

they tend to incite demoralizing imitation on the part of youth.

(8). Murder:

a) The technique of murder must not be presented in a way that will inspire imitation.
b) Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail.
c) Revenge in modern times shall not be justified.
d) Mercy killings shall never be made to seem right or permissible.

(9). Drug addiction or the illicit traffic in addiction-drugs shall not be shown if the portrayal:

a) Tends in any manner to encourage, stimulate or justify the use of such drugs; or
b) Stresses, visually or by dialogue, their temporarily attractive effects; or
c) Suggests that the drug habit may be quickly or easily broken; or
d) Shows details of drug procurement or of the taking of drugs in any manner; or
e) Emphasizes the profits of drug traffic; or
f) Involves children who are shown knowingly to use or traffic in drugs.

(10). Stories on the kidnapping or illegal abduction of children are acceptable under the Code only (1) when the subject is handled with restraint and discretion and avoids details, gruesomeness and undue horror, and (2) the child is returned unharmed.

The above rules are also applicable to Filippino pictures. For the first time since the inception of the new Board, two Filipino features have been banned, one is "Maliwalu Massacre" and the other is "Huwag Kang Papatay."

As of now, the Censor Board has a mailed-fist policy against gangster movies and has asked the film companies to declare a moratorium on them.

'You Open the Letter With the Terms, And They Call That Bidding'—Chicago

By MORRY ROTH

Chicago.

Although the participants might be reluctant to describe it that way, Chi motion picture exhibitor-distributor relationships have been undergoing a massive reappraisal in the past year. In sum, a growing number of exhibs have clearly evidenced that they are fed up with being handed picture terms as accomplished facts in a changing market. The distributors, on the other hand, have been seeking new ways to obtain larger gross rentals per picture. At certain times these efforts have conjoined, but just as often they have run head on.

The ingredients for this reassessment have been around for years. However, the increased severity of the shortage of pix has proportionally increased the importance of the negotiations on each deal. To many outlying Chi houses, 1962 bookings have been a matter of much belt-tightening from one holiday booking to another.

It's Dictated!

While, with one notable exception, there have been no hard battle lines drawn up—there has been consistent probing on the part of both sides. The biggest complaint of the theatre owners is the lack of communication between the major distribs and the outlying operators. "Bidding today is one big horse laugh," is one owner's typical appraisal. "I get a letter from some vice president in New York telling me that I can pay 40% of the net for a weak picture, and they call that bidding. I can't remember when a local branch manager called to say that he had a good picture that he would like me to see and discuss terms."

Distributor response to this complaint is that it would be ridiculous to try and horse-trade on every picture for every house. "There are too many small houses looking for champagne pictures on a beer budget," is the way one branch mnager puts it.

What remains to be seen is whether the many, but isolated, exhibitor complaints will ever get an organized platform. Chi-area ozoner operator Stanford Kohlberg made a tentative step in this direction when he recommended a national association of ozoner ops to meet with the majors to discuss guide lines for picture terms. It's Kohlberg's contention that the present war of attrition does neither side any good.

Far From Downtown

A more specific sore point was touched on by Oscar Brotman, owner of the new plush Hillside hardtop in a shopping center. Brotman, also a lawyer, flatly said that the new hardtops in the suburbs deserve the better pix on a day and date basis with the downtown deluxer. He maintains that the suburbanites would not come into town anyway, and that the distribs are missing a big plus buck in not creating what would amount to another firstrun circuit. The major distribs, apparently with an eye over their shoulders on the downtown houses, met the suggestion with thunderous silence.

The year's sole multi-theatre showdown occurred when Allied Theatres of Illinois took issue with 20th-Fox on terms for the first outlying run of "State Fair" early last summer. Conditions put forth by 20th included a $2,000 minimum against 40% of the gross, a clearance radius of two miles between theatres showing the picture, and a 13% maximum deduction for the second feature. In addition, 20th said only 40 of Allied's 65 Chi-region houses could have the picture on the A run.

Changed

Allied voted to boycott the picture, and 20th refused to reconsider terms. As a result, 20th got only 27 houses for the picture, and Allied lost a booking that was generally successful in the theatres that took it. As an apparent concession to the small houses for its next pic to hit the nabes, 20th eliminated the guarantee provision for "Mr. Hobbs Takes A Vacation." The 40-theatre limit stuck, however, and Allied made only verbal protests.

Perhaps coincidental with the "State Fair" hassle, a new organization of owners of small theatres was set up by Harry Nepo, a former Allied officer, at mid-year. Called Independent Theatres of Illinois, it claimed 16 houses at its inception. It has yet to be heard from in the Terms Debate.

Despite all of the ferment, a solution satisfactory to all of the exhibitors is a dim prospect at this point. Not unlike retailers in virtually every other field, every booker, chain owner, and association has its own bone to pick. The distributor's point of view was articulated by the head of one Chi office: "I make 85% of my gross take on a picture from 15% of the theatres in the area. The other 85% of the houses can have the picture, but only if they can afford it on my terms."

Smokey

Continued from page 16

always sense that. It makes them nervous. They had a feeling, when called creative writer. Sponsors Smokey was up there writing, that there was no telling what he might say more than they had told him to say.

Well, it happened on a clear day in May. Smokey was mad at his sponsor when he went up that afternoon. He had, I learned later, been brooding over this and that for some time. Instead of writing his designated commercial, he began writing a novel. We know that is what he had in mind because, after first writing the title, which was "Morning Becomes Intolerable," he put "Novel by. . . ."

That was as far as he got. They shot him down. Antiaircraft guns around the city opened fire and down he came. Who gave the order to do this has never been ascertained but in that part of the country at the time there was a movement on to prevent the dissemination of literature that criticized conditions and Smokey's title may have caused somebody to lose his head. The title hung there all that day and could still be seen next morning but a wind came up that soon had it wiped away.

There's a lesson in all this somewhere if I can ever find it. I'd hate to think that the only conclusion to be drawn is that we should stick to commercials.

There is of course the reflection that it was ever thus with the innovator, the pioneer, the one who dares to be new and different.

If anybody ever deserved the appelation, Smokey Brennan was avant-garde.

He failed of course to start a movement. The rest of us saw no percentage in getting shot down. So we're cowards. At least we revere Smokey.

"To Smokey," we say as we lift our glasses at our annual meetings and though I never have I always want to add, "They might at least have given him time to insert his credit."

Distortion of Screen 'Cowboy'

Continued from page 16

the Motion Picture is unquestionably our Main Business.

To the working cowboy, a rope is called a "catch-rope" and not as in our scenarios identified as a "lasso." I learned that a cow pony derives its name descriptively from the Spanish "pintar" meaning "to paint." The movie label "pinto" has a romantic sound to it but is wrong; cowboys refers to their spotted mount only as a "paint."

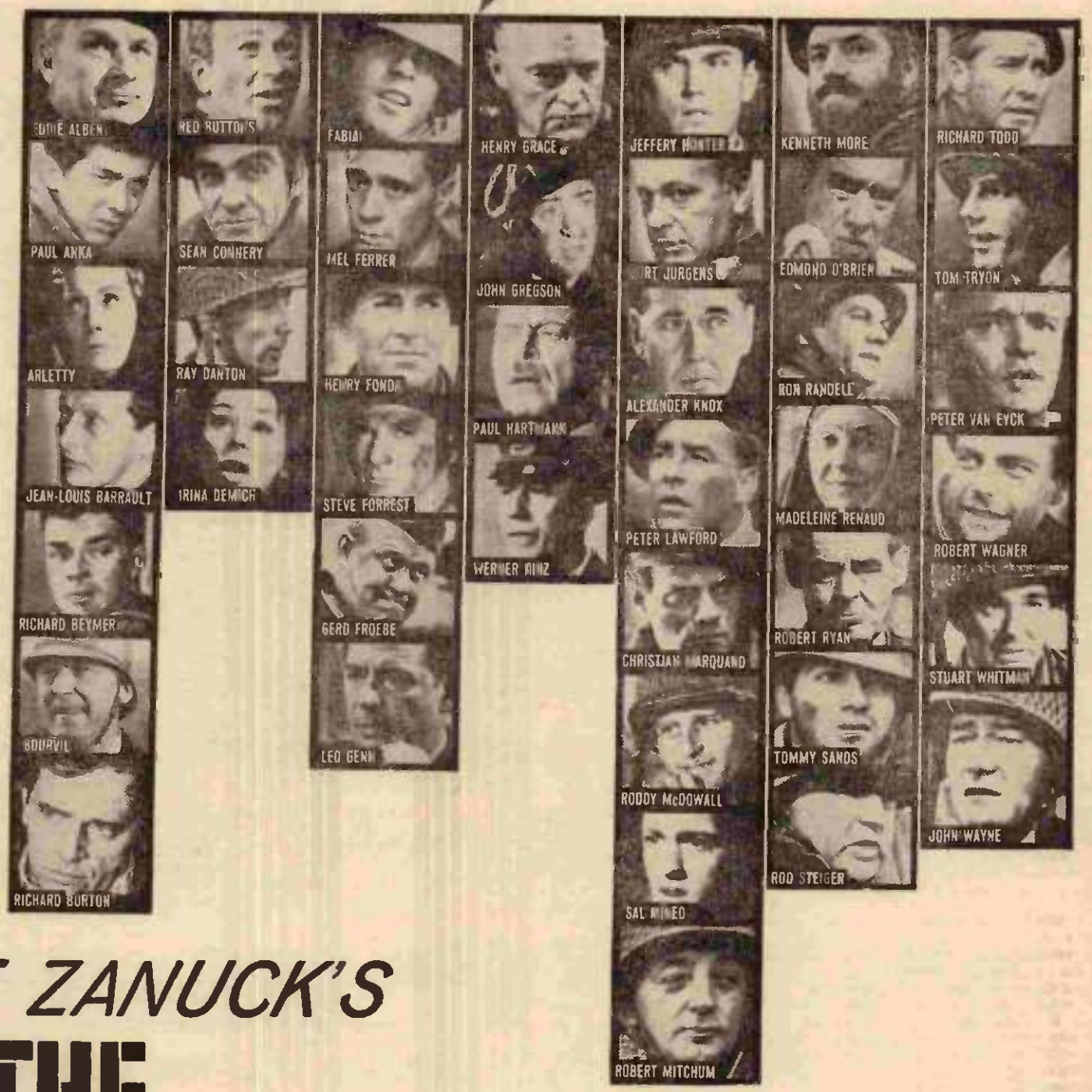
If the language of the real cowboy seems curse and profane, the limitations of his vocabulary have made him search for forceful, adequate expressions. He doesn't deliberately display a vulgar or uncouth slang, but uses strong speech as do all men in war or in common danger.

The late Will Rogers, himself part-Indian, in his comedy routines not only displayed the rope as an important attribute but was typical for the healthy sense of humor of the American cowboy. His peevish delivery reflected the best of Western humor, blunt and unadorned, characterized at one side by understatements, and at the other hand by bold exaggeration and an almost imperceptible irony. The cowboy uses descriptive comparisons, idiomatic usages and phrases to meet the occasion; a fountainhead of jargon not better understandable to the layman than the language of jazz. His humor covers the wry and the riotous; and as a practical jokester his imagination knows no bounds. For his rugged life, his sense of humor became a bulwark of psychological survival.

This was yesterday in the history of the U.S.A. The recent Kirk Douglas "Lonely Are The Brave," one of the best made on the subject, shows that the cowboy is dying out as a broken-down bum in a machine age, with mechanized farms, jet planes and atomic energy. The last free individuals are still found on isolated ranches and at Western rodeos.

From the cast...
the crew...
the producer...
and
directors...

thank you!



from each
of us
to all
of you—
the public,
the critics
and
everyone
who has
helped
to make

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S

THE LONGEST DAY

Based on the Book by CORNELIUS RYAN
Released by 20th Century-Fox

the most talked about and acclaimed
motion picture in the world!

WRH

What's In a Rose?

Continued from page 25

Davis, wife of the State Dept. correspondent of the Associated Press. The mixup in invitations is getting so severe that a host in the embassy or political scheme of things never knows whether the swimmer or the librarian is going to show up.

When I was in the Dept. of Justice some years ago one of the Attorneys General under whom I served was the really great Robert H. Jackson, who later went on to become a Supreme Court Justice and chief prosecutor at the Nuremburg Trials. Unfortunately, at that time a minor politician of the same name who also operated in Washington was constantly being sued for nonpayment of debts. Just why collection agencies enjoyed wasting their time camping outside the Attorney General's office I will never know, but they did so in regimental formation. One can imagine that the appearance of such curious characters caused a stir in the Dept. of Justice. I never heard whether the vigil continued in the Supreme Court, although a group of bill collectors and process servers on the steps of that august institution would have made quite a sight.

Full of Beans

Probably the most amusing story is the confusion caused by the two Louis H. Beans. One of the Beans was the famous predictor of elections who worked as a top-flight statistician in the Dept. of Agriculture under Henry Wallace. The other Louis H. Bean was a director of the Reconstruction Finance Corp., a prominent banker in private life whose financial holdings and income were astronomical when compared to those of his agricultural namesake. Nevertheless, after every election the banker was constantly being invited by the National Press Club and newspapers generally to explain what happened, while the agriculture statistician and prognosticator was constantly receiving checks, some of them in six figures, a thrill for any Government worker. After a while both men beat a path to each other's door, one bringing checks, the other invitations to lecture.

Once during the McCarthy era in Washington a young Government analyst in the Pentagon—whose name for the present we will say is Edmund Zilch—was confronted with the request to prove that he was not a Communist. After a harrowing year in which he was suspended, avoided by his friends and reduced to poverty through lack of income, it turned out that it was another Edmund Zilch who was the Communist.

After our Edmund Zilch was cleared amidst the rejoicing of his friends—most of whom now were willing to recognize him again, although with a little less assurance than in earlier years—he returned to his job at the Pentagon. But peace of mind was not to be his. Within a year he was again put through the same ordeal. Once again it was discovered that the charges referred to the other Edmund Zilch. Except for gaining an ulcer and losing a few sunshine friends, he managed to survive. This time, however, he quit the sensitive Pentagon job and joined up with a new agency, an innocuous one like the Labor Dept. But once again the interrogations arrived—same query, same charge, same suspicion; once again the same clearance. And the usual erosion of friends took place.

To end the nonsense the security authorities have now given him a letter which proves that he is the untainted Edmund Zilch. He carries this on his person at all times, much like a deep-sea diver, diabetic or epileptic to assure the uninitiated what the facts are in case of an emergency.

As a final note, when my 16-year-old son read the review of Mitgang's book, he not only had a new respect for his father, but asked if Francesca had a daughter.

Youth Discovers The Obvious

Continued from page 33

years automatically thinking in terms of the whole instead of the parts. I can't think of a line of dialogue without visualizing the actions of the actors, the movement of extras in the background, the set, and so forth.

I might also say that now I feel a definite need to *make* my films myself, to take complete control of the creative processes and accept full responsibility for the outcome. But this is my own problem, and "The Victors" will demonstrate just how well I can manage all those things at once. However, I wouldn't have undertaken the challenge if I didn't feel sure that I could cope with the mechanics of film production. Too many of my European colleagues are grabbing over-confidently at Truth and Art and trusting the camera to catch fire from them and record their flaming visions without imposing limitations or making demands. In my own case, even with "The Victors," a film which is more important to me than any I have ever made, I feel I am still reaching slowly for self-expression after many years of education in the methods and techniques that Hollywood has given to the film world.

Mops For Brushes

For the traditional Hollywood concept of the well-made film — balanced, solidly plotted, with flesh-and-blood characters and believable, meaningful situations—is still the ideal of filmmakers everywhere. Even if the "new wave" boys, with their plotless scripts, rough cutting, shaky hand-held cameras and anti-acting, are enjoying a popular vogue, this same filmmaking ideal still stands. But, as in all the arts, there are always rebels who are convinced that their need to communicate is too pressing and original to be restrained by traditional concepts of form or discipline. A field that prizes its Old Masters suddenly has to cope with a generation of painters who use mops for brushes (that is, when they're not pouring buckets of paint onto the canvas from the attic window), as if the techniques that went into, say, a Rembrandt portrait, were not effective or expressive ("failed to communicate," in contemporary jargon).

But lest I reveal myself as being completely behind the times (i.e., "archaic wave"), let me state that I do understand that the "new wave" painters are trying to express, or think they're trying to express, something so revolutionary that the old techniques just won't do. Many of the "new wave filmmakers" offer similar rationalizations for skimping on technique in favor of "communication." But what it boils down to is that they want to have art without craft, and it just won't work. Filmmaking is hard work, and there is no room for pretensions of any sort. For all their cant, every "new wave filmmaker" who earns money with one of his films immediately tries to get a big budget to make a more polished, i.e., "old wave," film.

There will come a day, of course, when the "new wave" people will learn to give their films even a minimal amount of coherence and pace, to select their material instead of being overwhelmed by it, to realize that they didn't invent poverty or suffering or oppression, and to understand that every film ever made can be called a "slice of life" (not theirs perhaps, but somebody's). Then we'll all be able to swim in the same sea, sharing a rising and ebbing tide of old and new ideas and techniques, happy old "new wave filmmakers" every one.

Adv. Films

Continued from page 12

of U.S. and other foreign manufacturing companies that open branch offices in this country is increasing. Quite naturally, the producers of commercial pix benefit from this situation. Weber has made three Volkswagen films for the Doyle, Dane & Bernbach of N.Y. He has made pix for IBM and Pan American Airways and the lineup of assignments included tv commercials for Rock Tobacco Co. of Montreal. Incidentally, Weber's outfit (which is called Deutsche Dokumentar und Werbefilm GmbH or DWG) is regarded as the best (in an artistically fastidious sense) of its kind in Germany by many experts. It's probably one of the 10 best in the world. It collected a number of top prizes at international festivals in 1962.

Weber's seven-minute "Berlin Impressions of a World City," which was running at the Seattle World's Fair, won the Grand Award at the 2d International Film Festival of New York. "Die Welt" or "The World" (Axel Springer's prestige daily paper) captured the first prize at the Venice Festival for advertising pix. "Cyma Autorotor" walked off with a first prize at the Cannes Festival. Weber is owner and artistic director of DWG, while Hubertus von Weyrauch holds the position of company's business manager. Weyrauch was Metro's Berlin rep before WW II and there is an interesting relationship item associated with him. His great-grandfather was the famous Lawrence Barrett, one of the 19th century's best actors. DWG employs an imposing lineup of firstrate artists such as Bruno Mondi and Igor Oberberg, two of Germany's best cameramen, film director Helmut Meewes ("Berlin Impressions"), trickfilm specialists Conny Garn, Joachim Onasch and Horst Piehler, production manager Gerhard Frank, to name some.

Saroyan

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mation booth at the Ford exhibit who knew by heart that the answer to all questions by anybody unimportant-looking or anybody not faithfully in the mile-long line was no; and the little girl who, watching a mother resus monkey cuddling its young said, I have a baby rabbit, but pronounced it wabbit.

For these joys there was no charge, but for other things the charge was generally a dollar, a coin now worth about a dime, net, especially to a strictly non-profit individual, which as you know I have been since the beginning, and with no concessions from the Government as concessions are made by the Government to owners of money, slaves, oil, false manner, pretended patriotism, corporations, foundations, and tax-avoiding experts.

The little girl smoked cigarets, and as I did too. I felt that something was wrong, so finally I stopped. It was something like the situation of the drunk on his horse, and the horse kicking at the stirrup with his hind left leg. "Look here now, horse," the drunk said, "if you're going to get on, I'm going to get off."

But the kids have got to smoke because the tobacco people have got to have new smokers. I quit. I had been true to Chesterfields for 33 years, but I knew enough was enough when the little girl kept flashing her lighter under king-sized mentholated filtertipped crashtop something or other champion Bloopers, the cigaret for children. Haven't had a cigaret since—no loss at all, and I can taste and smell food in a way I didn't know was even possible.

I quit quaffing the fire-water, too, but then let's face it, you know I was always a water-drinker, which I love. And, of course, you also know I was always an air-breather, which I find rather delightful to breathe if I haven't for hours, days, months, and years, been smoking cigarets and drinking beer in a cabaret and having fun.

There were world events during the year, but the papers and radio and television covered them pretty thoroughly, in fact they over-covered them, over-thoroughly. Take Cuba, for instance—and then put it right back, please. Take all of it and do that, because we like the place and the stuff that goes on between the two established points of start and stop, so to put it.

A lot of us hope to see our friends now and then in 1963 and in 1973 and in 1983 and all like that, and then we'll be seeing you, most likely, if you'll have it that way. In the meantime, from me at least continued admiration and love. *Your son Saroyan.*

Film Talk Inc. has been authorized to conduct a business in publishing film reviews, musical scores and the like, with offices in New York. Capital stock consists of 200 shares, no par value. Paul B. Godbetter was filing attorney at Albany.

WRH

Sawing An Author In Two

By BETH BROWN

My first book was an ambulance case.

I gave birth in the front office of VARIETY. Sime Silverman was the officiating physician.

I'll never forget the dey I stumbled through the oblong room lined with desks—a VARIETY man at every one of them—down the aisle and up the steps into the big plate-glass show-window where Sime sat for all the world to see—because he had nothing to hide. Sime was never out to anyone—when he was in. He was never too busy or too big to help deliver a dream. His scalpels were a dozen stubs of 6B Venus pencils.

"Come in!" he said. "Sit down. What's on your mind?"

"I want to write six books," I told him.

"What about?"

"Show business. I want to do every rung of the show game ladder."

Sime did not laugh at the small girl from the small town with the big dream in her heart. Instead, he reached for a fistfull of stubs and handed them to me.

Those VARIETY pencils wrote the burlesque yarn, "Applause." A publisher bought it. Then, for two years straight, every studio turned it down. But Sime kept saying, "Don't give up!" He kept feeding me paper and pencils.

One day, a girl I didn't know bought a ticket to Boston at Grand Central. She picked out a book to read on route. The book was "Applause." She read it. She phoned New York in great excitement. A friend of hers was a producer at Paramount. By long distance, she told him the story. By long distance, through the auspices of a total stranger—coming from left field—I got a humdinger of a deal.

If it weren't for VARIETY, I might have folded up. Those stubs from Sime were my sticks of dynamite. An inkwell needs more than just ink. An author's best friend is encouragement. Thanks, Old Boss.

• • •

'Chico' Sargent

VARIETY hand-spooned many a sermon on what it takes to make a writer. Sime turned me over to Sarg. Epes Winthrop Sargent was a great figure in show business. He wore a flowing tie and a Buffalo Bill hat. Years before show business knew him as Chico. Sarge was a living filing cabinet. He could tell you the third act that played the Palace 20 years before and quote the reviews of every picture that ever played on Broadway.

Once a week, Sarg took me to lunch. Twice a week, on VARIETY newsprint, Sarg wrote me a letter. The letters were 10 times the size of my six books on show business and some day, some publisher might do well to print the volume entitled "Letters To A Young Author."

I was a lucky girl. I stood in the presence of two great showmen and one of them always picked me up whenever I fell down. I can still hear Sarg telling me: "Don't go by opinions. Not everybody likes chocolate icecream. Believe in yourself. Never give up believing!"

• • •

Overdoing The Groceries

There were times of feasting and times of fasting.

Once when I was hungry, I wrote a juvenile called "Annie's Appetite." I went to town from soup to nuts between the covers of this Doubleday book. "Annie" dined on steak, four inches thick and seconds of icecream and applepie. My editor, May Massee, quit taking me to lunch.

How could she compete with what "Annie" ordered? I sure fattened up "Annie" while I got nothing to eat but words!

• • •

How To Sell A Story

I loaned my office to a friend. He had lost all his holdings and was trying to make a comeback in the realestate business. He knew absolutely nothing about writing and publishing.

One morning, he called me to tell me he had sold my story, "Minnie The Tired Trolley Car," to Parents Magazine and was now over at Decca Records negotiating a contract with Harry Meyerson. I was stunned at the news. "How did you do it?" I asked him." The story was on the shelf," he said. "I took it down. I read it. I liked it. I put on my hat and I went out and sold it.

He didn't remind me that trolleys no longer ran and that's why my story was shelved. He went out to make a sale—and he made it. Well, "Minnie" made a track record at Decca for the past 15 years and came out again this fast Christmas in a big Vocalian album.

But even more important than the sale was the lesson that I learned from my friend. "Just remember one thing," he said. "There's a buyer for everything!"

• • •

In re: Agents

I sing only praise for my agents. They've believed in me—been good to me—made deals for me. We've had our arguments but always kissed and made up. They've kept right on representing me over the years while I sweated out 27 published books, a hit play on Broadway, a popular program over NBC and other such grist from the mill.

There was a reason for this. *He was an agent.* He was not in the phonebook. He was in my heart. At times, my other agents thought I was cracked but they went along with my notion that miracles took place on Broadway.

One day, a certain agent called me in. At the time he was handling two books of mine. One was the bestseller, "Wedding Ring," sales to date 850,000 copies, which he was peddling for pictures. The other book was "Hotel For Pets." He was honest with me. He didn't like the dog book. Nobody was buying dog stories. I tried to quote some grosses from VARIETY but he cut me short. He insisted I take back the book. I got mad and I took it.

The phone was ringing when I reached home. It was my friend, the agent. "You took the wrong book. I mean you took the right book," he was saying in a voice that just boiled with excitement. It seemed, by mistake, I had picked up "Wedding Ring." Two minutes after I left his office, an agency man walked in. Two weeks later, "Hotel For Pets" was signed by Quaker Oats and for three years after that, a gay parade of cats and dogs were showcased daily over NBC.

Moral: *Your Faith Is Your Fortune.*

• • •

Pros & Cons

I got orchids and onions for my book, "Riverside Drive" and expect more of the same for "Lonely Street, U.S.A." which is coming off the typewriter between tv assignments. It seems that the critics agree to disagree.

Here are some clips from my pressbook when "Man And Wife" made its bow:

Athens Ga. Banner Herald: "Wholly recommend this book."

San Francisco News: *"Don't let Grandma Read This One."*

North Carolina Enterprise: "Beth Brown Knows How To Write. Profuse with action and drama."

Fort Worth Star Telegram: *"Beth Brown Stripe of Novels are bestsellers While Novels of Literary Merit Languish."*

Wichita Kansas Eagle: "An Intensely Intelligent Novel."

Davenport Democrat Leader: *"Boston Will Say Tut-Tut."*

Carl Sandburg: "A darb of a book because of the way it says what it has to say knows where to stop and say no more. It is sweeter than the bees humming and as subtle as the cream rising in a cool crock of milk."

Indianapolis Times *"Why are such stories written? My Idea is boxoffice only."*

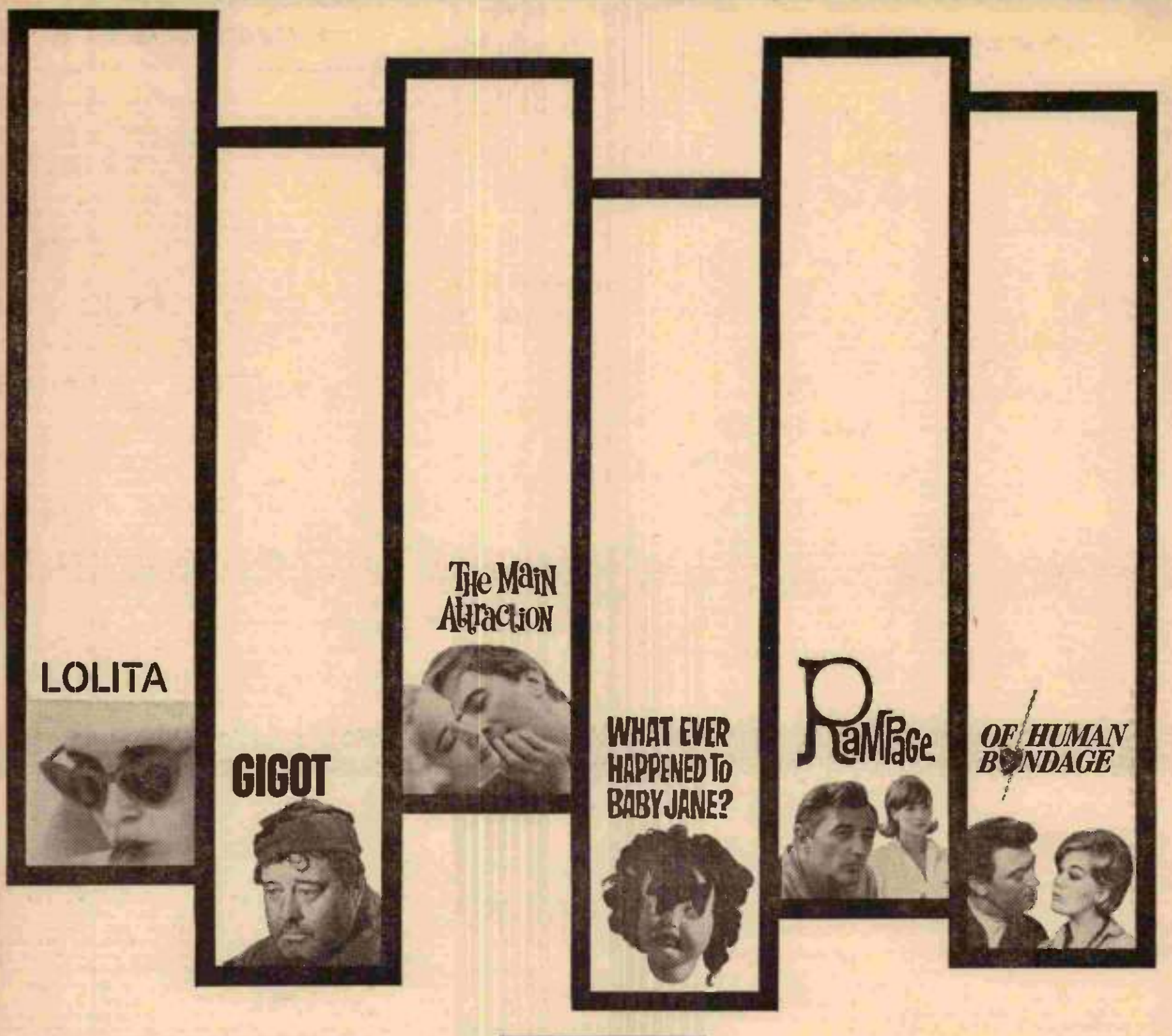
New York Tribune: "Don't Read it if the Doctor prescribed a Sedative."

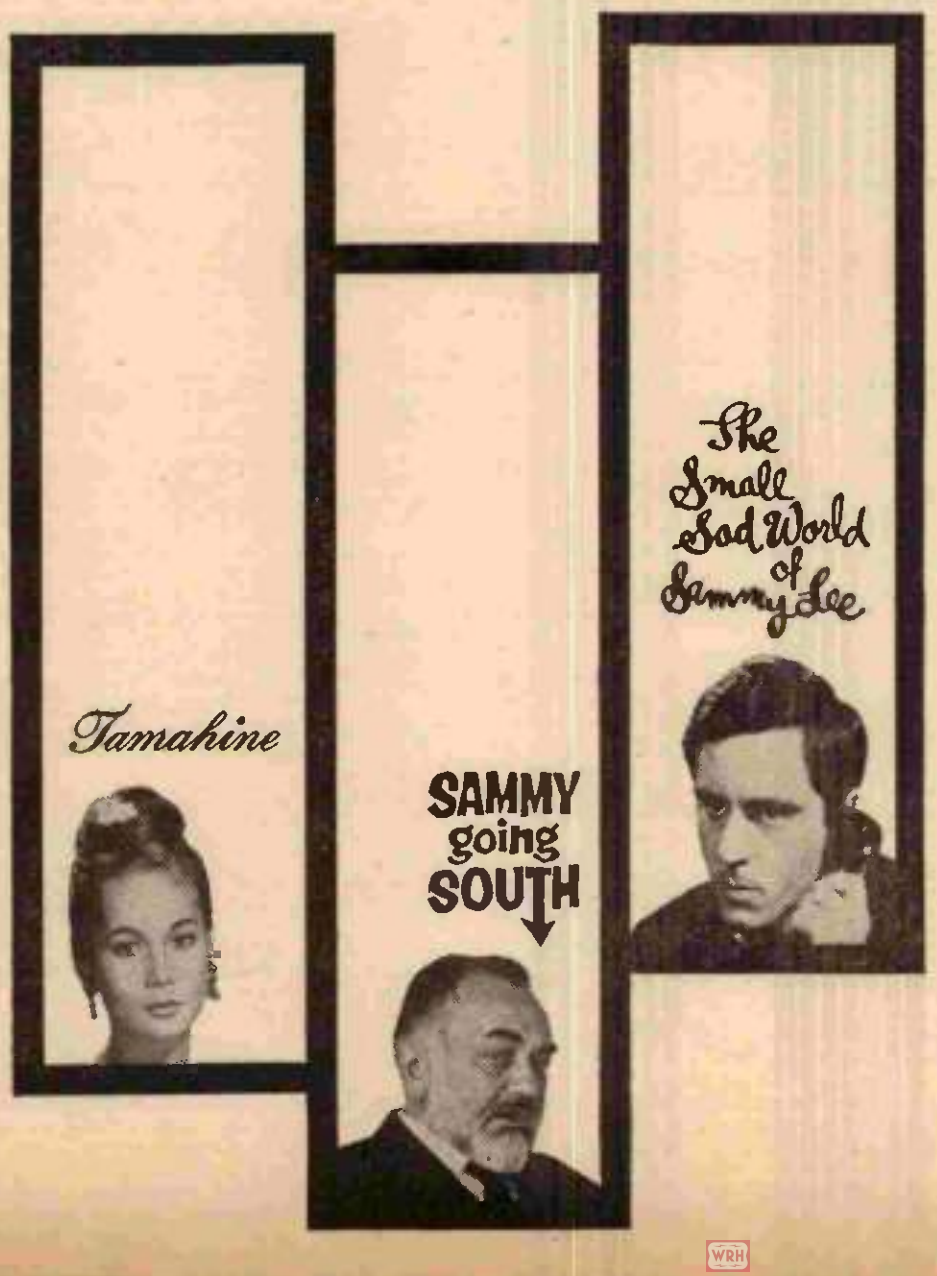
Publishers Weekly: *"Autor Beth Brown the most widely read, with Sinclair Lewis a close Second."*

What Do You Need To Make Good?

Talent plus pencils. Patience plus guts. Confidence plus a desk to work on and a song to sing. However, I advise a roof over your head, an ermine coat around you, and mashed potatoes inside you.

To make good, you really need that coat!





...and also coming from Seven Arts

The Night of the Iguana
No Strings
Two for the Seesaw
The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner
Panic Button
Reflections in a Golden Eye
The King of Paris
The Hostage
The Other Side of the Mountain
Diamond Decoy
Meet Me in Monte Carlo
This Property is Condemned
Sunday in New York
The Careful Man
The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne
A Global Affair
Assault on the Queen
A Candle for St. Jude
Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris
Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet And I'm Feeling So Sad

...and many more great attractions

SEVEN ARTS PRODUCTIONS

Phoneys & Celebrity Hounds

Continued from page 5

tered" the East Side front with their mansions, what is the "barker" on a sightseeing bus but an unofficial "introducer" to snoopy "name hunters?"

Am not refering to the Prince of Wales on his first trip to America, though volumes can be written of the embarrassing situations involved, in certain attempts at introductions. Mentioning, maybe, the one introduction to Wales of a certain Ziegfeld comic, who was never to meet his Royal Highness a second time. Of his making an unforgivable faux pas, in his eagerness to "get a laugh" out of the Prince. At a Long Island reception for the royal one, the entire Ziegfeld company was invited. All followed their instructions in protocol, except this comedian. He rushed up to the Prince introduced himself, then playfully patted the cheeks of the heir to the British throne, and yelled, in true vaudeville pitch: "*Davey Windsor—my pal, Davey!* No lotion could help the "burn" this comic got after this moment, of his "place in the sun."

A Harlem Potentate

But this is not the story we started to tell. It's about another Prince, who came to this country, shortly after—an Egyptian potentate. The arrival excited a certain, well known movie house director, who could not eat or sleep until he'd "meet" the royal Egyptian. Friends of the cinema personality, knowing of his almost frenzied desire, played a practical joke on him, that he didn't get over till his day of end. The supposed pals pooled $500 and arranged for a very smart reception, at one of Park Avenue's swankiest hotels; where the "introduction" hound would meet the "big shot" of Egypt. But instead of the *real* Prince standing there bedecked in fancy raimant and phony jewels was a Harlem song-and-dance amn, posing as the Ptolemy prince. The film director nearly fell over himself upon being introduced to the phony potentate with elaborate curtsies and obseques. The guffaws that followed broke up many a Broadway friendship.

To the "climbers" in our society, we offer you the yarn credited to Groucho Marx: concerning the fellow who was elected to membership in a very elite club and then immediately resigned, saying: "I don't want to belong to any organization that would take me in as a member."

Introductions

Introductions, introductions, introductions. They all haven't the same value. Am witness to the time when the beloved dramatic critic, Kelcey Allen, asked Morris Gest to introduce him to David Belasco. To which Gest asked: "Haven't you met Belasco before?" "Yes, but the guy that introduced me to him didn't amount to much!"

Irving Berlin was coming toward us, but on the other side of the street. Our phony friend, "That's my pal, Irving Berlin, walking over there. Irving and me are just like this" (crossed fingers bit). At that moment Berlin crossed the street, said "Hello, Harry" and walked on. As Berlin walked out of hearing, my phony one turned to me, "by the way, Harry, I forgot to tell you, but Irving and me are not speaking lately!"

Confessing my own guilt, in this phobia of "reflected glory," I had introduced Franklin D Roosevelt many times, at banquets, when he was Governor of New York. When he ran for the Presidency the first time, he asked me to accompany him in his car, and to introduce him at a mass-meeting, in New Jersey. (I guess I served as a "mascot" for him, about this time.) Am averse to fast driving, but said nothing, as we speeded through Manhattan, at about 80 miles per. All along the route, the police and citizens kept saluting the fast moving, siren-shrieking limousine. When we got to New Jersey, the speed increased, with now the prepared Boy Scouts, constabulary, and police saluting as we whizzed by. Then I spoke up: "Governor, do you have to drive so fast?" With that characteristic movement of his head, and removing the elongated cigaret holder from his lips, he turned and replied: "Aw, they all know who is in the car!" "I know it, Governor, but would you mind slowing up a bit, so they can see who's with you!"

So many New Yorkers and Hollywoodians who are not secure in themselves must be propped up by rubbing shoulders with more popular stanchions. And the genuinely important people are harassed and bored to death by the incessant meeting of people who can do them or themselves no good. Al Smith once talked about the subject and opined: "I tip away four derbies a season!"

It's a "social racket"—and often for business reasons — this continual demand to meet "so and so," New York and Hollywood are now one big phony handshake—arriving at nothing. Of some handclasps we quote one who knew, Harry Reichenbach, greatest of promotionists: "Look out for his fine hand—all thumbs."

Under Roman Sun

Continued from page 14

stars that has cost 20th Century-Fox over $30,000,000 so far.

It figures the stockholders must be screaming when the press agent told me:

"Will you please come out by cab? We have no car to send for you".

Actually, Miss Taylor was bitten by a trained Sardinian asp and died her cinematic death. It took nine days to shoot (there was some talk that director Joseph Manklewicz was ready to shoot HER) and it will unroll in six minutes on the screen.

"We did the Forum over again on 12 acres with 30 buildings. We were going to duplicate the original Forum. But it wasn't suited to wide-angle Todd-AO cameras. Too cluttered with buildings. So we cleaned it up.

"The big scene is Cleopatra's Roman triumph, where she comes to the Forum. We get 210 dancers, Egyptian trumpet players, Roman Praetorians, Charioteers. Some 6,000 Italians in togas yelling like crazy in the crowd scenes and four numbers by Hermes Pan dancers.

"Then you have sea battles and land battles—about 10,000 people in each one.

"And naturally, these things add up to a lot of money. Trouble is only part of it."

Cleopatra was soon off with Marc Anthony. And the ensuing battles —all part of that $30,-$35,000,000— will be seen in Todd-AO color on countless screens for an estimated 20 years.

"By that time," said the press agent, "it will be showing in outdoor jungle theatres along the Mekong River in Siam. The studio figures it will eventually gross $200,000,000. It's impossible to lose money on a spectacular these days."

"What if you were a stockholder?" I asked.

"I wouldn't like it," he said.

Mike Todd

Continued from page 14

mistaking it—Mike Todd had arrived at the Fair.

"Hot Mikado" went on tour at the end of the season and further spread the gospel of Todd by playing to capacity in large auditoriums from coast-to-coast while Mike plotted his program for 1949. By this time his Empire was sprawling over 20 acres. Gypsy Rose Lee was ensconced in the Hall of Music. Dancing Campus catered to the jitterbugs who came by thousands to dance to name bands on the world's largest dancefloor. Gay New Orleans with its fine restaurants and tremendous stage became an enormous success with its daily shows and a special midnight Mardi Gras that would have brought a blush to the cheeks of Robert Moses.

From the Fair, Mike went on to produce 17 shows that each ran for more than a year. He bossed the world's biggest night club in Chicago, did fantastic outdoor spectacles at Jones Beach and in the Hollywood Bowl, and married the most beautiful girl of them all. The first and only movie he ever made was "Around the World in 80 Days"—sort of a World's Fair in itself.

He used to say "I am a product of paper-and-ink." When he died in 1958 the global news services filed more words about him than they had on any single event in the last decade.

Second Aldrich Film For WB: '2 for Texas' With Gina and Anita

Hollywood.

Robert Aldrich has set his second release with Warners, "Two for Texas" to follow "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?"

Yarn, which Teddi Sherman is scripting, carries four top roles, two of which already are filled with Gina Lollobrigida and Anita Ekberg. Project rolls in Hollywood April 15 in widescreen and Technicolor.

'Tamiko' Benefit Take With Wallis' Junket

Honolulu.

World premiere of Hal Wallis' "A Girl Named Tamiko" (Par) in the Royal circuit's Palace brought in more than $4,000 for the Friends of the East-West Center, international student centre on the U. of Hawaii campus.

France Nuyen, Martha Hyer, Miyoshi Umeki and a group of junketing columnists and feature writers from Hollywood jetted in for the highly-publicized premiere, with opening night activities filmed for tv and newsreel showings.

Film also opened the following day (28) in the King and Waialae Drive-Ins.

Eric Johnston

Continued from page 5

destroyed . . . the reputations we've ruined . . . the fun we had.

"I've done a lot for this industry over the years. Somehow, they don't always appreciate it. And that hurts, B.J.

"Sure, I've made some mistakes along the way. But they were understandable. Like the time I panned 'Gone With the Wind.' I said nobody likes Civil War pictures. And when I blasted 'Ben-Hur,' I said nobody likes chariot races. I still don't think I was all wrong. When they get through showing those pictures, they'll see I was right.

"I was completely wrong about one thing though. I'll admit it. That was about Zelda Fink. Gosh, I was convinced she'd be bigger than Garbo.

"Anyway, B.J., I've learned a lot. You grow in this job. You get a broader outlook. You don't hate people as much as you used to. You're not as mean. And when you attack somebody you don't smile anymore.

"I'm glad Seymour is taking over this slot. You've got a bright boy there, B.J. He should work out fine.

"You asked me to send along some tips that might be helpful to Seymour in this job. I'm happy to do it.

"Here's a list of tips for Seymour to start with:

1. *Keep your reviews objective. Don't attend premieres. Don't go to screenings. Don't see pictures. It might influence your writing.*

2. *Keep your copy sprightly. Make things up.*

3. *Never interview, telephone or talk directly to a news source. Gather your material at parties.*

4. *Work for legalized wiretapping.*

5. *On days when news is scarce, write a column about the death of the movie industry. Write this on other days, too.*

6. *Vary your columns. Rap the industry for making adult pictures one day. Then clobber it for making juvenile pap the next. This accomplishes three things: it confuses the industry, it confuses the public, it gets you talked about.*

7. *Praise all foreign films. Make sure, however, there's no Hollywood money invested in the picture. If there is, pan it.*

8. *If anyone praises the industry, disagree. If anyone knocks it, agree.*

"That should do it, B.J. With a checklist like this, Seymour can't miss.

"I've got to run along now, boss. The Industry's tossing a testimonial for me tonight. You know, B.J., maybe they do appreciate everything I've done for them. Maybe they do, after all.

Yours truly,

Gunther.

Hollywood: Comes A Dawn

Continued from page 7

developing during this calendar year appear rather remote. There are indications of probable spurts in activity through coincidence of bunching of pix start dates, which no doubt will stir up talk and hopes that the tide has finally turned. However, chances are that over the full span of the next 12 months the picture that ultimately emerges of the production situation won't be appreciably brighter than it was last year.

Generally speaking forecasts in numerical terms of planned productions are meaningless beyond serving as indicators of an attitude. To have a stockpile of scripts is always an advantage but, as everyone knows, or should recognize by now, coordinating the availabilities of stars and directors is the key which determines whether a studio can proceed with a program of 20 pix or has to be content to settle for half that number.

The outlook, based upon available information (admittedly not as complete as might be desired), is that the total output of new pix this year—i.e., films going before the cameras as distinguished from those to be released—will be about the same as last year.

The tally should range from 128 to 150, provided (1) that everything now projected can be accomplished in relation to the first figure and (2) that certain ventures now in the realm of Great Expectations drop into place.

There are encouraging indications that things won't get worse in regard to Hollywood-made pix. for 35 of the 128 are planned for local filming. In 1962, the major sources of production, including indies with distributor commitments, accounted for 138 features, of which 46 were shot out of the country.

Quick and sustained revival of filming operations by 20th-Fox would improve the over-all Hollywood production condition. It's known that Darryl F. Zanuck desires to line up from 5 to 8 to keep the studio going and thus achieve a greater spread of operating costs upon reactivation. However, it's not clear yet just how many he will be able to bring to the starting line and when. As things now stand, "Something's Got to Give," started with the late Marilyn Monroe and abandoned after her absences led to legal and cost complications, is being reshaped to suit Doris Day and is slated to roll in April. Only other pic scheduled at present is Sound of Music," to bgin this summer with location shooting in the Austrian Alps and interiors at the studios here.

	Hollywood	Overseas
Metro	16	2
Paramount	13	2
Warner Bros.	12	3
Columbia	7 (possibly 10)	10
Universal	12 (possibly more)	—
United Artists	8	10
Allied Artists	12 (possibly 15)	1 (so far)
American International	6 (possibly 10)	7
Walt Disney	6 (possibly some of these overseas)	
20th-Fox	2 (possibly more)	

Despite the blue sky talk about a big boom this year, there are circumstances—either overlooked or deliberately ignored—that mitigate against its happening. Most important of these are the vast sums tied up in negatives by such companies as 20th, MGM, Columbia and United Artists.

All have, in relation to today's economic conditions, go for broke investments in, respectively, "Cleopatra" and "Longest Day"; "Mutiny on the Bounty" and "How the West Was Won"; "Lawrence of Arabia" and, in UA's case, "The Greatest Story Ever Told," not yet at the half-way mark in shooting.

It will be late in the year before questions of profit and loss move from the area of surmise to reality in the case of these pictures. Hence, until cash comes flowing in, outlay in future production will necessarily be guarded.

While the Screen Actors Guild hold-the-line on basic wages is an encouraging step for producers, it is not realistically regarded as a direct stepstone to increased production. The cost factor was not thrown off balance by the scale working performers.

The key, producers say, still is held by the stars, top directors, writers and producers whose combined guarantees—above the line costs—can represent upwards of $1,000,000 before a camera turns. These costs are not affected by the SAG wage freeze, hence latter is not expected to have a decisive effect on production activity, but it's still warmly welcomed as step in the right direction.

What all this boils down to is that 1963 should not be any worse than 1962 and that, given a little luck, things could become a whole lot better.

2 Mins., 7 Secs

Continued from page 7

They Fall," but as a true fight buff who hasn't missed a big one since the days of Joe Louis, has written a 6,000-word piece on the fight for Playboy, January issue.

The same issue also carries a piece by Gerald Kersh, the celebrated London novelist who can rattle off the records of Euthymus and Pollux who were main-eventers at the Coliseum in the Fifth Century, B.C.

Norman Mailer, the Brooklyn scrapper, who also writes pretty good, confides that he has written a 25,000-word essay on the fight to be published in February or March. The only problem with Mailer's piece is that Liston and Patterson might beat him to the punch with their rematch which is tentatively scheduled for late February.

But let it be said for this quartet of converted fight writers, they handled themselves like pros in that hectic prefight week and gave the legit fellows plenty of competition. They all got exclusive interviews with Liston or Patterson which was something a lot of the veterans couldn't swing.

While we are listing the long hairs who immortalized this titanic struggle, we must include A. J. Liebling. Joe Liebling's erudite piece appeared in the New Yorker the week after the fight and it was a breeze for him since many regard him as one of the country's leading fight authorities.

The Legendary Hecht

There was a sixth member of this longhair set, but he wrote his piece right after the fight. Unfortunately too few people saw it. I got a frantic call from Ben Hecht two days before the fight. "You've got to save me a working press ticket," he said. "I'm covering the fight. I'll be in tomorrow." I assumed he was covering for one of the big syndicates.

Hecht sat in the huge press room at the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel, hat pushed back on his head while he punched the typewriter just like they use to do it "Front Page." He was a titan in the Chicago newspaper field back in the days when Dempsey fought Tunney at Soldiers Field and a legend to many of the younger writers present. Some made all kinds of lame excuses to approach him and a few asked for autographs. Actually Hecht was enjoying the scene more than they were.

I sat with Hecht for a while and filled him in on the statistics. Then it occurred to me that I didn't even know who he was covering for. I asked him matter-of-factly. "The Hackensack Record" he answered without batting an eye.

As I said, it was unfortunate that Hecht's piece did not get very much exposure, with all respect to the Hackensack Record. His story was not the ordinary fight piece I read throughout the country. I think it's worth another look and I quote some excerpts:

"Standing in the corner waiting for the bell, Patterson offered his admirers, of which I was one, a moody look, a sort of poetical appreciation of the night's importance. He looked like the famous half-Negro Russian poet, Alexander Pushkin. As an admirer I was pleased to note the resemblance.

"Sonny Liston's appearance and attitude before the bell gave me high hopes as a Patterson fan. Liston had no savagery glinting in his eyes. Some surprising muscles were to be noted. He walked out to keep his date with destiny as if he was going to do some bird watching in the park.

Individualism & Directors

Continued from page 9

the reason. I don't have to spell this out to you for directors such as Alfred Hitchcock, John Ford, Frederico Fellini, Frank Capra, Cecil DeMille, Ernst Lubitsch, Billy Wilder and a few others. It is becoming apparent that the ample replacement of these names is not taking place. Why? Well, for one thing, the rapid transition from successful half-hour television director to the guidance of an important feature film is too sudden, too easy. For another, the general rising costs of production has elevated the star's name to questionable but bankable heights where the talent and individuality of the directing hand has, in many instances, assumed a secondary or subservient position. This condition is not true outside of the United States, and that is why France and Italy are threatening much of our previous leadership.

It requires more than a facile movement of actors and camera to endow a feature film with the impressive stamp of individuality. The bare technical smoothness of entrances and exits, of turns and crosses, can probably be taught effectively in a number of cinema schools. But if the film lacks a definite overall viewpoint it can be, and usually is, dull. The number of citizens who are ready to ignore it can be measured in the millions.

In the Hollywood structure a name star is often referred to as "a personality." In some instances a star has been so busy acquiring a personality that he has lost his individuality. But granting individuality to a star most certainly does not add up to a mood of individuality throughout the entire film.

Compromise

A film made by the compromised efforts of a group of individuals sitting at a conference table can end up bland and without character. If these same individuals exercise the good judgment to put the project into the hands of a film maker whose individuality and talent is most compatible with the desired goal, a vastly different result will be achieved.

About two years ago, a group of well known Hollywood directors were discussing film direction and production with a visiting group of their Russian colleagues. Presently one of the Russian group cut in with, "We know all about you and your films, now we should like to answer questions about our work." Again, this year, I talked at the Locarno Festival in Switzerland with a prominent Russian director. He said that he was very familiar with every one of my films and those of most every outstanding American director. He said at least once a year he attended showings with other Russian craftsmen of these films. For what do they search in this quest? Certainly not camera setups, lighting or technical perfection. I believe they search to find the secret of individualism in our films, a quality that should offer inspiration to a film maker working in the midst of a well regimented society.

In the history of Hollywood directors there are some examples of those who have sold out their individuality for larger and more certain incomes. There are also those who have believed the writings of their salaried press representatives that they could do no wrong. But there, I believe, are more the exception than the rule. In the latter instance, the director feels as if he is mounted upon a speeding surf-board atop the crest of a short-lived wave. In the other case he must ever ask himself, "What do I, as an individual, working in God's universe, believe in?" The artist in him also must never forget that he has a distinct obligation to the public, his fellowmen. It is unthinkable for him to look upon those who constitute his public as ignorant vassals to whom he owes little or no respect. To consider movie audiences as a group of unintelligent 12-year olds is, to my way of thinking, the height of arrogance. Remember, they are individuals too.

Those of my films which have come nearest to having an immortality about them have been the result of strong inner compulsions that cried to be expressed in every foot of the film. I am certain that this is true with many of my colleagues.

In France and some other countries of Europe, film directors are now referred to as Authors. This is true even though writers are employed to help the director fulfill his goal.

Re David Lean

In 1946, I went to see a film in Hollywood's first art theatre called the Esquire on Fairfax Avenue, where Cantor's restaurant now flourishes. It was the film "Brief Encounter" and was directed by David Lean. When I came out onto the sidewalk at the picture's finish, I suddenly stopped, turned to my companion and said, "I can't believe that there were electricians, soundmen and cameramen present when some of those love scenes were performed." They were that private, that intimate. Quite a number of years later, I was viewing in the theatre of the Directors' Guild, another film directed by Lean, "The Bridge on the River Quai." Near the climax, I found myself reacting emotionally more than I had bargained for. In search of some relief I said to myself, "There were a lot of film technicians present with those fictional characters. After all, it is only a movie." But these thoughts brought no comfort. A sense of reality had been established and there was no escaping from it. This is the peculiar talent of David Lean.

Walk in on the middle of a Fred Zinneman film and without knowing who directed it, you will see that there is a certain unified sensitivity that is showing forth in the performance of all the cast, as well as in the photographic composition and lighting. Besides being an individual of perception and sensitivity, Mr. Zinneman was a superb photographer before he began his career as a movie director.

I once entered a theatre at the moment when a trailer of the next attraction was being shown. I had missed the main title so I was not aware of the forthcoming film that the trailer was exploiting, but there was a scene of a state trooper walking deliberately, positively through a forest. I turned to my wife and said, "That scene was directed by George Stevens." At the trailer's end there was an announcement that the scenes were from "A Place in the Sun," one of the splendid films from Mr. George Stevens.

This is the kind of trademark that each director strives to express in his work. I say "each director," because I believe that all men are individuals although some never succeed in quite expressing it. But there is no greater purpose in life than for each of us to do our part in expressing the individual chord of infinity that happens to be our special assignment. Sometimes it is a difficult and rocky path because men who make decisions on the basis of what has been done before, often cannot comprehend what the individualist is talking about. Though the road can be severe, yet when the goal is accomplished the realization that you have produced something that only you were equipped to do, can be a most satisfying experience.

A motion picture director is at heart an artist regardless of all contrary conjecture. He might often have to function as a business executive, and does; but he must dream and think as an artist and a big word in artistic accomplishment is individuality.

Viennese Espresso

Continued from page 3

the amusement trade. It was heretofore cutomary to collect taxes on admission in various localities.

This led to absurd calculations by the owners, charging for instance—2c admission and 50c for a drink. Though tax collectors and investigators are now burdened with much more work, it worked out.

Tax is now computed on profits on soft and hard drinks. As example: A bottle of wine retail (customer price) $4, wholesale $2; a 3% tax equals 6c. Scale runs up to 8% for champagne.

The jukebox has reached its limit. Latest report of Austrian Society of Authors, Composers & Music-publishers (AKM) shows clearly that live-music is not only holding its ground, but is on the uptrend. Quite a number of small summer and winter resorts advertize "no music annoyance."

American and German numbers as usual top the hit parade. Gus Backus is by far the most popular.

"Hyphenated composers" are turning up by the hundreds, this being one of the biggest publicity stunts ever. Radio, television, concerts, wherevere printed programs are on hand, one can read: music by Johann Strauss—John Doe, Josef Lanner—Jack Doe, and so on.

Said Robert Stolz, who contributed three numbers to the hit parade "Ich hab' mich tausendmal verliebt" (I fell in love a thousand times) from "Dream Island." "Lovers are always in the mood for love" and "Romeo" (German version "Salome"): "Why change their music and orchestrations I always direct the original score."

Chips Are Down

Continued from page 3

up and up. He has 2,200 members at an annual subscription of $23 and expects many more.

Top Casinos

But Crockford's and the Clermont are not the only places where gambling booms. Other top clubs are Harry Meadows' 21 Room, Rico Dajou's Casanova Club, Leo Ponte's River Club, and John Mills' Les Ambassadeurs. Ex-bandleader Bert Ambrose runs one at his Ambrosia premises and business man Julian Clive heads a syndicate which runs Quent's Club. The craze has spread to Soho, where Paul Raymond operates a gambling room in his Revuebar. One of the latest to get on the bandwagon is film producer Irving Allen, who has opened the Playboy Club on the site of a once popular roadhouse a few miles out of London.

One of the newest and most elegant gaming rooms is in the newly furbished Curzon House Club. The first floor is devoted to poker, bridge, chemin-de-fer and racing. The men behind it are Bob and Alf Barnett, who run the 400 and Embassy Clubs with Abe Aronsohn, the man who brought the saxophone to the Savoy, way back in 1920. Bob Barnett ("the secret of gambling is willpower and knowing them when to stop losing") has been a gambler all his life.

Many of the clubowners insist that the tables are simply added amenities for their members. They claim that they cannot make much out of a gambling evening since the house is not allowed to take out any of the money from the game itself. The club owner relies on the "shoe" money. This can vary from a modest $2.80 in some places or be as high as $140 in ritzier houses. With sessions rarely lasting more than about 30 minutes this can add up to useful gravy when keen players pack the tables, often into the small hours.

Bad Debts

From the moment when one of the pioneer clubs, Leslie Romayne's May Fair Club, folded because he was bedevilled by bad debts, the gamling bosses have had to keep a wary eye on this occupational risk. The credit of players is keenly restricted. In addition the moguls pool information about players.

Some of the clubs, worried at the vast sums of money exchanging hands, have limited the maximum stakes. Meadows has done this at the 21 Room for instance. In the early nights no-limit banks at the 21 often soary dizzily to as much as $1,400. "Someone had to get sensible," remarked Meadows, and he clipped the maximum to $70, except for some really big-time operators "by arrangement." Nevertheless, there are still plenty of bad debts and many compulsive gamblers are losing far more than they can afford as they wildly plunge. Some are risking their business, their saving and even their marriage as they drug themselves nightly with gambling.

Anyway, it's London's latest tourist trap and gamblers who want some action and head towards the West End can get plenty in the luxury chemmy clubs that flourish legally and flatly in the golden square mile.

WRH

Paris Nite Life

Continued from page 3

size theatrical satirical revues of high stature as well as unveiling the black-garbed downbeat muse, none other than Juliette Greco. Patrons from everywhere jostled each other in shoehorning into these rooms.

But all this began to die out as people got down to readjusting to normal life. The Lido began to dominate with highly polished production numbers interlarded with finely showeased and chosen acts.

Pigalle declined except for "Paris by Night" rubberneck bus tours. The latterday bonanza of the Crazy Horse Saloon on the Ave. George V with its infectious inventive striptease format was the vogue. Of course there were many small spots featuring good unusual acts, other production spots, the travesty joints etc. But Paris settled into a routine with the Lido and Crazy Horse the main meccas.

More recently the Twist vogue brought 'em into the discotheques for bigscale, undulating, all-night dancing to records. But it took Miss Martini and Mejean to make a more concerted move to lift the town's nocturnal pulse.

Algerian Relief

End of the seven-year Algerian war, and bettered economic conditions, also brought out locals thirsting for night entertainment. Miss Martini inherited a flock of Pigalle boites and some theatres from her late husband Nachat. She realized the shows were outmoded and that clippo practices had to go.

First, she opened a spanking new boite right on Place Pigalle, the Folies Pigalle, and hired an avantgarde theatre director, Nicholas Bataille, to stage a show bringing the old revue aspects up-to-date. Bataille got Yank rock 'n' roller Vince Taylor and garbed the girls and boys in leather. The nudes also sang and danced as well as posed. Called "Twist Appeal" it gave a modern erotic fillip to the old shows and has paid off in local and visitor attendance.

Then she took the next door hoary Pigall's and had Bataille stage a nostalgic show in the Apache and Java tradition with singer Colette Renard giving out Rabelasian songs. This canny bow to the old days, with firm modern handling, has also attracted biz.

Mejean, on the other hand, feels that people are busy these days and prefer a spot where they can eat and then see a show that gives topnotch talents. He converted the old Chez Gilles, near the Opera, to La Tete De L'Art where leading comedy and song names have been trouping by. He also has two music halls now and three other boites. He can thus insure solid acts and big names plenty of exposure and work. The growing popularity of records and in-person vauders has about convinced stars that they do have to fear overexposure. Until this year the real draws contented themselves with one annual appearance here or even every two years. Now it is changed and Mejean can have them for those wanting deeper material for their night recreations.

150 Spots

Paris still abounds in over 150 niteries, discotheques and eateries with dancing and acts. Specialized little boites with offbeat acts have persevered.

Small scale revues like La Poule Blance, Drap D'Or, Sphinx and Indifferent rate mention, along with the traditional Russo fiddle spots, also supplying acts along with the rippling strings, like Novy's, Florence, Monseigneurs, Ciro's and the Pavillion Russe.

Mejean's fine eat-treat spots, with star names and expert acts, are La Tete De L'Art, Chez Ma Cousine, and Le Zebre a Carreaux. L'Oeil, the ex-Vieux Colombier, a cellar Left Bank dancery, is soon to open with singer Cora Vaucaire starring and femseeing big numbers.

Add to these the Port De Salut, Gallerie '55, Echelle De Jacob, L'Abbaye, stronghold of two Yank folksingers Gordon Heath and Lee Payant, for good acts and chanters. The Lapin Agile still gives participation singing and a bevy of old style Parisian singers, as ditto the medieval caves—the Caveau Des Oubiettes and the Caveau De La Bolee.

Bellydance is best presented at the El Djazair and Hispano or Latino aspects at the Puerta Del Sol, Le Guitar, La Barcelone and Le Catalan. The he, or is it she, clubs, you want? Well there are Madame Arthur, Elle Et Lui, Fifty-Fifty and Le Monocle.

Dancing is the item at the Elephant Blanc and the various discotheques featuring Twist and now the Madison and the Bossa Nova like Chez Regine, La Licorne, Club Saint Hilaire, Madison, L'Etoile, Epi Club, and others. Also springing up are private eateries like Rive Gauche, Le Mouffe, Elysees-Matignon, Horse Club, Gaslight and some more.

Jazz is still purveyed in old Yank style at the Trois Mailletz, more modern at the Blue Note or Mars Club and the Club Saint-Germain Des Pres. Koukouritza, Fado and Tokay give food with national-type music and acts. Prices are higher with a $6 to $7 for spec boites, $6 for name spots and at least a $2 to $3 minimum at others.

Kennedy

Continued from page 3

to congratulate the Soviet dancers and walked out. Mrs. Kennedy remained for the complete performance.

A few weeks earlier, he had been scheduled to attend the National Theatre opening of "Mr. President." That particular performance was a benefit for two Kennedy family charities, with orchestra seats going for $100 each.

Mrs. Kennedy was there for both acts. But the President did not arrive or sit down in the rocking chair which had been brought over for his box until the beginning of the second act. It's believed the President stayed away to be able to see the Sonny Liston-Floyd Patterson fight on a special closed circuit which had been rigged for the White House.

Earlier, his only other trip to the National had been to see the touring company of "Irma La Douce." He and Mrs. Kennedy brought British Ambassador and Lady Ormsby-Gore. The President was believed by spectators to be in a small argument with his wife after he took his seat.

At any rate, he left the National Theatre quietly after the first 20 minutes and did not return. Mrs. Kennedy and the diplomatic couple saw the entire show.

It is known that the President is especially fond of motion pictures, and sees about two a week in the White House screening room. Reportedly, he sees most U.S. releases, plus some of the foreign films. Titles of the pictures shown in the White House are never disclosed. The President is on guard to prevent commercial exploitation of his taste in films.

Langlois Museum

Conunued from page 4

Museum houses all this paraphernalia but lacks a regular screening room. It uses that of the Pedagogical Museum here with 287 seats. But Culture Minister Andre Malraux has promised a fine 1,200-seater in the big Palais De Chaillot which will be ready next March.

Langlois in 1935 worked briefly for a film tradepaper and wrote strongly about the danger of the great silent films disappearing as talkies took hold and many companies folded and liquidated their files. He started a film club dedicated to silent negatives. His first purchase was the German "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," of Robert Wiene. In '36 he set up the museum with Georges Franju, now a director, and P. A. Harle, editor of La Cinematographie Francaise. It was a private company that was later taken over and subsidized by the state.

But soon came war and Langlois hid many of his films in an old gigantic bathtub during the occupation. Then in '49 he was given an old house. Since then he moved several times and is now waiting for a final home that will have room for all his pix and pic possessions.


JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"YOUNG GIRLS OF GOOD FAMILY"
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
THE SKY ABOVE THE MUD BELOW
COLOR
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"LA VIACCIA"
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"LOVE AT TWENTY"
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE in association with ELY LANDAU and JACK J. DREYFUS, JR. presents
"LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT"
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"ZULU"
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"7 CAPITAL SINS"
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
SOPHIA LOREN as "Madame"
TECHNICOLOR
TECHNIRAMA 70mm
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
Boccaccio '70
EASTMANCOLOR
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
Divorce Italian Style
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"CRIME DOES NOT PAY"
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"CONSTANTINE AND THE CROSS"
EASTMANCOLOR
An Embassy Pictures Release
JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents
"LANDRU"
IN COLOR
An Embassy Pictures Release
THE ONES TO SEE ARE FROM EMBASSY IN '63!
JOSEPH E. LEVINE CONTINUES HIS FORWARD MARCH OF BOXOFFICE HITS WITH A BIG PARADE OF ENTERTAINMENT!

Musical Chairs in the Executive Suites of Show Biz

(Continued from page 3)

all grist for jest. Dick Gregory exported grim humor in the mess at Ole Miss. Other funsters kidded everything from plaid trading stamps to Operation Decoy (the New York cops in drag to mugg the muggers); Princess Margaret's new Grecian style coiff, Jackie Kennedy's and Princess Grace's tours on television of their respective digs (avec sponsorship of course); outlawed classroom prayers (Henny Youngman: "I can always smuggle Bibles into schoolrooms").

In May came "black Monday," the Wall St. debacle. Jokes, too about a "Kennedy cocktail: stocks-on-the-rocks." But at year's end President Kennedy's address before the New York Economics Club, promising tax relief, augured brighter White House "regard" for Big Business.

And then there were during 1962 the JFK and Caroline "coloring" books, the "doll" jokes ("wind up Jack Paar and it cries"), astronaut jokes, Caroline and all the other adult Kennedy jokes, cigarets and cancer, and the like.

Sonny Liston won the world's heavyweight title and a chance to create a new "image" for rehabilitations; and a champ of another calibre, 74-year-old Irving Berlin, made a comeback with "Mr. President." Also a precedental $2,600,000 advance sale despite the disappointing out-of-town and on-Broadway notices.

B as In Bright

And the Congressional probe into "B-girl prostitution" put the American Guild of Variety Artists uncomfortably in the spotlight, on "mixing" by "exotics" and B-girls. It resulted in longtime exec sec Jackie Bright's ouster.

Sherry (Mrs. Robert L. Finkbine) and the European thalidomide drug which induced malformed babies at birth were among the grim statistics of the year. Dick Powell was stricken with cancer; Charles Laughton, 63, author-illustrator Ludwig Bemelmans, 64, and Thomas Mitchell, Academy Award and Emmy winner, all died of it.

Play, Fiddle, Play

As the world trembled on the brink of possible all-out nuclear warfare, even as President Kennedy hurled his now historic defi to Khrushchev and his Cuban echo there was something incongruous in UN proceedings being halted while Gennadi Rozhdetvensky conducted the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra at the UN citadel in honor of the anniversary of the United Nations.

As radio and now tv—along with all the other advances in communications — have put power politics on a show business basis, the affinity between statemanship and showmanship became closer. In many instances a very thin line divided them.

Former V.P. Nixon who had dramatized poor showmanship-votesmanship in 1960 by permitting JFK on the same telecamera with him, lost in his comeback try for the California governorship, and broke the pattern of discretion vis-a-vis the press.

Marilyn Monroe

The London Daily Express devoted 20% of its Aug. 6 issue to the Marilyn Monroe obit, career and color stuff. She loomed as a sex symbol in the tradition of Valentino and James Dean. Even Clark Gable, "the King" preceding her in death by some months, was eclipsed by the banalities and maudlin postmortems devoted to MM.

Tradewise in the U.S. she was regarded as a sobering reminder of Hollywood's ills; that even femmes fatale are fragile boxoffice commodities and expendable in midproduction where an industry and/or a company, in this case 20th-Fox, no longer could afford to indulge her and itself in that brand of oldfashioned nonsense.

Both rightwinger Bill Loeb, publisher of the Manchester (N.H.) Union Leader, and Izvestia became curiously agreed on the same summation—that MM was a symbol of the decadence of Hollywood.

Eddie Fisher's comeback from marriage, Italian style, was generally warmly acclaimed, both on a personal level from within the trade and vis-a-vis his strong boxoffice in niteries and in his five-week run with a variety-revue at the Winter Garden, Al Jolson's old Broadway stamping grounds. Fisher may have created an unwise hurdle for himself by projecting the Jolie analogy but he came off well professionally.

Meantime Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton's almost daily space grab started to diminish although none will deny its total effect as "perhaps the greatest advance penetration trailer for any motion picture," meaning "Cleopatra" of course.

Darryl F. Zanuck took original director Joe Mankiewicz off that film but toward year-end a peace-pipe appeared in order. Meantime, Zanuck's "The Longest Day" looked solid for b.o. and feeling was that if "Cleopatra" hits the jackpot, despite its $35,000,000 cost, he might achieve a miracle and "turn the company around into the black."

"Cleo," at $35,000,000 production cost, notably topped Metro's problem picture, "Mutiny On The Bounty," a $20,000,000 item. Both got caught in wild production costs and snafus and both figure in Wall St.'s hard look at any such future costly commitments.

Chaplin Carries On

In 1962, Charles Chaplin at 73, and the former Oona O'Neill (playwright Eugene's daughter) had their eighth child. Receiving an honorary Doctorate of Letters from Oxford he stole the show from U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk. Chaplin is working on his autobiography, which is widely touted as an "important" book on his life and times and the motion picture industry; and he plans two more films. One would be a comedy with his son Sydney Chaplin and the other would be a parody on historical "spectacle" film epics. These pix, as and when made, would be his first since 1957. At the Oxford function Chaplin denied any *"bitterness towards the United States."*

Industrialist Owen D. Young died at 87; he was chairman of the board of General Electric for 17 years and the first chairman of Radio Corp. of America which he organized.

Financier Edward F. Hutton, 86, founder of the brokerage bearing his name and chairman of General Foods until 1935, perhaps had more contemporaneous identification as the father of socialite-actress Dina Merrill (Mrs. Stanley M. Rumbough Jr.).

Eleanor Roosevelt's death made profound impact.

In 1962, Ed Sullivan recovered from Mayo Clinic surgery.

Cowboy-actor-politician Rex Bell (he was Lt. Gov. of Nevada) left his estate to his sons with no provision for his wife, Clara Bow, conceding that he's married to the onetime famed "it" girl "but we have lived separate and apart for many years." She emerged from a 10-year seclusion to attend the services.

The Billie Sol Estes scandal was an event, never fully explicated.

Nobel Prize novelist William Faulkner's "Spoken Word" recording for the Caedmon label got heavy radio-tv play, following his death, as he was heard reading his famous Nobel Prize acceptance speech (1949) and also portions of "A Fable" and "The Old Man."

Steinbeck's Nobel

John Steinbeck became the sixth American novelist to garner the Nobel accolade which is worth $49,656 in cash. Ernest Hemingway, Eugene O'Neill, Faulkner, Sinclair Lewis and Pearl Buck were the others.

Frank Sinatra's all-out politicking for JFK, plus prime membership by the President's actor-brother-in-law Peter Lawford in the "Rat Pack" (a nomenclature the leader deplores and disclaims) made it a sensitive situation when JFK, for the second time, elected to houseguest in Bing Crosby's Palm Springs lean-to. Despite some snide asides, the Secret Service, entrusted with the President's safety, concluded that the Groaner's igloo made for greater security than Sinatra's desert home.

Sinatra worked hard on his "image" with the press (actually seeking out byliners en route during his global charity concerts for children), also reminding the Arabs he was helping their kids, too, despite a reported ban on his films by the Arab League.

It was a year notable for art gallery heists.

Edith Piaf, 47, wed her 25-year-old protegee.

Dame Sybil Thorndike celebrated her 80th birthday on the stage (as a hoofer!) of a Bristol theatre in the musical version of "Vanity Fair" prior to its London debut.

Bellydancers became a new vogue and even Israeli Puritanism succumbed to the charms of striptease, chiefly because of tourist appeal. Finnish-born Maria Michelson, from Paris' Crazy Horse Saloon, and Portuguese Judy Mendes, whose only "garments" are two live snakes, put Tel Aviv's newest and plushest Adria nitery on the map.

But in New Orleans the local cops and the d.a. declared a "state of emergency" exists in the Vieux Carre (old French Quarter) because, allegedly, it's "a centre of crime" and a cleanup of all characters, B-girls, homos, prosties and junkies was edicted.

Bob Hope joined George M. Cohan and Irving Berlin as a Congressional Medal of Merit recipient.

Curiosity, if mayhaps not 100% culture, gave the inaugural Lincoln Center for the Performing Artists' telecast (Leonard Bernstein & Co.) a top Nielsen albeit a bad, over-produced, over-busy platform show.

The Kennedys' $100-a-plate closed-circuit culturecast from Washington was a "louder, please" fiasco; this is part of the $3,000,000 campaign for a new Cultural Center on the Potomac, already dubbed "Kennedy Hall."

Louis Nizer

Louis Nizer made the headlines throughout the year on several fronts. Notable was his resounding $3,500,000 libel win for radio-tv entertainer John Henry Faulk against Vincent W. Hartnett, Aware Inc. and the late Laurence A. Johnston, Syracuse (N.Y.) supermarket operator, who died during trial.

Nizer's successful argument before the Chicago Pardons Board resulted in Negro murderer Paul Crump's life being spared two days before scheduled electrocution. And his successful legal maneuvering (with Arnold Grant) in ousting the John L. Loeb-Milton S. Gould faction from 20th Century-Fox, put Darryl F. Zanuck and Spyros P. Skouras in control of the company, respectively, as president and chairman of the board. And, of course, his own smash bestseller, "My Life in Court," which with its subsequent dramatic and film rights, is still up there into its second year.

Exec Changes

In manpower reshuffles of 1962, major shifts occurred on both the film and broadcasting fronts. For a time the rumor factory had CBS' James T. Aubrey Jr. mentioned for the top 20th-Fox berth before Zanuck took command.

Spyros P. Skouras, for 20 years president of 20th-Fox, moved up to chairman of the board, succeeding the pro tem Judge Samuel I. Rosenman.

In the new operational scheme of things, Seymour Poe, is new global sales head and Richard F. Zanuck, son, head of 20th production operations (with Stanley Hough as studio manager), and Elmo Williams ditto on the European end.

Among oldtimers, 20th-Fox retirees were Murray Silverstone, Joseph H Moskowitz and Glenn Norris. Pub-ad veepee Charlie Einfeld also is "withdrawing" from the company some time within 1963.

Former theatre and later CBS exec Robert M. Weitman assumed charge of film studio production at MGM, succeeding Sol C. Siegel. Another theatreman, resigned RKO Theatres prexy Sol A. Schwartz, is ditto at Columbia Pictures. Samuel J. Briskin, ailing, retired and is on consultancy. Col prexy Abe Schneider also designated Mike J. Frankovich first vicepresident in charge of European production and other operations. Leo Jaffe, of course, is Col's exec veepee and treasurer. (Abe Montague, heading for retirement anyway, because of failing health, was a 1962 mortality statistic).

MGM prexy Joseph R. Vogel created an exec veepee post for Robert H. O'Brien to relieve himself of the day-to-day details, with an eye to shuttling to the Culver City studio with greater frequency.

Universal-MCA-Decca

The MCA divorcement, for a time, threatened to snafu the Decca-Universal merger with Music Corp. of America's film-television production entities (Revue Productions and MCA Inc., which is the overall parent).

However, under a compromise and consent decree, the merger of MCA-Decca Records (which owns dominant control of Universal Pictures) was permitted with certain restrictions against acquisition of further backlog films (a la the Paramount Pictures deal). Milton R. Rackmil, prez of both Decca and U, became vicechairman also of MCA Inc. which has incepted an intensive made-in-Hollywood film production program. Lew R. Wasserman is president of MCA and founder Jules C. Stein continues as chairman of the board of MCA Inc.

(A peripheral reshuffling of manpower and personnel, as result of the MCA divorcement, saw many key MCAgents winding up under the Ashley-Steiner banner and, in turn, the embellished and newly manpower-endowed A-S agency merged with Charles K. Feldman's Famous Artists Corp. Vet indie producer-agent Feldman, who like MCA had operated under SAG waiver as an independent film producer, but since cancelled, is board chairman of AS-FA, with Ted Ashley president and Ira Steiner executive veepee.

(Additionally, other agency setups, independently or in association with others, resulted from splinter groups of MCAgents. Under the divorcement, the original MCA had no control of any of its clients, nor could it indicate any direction in which any should take.)

Jack L. Warner remains the lone No. 1 of an original Hollywood dynasty, as king of his Burbank production terrain and as company president, with Benjamin Kalmenson in N.Y. as executive veepee. Col. Warner also sought to shift part of the load to son-in-law William T. Orr to include feature film production, but latter has his hands full with WB's prolific television activities.

On the tv front, an embarassing "Bus Stop" program, wherein singer Fabian participated in a particularly brutal meller, resulted in Oliver H. Treyz exiting as ABC-TV prez and shifting to WB-TV sales topper. Tom Moore succeeded as the ABC-TV topper.

On Telecast Front

The Jim Aubrey-20th-Fox reports were only conversation. Meantime Hubbell Robinson Jr. had returned to the Paley-Stanton fold as video production exec. The two Bobs — Sarnoff and Kintner — were status quo at NBC. On the west coast Tom Sarnoff took over more dominantly at the Burbank NBC operation with John K. West shifting to the RCA merchandising end and Harold P Maag shifting to Dallas, as southwestern sales exec, but since succeeded by Bob Macrae.

Just as MCA was settling down to the dedicated purpose of feature film as well as tv film producing, its pronunciamento about going into legit financing provoked David Merrick to a declaration that legit was never lacking for angels and catechized MCA for trying to do on Broadway that which Government sued it in re its talent agency arm. However, other legit producers welcomed the promised entry of MCA-Decca-Universal combine for its capital and acumen.

U's motion picture knowhow, with "That Touch of Mink," for example, was pointed up by the wow Radio City Music Hall b.o., hitting over $1,000,000 in the first five weeks (a record upon record).

The unpredictable pyramiding costs are the perennial Hollywood bogey. Reversal of runaway production is not the lone panacea.

The headaches come when Metro budgets "Mutiny" for $6,000,000 and it winds up with $20,000,000 in bills, of which Marlon Brando's overage came to $1,000,000. Elizabeth Taylor's $1,300,000 basic salary for "Cleo," plus a percentage, is not deprecated by Zanuck who points to a $5,699,750 writeoff for the aborted London production knickoff.

Zanuck went into other "special writeoffs" of $13,922,000, and this plus other little entries gave the economy a $22,532,084 deficit. Zanuck declared himself as not being the patsy for the preceding board's errors such as George Stevens' "The Greatest Story Ever Told" which toted up another $1,184,000 writeoff. Stories and scenarios which may be abandoned were written off at $2,000,000.

There were pronunciamentos by producers like Mervyn LeRoy, "Let the stars put up their own coin if they want to produce."

A. T. Dennison, business rep for the Motion Picture Studio Electricians Local 728, painted a depressing employment picture and so wrote Louis Levine, director of the

(Continued on page 54)

Progress of U.S. Negroes

The Negro citizens' role in U.S. show biz continued to receive attention, 1962 running true to form in that evidences of progress contrasted with discontent at the slow pace. Desegragation of film theatres in Nashville, Atlanta, Miami and some few other Dixie cities remained the exception. Elsewhere the mixed-races picket lines formed, usually on an intermittent schedule. College towns like Chapel Hill, N.C., were conflicted between the liberal white students' dislike of the policy of not selling tickets to blacks or only to reserved sections or balconies and the reluctance of the adult whites to authorize the change.

Where theatres abolished segregation there were no reported instances of trouble. In the previous year there had been considerable spotlighting of the issue when the Metropolitan Opera stated it would not re-book either Atlanta or Birmingham if the local refusal to honor tickets, for the designated space, persisted. Rather than wreck the spring social season, the Junior League and other auspices managed to compromise the issue to the satisfaction of the Met though there was no data given in spring 1962 of Negroes actually attending the opera.

The National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People was constantly in the headlines on all fronts as hotels, theatres, restaurants etc. did or didn't relax local custom on integration. Sammy Davis Jr. and Peter Lawford staged a benefit for the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. Caleb Peterson called for nationwide picketing against stereotypes in films and tv; CBS' Hubbell Robinson Jr. advocated a better shake for the Negro player in tv; Negro motorists were refused entry to drive-ins in Winston-Salem, N.C.; Claudia McNeill was in the midst of a rhubarb in Kennebunkport, Me., when she played the strawhat last July in "Raisin In The Sun." At year's end she made Broadway legit impact, despite the newspaper blackout; in "Tiger, Tiger, Burning Bright."

Spokesman for the Atlanta Hotel Assn. stated that the group has "taken no action" on integration of member-hotels and that action "can only be determined by individual members." This followed "mixup" over reservations by Belafonte and by Dr. Ralph Bunche, latter written on UN letterhead.

Negro soprano Grace Bumbry flew from Paris for a White House party and she was roundly hailed. Marian Anderson was another caller on the Kennedys.

Ebony mag's roster of 100 wealthiest Negroes in the U.S. listed five from show biz—Marian Anderson, Harry Belafonte, Johnny Mathis, Lena Horne and Eddie (Rochester) Anderson—and of the five, termed Mathis a "true millionaire," via capital, not just income

THE WORLD'S MOST HIGHLY ACCLAIMED PICTURE is "BILLY BUDD"

WASHINGTON, D. C. POST
"Memorable!
A film of fine, uncommon quality with a stirring theme and splendidly acted! Robert Ryan gives a performance you'll never forget!"

LONDON TELEGRAPH
"A masterpiece realized on the screen!"

"May well steal the Oscar as the greatest picture of the year!"
--LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXAMINER

"Superb! To miss it would be a woeful injustice! Splendid and incredibly timely!"
--WASHINGTON, D.C. STAR

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE
"Stunning!
Peter Ustinov's virtuosity is dazzling, charged with the kind of electricity that so-called spectacles aim at, but seldom achieve!"

LONDON DAILY MAIL
"Outstanding triumph!"

NEW YORK POST
"Greatness!
Ustinov hits the bull's-eye!"

N. Y. DAILY MIRROR
"A tour de force!

N. Y. DAILY NEWS
"★★★★ A Joy!"

"Magnificent! Stirring!"
--NEW YORKER Magazine

"Beautiful, terrifying film!"
--TIME Magazine

McCALL'S Magazine
"Excellent! Suspense that will glue you to your seat!"

LONDON SUNDAY EXPRESS
"21-gun salute for Ustinov!"

LONDON DAILY SKETCH
"A film not to be missed under any circumstances!"

NEW YORK TIMES
"Splendid!
As forceful as the wind across the sea! Terence Stamp, a new actor with a sinewy boyish frame and the face of a Botticelli angel is perfect as Billy Budd!"

ALLIED ARTISTS
PRESENTS

Starring
'BILLY BUDD' ROBERT RYAN · PETER USTINOV
MELVYN DOUGLAS *and introducing* **TERENCE STAMP**

Executive Producer A. RONALD LUBIN Produced and Directed by PETER USTINOV
Screenplay by PETER USTINOV and De WITT BODEEN Based on the Novel by HERMAN MELVILLE

IN CINEMASCOPE.

WRH

1962: a Year Crowded With Crises & Climaxes

(Continued from page 52)

U.S. Dept. of Labor at Washington that "Hollywood should be declared an area of distress by the White House."

Robert L. Lippert, who produces lowbudgeters and wears another hat as operator of 11 west coast cinemas, concedes that European "B's" are swarming the Yank arties and elsewhere and suggested that Hollywood labor "make concessions" to stimulate native production. He proposed a $200,000 ceiling on such product, usage of new faces, and no actor "above $10,000" in the cast.

Screen Actors Guild discerned a move for more epidermis exposure by American actresses—with an eye to the overseas markets—and frowned on such ideas as a condition for employment.

On the other hand David Swift was told he could not lens some 500 bikinied babes on the Riviera because, under the Code regulation, "Nudity can never be permitted as being necessary for the plot. Semi-nudity must not result in undue or indecent exposures."

The Legion of Decency's partiality to "rating" films for varying audience appeal is a continuing campaign, with "classification" for kids as its goal.

"The Connection," with its controversial four-letter language, was okayed by the N. Y. State censors, following appeal, but still denied a seal.

Occasional Senatorial and patriotic organizations' sniping at films like "Advise and Consent" as "degrading American solons here and abroad" was academic—the film fared spottily at the b.o.

The Culver City American Legion got into the "runaway" act.

Some Hollywood sage put a 230% standard on a $1,000,000 marquee name—if they get back over twice that amount for their film, they might be worth it. But not when production costs pyramid out of proportion.

The ideal might be a Cary Grant-type or William Holden-type deal where, if the former clicks in "Operation Petticoat" (75% of the net profits, to date some $7,000,000) or Holden ("River Kwai") have lifetime annuities.

A sane counterpoint to those fabulous salaries was Carolyn Jones' observation that perhaps actors are needlessly being made the villains and are utilized by inept producers and studios when Wall St. starts to wonder how come?

More Re Stars

Vet indie producer Sam Katzman appraised the top stars yen for runaway production succinctly, "They live like they dream like living as a movie star in Europe. They're provided with villas, food, vintages, entertainment, cars and chauffeurs, cooks and servants which they couldn't afford or even get back home—at least service is still a tangible commodity overseas. It's a fairyland for them. I know, because I've seen it."

All of which had no bearing on Walt Disney; his "clean" pix mopped up at the b.o.

Goldwyn's Credo

On the occasion of his 80th birthday and 50th anni as a film producer, Samuel Goldwyn's advocacy of a Code of Ethics "before Hollywood is finished" got global and local attention at the gala Beverly Hilton Hotel fete. Besides the economic standards—not overpaying, true accounting, etc.—he stressed that "no individual, no matter how great his talent, has the right to bring our entire industry into disrepute by disregarding the rights of their coworkers and companies paying them vast sums."

High price of moviegoing was another problem explored. "Lawrence of Arabia" set a new top with $4.80, and Zanuck is mulling a $7.50 or $10 hardticket tab for "Cleopatra."

True roadshow films are a rarity, one of these being "West Side Story" which has surprised UA in markets (the Far East and elsewhere) where they don't go for filmusicals.

The manner in which "El Cid," "Spartacus" and "Guns of Navarone" mopped up after "institutional" roadshow teeoffs augurs the same thing for Zanuck's "The Longest Day" and Metro's "Mutiny on the Bounty."

"South Pacific" remains a b.o. paradox. It had to be nurtured into a revitalized second-time-out in Italy—moving the "premiere" hoopla from Rome to Naples—but in London it ended a sensational five-year run (232 weeks) at the Dominion. Theatre for this single engagement exceeded $3,900,000 and sets an alltime United Kingdom record, surpassing "Gone With The Wind."

Jet Age show business permitted Eartha Kitt to flit from Copenhagen to Australian bookings, and some top American singers and comedians to fly over for taping ATV vidshows in Britain, but Hughie Green's weekly Toronto-to-London commuting is perhaps the most amazing regular schedule. Canadian-born Green's pact with Lever Bros. is to emcee "Double Your Money" live in Toronto and London. Which means every Monday and Wednesday he zigzags the Atlantic; the Canadian version goes out Tuesday, and the London version emanates on Thursdays. The onetime fighter pilot, who still uses his own plane across Britain on dates, recourses to commercial carriers for the Atlantic hops.

Seattle & N.Y. Fairs

As the Seattle's Century 21 set a mark as the first World's Fair to go into the black on its first year's operation—$910,000 in the black—New York looks ahead to 1964 and it's not all smooth sailing.

More than meets the eye is the State Liquor Authority rap on clipjoints. Even a legit nitery like the Copacabana had its license lifted for 10 days; figured to cost the joint $75,000 to $100,000. Copa was caught in the backwash because an obstreperous couple had allegedly been ejected from the club with perhaps a shade too much firmness.

The State Liquor Authority's own staff abuses were no secret. The SLA has life-and-death say over operations which don't conform but the wide-open clipjoints, in the heart of Times Sq., was something else again.

(Fair prexy Robert Moses is too tough a fighter to stand for any such nonsense, when the tourists pile in, and the spotlight on SLA-licensed joints which don't behave—as in the case of that $43-a-glass of "champagne" bit with that West 44th St. bar—is part of the overall Gotham preparedness for the tourist influx.)

Meantime the old and the new hotels and motels, highlighted by the Americana (Loew's-Tisch) and the New York Hilton, due to open this spring is part of the overall girding for the Fair. Ditto the spate of midtown Manhattan motels.

Congress voted $17,000,000 for the U. S. Pavillion at the N. Y. World's Fair in 1964.

While culture, poets, ballet and the rest performed in the White House for the first time in history, the President's ceremonial gestures were not unalloyed. He finally signed the stopgap Copyright Bill. Otherwise, many works, between their original 1906-09 copyrights (slated to expire after the presently constituted 56 years), would have been thrown into a vast wasteland of public domain.

Speaking at the dedication of the $3,000,000 Eisenhower Library at Abilene, Kansas, the former President sternly denounced the use of "vulgarity, sensuality, indeed downright filth" as a sales promotion tactic in motion pictures and books. He singled out The Twist and modern art for special scorn. (Khrushchev's blast at "modern art" later in the year only created SRO at the Moscow museums.)

None, of course, disputed that through the magic of tv and Jackie's charmingly personally conducted videotours, more Americans saw the White House than in the entire 162 years' history of the mansion.

Short Shots

Grace Kelly (Princess de Monaco) return to films in a Hitchcock film is still off-and-on.

Quickie reissues of Marilyn Monroe pix — VARIETY called "death festival"—did spottily.

Metro-Cinerama's "How The West Was Won" augurs a new b.o. impetus which was only partly supported by "Brothers Grimm" in its attempt to utilize the triple-screen technique with a fairystory "plot" script.

Screen Producers Guild will sponsor the first Hollywood International Film Festival in Hollywood, under American auspices, whether or not the State Dept. cooperates and collaborates.

Some 21 "art" houses in Manhattan alone point up the new evolution of the class nable; it's the former downtown "deluxer" which is today's "sureseater" — whereas the spic-and-polished nabes draw discriminating SRO lines.

German Sensitivities

A not-kidding latterday paraphrase of Noel Coward's World War II paean about "not being beastly to the Germans" was present-day Germany not liking the wave of Nazi themes in films, plays and tv. The German Federal Republic seemingly accepted "The Diary of Anne Frank" in all its guilt-spotlighting but didn't cotton to "Judgment at Nuremberg" and particularly resented the Italian filmmakers (such as Vittorio deSica) producing anti-Nazi subjects. Marlene Dietrich also at first was resented for having turned her back on her native country.

On the other hand, a local Berlin Society for Christian-Jewish Cooperation staged a "week of fraternity" films on the same subject. Stanley Kramer contented himself that despite bad reviews by now hypersensitive film critics, he regards "Judgment at Nuremberg" as a political force.

Richard Rodgers' 60th birthday became a national event with Waldorf-Astoria fetes, an Ed Sullivan full-hour tribute, White House salvos and the like. His first attempt at solo songsmithing a legiter, "No Strings," proved a hit; heretofore he was teamed with either the late Lorenz Hart or the late Oscar Hammerstein 2d. His prospective new collaborator is Alan Jay Lerner, split from the highly successful Lerner & Frederick (Fritz) Loewe partnership.

Latter, a global boulevardier and habitue of the Riviera casinos, figured that CBS' buyout of their publishing business for $3,000,000 on a capital gain, and the fabulously unprecedented $5,500,000 (and percentage) deal with Warner Bros. on "My Fair Lady," should keep him in viands, vintages, romance and chips (kingsize chemin-de-fer and baccarat-style) for some time.

Rodgers & Hammerstein Foundation gifted Columbia Univ. Arts Centre with $150,000 towards construction of a new theatre. Grant was announced at the 60th birthday luncheon to surviving composer Richard Rodgers.

Publisher George T. Delacorte's $150,000 grant got him billing on the new Central Park (N.Y.) amphitheatre where gratis outdoor Shakespearean and kindred plays are presented in the warm weather.

N. Y. Press Blackout

Later in 1962 the Typographical Union struck four of the metropolitan New York dailies, following the papers' comparatively quick settlement with the Newspaper Guild. Other three sheets, plus two on Long Island, thereupon suspending publication. The news blackout, coupled with the advertising handicap to merchants and public, pre-Xmas, along with the usual holiday hoopla for new films, plays, etc. overloaded radio and tv with marathon news programs and sold-out spot commercials. Virtually every network took on some of the laid-off newsmen, caught pre-Xmas with payless envelopes.

The N. Y. Times launched a west coast edition in 1962. John Denson exited as editor of the N. Y. Herald Tribune to join Hearst's L. A. Herald-Examiner. Westbrook Pegler and King Features came to a parting of the ways, following his attack on William Randolph Hearst Jr. for wanting in "character, ability or loyalty." For a while Walter Winchell threatened to quit, because of the "syndicutting," as he called it, but that has calmed down. Pegler will do a column for American Opinion, house organ of the John Birch Society; Peg denied he was a Bircher.

The automatic good holiday business was bolstered by prolific radio and tv spot commercials but, as the strike threatened to prolong into January, it became a grave problem because of the number of new film and legit attractions. The arties deliberately held back, because they count heavily on the daily "notices," and David Merrick substituted "previews" of his "Oliver" and deferred the formal "premiere" of the legit musical until the aislesitters could function again.

One thing the strike did achieve, which at "normal" times was an impossibility, was a central theatre ticket information phone bureau for the commonweal.

Hard hit were the pressagents whose key media are the newspapers. A "notice" in a Jersey, Washington or even Chicago daily meant little compared to "even a birth in Nick Kenny's column," as one p.a. put it.

Art Buchwald gave up his Paris base, after 14 years, and John Crosby is now the Trib's man-in-Paris while the former does his syndicating from a Washington, D.C., vantage.

More Personality Stuff

No biz in early 1962 like snow biz, as skiing boomed.

Dame Edith Sitwell hailed at 75 as 3,000 admirers crowded London's Royal Festival Hall where she read some of her poems.

Ironic twist: "the rock," yclept the dreaded Federal prison outside San Francisco, Alcatraz, may become an amusement park.

"Ideal" marriages of the Jose Ferrers (Rosemary Clooney) and George Montgomerys (Dinah Shore) ended. More hectic have

(Continued on page 56)

Necrology of 1962

Final Curtain lowered in 1962 for many a name, from Marilyn Monroe to A. J. Balaban, from Michael Curtiz to Frank Borzage, Pat Casey ("the man behind the scenes") to music publisher Louis Bernstein (Shapiro-B), Stanley Walker, Abe Montague, John Shubert, Ernie Kovacs, Fritz Kreisler, Kirsten Flagstad (reviled for returning to Norway during World War II to be with her industrialist-husband, notorious Nazi collaborator, but later forgiven), Thomas Mitchell, Charles Laughton, Hannen Swaffer, William R. Wilkerson, Alex R. Boyd, William Faulkner, Ted Husing, Earle W. Hammons, Walter J. Damm, William F. Herbert, Frances White, Kenneth MacKenna (Leo Mielziner Jr.), Harry Giesler, James Barton, Bruno Walter, Chic (Olsen &) Johnson, Halliwell Hobbes, Roy Atwell, Marion Harkins, Roscoe Ates, Harold J. Fitzgerald, Ann Silverman, lone surviving sister of VARIETY founder Sime Silverman, Lawrence Langner, Myron P. (Mike) Kirk, Harrison McCann, Sir Alfred Butt. (The earliest "name" fatalities of the new year were the long ailing Dick Powell and Jack Carson, both victims of cancer.)

Also departing in 1962 were Ida (Mrs. Eddie) Cantor, Edward Sobol, John J. O'Connor, Sir William Wiseman, Alfred Levy, Eugene Goossens, Jean Goldkette, Miss Juliet (Delf), Frank Orth, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Jules Eckert Goodman, Fran Striker, Sam Bramson, Louise Fazenda, Ruth Lloyd, Freddie Schader (ex-VARIETY), Lester Rose (ditto), Mrs. Sol C. Siegel, Paul Val, Jack Small, Sailing W. Baruch, S. Morgen Powell, Jack Arnold, Mrs. Rose Fabian, Irving Bibo, Frank Braden, Jesse Crawford, Arthur A. Plantadosi.

More on the rolls: Francois Andre ("king of the casinos" in north and south-of-France), Edgar Kobak, Clem McCarthy, Guinn ("Big Boy") Williams, Lucile Watson, Jimmy Conlin, Mrs. Howard Barnes, Lester Cole.

Also Jerry Wald, Roger Wolfe Kahn, ex-film critic Bland Johaneson, Christie MacDonald, Jack Hope, Mack Millar and Monte Brice (these three all of the Bob Hope Co.), Myron McCormick, Reginald Mason, Edna Courtleigh, Raquel Meller, Victor Moore, A. P. Waxman, Maceo Pinkard, Jules Eckert Goodman, Olga Printzlau, Frances White, Ella Retford, Watson Barratt, Rex Bell, Barney Gerard, Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, Victor Payne-Jennings, Earle Ferris, Ward Bond, Joseph Heidt, Ralph Roddy, June Richmond, Hoot Gibson, Harry S. Goodman, Jay S. McConkey, Len S. Brown, Pierre Andre, Bill Stephens, Ben Peskay, Evan Evans, Herman Weber, Victor Arden, Dr. Carleton Green, Neal O'Hara, Louise Beavers, Dana Burnett, George Matthew Adams, Hugh Fulton.

Also, Mrs. Max (Tillie) Winslow, Anna Wheaton, Barbara Burns, Louis ("Eppy") Epstein, Al Jennings, Bert Lown, Sid Tomack, Carroll McComas, Nat Burns, Harry Reutlinger, Louis Cohen, Marion Harper Sr., Chet Roble, Irene (Gibbons), Tom Wray, Morty Palitz, Henry Bergman, Florence Anderson, John Trevor Adams, Tim Costello, Abe L. Feinberg, Robinson Jeffers, Irish tenor Gerald Griffin and later his brother John, ditto, Rajah Rabold, Chester B. Bahn, Sam Sax, Afrique, Sir Wilfred Eady, of the British film subsidy plan bearing his name.

Continue: Harry (Snub) Pollard, Stanley Resor, Richard M. Blumenthal, Frank Lovejoy, Barry Lupino, Patrick Hamilton, Ludwig Bemelmans, Charles F. (Chuck) Riesner, Tod Browning, Lulu McConnell, Lincoln Center donor Vivian Beaumont Allen, Benn Hall, Blaney F. Mathews, Nanette Kutner, Barney Ruditsky, oldtime Pantages fiddle single, Charles R. Althoff, Carley Mills.

Also, Frank Freeman Jr., Grace Kingsley, Jack Bolton, Guy Mills, Joan Morgan, Gaston Lauryssen, Russell Graham Medcraft, Mrs. Sidney Franklin, William Lindsay Gresham, Bob Hopkins, Jimmy Joy, Eddie Sobol, W. Alton Jones, Irving W. Rubine, Arnold S. Kirkeby, Jack Levinthal, Julius & Claire Krumgold, Mrs. Lee V. Eastman, Douglas Duer (these last among others in that March American Airlines N.Y. bay jet crash).

Add John Robertson, Nat Tannen, Roy M. Norr, Benn Jacobson, Tom Kilpatrick, Frederick E. Gymer, Ernest Hughes, Pat Rooney Sr., H. Wayne Pierson, Joseph Santley, John P. McCarthy, Milton Deane, James Yarborough, Lester Nixon, Roy Comfort, Lillian Albertson, Jared Reed, Carl L. Lampl, Charles O'Connell, Paul Lingle, George Bagby, Ivor MacLaren, Tom Walsh, John Lawry, Albert C. Morey, Carl B. Reed, Anne Bollinger, Al Rickard, Will Price, Ella Wright Barbour, Prof. Ephram E. Lisitzky, Nobuo Metori, Francis X. Carroll, Will Wright, Federico Micucci, Polly Adler, Mrs. Robert Griffith, W. Wallace Orr, Milton Rosner, Mrs. Robert Griffith, Edythe Sterling, Maurice Winnick, Mrs. Alexander Hilsberg, M. H. Brandon, Gordon Gilmour, Peter Gawthorne, Sam Wren, "Society Kid" Hogan, Clare Appel, Henry Carl Bonfig, Eddie South, Danny Stewart, Hobert M. Horkheimer, Oscar A. Morgan, Dr. Edmond Pauker, Hugh G. Walton, Lillian Shade, Frank Jenks, Edward Clark, Charles Farrell, Billy Daniel, James E. McCarthy Jr., Morgan C. Ames, Herbert Steele, Bruno Maine, Victor Arden, Jean (Hans) Geiringer, Vladimir Sokoloff, Mrs. Edgar Mayer, Baron H. Long, Dan McNamara, Billy Arnold, Ben Behrens, Marion Harkins, Louis N. Goldsmith, Ralph H. Brunton, Vera Curtis, Paul Hardtmuth, Dieter Schepp, Carey Wilson, Edward L. Kingsley, Harry Jans, Helen Tranholme, Gordon Gifford, Frankie Richardson, Helen Marsh Levy, Barney Grant, Charles Schnee, Tom Wenning, Roy S. Durstine, Will H. Hough, Betram Yarborough, James T. Aubrey Sr., Harry Rose, J. G. Taylor Spink, Kay Harrison, Fran Frey, Harry Barris, Mrs. Arthur Englund, George Sokolsky, Carol Irwin, Tom Martin, Edward Nassour, Jack Goetz, Lew Landers, Leslie Perrins, Leonard Vannerson, Emile Natan, Mrs. Tobe Coller Davis, Harry Carroll, Jean Forbes-Robertson, Nicholas Napoli, Luis Alberni, Curt Elie, Alfred G. Burger, Alice Keith, Noah Schechter.

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Production Costs Went Stark Crazy in 1962

(Continued from page 54)

been the Judy Garland-Sid Luft marital and professional relations.

Robert Montgomery scored U.S. lag as to the cultural arts, vis-a-vis the rest of the world. At the 47th annual convention of Kiwanis International, the actor advocated a broad national program to bring the arts into the daily lives of millions more Americans and to show the rest of the world that our cultural resources are second to none.

Yet film star Mickey Rooney, longtime big money earner, filed in voluntary bankruptcy with $484,914 debts and $500 assets.

Those Eiffel Towering wigs a menace to legit theatregoers where, unlike sit-anywheres in cinemas, you're stuck if you're stuck behind one of those high-styledames. Classrooms edicted against these transformations; also toreadors.

Veronica Lake, onetime film star, who was discovered as hostess in a near-midtown Manhattan tearoom, not only got a lot of space but also became an unwilling shill for a group of opportunistic promoters with elaborate chain restaurant and hotel ambitions. N. Y. Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz enjoined sale of stock but Miss Lake meantime had resigned, upon learning the deception.

McCann - Erickson's "Friendly Uncle Franco" campaign to "sell" the Spanish dictator. Agency did a previous similar p.r. job for later-ousted Cuban dictator Batista.

The U. S. Information Service distributing the Dinah Shore-Frank Sinatra NBC-TV colorcast to a potential global television audience of 250,000,000 lookers.

CBS' "Beverly Hillbillies" surprise topratings a puzzlement to Mad Ave.

Standout in 1962 were Ford Foundation's $7,000,000 legit grants.

Larry Adler and Paul Draper reunited in a Greenwich Village nitery booking since that Greenwich (Conn.) episode which created a hands-off cloud because of "Commie" charges, unproved but damaging none the less. It chased Adler to England and curtailed Draper's dancing career.

Otto Preminger, who brought Dalton Trumbo out of "exile" to openly script "Exodus," dittoed with Ring Lardner Jr. on the screenplay of his upcoming "Genius," a Hollywood - backgrounded novel by Patrick Dennis which, some feel, could have been inspired by Prem's own life and times.

More: Edward Albee's first full-length play, "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?", despite contrasting opinions, placed him to the fore among contemporaneous American dramatists.

Billy Rose regained his Ziegfeld Theatre, long an NBC-TV playhouse, and tees off this month (January) with Maurice Chevalier's one-man show, followed by Jack Benny in a variety-revue.

Carol Burnett's surprise boffo b.o. on her summer legit tours, as direct result of her Perry Como video popularity.

Joe Glaser takes over Sonny Liston's show biz booking.

N. Y. Football Giants star lineman Roosevelt Greer essaying a singing-guitarist nitery act, via the William Morris agency. Incidentally, pro football's socko grosses augurs its displacing baseball, perhaps, as the national pastime.

An all-star LP album comprising Jack Benny, Carol Burnett, Bing Crosby, Wally Cox, Danny Kaye, Terry-Thomas and Ambassador Adlai Stevenson will benefit a number of UN charities.

Joe E. Levine's Coup

Two foreign film stars for the first time copped both top Oscars—Sophia Loren in Joseph E. Levine's "Two Women," and Maximilian Schell in "Judgment at Nuremberg." Simone Signoret broke the foreign invasion of Hollywood's top award last year with "Room at the Top."

As NASA (the National Aeronautics & Space Administration) welcomed Walter M. Schirra Jr. into America's ever-growing magic circle of astronauts, Tin Pan Alley saluted science with "Soon We'll Hit the Moon in a Rocket Ship," "Zoom a Little Zoom in a Rocket Ship" and Matt Dennis beseeched, "Show Me the Way to Get Out of This World ('Cause That's Where Everything Is)".

Ervin Drake implored "Tell Me Telstar" and, inspired by still another neo-scientific impact, one song heralded, "Hey, Ben Casey, Can You Mend a Broken Heart?" and a group, appropriately called The Interns, recorded "Won't You Please Smile, Ben Casey?"

Stamp Mania

Trading stamp cycle witnessed such other freak payoffs as stamps to induce delinquent debtors to pay up; or Sylvania offering S&H stamps to dealers in proportion to the number of tubes they order; or Go-Go Stamps giving film and sports admissions, also vacation tours and resort hotel accommodations for stamps; or the Japanese GI bride who paid for her plane ride to Little Rock, Ark., to join her husband, with 289,500 Gold Bond trading stamps.

Dick Gregory's grim barbs at segregation and Diahann Caroll's click in "No Strings" (starring as the Negro model in Paris) vied with ABC's job opportunity for a Negro newscaster and NBC's signing of Ena Hartman, fashion photographer's model, to a dramatic training course.

Rudy Vallee called today's pop disks "frightening" and made sense with his observation, "*I don't understand what they accomplish or why they were written. I can't enjoy them, and they have an artificial popularity. I think kids are stuck with a bad thing. They feel they must uphold what their parents criticize.*"

The wave of folkniks, paradoxically stemming largely from beatnik-style coffeehouses, snowballed into big b.o. Many saw this as the "real" American folk music and with it the gospel chanters were likewise enjoying big biz, especially in the Bible Belt towns from the Carolinas to Texas.

Miscellany

Princess Soraya, ex-wife of the Shah of Persia, who made the Riviera and Paris headlines (as did constant escort "Wyatt Earp" Hugh O'Brian) sued Odeon Records, of Paris, over "Tango de Soraya." She claimed the lyric, depicting her dancing with an unknown partner, was an invasion of her privacy.

Pierre Monteux, 87, delayed his birthday celebration to fulfill a Rome booking conducting the Rome Symphony.

Octogenarian Somerset Maugham was chosen to join the select group of writers displayed in effigy at Mme. Tussaud's Wax Museum in London. Only other writers in display are Shaw, Scott, Macauley, Barrie, Wells, Burns, Kipling, Hardy, Hugo, Bacon, Chaucer, Dickens, Shakespeare and Byron.

Visiting USSR

The Bolshoi Ballet repeated its U.S. click and Sol Hurok in '63 plans bringing over the Moscow Art Theatre on its first U.S. appearance in 40 years. Benny Goodman, in turn, was among the Yank hits touring the USSR. N.Y. City Ballet finally made Russia where its choreographer, George Balanchine, met his brother, not seen for four decades.

Beloved yesteryear vaude, revue and radio comedian Doc Rockwell's son, George Lincoln Rockwell, screwball leader of the "American Nazi Party" figured in the news on such occasions as "picketing" Sammy Davis Jr. and "Sergeants Three," "Judgment at Nuremberg," "Exodus" and the like.

U.S. making a pitch for reverse-tourism but the Europeans still chary of high Yank prices along with language, economic and "service" hurdles. Despite admonitions from the U.S. end to extend the hands-across-the-seas (and minimize the open-palm), the foreign visitor is most at ease with conducted tours.

In turn, the bombes plastique plagued Paris and its environs and chased away many nervous tourists. But the biggest setback came following the May "black Monday" in Wall St. and the general market backsliding.

Maximilian Schell, the first male European to cop an Oscar (for "Judgment at Nuremberg") raised a point on photographers' and reporters' invasion of actors' and other public figures' privacy. "A page of a book is protected by copyright," he stressed, "but the human face, the capital of an actor, is not protected by law."

Tennessee Williams is on the verge of becoming the most successful professional writer ever to contribute source material to the Hollywood film factories. Jules Verne, a p.d. (public domain) literary source, holds a tenuous lead with $36,700,000 in domestic gross for four films based on his works (most notable, of course, the Mike Todd "Around the World in 80 Days").

Eugene O'Neill (Cannes Festival winner, "Long Day's Journey Into Night") points up the fact that while he is probably the most acclaimed of alltime American writers, he doesn't figure prolifically as the others.

Two standout "one-shots" are Civil War General Lew Wallace ("Ben Hur") and Margaret Mitchell ("Gone With The Wind.")

The Demurrers

George C. Scott's refusal of an Oscar nomination for supporting actor role in "The Hustler" marked a first in the Academy's 35 years. In 1940 Charles Chaplin declined to accept the N.Y. Film Critics' accolade for "The Great Dictator." There have been two Pulitzer Prize rebels—William Saroyan for his "Time of Your Life" (1940) and Sinclair Lewis who nixed the Pulitzer for fiction ("Arrowsmith") but he did accept the Nobel Prize subsequently.

Diskeries Important Legit Bankrollers

Some seven years ago CBS, parent of Columbia Records, walked away with a $350,000 jackpot when it put up 100% financing of "My Fair Lady" for 40% of the show, and thus far has netted over $10,000,000 on its investment. This is in sharp contrast to some of the fancy fees paid in later years for the Original Cast Album rights alone.

For example, although not so officially disclosed, seven years later Columbia Records virtually "advanced" the entire $250,000 production cost of Irving Berlin's "comeback" musical, "Mr. President," against a reportedly fancy 18% royalty for the album rights.

Capitol, for example, put up the entire $480,000 for "Gay Life" (Walter Chiarri) and wound up in the red. One of the costliest flops was "Bravo Giovanni" which, despite Met tenor Cesare Siepi making his Broadway legit musical bow, wound up $550,000 in the red. Of this, Columbia Records took a $200,000 loss, which was the same sum it lost some months previously on "Kean," another missout despite Alfred Drake in the title role.

RCA Victor took a $300,000 bath on "La Belle," which never came to Broadway, paralleling Columbia's $390,000 debacle with "We Take The Town" (musicalized "Viva Villa"), both collapsing in Philadelphia, and in both instances neither having their OC albums recorded.

Despite Noel Coward's name and fame his "Sail Away" wound $170,000 in the red, and "New Faces" was a $300,000 flop.

HCP (high cost of production) remains the legit bogey, be it straight or musical. It's still sudden death or a smash—no in-between, as in London where many "a pleasant little show" ekes out a pleasant little profit.

Even an old pro like Kermit Bloomgarden (with Herbert Greene and Steven H. Scheuer) went for a bundle with a $420,000 loss on "Nowhere To Go But Up" which folded at the Wniter Garden after nine performances. The original $350,000 capitalization skyrocketed to 420G, with the 20% overcall. Show had some unpleasant aftermath with the many small investors, running to a total of 275, sued for on a show-cause order why it should not be continued and not shuttered peremptorily. Show actually experienced such travail out-of-town that it was a tossup whether Bloomgarden would close it before Broadway.

George Abbott at 75

George Abbott marked his 75th birthday with three simultaneous comedy hits on Broadway—"A Funny Thing Happened On the Way to the Forum," "Take Her, She's Mine" and "Never Too Late" which marked the 82d Broadway effort for the producer-director-playwright. End-year surprise comedy click, sponsored by newcomers Elliot Martin and Daniel Hollywood, inspired a query as to why he was doing a play for an independent team and Abbott simply replied, "I saw a tryout of Sumner Arthur Long's comedy in Westport and decided it could be made into a very funny show. He did.

Sample of comedy cash payoff was Jean Kerr's $13,597 in "Mary, Mary" royalties one week, when the Broadway original cast was in its 78th week and two others were touring.

Dinner Theatre policy click in Las Vegas and elsewhere ("Flower Drum Song," "Gypsy," etc.) has Jack Silverman's International Theatre Restaurant on Broadway eyeing it, but first he went for a Minsky Burlesque revue, also out of Vegas, which too is in the idiom of burley's return in legit guise. Off-Broadway Ann Corio's "This Was Burlesque" is a click as a museum piece. The Zero Mostel musical, "On My Way To The Forum," is fundamentally of burlesque genre. Leonard Key is planning "The Night They Raided Minsky's" and the new Sophie Tucker legit musical, a la Gypsy Rose Lee's "Gypsy," will be called "Sophie," and that, too, will segue from the vet star's early burlesque beginnings into cafes and vaudeville.

Lester Osterman added a third Broadway legiter, the Alvin, on five-year lease from Max and Stanley Stahl who also own the Mark Hellinger and, incidentally, acquired operation of another of their leaseholds, Lindy's Restaurant. Osterman already owns the 46th St. and Eugene O'Neill Theatres. Producers Feuer & Martin also went into theatreownership with the Lunt & Fontanne, handsomely refurbished not so long ago by City Investing Co. (Robert W. Dowling).

In turn Capitol Records and its parent Electric & Musical Industries (EMI) effected a $3,000,000 revolving credit for Feuer & Martin's future legit producing, realty and allied activities.

John Shubert & Lawrence Langner

Death of John Shubert for a short period put the rumor spotlight on Dowling, Roger L. Stevens, Howard S. Cullman et al. as "being interested" in acquiring some of the Shubert theatres, but indications are that all properties will remain within the umbrella of the Sam S. Shubert Foundation.

Another giant of the theatre, Lawrence Langner, Welsh-born patents lawyer who became one of the founders of The Theatre Guild, as well as a successful playwright, died suddenly of a heart attack Dec. 27.

Marshall Field store in Chi went into the theatre ticket club business, a la Macy's in New York and Bamberger's in Newark.

Robert Bolt's "A Man for All Seasons," its star, Paul Scofield; Margaret Leighton in "The Night of the Iguana" swept the Tonys. "How To Succeed" and Robert Morse, and a tie between Anna Marie Alberghetti ("Carnival") and Diahann Carroll ("No Strings"), were the musical toppers.

"Succeed" had it more its own way with the Pulitzer Prize play, the second musical in the past three seasons to clean-sweep all the annual awards.

Fairest 'Lady' of 'Em All

"My Fair Lady" made special history as the new champ longrunning legit musical, topping "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific," with 2,717 performances, ranking No. 3 only to "Life With Father" and "Tobacco Road" as alltime Broadway longrunning champs in 1-2 position.

"MFL" tried to "close" several times, and spurted anew but finally shuttered in its seventh season on Broadway on Sept. 29, 1962. It had opened March 15, 1956. Its original $350,000 investment, put up 100% by CBS for 40% of the show has netted $10,500,000 in profit so far. Two American and eight global companies have realized $58,744,458 in combined grosses and still going strong.

Warner Bros.' $5,500,000 deal for the film rights, for seven years, set a new Hollywood mark.

British Accent On Broadway

"Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" and "Beyond the Fringe" gave Broadway a decided West End feel.

In Britain, the Lord Chamberlain forbade further improvising by the American revue, "The Premise," following a sketch showing the governor of an American state falling dead in horror when he finds that God is a Negro. The sketch was yanked pronto from the revue.

Agatha Christie's whodunit, "The Mousetrap," completed its 10th year in November and has been seen by 1,750,000 London theatregoers. A year ago it passed the Broadway longrunning champ, "Life With Father," whose 3,213 performances holds the U. S. record. Some 65 players have variously interpreted the eight roles in Miss Christie's murder-mystery drama all assembled, among the 1,000 London show biz figures, at a Savoy Hotel shindig honoring the author on the 10th anni (4,151 performances). It's still going strong. "The Drunkard" ran 20 years in Los Angeles, so technically "Mousetrap" ranks No. 2 in the global sweepstakes.

Meantime back on Broadway Sammy Davis Jr., following his London Palladium run this spring, plans to musicalization of Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy."

Actor-playwright Ossie Davis led an Equity probe into "The Negro in the American Theatre" citing that, for example, his play, "Purlie Victorious" utilized a mixed cast yet there seemingly was not a Negro among the stagehands, ushers, wardrobe, etc.

David Merrick took the London idea to the road, clicking first with "Oliver" on its pre-Broadway Los Angeles tryout. His point was that a long run, prior to New York, could offset the "sudden death" attitude of blase Gotham firstnighters and might even force a run.

Dr. Jack Weinstock, medical director for the U. S. Life Insurance Co. and associate attending surgeon at Grand Central and Harlem Hospitals, coauthored (with Willie Gilbert) the libretto of "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying." When he won the Tony award he planned to make an acceptance speech in which he would say, "I like to think I'm the medical profession's answer to 'Dr. Kildare' and 'Ben Casey,'" but he froze and all he could say was, "Thank you."

Equity long ago edicted against playing Dixie if audiences were segregated. During 1962 Rep. Adam Clayton Powell Jr., chairman of a Congressional subcommittee probing alleged discrimination in show biz employment, put the spotlight on all facets of the entertainment industry. Legit, films and tv were particular targets although the guilds and unions themselves had no such tabus. Video sponsors were singled out. On another tangent, the separate Negro locals within the AFM were said, in 99% of the instances, to be segregated by their membership's own choosing.

There were occasional flareups on the same basis in Hollywood, such as picketing the Academy Awards in Santa Monica, and threatening to picket "The Longest Day," until Darryl F. Zanuck pointed up that, historically, no Negro GIs participated in the Normandy invasion, hence the utilization of Negro actors in the troops would have been inconsistent.

"Ice" was to fore again in 1962 with Robert W. Dowling's discovery, as Mayor Wagner's "cultural director," about the "ticket speculator" clause in the standard contract between the Dramatists Guild and the producers.

Despite Rudy Vallee's "frank" opinions about Frank Loesser, Abe Burrows and Feuer & Martin, the artisans of "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying," the latter two are said to be interested in a possible book musical based on the crooner's "My Time Is Your Time."

Besides the "Sophie" legiter, as above indicated, Fannie Brice is another comedienne who may be legit-bioged.

Silo circuits boomed, and one of the built-in b.o. appeals of the strawhat audiences was to "meet the star" after the show. Latter, usually playing percentage and for good loot, cooperated fully.

Looking backward over the

(Continued on page 58)

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Trading Stamp Mania, Racial Slants, Tart Comments

(Continued from page 56)

events of 1962, as reported in VARIETY, the flavor and tone may be captured by reference to such matters as these:

—WHN banned rock 'n' roll.

—Jazz beat hit Bible Belt and church attendance jumped.

—Of the Bossa Nova, the Brazilians feared their very own contribution to hipology would be corrupted in the Brill Bldg. and the world popularity of the Twist struck the Soviets as further proof of incurable capitalistic frivolity.

—"Payola" was quieter, but not extinct.

—Playing a repeat in the pitiless glare of press attention, Charles Van Doren threw himself upon the mercy of the court.

—"Car 54 Where Are You?" telecast drew peevish reactions from the U.S. cops who saw themselves imaged as "mental flatfoots."

—Fadeout of Broadway's big electric signs was blamed on the tv "spectaculars" taking away all the advertisers' dough.

—Alger Hiss told to "take five" on the air, took it, and the boys who extended the invitation were in for a hard time from the extreme right.

—FCCharman Newton N. Minow's cracks at broadcast program practices continued. His "Newts" were more potent than the Enemy.

—In England, known for its "frank" tv drama, the BBC apologized that its telecast of "Stamboul Train" had gone overboard on "sexy" television. Meantime back at Kingstree, S.C., the FCC suspended the license of local station WDKD for obscenity and general deficiency in programming.

—The 150,000 Pilkington Report on the Future of British Broadcasting haloed the BBC for its efforts and put a hex on the other commercial videostations. It was undoubtedly Britain's hottest teleshow biz story of the year. None the less, U.S. syndication abroad had zoomed to $50,000,000 gross, up by $5,000,000 over 1961.

—NBC International estimated that there are now more tv sets outside the U.S. than within, viz., the 47,800,000 global sets (other than U.S.) would top 53,000,000 by end-1962. The U.S. sets in use are estimated at 50,000,000. United Kingdom's total is 12,000,000; West Germany, 4,000,000; Italy, 2,500,000. Scandinavian countries, 1,600,000 sets.

—N. Y. Journal American tv columnist Jack O'Brien estimated that 7,000,000 U.S. homes had two or more tv sets.

—Tin Pan Alley blasted off with "The Biggest Ride Since Paul Revere" (salute to Col. Glenn) and there were other items such as "Please, Mr. Scientist," "Colonel Glenn March," "Gliding the Globe With Glenn" and the "The Ballad of John Glenn," which speak for themselves.

Jazz Archives

Paul Whiteman and Dave Brubeck taped a talkfest on Jazz for the Library of Congress archives.

UN Russian interpreters doing some profitable moonlighting by disking "Passport to Russian" and kindred platter packages for Columbia and other labels. Same was true of Spanish, French, Italian and German language-courses, all on the sales upbeat.

Presley's 20th "gold record" was "Can't Help Falling In Love."

Polydor (German) waltz-recorded a theme to "Lady Chatterley's Trysts."

At suggestion of unidentified American Embassy official in Mexico City, RCA Victor Mexicana pulled off the market "Jackie, Jackie, Jacqueline," written and recorded by Bobby Capo, following the First Lady's state visit with JFK below the Rio Grande.

Burgeoning longhair market continuing boom for diskeries.

RCA Victor undertook a cuffo platter-and-player plan to foster appreciation of longhair music at schools by donating classic albums and reproducers to classrooms in prize contest form.

NARM (National Assn. of Record Merchandisers) pegged the 1961 disk sales volume at $510,000,000, of which the jobbers snagged $140,000,000 thereof. NARM (racks) pulled in a gross volume of $80,080,950.

Alan W. Livingston, soon after his return to Capitol as exec veepee, became president and Glenn E. Wallichs, founder, upped to chairman of the board. Daniel C. Bonbright became vicechairman of the board; Lloyd Dunn, corporate vicepresident.

Nashville's Empire

It was Tin Pan Valley's peak year—country & western hits all over the map. Nashville, Tenn., the capital of Tin Pan Valley, never had it so good as the C&W songsmiths were grinding out the Americana folk stuff.

The Country Music Assn., in annual conclave in Nashville, nominated 22 for the C&W Hall of Fame — Ray Acuff, Eddy Arnold, Chet Atkins, Gene Autry, Rod Brasfield, A. P. Carter, Vernon Dalhart, Jimmie Davis, Red Foley, J. L. Frank, George D. Hay, Johnny Horton, Uncle Dave Macon, Minnie Pearl, Bill Monroe, Ralph Peer, Tex Ritter, Carson Robison, Steve Sholes, Hank Snow, Ernest Tubb and Bob Wills. Last year Jimmie Rodgers, Fred Rose and Hank Williams made the HF.

About 50,000 supermarkets and kindred mass-capacity outlets made the 99c LP a $30,000,000 annual biz. The lowpriced LP in the disk business is regarded in the same category as the paperback to the hardcover book publishers.

ASCAP's 1961 gross up to $33,191,987, another new mark, some $847,851 over the preceding year.

As that 34 ASCAP writers' $150,000,000 suit against BMI and the networks neared settlement, chiefly by inertia—it has been dragging along some eight years—ASCAP reportedly offered a $2,000,000 discount to the TV stations if it dropped ownership in BMI. Refused.

Emery Deutsch's Boy

Bandleader-composer Emery Deutsch's 10-year-old son, Gregory Paul Deutsch, with 30 tunes to his credit (best known, "The Professional Children's School Song"), became the youngest member of ASCAP. He began writing words and music when three; at 8 he was conducting and playing his own compositions. His mother is Marjorie Goetschius, also a composer, and his great-grandfather is Dr. Percy Goetschius, founder of Juilliard.

The retailers are now more in on the Payola racket than the deejays, with payoffs to the retail outlets in the form of freebies, funds for pseudo-"promotion," window displays, and the like.

All concede they're kidding themselves, specially with some of those "tip sheets." "The diskeries hypo the list, hoping in turn that the radio stations will get excited by the hypo," as one music man put it, "and soon we kid ourselves into believing it's an authentic breakout of a tune."

Copyright

Two key music Copyright Bills got the greenlight, and both important.

One put teeth into penalties against diskleggers—counterfeiting of click albums, including package simulation and open paraphrase of the original hit interpretations—and the other extended the life of expiring copyrights to 1965.

Latter saved an imposing array of literary, dramatic, musical and kindred works whose rights (56 years) were to have expired this and for the next three years. Thus, the 1906-09 copyrights are kept from PD (public domain) while a new Copyright Act is being worked out to replace the obsolescent 1909 statute with its two 28-year segments of copyright protection. Proposal is to simulate the European idea of the author's life, plus 50 years, as the yardstick of copyright protection.

Lone truly remaining Tin Pan Alley—that 100-yard-long Denmark St. in London—joins the rest of the music milieus as a "state of mind" when a housing redevelopment will raze Denmark St. in 1963.

Passing of another era was Jimmy Petrillo's ouster from presidency of the Chi local where he was long the "czar" of the AFM.

Telstar

In 1962 Telstar's potentials raised question marks on property rights, copyright, the possible poaching of new French fashions, "auditioning" a song for quick international impact, ditto a West End, Paris or Berlin play, or west-east (from Broadway across the Atlantic).

The French beat the British with Yves Montand and Michele Arnaud (on tape), and AT&T board chairman Frederick Kappel's thrilling pioneering words might well be likened to Samuel Finley Breese Morse's "What miracles God has wrought" or when Alexander Graham Bell developed the telephone.

CBS and Ed Sullivan had a showmanly stunt in mind via Telstar, on the latter's Sunday night show, but the element of timing was against them.

British Comedy

Rock 'n' yock disks boomed the British platter biz, not as socko as "The First Family" or "My Son, the Folksinger" but with satisfactory enough results. For example, Mike Sarne's " Come Outside" sold over 250,000 albums; Charlie Drake's "My Boomerang Won't Come Back" Bernard Cribben's "Hale in the Ground," Michael Bentine's "Football Results" and "Right Said, Fred" were novelty LP sellers in the yock idiom.

C&W also asserted itself in Britain, first with Ray Charles' "I Can't Stop Loving You" and Frank Ifield's "I Remember You."

In contrast late poet Dylan Thomas, who died in 1953, was still a top disk seller for Caedmon, reading his own poems, along with Shakespeare's "King Lear," "A Child's Christmas in Wales" and "Webster's Duchess of Malfi." To date the Welsh poet's platters have grossed $3,000,000 in sales.

H. Carleton Greene, director general of the British Broadcasting Corp., honored on occasion of its 30th anniversary, warned American tv, at the DuPont Awards dinner, that the medium is the victim of "the tyranny of ratings." Who could deny it?

Expense Account Blues

Mike Romanoff's BevHills plushery will go down in the annals as the first casualty of the tightened regulations against "expense account dining" which will have perhaps direr effect this year unless there is a commonsense approach to the proposition of "making bookkeepers out of all of us." This is a nice way of also "educating" the average businessman to perhaps lie and cheat—"with a pencil"—in order to "square" any portion of what was formerly SOP business expense entertainment.

The ANCOA (Associated Night Club Owners of America), in convention in Chicago last fall, flayed the Internal Revenue Service as being out to "get" the nitery operators via the expense-account tighteningup. They agreed that this move will hurt them more than any other past, present or even future regulations against the modus operandi of running a night spot.

Whatever the reason—earlier-to-bed, the tv habit, inroads of football, bowling, sports and/or other divertissements—there is no question that other than such an out-of-this-world resort like Las Vegas, "late business" is a thing of the past.

The headliners know it as well as the operators. Farseeing entertainers, with the welfare of helping the few choice spots "to remain in business," have long pitched for a one-show (i.e. dinner) policy since the midnight trade is generally sluggish. Compromise proposal has been an 8-9 show a week policy, i.e. midnight shows (possibly) Thursday, certainly Friday and Saturday, and possibly even a "third show" (2 a.m.) on Saturday.

Many of the class hotels operate that way already. The hotels have also paved the way for the return of the cover or "music charge," as offset to the entertainment nut, but somehow the come-on appeal of the "minimum" ($5-$7) looks and sounds better to the customers than the straight $3 or $4 cover rep. It equalizes about the same.

Another manifestation, especially around Manhattan, with its flight-of-population to the Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens and Long Island environs, has been the springing-up of a flock of neighborhood niteries, given to playing medium "record" names, i.e. one-disk wonders, and just for the Friday-Saturday trade, since the rest of the week is weak anyway.

Significant, too has been the cutting-down of the nation's drinking habits. For example the Chicago Chamber of Commerce bemoans the fact that this former two-and-a-half martinis-for-lunch town has leveled off to a one-drink standard. New York is still two-plus, and Frisco and L.A., especially among the huckster set, still average three drinks-for-lunch. Montreal is called the champ in North America—you're practically a sissy if you don't have a fourth martini in that Quebec outpost.

Seattle Fair

There was beaucoup show biz and night life in the northwest and, despite Seattle's local blue laws, seemingly the Century 21 Exposition—its formal tag—had plenty of nudity. Paradoxically, the big imported names still did the big business, viz., Bob Hope, whose staggering $203,069 gross at the Aqua Theatre saw the overflow viewing him from floats and boats. Hope cracked, *"I've seen floating crap games but a floating audience —this is ridiculous!"*

Globally there were such freak variations as "blackjack" and "poker dice" (legalized slotmachines) making impact in Australia. In Scotland, long a vaudeville stronghold, the legalized casinos (chemin-de-fer), along with the comparatively new bingo and bowling, caused conversions of vauderies into pinball setups and bingo parlors.

In Minneapolis a new kind of freak "act" was literally combing 'em into nabe bistros—local beauticians, with models, demonstrated new hair-styles. This shilled biz for the beautyparlors, a la the former exhibition ballroom teams hypoing their "studios."

Florida continued apace despite the boom to the Caribbean. In certain weeks there isn't a room to be had in Puerto Rico, for example, which has both the Florida-style weather, plus gambling and a little more "foreign" flavor. None the less, Miami Beach is meeting the competition with a $4,000,000 talent budget for '63 against the $3,000,000 last winter. There continues to be "new" hotels, new country clubs and a burgeoning cooperative apartment house boom, for the retired—rich and otherwise—which hoteliers at first feared as "competition." None the less even the co-op residents come to the hotels and niteries to spend and spree.

The newly independent Jamaica and other West Indies states, now free of the British Colonial Secretary although remaining within the Commonwealth, for the moment are still "studying" gambling as a tourist boom but frankly "want no part of any Las Vegas-type syndicates moving in."

Catholic Spain became upset when the Gibraltar loomed as a gambling and fun resort—the Church protested to the British authorities that it doesn't want it to become "a Mediterranean Las Vegas."

Talent

Talent-wise it remains a battle for the surefire names and a constant exploitation for non-"backbreaker" type of attractions. This has resulted in revues, from Minsky's to "Flower Drum Song," "Gypsy," "La Plume de Ma Tante," "South Pacific," et al.

Comedians remain the best b.o., topping the singers by and large, unless it's somebody of the special calibre of Sinatra, Lena Horne, Belafonte, Pearl Bailey et al. which seem to have the right b.o. combination in the casinos and other resorts.

'Booze Up and Be Somebody'

Continued from page 4

"What will they use it for, to sterilize the instruments?"

Few dynasties have been established among the Hangoverians. The Barrymores of course have gone through three generations *inter poculo*. Maurice thought staggering was a sign of strength and only weak men were carried home. His son, John, who cashed checks at bars "because barkeepers were the only men who knew me," never was begged at such a hospice to slow down because he was "one over eight."

"Are you a reformed drunkard?" asked John Barleycorn's most talented trouper when urged to quit for a while.

"No, I'm not."

"Then, why don't you reform?" asked J. B.

His son in turn has had his moments with the grape but history does not record any bon mots he uttered in his cups.

Eugene O'Neill had heredity 'fore and aft to console him in his cups, but the O'Neills were morbid, introverted drinkers and not given to public performances like Brendan Behan.

Gene Fowler, who frequently recorded the saying of celebrated elbow-benders, notably John Barrymore, W. C. Fields, Errol Flynn, John Decker, Damon Runyon (until he reformed and became a caffeine addict), Jimmy Walker, Charles MacArthur, Thomas Mitchell, Bill Fallon, Leo McCarey and Sadakichi Hartmann, once wrote a piece of prose while as mash-soaked as a moonshiner's still. His son, Will, dug it up and reproduced it in "Young Man From Denver." Gene himself said it showed a man should not depend on himself to write when stoned.

And yet there were eras in the arts and crafts, notably journalism and the mimic professions, when any performance at all when completely looped was considered proof that behind these raddled doings were great minds. Frank Ward O'Malley, Donald Henderson Clark and Joseph Jefferson O'Neill were among the star reporters who would siphon alcohol out of a compass vat. The only way to enjoy their company was to belly up to the bar and order a milk and seltzer—the vodka - and - tomato juice of the early part of the century for easing of hangovers. It hinted you were between benders and caused a great deal less irritation than to confess you preferred an icecream soda any time to hard liquor.

Among the earlier Big Stews on the far western scene were Jim Cruze, Jim Tully, Wilson Mizener and most of the stars and directors of westerns. Cruze in his cups once said to H. L. Mencken in what here will have to be expurgated into cleaner VARIETY prose, "You know, Menck, I never read one of your books in my life?" The sage of Baltimore who could match beer-for-beer replied, "You know, Cruze, I never saw one of your pictures in my life? That makes us both Elks."

Speaking of Cruze, Jack Ford had a yacht, the Araner, and invited friends on cruises. One took the party several hundred miles south of L. A. Near Acapulco on the long voyage home, Ford thought he had enough liquor in him. He suddenly developed a revulsion for the stuff and threw overboard what was left. As a result the rest of the drinkers came home with their tongues hanging out, drier than the Sahara during a long drought. It was a joke only a camel could appreciate.

Will Fowler reports that when efforts were made to dragoon his Pop on "This Is Your Life" he was asked, "Does Mr. Fowler still drink?"

"Hell, yes," said Will, "and I wouldn't trust him on your program if I were you."

But all this was in a bygone era, before grape-"nuts" were rated dipsomaniacs and alcoholism a disease. Since then alcoholics have sought anonymity and quietly discussed ways of helping each other survive the wounds of living without recourse to 10-year-old bourbon, 5-year-old scotch or one-day-old gin.

It was fun for a while being an alcoholic extrovert, but since in all the history of medicine no one has come up with a cure for hangovers, though James Thornton thought being drunk continually eliminated the agony of the morning after, many have surrendered their plastering privileges to the building trade and settled in Ulcer County with their memories.

The 57th Anniversary of VARIETY

CONGRATULATIONS!

from

NATIONAL Screen SERVICE
PRIZE BABY OF THE INDUSTRY

Entertainer's High Finance

Continued from page 4

what they are doing. They are there only because they saw a line forming and someone said, 'What is it for?' Someone else replied, 'What do you care. It's free.' And there they are.

Or else, I face the other great group who has lured me there to speak because it's a charity, and everybody gets stuck for something. I'm there to perform for a plaque. I now have 4,372 plaques. I have been named "Man of the Year" for every occasion, including "Mr. Live-Bait Barge of 1962." It's a nice inexpensive way of getting a principal speaker.

It's amazing, however, if you cannot appear how quickly your nomination as "Man of the Year" vanishes on the telephone line. The committee chairman says, "Oh, you can't be there . . . Well, then you aren't the Man of the Year this year."

As the representative of the great American segment of industry and finance known as the unmanaged portfolio and the unmanageable investor, I stand before you with no great pretenses at being an economist, analyst, or prognosticator, but I've had an interesting 30 years in my own racket . . . profession . . . of tv and radio, which has been very lucrative and enabled me to take a lot of chances the ordinary investor couldn't take. Through this golden goose called television, I have been able to be wiped out repeatedly and come back; whereas, as you know, many of your clients never came back.

As One Who Did It The Hard Way

It takes considerable nerve for anybody in my business to address a group such as your Investment Bankers Association, you, the core of the capitalistic system of this, the world's greatest and wealthiest nation, and to presume to tell you anything about this business. On the other hand, I feel that a look at your business from someone outside, say a customer who has learned the hard way, can be very revealing.

I have been asked by a number of people here during the last three days to speak about certain things: one man said, "You ought to tell us what's wrong with us. We're so close to the financial picture, we can't see all of our faults." But I told him my time was limited to the afternoon and evening of Monday. Actually, every business has its weak points, every business has critical areas, and I would hesitate to criticize you because I have no constructive suggestions to make. I think you are doing the best you can with an impossible situation.

You are required to manage other people's money, each of whom wants to get *the* best stock of the year . . . the one that's going to make them a fortune with the least possible risk. This is the element of greed that enters the picture and makes it almost impossible to give a sane chart to the course.

I would like to say in passing that it is a delight to see so many ladies present. I had a feeling when I was first invited, that I would have an all male audience. I'm delighted to see so many women. I understand this may be the last year we'll see women at *any* convention. It's nice to have been in on the expense account swansong before the new Bureau of Internal Revenue steps in.

Three years ago I spoke to the California IBA group at Santa Barbara, and I spoke rather informally about business and finance. I was richly rewarded because I made contacts at that wonderful meeting and received inside tips in businesses which in the ensuing three years enabled me to write off roughtly $3-400,000 annually.

I don't know if any of those men are here today, but if they are I'd like to thank them publicly for getting me into electronics, SBICs, Federal Homes Savings, Farrington, General Dynamics and some of the other elevators which went both up and down.

It's interesting that your association and I began in the same year. I'm a little older. I originated July 17, 1912, and your organization began in August of that same year. We're both 50 years old. Perhaps that's an augury of a successful and happy future. People say to me, "How do you feel about getting older?" I always answer, "Just consider the alternative." That's a happy thought, isn't it?

I say this because it is the keynote to my own personality and my own outlook on life. I am an eternal optimist. I am a great believer in looking on the bright side of life. No matter how bad things get, I'm always looking for the bright ray. I refused to be disillusioned. I think that's very important, because this is the only life you live and you might as well have as good a time as you can out of it.

When I was in Russia this year and going through the depressing view of a socialistic society which has flattened out most hopes and aspirations and all individual efforts and rewards which we Americans have been accustomed to, I thought, 'Wouldn't it be dreadful if this were to happen to the United States.' And it could. At the same time I began to look around and with my characteristic optimism I began to see how many people inside Russia were getting special rewards, special incentives. It occurred to me that no matter what kind of flag they hoist over any country there is going to be a certain group of people who are going to do very well. And I'm looking at that group right now. I have no worries about you either; no matter what form of government or how tough the taxes get, or how the REA infiltrates into our metropoli, no matter what happens, I have a feeling this group is going to own whatever results. And I'm going to be one of you.

My father was a Baptist minister. I was originally a Baptist. During my youth in high school, I switched to the Dunkards because they had a better basketball team. All the women used to go to church wearing little dollies on the heads and the men wore broad-brimmed hats. One of the favorite stories has to do with the Dunkard minister who wore the standard spade beard and the sideburns, the broad-brimmed hat, a formidable figure. He was in a street car when a drunk got on. After fumbling in his pockets for change, the drunk was told by the conductor to go sit down. Sitting next to the rather odd-looking minister he said, "Well, who are you?"

"I'm a Dunkard pastor."

"Well," mumbled the drunk, "that's what the conductor called me."

Alger Stuff

Having grown up without much money, and having lived a good part of my early life in the house behind the house, I can remember the Christmas and Thanksgiving times of the year because that was when the big baskets of food came to our house from the churches. We were one of the families who were thought of when others who had more decided to give groceries to the less fortunate. I worked through my early years. I was a newspaper boy which was great training . . . it taught me all the ways people have of putting off paying their bills. For example, I have been put off by a piece of hot apple pie by the woman of the house who didn't want to pay her subscription—and to this day I have a hard time eating apple pie.

I studied to be a school teacher because that represented security. In California, we have teacher tenure and once you become a teacher it's almost impossible to lose your job. In 1933 I thought if I could make $350 a month for the rest of my life that's all I would ever need.

A lot of people went through the depression. Some of you younger people don't remember it. "Wall Street Lays an Egg" was the famous headline in VARIETY and just to remind you, those were the days in 1930-33 when things were so bad, hitch-hikers would go either way.

Customers quit buying who never intended to pay, and hotel managers were stealing towels from the guests. It was a rough time.

Through college I had some interesting experiences which also helped guide my financial education. I wrote a musical comedy with a man named Johnny Crofton whose brother was the president of a race track in Callente. I was hired on weekends to play the role of a rich college boy, and was given $100 to gamble in the Gold Room. That was a great lesson for me. I saw many San Diego businessmen down there standing every weekend at the roulette and dice tables throwing money away like there was no end to it. A few months later I'd be reading about them. They were either broke, or accused as embezzlers.

It was a great lesson to a young man to see how difficult it is to manage your money when the odds are against you—and when the mathematical averages as small as one-tenth of one percent were consistent enough. I saw how little a percentage it took, if enough money were wagered, to eventually work against you.

Before I got out of college to become a teacher, I had taken a radio job . . . my last job in college. Already on graduation I was making $125 a month as an announcer. Unfortunately, the first job offered me as an assistant English professor was only $120 a month. Naturally, I couldn't take a backward step. And so I didn't go into teaching, but stayed in radio. Though $5 a month doesn't seem like a lot when you multiply that amount over these 30 years I've been in entertainment, I figure I'm ahead well over $400.

It's What You Keep

An irritating question that is often asked me by interviewers is "How much money do you make." While it is an irritating and sometimes embarrassing question, the truth is that in our capitalistic society how much money you make and how much money you have is merely a score card—a representative figure which indicates how successful you are.

I think a more pertinent question would be, "How much money have you kept?" Since I have been earning money there has been a little matter of the Bureau of Internal Revenue. I've spent a great deal of time (I'd say an hour a day) hating the Bureau. Even on Xmas and Easter I take a little time, not a full hour, perhaps, but at least 15 or 20 minutes directing my anger at this target.

In the past 10 or 12 years I have consistently been in the 91% bracket and so the question with most of us is "How much money have you kept and what have you done with it?" Most stars in show business hire business managers. They do it for two reasons: First they have the good sense to realize they cannot properly manage their own busy and precarious careers and at the same time know what they are doing with their money; and secondly, because they are not fitted tempermantally to handle money, most of them have allowances. They don't want to hear about money. Their rents are paid, their cars are bought, everything is done by a manager. I decided to try to learn to handle my money by myself and it's been a wonderfully interesting experience.

For my first major investment, I bought a couple of apartment houses. I had a wonderful fellow running it for me. I thought after I had made a purchase and had a manager, all you had to do was to go to the bank once in awhile to find out how much money was there. I never questioned his books, I never questioned his management, I never questioned the business. I would just get reports on how much we lost. Until one day after a year-and-a-half of this, I happened to drop by the building to look at some of these apartments which were never rented. I found people living in them. But they weren't living in them on my books. That taught me a brief lesson: do not tempt managers . . . because they are human and if you beg them to steal from you, they're going to do it.

Next, I got into the oil business. I found a man who was a wonderful fellow, he practically guaranteed we'd find oil. We did—finally. It was a wildcat on a 10-acre spacing. Unfortunately, we did not own the land around the 10 acres. It was owned by someone whose name happened to be the same as the promotor's.

Then I went into a foreign investment, a free land deal in Australia. We were given 100,000 acres of free land providing we grew rice and fed the world's starving population. First year, we did feed the starving population—34,000,000 wild geese. They ate the entire crop.

Second year, through an ingeneous method, firearms, firecrackers and aborigines beating tin cans, we drove off the wild geese which left the field open to 212,000 water buffalo. The third year we provided several large engineering firms with invaluable experience on how not to control monsoonal floods in the sub-coastal plains of Australia. We built dikes completely surrounding our land so that when the water from the flood entered the dike area, the crops were under water for three or four months instead of a week or two. Fascinating experience.

Then I went to Oregon and decided to start a business of my own. After all, General Foods was doing well in the marketing business so I went into the jams and jellies division. We had my picture printed on the labels that went on the jellies, and we flooded the market with this wonderful product. It all came back. If anybody here wants to buy 200,000 cases of seven-year-old Oregon plum jelly I have it.

I soon learned that new businesses just don't happen. It takes money and lots of work.

There was, of course, the inevitable inventor who came along with an electronic gadget to control airplanes. It did. It controlled planes and a large segment of my bankroll for about three years. I discovered that inventors should stick to inventing, not running businesses.

The first toy was the hula hoop. I'm one of the fellas who foisted the hula hoop and who is responsible for twisted pelvises from coast to coast. But I sold 12-15,000,000 hula hoops, and was one of the first in the business. But I don't have to tell you businessmen, the important thing was not getting into it early, but getting out of it early. Today I do not have warehouses full of hoops.

The toy business is a fascinating combination of business and show business. Like show biz it is based on ideas, on quick moving innovators; yet at the same time it has all the problems of any regular business — manufacturing, warehousing & marketing. This year one of my little companies will have about 32 games and toys on the market and will do a retail volume of $19,000,000. I have a group of imaginative people figuring out, adapting ideas. We make toys and then take them to different manufacturers. As a result of bringing in the toy and delivering it, we are assigned from five to seven percent of the manufacturers gross.

We have at this moment one of the hottest toys on the market today. It's Gaylord the Walking Dog. We had the Game of Life and a number of other things during the past four to five years, all of which came out of the hula hoop. It's a marvelous business and interestingly enough, the toy business today depends on television for its success. That's why toys cost so much. A toy costing the manufacturer $3 or $4 is going to be on the market for about $18 or $20, because of the tremendous advertising costs.

Recently I became one of the directors on the Board of Royal Crown Cola because there, too, the volume of business is for kids. I was able to bend my promotional and advertising ideas to the young people of the country who are the great consumers of cola. RC in the past year and half has gone from 14 to about 26 in the market and will be 40 in a couple of years in case any of you happen to remember that.

Aussie Cattle Biz

My Australian fiasco, in which I lost everything, including a number of friends, was recouped in another corner of Australia. I went into the sheep and cattle business. One of the most fascinating, interesting and challenging things I've ever been in in my life.

I went into an area of country that would have repulsed a starving goat. It looked like the underside of the moon, nothing had grown there in the history of the country. It looked like desert land. We changed all of that. Now when you go there, you see beautiful green farms, lovely lakes, because of one thing. The magic ingredient known as trace elements. We put into the ground copper, zinc, and sulphur phosphate which accomplished the same thing as putting water in the desert of our own western country. Everything grew.

It is an interesting financial formula. I get land out there for $1 an acre, then I spend about $50 an acre over the next five years. It nets about $12 an acre after that. But of the $50 spent on it, about $35 is tax write-off. Besides, the Australian government gives all farmers a five-year write-off on capital improvements. So I am making before taxes about 19.5% on my money, and when you figure how much I've written off on that $50, it makes me so happy I can hardly restrain from writing the Kennedys.

The most potent tool anybody can have in the pursuit of success is a written record of his daily habits. Every week, since high school, I have sat down at a typewriter and have written out what I am going to do every day of that week. Underneath it, I have a list of everything I'm going to do for the next two months. I can tell you where I am going to be between now and May, 1963. What this accomplishes, of course, is that it makes you organize your time to do the important things first. You'll say, of course, that's what you should do—but how many people do it? How many people organize the most valuable thing they have? Time. I think it is the secret of why I can do as many things as I do, I'm organized. It enables you to redirect yourself. Any good businessman knows that that is the fundamental reason for his success in over-the-year planning.

This may seem strange coming from me, but finally I think a good salesman should be a good listener. If you can ask questions, which I have mastered the art of, and then sit back and let the other fellow tell you what you want him to, you are on your way to raking a sale or organizing your own business. Because if you can listen, he thinks you are pretty smart.

German Films

Continued from page 4

as a "masterpiece of explanation to the people" would later be considered one of the most shocking, horrifying pieces of Nazi propaganda, per Lippmann. The film was released on Sept. 24, 1940, just after Germany had occupied France. And it was shown 22 years later in Berlin, on the site of a synagogue that the Germans had burned down during the notorious "Crystal Night."

This film still evokes horror—but of a different quality produced by such Italian-made documentaries as "Kapo" and "16 October 1943." Lippmann thought. The effect of "Jud Suess" on the viewers of today is exactly the opposite of what Goebbels had intended.

'Jud Suess' Cast

"Jud Suess" offered Ferdinand Marian in the lead, with Werner Krauss playing five different Jewish roles, and with Heinrich George and Kristina Soederbaum also "starred" in the Terra-Film production, which was made by Veit Harlan.

But in reality, the film failed the function which Goebbels assigned it. The film was not big business in the time of the Third Reich.

"Oliver Twist," with Alec Guinness portraying Fagin, was considered so much of an unfair portrayal of a Jew that much of the part was censored by the West German Film Censorship Board when the film was played in Germany after the war. And when it premiered in Berlin, it caused an outbreak among the displaced persons in the audience.

"The Process" (The Trial), G. W. Pabst's film about the bloody pogrom in Hungary in 1882, was released in 1948; and the Fritz Kornter picture, made in Germany the following year, titled "Der Ruf" (The Call) did little business in Germany. Likewise, the 1947 Polish film "Border Street," despite artistic value.

The Hitler regime likewise turned out several other pictures which were intended to "explain" the German actions against the Jews. After the seizure of Poland, they offered "The Eternal Jew" and "The Documentary About Jews in the World." In these hate-filled pictures, the Jews were compared to rats, to induce the public to connect the ideas of gassing and beatings. But the films were not well-attended.

On the other hand, Lippmann commented Biblical films present Jews in a rather different sense. In such films as "King of Kings," "Ben-Hur" and "10 Commandments" (all of which were very successful in Germany), he felt that the portrayal of the Jewish figures was done so subtly that the public was hardly aware that the people were Jewish.

Harold Rand's 20th-Fox Publicity Dept. Reorg; Adv. Under Schneider-Goodman

The makeup of 20th-Fox's new publicity department has been clarified with the announcement that Mort Segal, who is leaving Paramount to join 20th, will get the title of publicity manager, succeeding Nat Weiss, who has moved to Stanley Kubrick's Polaris Productions as ad-pub veep.

In addition to the previously reported appointment of Jack Pitman, former VARIETY reporter, as trade paper and national newspaper contact, two others are joining the staff of global publicity director Harold Rand. They are Joanna Ney, formerly a picture editor on Look Magazine, who becomes fashion and fan magazine contact, and Frank Rodriguez, former head of Embassy Pictures' still department, who becomes photo editor. Sid Gannis, who has been a 20th staff publicist, is promoted to New York newspaper and national syndicate contact.

Rand has also specifically stated that present members of his staff will continue, including Greg Morrison, magazine contact; Jay Remer, chief writer; and Bill Stutman, radio, tv and music contact.

At the same time, Seymour Poe, 20th's global sales veep, confirmed last week's VARIETY story that William H. Schneider has been appointed to the newly created post of creative advertising consultant. In this capacity he'll direct all phases of the creation of the company's ad campaigns in conjunction with Abe Goodman, ad director, and Harold Van Riel, art director.

Los Angeles In 1962

Continued from page 13

record year of 1948, which amassed $14,686,800.

Strong entries were responsible for first quarter of 1962 out-distancing all others by a substantial margin—$3,090,291, against second period's $2,789,917, third's $2,733,940 and final, $2,716,269. Corresponding figures last year—1961—showed first quarter also on top, $3,122,744 ahead of '62's opening 13 weeks—but thereafter the respective quarters were down from 1962, $2,330,999, $2,673,947 and $2,303,500, respectively.

"West Side Story," year's highest grosser, more than doubled take of its nearest competitor, "Music Man," which racked up a sizzling $512,353 in 20 weeks playing time, of this $423,000 drawn from Hollywood Paramount in 16-week run and balance in general release. Previous year's top grosser was "Ben-Hur," carrying over from 1960 for 48 weeks at Egyptian and in general release for a total of $762,816. In 1960, this film did a smashing $1,427,166 in 52 weeks at Egyptian. Second biggest grosser in 1961 was "Spartacus," which took in $652,722 in 51 weeks at Pantages, also carried over from 1960.

"Wonderful World of the Bros. Grimm" came in third in the 1962 sweepstakes, hitting a grand $486,689 in 20 laps at Warner Hollywood, where it is continuing indefinitely. Third last year was "Exodus," held over from 1960, running up $545,914 in 32½ weeks.

Remaining top 10 grossers of 1962 were "Judgment at Nuremberg," $466,389 for 29 weeks, of this $444,936 in 27 weeks at Pantages; "El Cid," $354,222 in 33 weeks, its 27-week run at Carthay bringing in $259,818; "Flower Drum Song," $300,944 in 18 weeks; "Lover Come Back," $194,636, 13 weeks; 20th's "The Longest Day," $182,889, 11 weeks at Carthay; Sam Bronston's "King of King's," $173,885, 12 weeks in holdover at Egyptian. Tenth tally, $168,614 for "Mutiny on Bounty" (MGM), six weeks, Egyptian, was ahead of 13-week run of "Advise & Consent."

Ten highest grossers for 1961 also included "Pepe," $391,321; "Never on Sunday," $325,520; "La Dolce Vita," $315,709; "Guns of Navarone," $295,230; "The Alamo," $263,887; "World of Suzie Wong," $238,645; "The Absent-Minded Professor," $229,344.

Totals for 1962 were based upon an average of 28 theatres, up from 1961's average of 26½. 1960's 27 theatres, '59's 26 average and comparing with 1958's 28-house average.

All-Time Top-Grossing Films

Continued from page 13

La Dolce Vita (Astor) (1961)	6,000,000
North By Northwest (MGM) (1959)	6,000,000
Raintree County (MGM) (1958)	6,000,000
Hans Christian Andersen (Goldwyn-RKO) (1953)	6,000,000
Hell and Back (U) (1955)	6,000,000
High and Mighty (WB) (1954)	6,000,000
Ivanhoe (MGM) (1952)	6,000,000
Sea Chase (WB) (1955)	6,000,000
Sergeant York (WB) (1941)	6,000,000
7 Year Itch (20th) (1955)	6,000,000
Star Is Born (WB) (1955)	6,000,000
Strategic Air Command (Briskin-Par) (1955)	6,000,000
Tall Men (20th) (1955)	6,000,000
Life With Father (WB) (1947)	6,000,000
Blue Skies (Par) (1946)	5,700,000
7 Brides for 7 Brothers (MGM) (1954)	5,600,000
Teahouse of August Moon (MGM) (1957)	5,600,000
Bon Voyage (Disney-RKO) (1962)	5,500,000
Splendor in Grass (WB) (1961)	5,500,000
Egg and I (U) (1947)	5,500,000
Ocean's 11 (WB) (1960)	5,500,000
Anatomy of Murder (Preminger-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 (MGM) (1925)	5,500,000
House of Wax (WB) (1953)	5,500,000
Sleeping Beauty (Disney-BV) (1959)	5,300,000
Eddy Duchin Story (Col) (1956)	5,300,000
Rear Window (Hitchcock-Par) (1954)	5,300,000
Blackboard Jungle (MGM) (1955)	5,250,000
Unconquered (DeMille-Par) (1947)	5,250,000
Yearling (MGM) (1947)	5,250,000
Elmer Gantry (Smith-UA) (1960)	5,200,000
Rio Bravo (WB) (1959)	5,200,000
Hole in the Head (Capra-UA) (1959)	5,200,000
Moby Dick (WB) (1956)	5,200,000
Magnificent Obsession (U) (1954)	5,200,000
Meet Me in St. Louis (MGM) (1954)	5,200,000
Mogambo (MGM) (1953)	5,200,000
Show Boat (MGM) (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 (Kramer-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 (MGM) (1947)	5,000,000
Jolson Sings Again (Col) (1949)	5,000,000
Moulin Rouge (Romulus-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 (HHL-UA) (1955)	5,000,000
Man Called Peter (20th) (1955)	5,000,000
Farewell to Arms (20th) (1958)	5,000,000
Judgment at Nuremberg (Kramer-UA) (1961)	5,000,000
Flower Drum Song (Hunter-U) (1962)	5,000,000
Interns (Cohn-Col) (1962)	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 (MGM) (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
Blue Hawaii (Wallis-Par) (1962)	4,700,000
Bambi (Disney-BV) (1949)	4,700,000
Babes in Toyland (Disney-BV) (1961)	4,700,000
Hercules (WB) (1959)	4,700,000
Battleground (MGM) (1950)	4,700,000
Dragnet (WB) (1954)	4,700,000
Pal Joey (Col) (1957)	4,700,000
Annie Get Your Gun (MGM) (1950)	4,650,000
Green Years (MGM) (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 (Kramer-UA) (1957)	4,500,000
Don't Go Near Water (MGM) (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 Aweigh (MGM) (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 (MGM) (1946)	4,500,000
Four Horsemen (MGM) (1921)	4,500,000
Great Caruso (MGM) (1951)	4,500,000
Paleface (Par) (1945)	4,500,000
Random Harvest (MGM) (1942)	4,500,000
Road to Rio (Par) (1948)	4,500,000
Road to Utopia (Par) (1945)	4,500,000
Thrill of a Romance (MGM) (1945)	4,500,000
Till Clouds Roll By (MGM) (1945)	4,500,000
Valley of Decision (MGM) (1945)	4,500,000
Desiree (20th) (1954)	4,500,000
Easter Parade (MGM) (1948)	4,500,000
Lolita (7 Arts-Harris-MGM)	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 (MGM) (1954)	4,400,000
Man With Golden Arm (Preminger-UA) (1956)	4,350,000
Man in Grey Flannel Suit (20th) (1956)	4,350,000
Red River (Hawks-UA) (1948)	4,350,000
Hucksters (MGM) (1947)	4,350,000
Harvey Girls (MGM) (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 (MGM) (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 (MGM) (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 (MGM) (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 (MGM) (1948)	4,200,000
Weekend at Waldorf (MGM) (1945)	4,200,000
On the Waterfront (Spiegel-Col) (1954)	4,200,000
Can-Can (20th) (1960)	4,200,000
Father of the Bride (MGM) (1950)	4,150,000
Misfits (Taylor-UA) (1961)	4,100,000
Bad Seed (WB) (1956)	4,100,000
Man Who Knew Too Much (Par) (1956)	4,100,000
African Queen (Romulus-UA) (1952)	4,100,000
Hondo (Batjac-UA) (1954)	4,100,000
Joan of Arc (RKO) (1949)	4,100,000
Johnny Belinda (WB) (1948)	4,100,000
Sergeants 3 (Essex-UA) (1962)	4,100,000
I Was a Male War Bride (20th) (1949)	4,100,000
Love Me or Leave Me (MGM) 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 (MGM) (1955)	4,100,000
Cass Timberlane (MGM) (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 (Mirisch-UA) (1959)	4,000,000
Big Country (Wyler-UA) (1958)	4,000,000
American in Paris (MGM) (1951)	4,000,000
Ben-Hur (MGM) (1926)	4,000,000
Dolly Sisters (20th) (1945)	4,000,000
Emperor Waltz (Par) (1948)	4,000,000
Holiday in Mexico (MGM) (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 (MGM) (1954)	4,000,000
Love Is Splendored Thing (20th) (1955)	4,000,000
Moon Is Blue (Preminger-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
Mr. Hobbs Vacation (20th) (1962)	4,000,000

1962's Big Money Product

Continued from page 13

be no mistake about the orbital proportions of the commerce. The production now has $11,000,000 "in the house"—that is, rentals already collected by the distributor from theatres in the United States and Canada. It's still playing first-run on hard ticket, being, for example, in the 64th week of its run at New York's Rivoli Theatre. By applying traditionally reliable yardsticks the gross for the complete domestic market playoff is estimated at $19,000,000.

This remarkable performance also rates "West Side" fifth on the list of all-time b.o. winners, following "Gone With the Wind," "Ben-Hur," "Ten Commandments" and "Around the World in 80 Days"—in that order.

"Spartacus" was another mammoth contender which actually first hit the market in 1961, but too late for VARIETY estimate and inclusion last year. This Kirk Douglas-Universal entry was indeed a robust second, with U.S. and Canadian rentals figured at $14,000,000. In many a bygone year this kind of money rated a production first position in the b.o. derby. But then place position is not bad, either.

Independent producer Samuel Bronston was heard from very loud and very clear and all the way from Spain where this American filmmaker set up his production shop. Bronston hit the jackpot in terms of gross with two major entries, much better of the two being "El Cid," chronicle of the Spanish militarist-statesman, and the Biblical "King of Kings." "El Cid" is estimated now at $11,500,000, and "Kings," at $8,000,000.

The Shapiro-Melcher combo at Universal struck it rich with a couple of modern, glossy and very funny comedies. "Lover Come Back" and "That Touch of Mink" each is clocked at $8,500,000.

Metro's "Mutiny on the Bounty" went glaringly overboard in the matter of money outlay ($19,000,000) but there can be no estimate yet as to gross, there not having been enough playdates.

Walt Disney again was much present and accounted for. This indie producer provided "Bon Voyage," a $5,500,000 grosser, and "Babes in Toyland," $4,700,000.

The list of disappointments must include the aforementioned "Kings," despite the $8-mil. take. Producer Bronston had anticipated lots more. "Miracle Worker" at $1,800,000, was a winner all right but the notices led observers to believe a higher b.o. score would have been registered.

A big study lamp is warranted for "Lolita." Here's a case of a picture getting off to raves, very strong money at the start (in the firstruns), strong word of mouth and a genuinely provocative campaign. It had all the earmarks of klondikesville. The estimated gross of $4,500,000 is respectable. But so much more was looked for. Seems that the little girl with the sun-glasses and lollypop didn't go over so well in the neighborhoods as she did in the showcases.

Stanley Kramer had a potent offering in "Judgment at Nuremberg" (about the Third Reich trials and very serious) and, in contrast, Warners had a major wow in "Music Man" (about a musical instrument drummer and very unserious).

There's an abundance of variety on the roster and, like said ahead, lots of win, lose and draw.

Many 1962 releases will rate attention in VARIETY's box-score on top grossers—but a year from now, not now. Allusion is to the obviously important boxoffice contenders which have yet to play the marketplace sufficiently to allow for revenue estimates presently.

Included are "The Longest Day," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Wonderful World of Brothers Grimm," "Lawrence of Arabia," "Castaways," "Billy Budd," "Jumbo," "Gypsy," "Taras Bulba," "Barabbas," "Long Day's Journey Into Night," "Two for the Seesaw" and so on.

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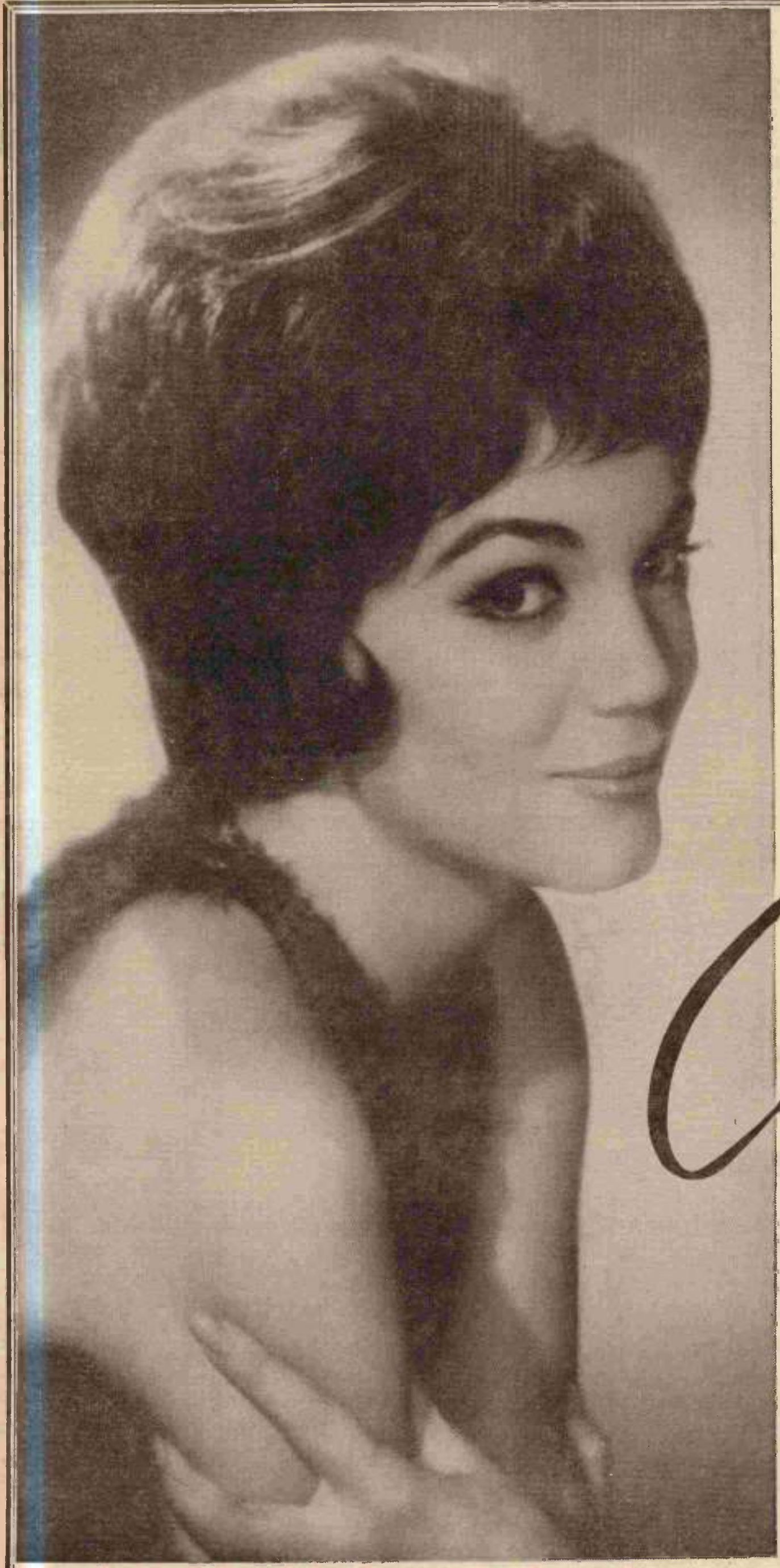

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"L'APE REGINA" (The Queen Bee)

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In preparation for 1963

"IL CASTELLO" (The Castle)

by FRANZ KAFKA

Directed by MARCO FERRERI

"La GUERRA CIVILE SPAGNOLA"

(The Spanish Civil War)

Directed by GILLO PONTECORVO

"L'ADULTERA" (The Adultress)

Directed by GIULIO PETRONI

"SEPARAZIONE CONSENSUALE"

(Separation by Consent)

Directed by RICCARDO FELLINI

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(The Outlaws of Marriage)

Directed by ORSINI and TAVIANI

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STUDIO FAVALLI

Swiss Operas Good Too!

Continued from page 3

alternating. None of it is small-time, all of it is pro, most of it is top quality.

One day recently, your bewildered reporter attended a "premiere" of Gluck's Orfee. This is an opera which one doesn't see too often because, though musically very lovely, most opera companies avoid it because of its static quality; practically nothing happens on stage. But why then, did major newspapers from Germany, France and Switzerland send their critics to evaluate the performance?

Because it is a professional theatre with high artistic standards.

Grace Bumbry, American girl, did a remarkable job with the title role the night caught, getting herself a well-deserved ovation from the audience and 16 curtain calls. She not only sang beautifully, but looked lovely, though the fact remains she shouldn't wear tights in public. Paul Jamin held the baton over a spirited group of pit-men; Wazlaw Orlikowsky (a Soviet refugee) was responsible for the lovely choreography—not too German in tendency, which is a relief in Europe nowadays—and Annelies Corrodi did the highly imaginative split-level scenery.

The next night there was a Thornton Wilder play and the night after that a "premiere" of Wozzeck, with Francis Travis, a boy from Detroit (well, he's not a boy, he's in his early forties) as musical director. This is a tough opera to put on and it speaks highly of the courage of this theatre that it takes such productions for granted, just another show. (The Paris Opera has been trying for a number of years, unsuccessfully, to get the show on in a French version.)

No, there's no way around it. The Basle Staatheater is a major theatrical ensemble. It is open the year round. It operates on a $3 top base. Do you know any American towns of the size, or twice the size, or five times the size, which can say the same?

'SAVAGE SAM' OF TEXAS

Disney Film to Preem Near Author's Native Spread

San Antonio.

World premiere of Walt Disney's "Savage Sam" will be held in Texas as a publicity gesture to Fred Gipson, the Texas author whose novel provided the story for the motion picture. The premiere, still several months away, might be held in Dallas, but a more likely prospect is San Antonio, closer to Gipson's hometown of Mason.

"Savage Sam" is a sequel to "Old Yeller," also a Disney feature from a novel written by Gipson. Story is of a dog, a boy (Kevin Corroran) and a girl (newcomer Marta Kristen) taken captive by the Apaches in southwest Texas in the 1870s.

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directed by: Frank Wisbar
starring: Stewart Granger, Dorian Gray

"AN IMPOSSIBLE LOVE AFFAIR" (QUEL NOSTRO IMPOSSIBILE AMORE)
directed by: A. Balcazar
starring: Sarita Montiel, Antonio Cifariello, Luisa Mattioli

"PANIC BUTTON" (OPERAZIONE FISCO)
directed by: George Sherman
starring: Maurice Chevalier, Eleanor Parker, Jayne Mansfield, Mike Connors, Carlo Croccolo, Leopoldo Trieste
production: Ron Gorton, Seven Arts

"NO MAN'S LAND" (UN BRANCO DI VIGLIACCHI)
directed by: Fabrizio Taglioni
starring: Roger Moore, Pascale Petit, Aroldo Tieri, Scilla Gabel, Carl Schell, Luisa Mattioli

"A STROKE OF SUN" (IL SOLE IN TESTA)
directed by: Henri Gruel
starring: Henri Tisot, Catherine Rouvel, Luisa Mattioli
production: Plazza Film, FI. C. IT.

"SONGS AND BIKINIS" (CANZONI IN BIKINI)
directed by: Giuseppe Vari
starring: Ornella Vanoni, Miranda Martino, Gianni Meccia, Little Tony

in production:

"STORM OVER CEYLON" (TEMPESTA SU CEYLON)
directed by: Gerd Oswald
starring: Lex Barker, Eleonora Rossi - Drago, Maurice Ronet, Franco Fabrizi, Magali Noel, Luisa Mattioli, Hans Nielsen, Peter Carsten

"THE BROKEN COIN" (UN AEREO PER BAALBECK)
directed by: Hugo Fregonese
starring: Rossana Podesta, George Sanders, Jacques Sernas, Yoko Tani, Leopoldo Trieste, Folco Lulli

"EVEN THE DEVIL CRIES" (ANCHE IL DIAVOLO PIANGE)
directed by: Jose Antonio Nieves Conde
starring: Eleonora Rossi - Drago

in preparation:

"ITALIAN LOVER"
directed by: Enrico Bomba
starring: Jayne Mansfield

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'BUILD THAT ARK'

By CHARLES ISAACS

Hollywood.

"And God said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth, both man, and beast, and the creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them."

The flood is going to come again. He in His infinite mercy is going to wash away the Television Industry. We have been worshipping the false idols of Neilsen and Arbitron. We will be punished.

I had felt for some time that a power greater than Mr. Minow had His eye on us. I sensed a catastrophe ahead, but it didn't come into focus until one day, sitting in my room at the Las Vegas Sands. I idly leafed through the Bible. I don't gamble. I began to read Genesis, Chapter Six, but as I read I found the words transposing themselves and taking on a most pertinent meaning.

"And he said unto Noah, the end of all television flesh is come before me; for television is filled with violence through them; and behold, I will destroy them with the earth."

I was deeply disturbed by the words—especially with the appearance of the interpolations. Was He really angry with us in television? Had we sinned anymore than any other industry? And did He really watch all the shows, or did He just read the reviews? Surely there were far worse things to be washed away by flood. Restless and worried, I sought the advice of our great religious leaders—Billy Graham, Oral Roberts and Danny Thomas.

I had to fly east to catch Billy Graham at one of his huge rallies. There were 20,000 people in his audience, besides millions viewing him on television.

When I was brought in to talk to him I had some misgivings. After all Billy Graham is, in addition to his religious work, part of television. Surely He would not wash away Billy Graham. Perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps it had been a mistake for me to read a Bible in Las Vegas.

Billy Graham To The Rescue

Graham was just as pleasant as I remembered him from his Jack Paar guest shots. I told him about my premonition and he nodded soberly.

"You have been under great pressure and are showing anxieties," he smiled sympathetically. "Prayer will help you."

"Then you don't think He is going to send another flood?" I asked hopefully.

"No," Graham said with a sigh, "He doesn't have to destroy man again. Man has his own means."

I got up and walked to the door. "How often should I pray?" I asked in an attempt to get out gracefully.

He smiled. "Three times a day—with meals."

I may have neglected his advice because a few days later I found myself scribbling a phrase on a note pad:

"And behold I do bring a flood of waters on the earth to destroy all television."

I tried prayer, but this seemed only to bring up more phrases from Genesis. I rushed desperately to the studio and sought out Danny Thomas. As he listened to my story a frown creased his forehead. He finally said, "I don't see how it could affect Marterto Productions. We do nice shows—funny, but clean."

"It'll wash away everything," I said.

He looked at me a moment.

"Well, I can see that happening to Four Star or Revue —those people making dramas always have censorship problems, but we're as pure as the driven snow. Besides we're up in the Top 10 and the water isn't going to get that high."

"I tell you it's going to rain for 40 days and 40 nights."

Danny smiled tolerantly. "Tell you what. Get it to rain for 39 weeks and Sheldon Leonard and I will package it."

I was, frankly, quite surprised at Danny's casual attitude. Just because he did great work for St. Jude's Hospital didn't mean he was free and clear. And for a man who could have been a rabbi if he wasn't a comedian and a Lebanese, it was very strange.

I had one hope left.

Oral Doesn't Know His Strength

Oral Roberts scarcely listened to me. He just kept slapping me on the head and telling me that I was cured. He may have cured some minor ills but in doing so he left me with a serious concussion.

"And He looked upon television and, behold, it was corrupt; for all television flesh had corrupted His way upon the earth."

Aware of network program control I thought that perhaps an old friend at NBC could help. I sent him a telegram:

"Mort Werner, NBC, New York City.
He is going to send another flood to wash away television. Have some thoughts on how we might please Him and avoid this coming disaster. Regards to the family. Charlie."

Mort, as I knew he would, moved swiftly. I received an immediate reply.

"Delighted that you do not allow your CBS employment to stand in the way of friendship. Your idea is truly spectacular. However, despite my warm regard for you, I prefer that Huntley & Brinkley cover all disasters. Best wishes. Mort."

Searching desperately for a receptive ear, I turned to the creative men in executive capacities. I told David Dortort that it was going to rain for 40 days and 40 nights. He shook his head in disbelief, but I saw him make a note to have future "Bonanzas" written with more interiors.

I couldn't give up. I tried to rouse the industry by paying for a large warning ad in the VARIETY Annual. But they put it opposite a picture of Tuesday Weld in stretch pants. No one saw it. Maybe He was right again.

Then a ray of hope came to me. I ran and checked the words again. There they were:

"Make thee an ark of gopherwood . . . shalt pitch it within and without with pitch."

I ran into trouble on the gopherwood. The lumber company hadn't heard of it. A decorator friend suggested pecky cypress. I went to my fellow writers and asked if they would cooperate in building an ark. After all, whole communities have built air raid shelters. The writers looked at me strangely and had their agents call. They felt that I was picking their brains for a series idea. And I had thought that they were my friends. Many of them are on shows that will probably wash away first, or may even be cancelled before the flood. They'll be sorry.

"And this is the fashion which thou shalt make it of; The length of the ark shall be 300 cubits, the breadth of it 50 cubits, and the height of it 30 cubits."

Forlorn, unloved, an object of ridicule, I decided to go it alone. Even my wife refused to help. She instead talked surreptitiously to a psychiatrist. He suggested she let me build the ark—perhaps the trip would do me good. I imagine Noah went through the same humiliation.

Second-Hand Ark

I talked to a boat builder. He couldn't understand why I wanted to build an ark. He suggested a small fiberglass sloop for day sailing. I patiently explained about the flood and my need for a big, serviceable boat. He shook his head and said get a second-hand tug like Garry Moore's, or a schooner like Sterling Hayden's. By this time my temper was becoming frayed and I firmly told the man that it must be an ark. To give you an idea of his ignorance he suggested a second-hand ark. I told him any idiot knows there has only been one ark. He looked at me angrily and said for me to find it and make an offer.

Time was running out. I called Jane Powell and her husband Pat Nerney. They own a 40-foot Newporter. They are wonderfully enthusiastic people and though they didn't understand what I meant about the flood, they said they would be delighted to lend me their boat if I would not take it further than San Diego.

"But with thee I will establish a covenant; and thou shalt come into the ark."

My nights were sleepless and my days became a desperate time of search for an ark. My brother sent me a copy of Yachting Magazine and it was in the ads that I found what I would settle for. A Chris Craft motor boat. The motor was shot but after all we would only drift since there wasn't going to be any place to go to.

"And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee."

The boat was tied up at Newport. A handful of friends watched me put provisions aboard. They looked at me sadly. I smiled at their furtive glances and whispers. The sky was clear, but when He was ready I knew the clouds would come. I began making the list.

"Of fowl after their kind . . . of cattle after their kind . . . of everything that creepeth in television."

Two-By-Two

The constant reference to cattle in Genesis didn't influence me. I was certainly not going to save more Westerns than any other type of programs. Two of a kind He said and two of a kind it would be. The list grew.

"Father Knows Best" . . . "The Donna Reed Show."
"Perry Como" . . . . . "Andy Williams"
"Ensign O'Toole" . . . . . "McHale's Navy"
"The Real McCoys" . . . . . "The Beverly Hillbillies."
"Ben Casey" . . . . . "Dr. Kildare."
"The Untouchables" . . . . . "Cain's Hundred."
"Huntley" . . . . . "Brinkley."
"Fair Exchange" . . . . . "Fair Exchange."

At last the list was complete.

"And there went in two and two unto Noah into the ark."

I stood on the dock near the ark. The day grew long and no one appeared. After many hours I grew violently angry. I shouted, "Only I will be saved! Only I will be spared for the sake of future television." I stepped onto the gangway. Then I found that I couldn't move forward. A strange unseen power held me back. A voice said, *"You are not on the list."*

In terror I cried, "But I deserve to be. I'm producing 'The Real McCoys.' It was the first of two of a kind!"

"You did not create it. Irving Pincus has your ticket."

"It isn't fair," I begged, "at least let me go into the ark as a clean beast."

"What makes you think that you're cleansed of all your sins?"

"I wrote for Dinah Shore."

The voice thundered at me, "You will not go!" I made no further attempt. The Diner's Club seized the provisions since my wife had had my card cancelled. Someone led me away.

I didn't want to come to Menningers'. They're nice, of course, though there is that certain look of disbelief in the doctors eyes when I tell them my story.

But they'll come around.

It's raining.

Gus Edwards Vs. John L. Sullivan

In 1898 my brother Gus Edwards left the Newsboys Quintette, which he organized, and joined the John L. Sullivan All Star Co., doing illustrated songs with slides. I took his place, playing the Orpheum Circuit. On my way back from the Coast I arrived in Chicago during a blinding snowstorm.

Peering out of the jitney I saw a big sign, "John L. Sullivan All Star Show—One Night Only." I immediately jumped out and ran right into Gus in front of the theatre. He grabbed me and said, "I'm taking you with me on a week of one-nighters and then home to school and Brooklyn for you."

The next night in Sheboygan, Wisc., John L. came into Gus' dressing room pretty well lit (which was not unusual for him). Gus introduced his kid brother and John L. immediately picked me up and sat me on his lap (on Gus' trunk), where all the song slides were laid out for the show. Needless to say the slides turned into powder, but that didn't faze Gus, the born showman that he was. He borrowed some cork and blackened up, went on and sang at the piano announcing a new song he had just written called, "All I Wants Is My Black Baby Back," repeating the chorus in German. Gus stopped the show cold. When he came off, he handed Sullivan his two-weeks' notice, returned to New York, and contacted the great May Irwin who made the song an overnight hit.

That was the beginning of Gus Edwards, songwriter, starmaker and showman.

Leo Edwards

Shy Introverted Little Me

By MAX LIEBMAN

Recently, with more time on my hands, I have been catching up on my televiewing. Since my interests are confined to the light-hearted world of entertainment, I eschewed the news programs that could have enlightened me on global affairs or the instructive documentaries designed to stimulate my culture glands. I wanted to be amused, and I was. I wanted to escape, and I did. Nevertheless, after a few weeks of devotion to the set, I find that I have not only been thoroughly entertained, but my viewing has widened my horizons and enriched my life.

I know now what the aorta is. I can tell you the weight of the human brain. I can identify the principal blood-forming organ of the body. I know where the esophagus is in relation to the trachea. Ask me, and I'll show you where the coronary arteries are situated.

In an emergency, I can translate my theory into skillful practice. Alerted by a small twitch or pain, I can diagnose my own ailment. I can take my own blood pressure, set my own fracture, and, if called upon, perform my own appendectomy. In desperate situations, I have ministered to my friends (non-viewers), crowning my achievements with the delivery of a baby in a taxi.

What's wrong with you? Pericarditis? Endocarditis? Valvular lesion? Angina pectoris? Scrofula? Ischialgia? Subsultus? Herpes circinatus? Call me. But don't bother me with a common cold.

Are you legally enmeshed because of malfeasance? Latrocinium? Spoliation? Malum prohibitum? Pickpocketry? I'm in the phonebook. Unlicensed, but willing to help. On the other hand, learn to help yourself. Watch the little box. Dial for fun. You'll be amazed at what will rub off. I now plead not guilty to all my traffic violations, try my own case, and so far I haven't paid a fine.

I thought I had a well-rounded education to equip me for life's pitfalls. This was a delusion. A revealing session of self-analysis (mastered before the orthicon tube) has exposed my woeful inadequacy as a knowledgeable human being. I was a ninny. Now I am a fount.

I know who has a secret on Monday and who's telling the truth on Tuesday. No fast-talking salesman is going to put one over on me when I'm shopping for a mink straitjacket for my wife.

And wonder of wonders, shy, introverted little me has become the life of the party. My frail tenor has developed into a booming basso-profundo after only a few weeks of singing along. Now I'm killing my friends with "Asleep in the Deep."

Add to all this the fact that, during my last viewing binge, I had become the fastest draw on West 56th St., and you will understand why my cup runneth over. I have only one grievance, a small carping one. I still engage an accountant to prepare my income tax. But relief is at hand. There's a new suspense series starting next week. It's called "The Deductibles."

The People Who Dwell In Commercial Spots

By CARROLL CARROLL

The people in one-minute tv spots
Are a strange and motley crew;
They are boobs about what they should know about
And get angry at those they should listen to;
They're a breed apart, they're a long lost clan,
Or, perhaps, a brand *new* kind of woman and man.

So meet the people who live on tv,
And no place else on earth:
The angry people, the troubled and those
Just overflowing with mirth;
The people who smoke, drive cars, drink beer;
Theirs is the *life*, it would clearly appear.

They see the most beautiful places there are,
And at the most beautiful season,
And, like *soft*-drink people, they party-it-up,
Without any rhyme or reason,
With their hair blowing gaily, their heads thrown back,
From the joy in each car, in each can, in each pack.

Too bad that this happy-go-lucky group
Can't cheer-up the sinusy folk,
Or baby-sit with the kids with croup,
Or help the gal whose washer is "broke."
Too bad the *happy* commercial folk
Can't cheer-up the ones to whom life's no joke.

Oh the headachy people are sad to see,
And the gals with problem hair;
But not the girl who wears that brassiere,
'Cause she's just too shy to be there.
She should help the lady who's not relaxing
Because her floors *always* seem to need waxing.

TV kids are the kiddiest kids,
They may never survive to growup;
The cats are the kittiest kittens alive:
Every dog is the doggiest pup;
And none of them, people or animals, know
What they'd know if they'd only watch their show.

We Video viewers are told what to use
And over and over what *not* to;
But the jerks we watch have got to be told
Over and over *what* to!
If they'd only stay home for a night or two
They'd see what we viewers repeatedly do.

But if all the people on tv
Learned what we viewers know,
What use for commercials would there then be
To augment every show?
And, without commercials, the chances are fair
Our tv'd be just too darned dull to bear.

TV Imperative For '63-'64 Season: A Return To Broadcast Basics

By GEORGE ROSEN

'Mediquiz': The New Fashion In Audience Participation

By BRUCE CARROLL

"Mediquiz" is a show for the busy televiewer, for the harassed hypochondriac, and for the active American who barely has time to gulp down a tv dinner before rushing off to a twist party or a PTA meeting. "Mediquiz," for the first time, makes it possible for the conscientious tv fan to enjoy three hours worth of educational, play-at-home, medical, audience participation, panel show drama in 30 jampacked, fun-filled minutes of gripping entertainment.

"Mediquiz" opens with the MC, who is dressed in a white coat and called the MD, introducing the first case to the panel.

The panel consists of viewers who have qualified as amateur MD's because they regularly watch "Ben Casey," "Dr. Kildare," "Hennessey," "Medic," "Dr. Hudson's Secret Journal," "The Nurses," "The Internes," my other new show, "The Ambulance Chasers," and all accredited prime-time scalpel & white coat tv epidemics. Each panelist must, of course, pass a simple test to prove that he has watched at least one of the three toprated night time medical shows 67% of the time or two lower rated shows 83% of the time during the current 13-week cycle.

The job of the six panelists is to diagnose and prescribe for the patients who appear on the show. Most of the patients are in the studio, but for more serious cases the show would switch live to various hospitals around the country. These remotes might hurt the budget but they'd add a valuable local home-town interest to the program. It's always fun to find out what's really wrong with your friends and neighbors. Also your local doctors and hospitals.

After the MD has read the patient's medical history and the patient has made a brief statement listing his current symptoms in detail, the panel gets a chance to practice medicine.

Each panelist has the option to practice in one of three ways: 1) He may ask seven questions. 2) He may ask three questions and take the patient's temperature, pulse, or blood pressure. 3) He may examine the patient under a fluoroscope, with a cardiograph, or on a couch.

When the questioning and examination is concluded the MC, who's called the MD, shows the panel five different pills, drugs, or operations from which the panel must select the proper cure for the patient. If "Mediquiz" is in color each pill must, of course, be a different brilliant hue. Exciting color films of past operations should also be shown.

Having been diagnosed by the panel, the patient must then follow the prescribed course of treatment suggested for a period of a month unless he is cured or advances to Stage Five, whichever comes first. At the end of the month if the patient is well, that is his prize.

If the patient is still sick, but no worse than before, his prize is two weeks, with all expenses paid, at the hospital or rest home of his choice within the coverage area of the station from which the show originates.

If the patient's condition has deteriorated, the prize is a month in the hospital of his choice within a day's ambulance trip from the studio and a free consultation with the specialist of his choice. Or, if he chooses he may go before the panel again. If he is not cured on the second visit the patient receives six months' hospital expenses, anywhere in the United States, three consultations, and a color tv set with remote control.

If the patient has achieved Stage Five he gets a gala all expense paid funeral at the cemetery of his choice anywhere in the free world.

The panel also competes for valuable prizes. For the panelist who recommends a proper cure there is a return engagement on "Mediquiz" and a $1,000 gift certificate to be used only at the doctor of his choice.

For panelists who voted wrong, and were in the majority, thus committing a sick man to the wrong treatment, there is $1,000 for lawyers' fees.

For panelists who voted wrong, but were in the minority, thus did no real harm, there is a free pass to watch the operation of their choice at their friendly neighborhood hospital; and the neatly boxed, exciting new "Mediquiz" play-at-home game, good, healthy fun for each member of the family.

If the panel should be deadlocked, the final decision is left to the studio audience, all members of which are required, upon entering, to swear that they have watched at least five hours of prime time medical shows or 12 and a half hours of daytime or rerun med. shows during the current season.

It should be possible to handle two and a half cases on each telecast of "Mediquiz." One of these could be a bedside pickup. And the last case of the evening, to be heard but not prescribe for, should be less serious than preceding cases to make sure that the patient does not attain Stage Five before the next telecast.

Anyone who returns to the panel six times wins a professorship at Tiajuana Medical School whose faculty will be technical advisors to the show.

To have a case heard on "Mediquiz" a friend, relative, or physician of the lucky patient, must write a letter which is then judged by a committee from Tiajuana Med. Writers of winning letters, too, win prizes such as large samplings of untried new drugs. This adds a valuable play-at-home element sure to attract anyone with symptoms and makes money for the packager. (All entrants must send stamped, self addressed envelopes. And since only the envelopes from winning letters are used, he may cash in the rest of the stamps for a tidy profit.)

"Mediquiz," by combining many elements of proven public popularity, is a whole evening's entertainment in a neat, surefire gift-wrapped half-hour package.

More and more it's becoming recognized by some of the more astute Madison Ave. observers that the whole economic structure of network television could be thrown into a tailspin—and much sooner than they would care to admit—unless some drastic steps are taken pronto to put out the fiscal fires that have been burning since almost the start of the '62-'63 season. It was a period that was to incept one of the biggest bargain basement sales in tv history.

The five-alarm Nielsen blaze that broke out with the incendiary release of the autumn ratings continue in some quarters to roar unabated into the new year. A recurrence in '63-'64, it's felt, could have serious consequences.

As the television industry moves into a new calendar year, there's a growing awareness, particularly among the network hierarchy, that the No. 1 imperative for a thriving fiscal future lies in the creation of sound, fundamental operational patterns to ward off desperate moves which can only invite deterioration. While the networks have been scurrying for the hose to water down those sectors of their emporiums threatened with heat blisters, the discussions have been ranging far and wide on how to cope with a situation where the present network market seemingly provides only enough advertising funds to buy the evening time of two and a half networks. Somehow, somewhere, it recognized, the answers have to be found. Lacking such solution the networks have been obliged to resort to bargain basement sales.

The asbestos-wrapped Nielesn-hardy program successes such as Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, "Beverly Hillbillies," "Ben Casey," "Dr. Kildare," "Route 66'" Jackie Gleason, Danny Thomas, or a "Bonanza," have long since been sold at ratecard. However, the availabilities in many Nielsen-burned programs represent a rate-card value many millions of dollars larger than the budgeted advertiser funds. It was inevitable, under such circumstances that the advertiser dollar supply & demand crisis would touch off a series of bargain-basement specials on the low-Nielsen show portions remaining unsold for the first and second quarters of '63 Unfortunately, this season's "merchandise" was of such exceptionally poor quality as to trigger an almost unprecedented wave of deeply slashed "package" prices. What happened was that availabilities in unsold programs were being peddled at individual prices far lower than that in which present advertisers are already committed on these partially sold programs.

Shows that, in any healthy, geared-to-ratecard economy, would command a $35,000 to $40,000 per minute fee from advertisers, have been sold in some instances for as low as $20,000—the route to economic suicide. Yet such are the content of the shows, and their audience yield, that they hardly justify more than the $20,000 per minute. (Since $30,000 represents the approximate network breakeven point of program recovery and payment to affiliates, a $10,000 loss per commercial minute has frightening overtones, for all the conclusion of network comptrollers that a $10,000 per minute loss strikes less terror than the alternative $20,000 loss if the commercial minute were not sold at all.)

To the buyer, of course, the prospect is delicious. With three networks battling for total advertising dollars which at rate-card, can accommodate only two and a half networks, the bargain-basement appeal must victimize—as it is doing—the networks that are most Nielsen-burned.

With such a huge surfeit of unsold evening availabilities jamming the networks' shelves, industry observers now fear the imminence of the guaranteed circulation sale. It was hardly a surprise when, a couple months back Florida Citrus began shopping for a $1,500,000 package which would guarantee 500,000,000 Nielsen-measured commercial minute impressions over a 20-week span. Since the built-in $3 cost-per-thousand is a far better value than the present industry norm, a network could qualify for this typically new style billing only by selling the client a flock of commercial minutes whose ratecard value is well in excess of $1,500,000.

Even before the Florida Citrus overtures (they didn't get away with it), such a trend was presaged in the sale of "The Jetsons," guaranteeing co-sponsors American Home and Colgate-Palmolive a minimum number of adult viewers for a specified number of dollars.

While the networks will try desperately to avoid a repeat sale based on this principle, arguing that the kid-oriented "Jetsons" cartoon pix perhaps justified a departure from the long-established broadcast norms, the fact remains that a network did guarantee a home delivery and therefore could be under severe pressure, in a more critical sales climate, not to treat other clients with less preference.

What, the question has been asked, would constitute a sound program to alleviate the distress and the fears for the future? Such a program, it's felt, must embrace the following facets:

(1) Obviously the first basic is better programming. It follows that the network with the best shows has the least number of fires to put out. Better shows command fixed price structures, contributing, along the way, to strengthening also the adjacencies and the affilitiates in their local selling.

(2) Planned programming and selling designed to woo the institutionals back to television, thus broadening tv's showmanship and revenue base, in an attempt to win back Celanese, Goodyear and kindred bankrollers.

(3) A reinstitution of the top-level selling, i.e., the Leonard Goldensons, the Jim Aubreys and the Bob Kintners calling directly on top corporate and agency executives as in the old days when a Niles Trammell pitched a Ben Fairless or an Albert Lasker; or Kintner would emerge from Tony Geoghegan's office at Y & R with a sackful of new client money. Today, $10,000-a-year junior execs at both network and agency levels are shaking hands on far bigger deals than broadcasting's great pioneer leaders made in the early years. They, it's held, have mechanized tv's buying in today's computer age.

In other words what's needed is a return to broadcast basics.

Allegory and Personification, Metonymy & Stuff Like That

By SHERWOOD SCHWARTZ

Hollywood.

I have a new hobby. I collect titles of television stories.

The other night I saw a tv show about a brain surgeon who performs a delicate operation on a lion tamer and saves his life. The title of that story? "Monday, and Wednesday, and Baby Make Three."

There was another program that night about a famous attorney who successfully defends a man falsely accused of murder. The title of that episode? "Asparagus Is a Four Letter Word."

Even the westerns haven't escaped. A recent story on a popular series concerned an outlaw who swore revenge against the sheriff who convicted him. The title? "A Blue Patch of Sky Is Seldom White."

Television writers who tell honest, simple stories and write straightforward, plain dialog, suddenly go berserk in the titles. They become philosophers and savants, never saying what they mean, and never meaning what they say. A title in television must be symbolic, with an allegorical reference, plus a dash of personification. And a little metonymy couldn't hurt either.

You don't find this problem on the Broadway stage. The titles of stage shows level with you. What is "Mary, Mary" about? A girl named Helen, Helen? Or a girl named Zelda, Zelda? Or even a girl named, Marie, Marie? No, it's about a girl named Mary, Mary. Nothing could be more direct and to the point.

Or take "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum." It's not about a sad thing, or a frightening thing, or a crazy thing. It's about a funny thing. And where did it happen? At the dentist's? In the subway? It happened on the way to the forum. Not a suspicion of allegory in that title.

The same thing is true of movie titles. You know exactly what to expect when you go to see something called, "Mutiny on the Bounty." You settle back with the reasonable assurance that someplace in that film there will be a mutiny, and it's likely to occur on a ship named, "Bounty."

Rhetoric Be Damned

By the same token, "Cleopatra" has nothing to do with the reign of Queen Victoria, or Catherine the Great. Nor is it the biography of Sally Rand. It is what it says it is.

Titles of books are also honest and revealing. Recently, John Steinbeck won the Nobel Prize for his book, "Travels with Charlie." If you read the book, you will find that it is a story of Mr. Steinbeck's "travels" with a dog named, "Charlie." Unless I'm sadly mistaken, the dog is not symbolic for man's alter ego, or conscience. It is a dog called, "Charlie." Nothing more, nothing less.

Another recent book is "Sex and the Single Girl." I may be wrong, but I don't see any attempt there to mislead or confuse the public. If there is allegory or metonymy in that title I have just simply failed to find it.

Now let's get back to television titles, which have developed a technique all their own. Suppose you're watching tv and a title appears across the tube, "Murder at Green Tree." Any sophisticated viewer of television knows that the word, "murder" in a tv title has nothing whatsoever to do with anyone getting shot, or stabbed, or otherwise done in. It is a philosophic reference to demise at a completely different level: like the death of a delicatessen store which has gone into bankruptcy. Or the destruction of a plastic doll, which indicates, obviously, the end of youth and the beginning of maturity.

Let's face it. If that story were actually about murder, in terms of a human life, the title would certainly not have been, "Murder at Green Tree." It would have been something like, "Never Ride a Black Horse on the Wrong Side of the Street." Or, "Rigor Mortis, Hold My Hand."

For those of you who wish to join me in this new fast growing hobby of collecting television titles, here are a few I have jotted down over the past few months. At first glance, they seem quite impressive, perhaps even profound. But examine them a little more closely, and you will know them for what they are—meaningless:

"Only the Lonely Have Friends."

"Pink Is a Color That You Can't Hear."

"Happiness Can't Be Divided by Eleven."

"Tears Are for Sorrow, Wood Is for Boats."

"Mountain, Oh Mountain, Once Upon a Time You Were a Hill."

"Only the Innocent Are Guilty." (This was a sequel to "Only the Lonely Have Friends.")

"Seven Times Seven Is Anything You Say."

"Don't Make Friends with a Tiger, Unless You're a Tiger Too."

"No Matter How Often You Repaint a Ladder, You Can't Make It Reach the Sky."

"Only the Poor Are Rich." (This was a sequel to "Only the Innocent Are Guilty.")

"A Tree Grows: A Bird Sings: A Baby Cries: A Foot Walks."

"Only the Tall Are Short." (This was a sequel to "Only the Poor Are Rich.")

"Only the Short Are Tall." (This was a sequel to "Only the Tall Are Short.")

Keep a pencil handy when you watch television, and you can make your list. After all, titles are important. As they say in that commercial, "It's What's Up Front that Counts."

A Journal of 'Brinkley's Journal'

By STUART SCHULBERG

(Coproducer of NBC's 'David Brinkley's Journal')

Washington.

June 7. Last show of season taped. Take deep breath. Faint. Sleep seven hours for once. Wake up early. Begin planning new season.

June 9. Check list: tickets . . . shots . . . release forms . . . raw stock . . . maps of Andorra, Leichtenstein, San Marino . . . lucky silver dollar from Ted Yates . . . unlucky zoom lens from NBC camera dept. Take off.

June 10. Arrive Paris. Eat. I know we're over here to work but do you know the frustrations of 10 months in the NBC Washington cafeteria? (David calls it Hamburger Hell).

June 11. Work. I know we're over here to eat but do you know the pressure of shooting seven shows in nine weeks in eight countries? (Unit Manager Joe Nash calls it impossible).

June 15. Commencement of photography. Rain. Back to the Tour d'Argent.

June 17. Finish pressed duck at Tour d'Argent. Push plate away. Call for check. Study check. Pull plate back. Wrap remains in napkin to feed crew tomorrow. Only way to balance budget.

June 18. Crew quits.

June 20. Shooting at last. Story on European Prosperity. French factory worker used in sequence offers crew lunch at Tour d'Argent. Wages are up. So is crew morale. Vive le Common Market.

June 26. Off to Switzerland for study of tax-dodging movie stars. Geneva confidante says "Everything in Switzerland which is not against the law is compulsory." No cuckoo clocks but plenty of cuckoo banks. Filled out hotel register and found it automatically opened numbered account at Credit Suisse. Dinner with Dick Condon. Happy man. Only author I know who likes someone else's adaptation of his novel. Has obviously been overseas too long. Latter is chief difference between him and me.

July 1. Back to Paris. David Schoenbrun is gone. Art Buchwald is gone. Zanuck is going. Can France be far behind?

July 9. Toulouse. Shooting Algerian Moslem refugee camp operated by French Army. Difficult to relate to Moslems. Keep telling myself they are upstanding Semitic people. Nothing happens. Lunch in Army mess with pro-OAS officers who damn De Gaulle, cheer Salan and insist that America needs a military man to lead it. Back to Moslems. Relating better now.

Danish Girls vs. Girls

July 11. To St. Tropez for story on St. Tropez. Gunther von Sachs complains that when he has car accident in Copenhagen nobody pays any attention—when he has car accident in St. Tropez it's front page news. He can't seem to grasp fundamental difference between girls and . . . girls.

July 14. Nice on Bastille Day. Find David fresh from Italian holiday sipping Canadian Club on Negresco terrace. Looks like ad from Holiday magazine. American tourists everywhere. Most shout "Goodnight, David!". Goodbye, Nice.

July 16. To Monaco for essay on postage stamp principality. Find Rainier & Grace have sold exclusive rights to CBS. Wonder how national budget will reflect 10% commission to N. Y. agents. Decide to shoot story on sly, without Their Serene Highnesses. Fear of French withdrawing tax benefits permeates winey atmosphere. Old baron in Monte says, "We will fight in the Casino, we will fight in the Hotel de Paris—we will never give up!." Meanwhile it's hard to tell the cabinet ministers from the press-agents.

July 20. On to Andorra. Drive like hell over hairpinned roads of Pyrenees in order to pass Customs by sunset. Border shut at 6:30 and country then closes down for the night. Andora Park Hotel the last word in local accommodations—first-class service, second-class food, third-class telephones. But who do you call in Andorra anyway? Population seems evenly divided between shopkeepers and smugglers. Shops sell everything from bogus Parker pens to Catalan salami. David says, "They live in the agonizing fear that someone will walk in and ask for something they don't have." We buy home-made cigarets for 7c a pack and begin smoking more but enjoying it less. Smuggling still a respectable business here. In fact men we need for smuggling sequence quickly provided by the Andorra Chamber of Commerce.

July 24. Rome for small story on Sovereign Military Order of Malta (S.M.O.M.)—world's smallest country. Occupies office building near Spanish Steps, rents out ground floor to smart shops, operates hospitals around the world, bestows decorations on charitable Catholics. Only fulltime Smomians are concierge, his wife and daughter, who pay no taxes to anybody. Cameraman Fred Montague tries to take out first papers but gets nowhere. He's in wrong union.

July 27. Up to San Marino. Oldest republic in the world has become national souvenir stand with medieval ramparts. Tourists mainly German and British. Germans looking for beer, British looking for sun, San Marinans looking for money. Local cafe impresario complains about American tourists: "They're always tired and they sit on my terrace all afternoon sharing one bottle of charged water." Marya McLaughlin (Researcher and Girl Monday-through-Sunday) falls off chunk of San Marino, spends day in Republic's "leading hospital." Trip's only casualty, discounting bruises to billfolds and nicked appetites.

July 30. Zurich en route to Liechtenstein. Talk with Swiss-numbered banker. Hears NBC salary and recommends leaving account at Dime Savings Bank.

Aug. 1. Vaduz, Liechtenstein. Aristocrats rampant here. Prince Hans drives tourist bus, a baron and count run competing tourist shops, and reigning Prince Franz Josef owns miniature adding-machine factory. Profits are small but so is country. Some tourists whiz through en route to Austria without realizing they've been in Leichtenstein at all. "Others," says Prince Hans, "stop five minutes to buy a postcard and look for a toilet." Other Vaduz surprises: "Real" restaurant with best food this side of Paris and Vaduzer Hof swinging with Werner Popp Kombo. Twisters in lederhosen.

Aug. 9. London. David off to Washington for another year of 6:45 News. Tearful farewells all around—or is that still the rain? Rest of crew, headless, gropes its way toward Birmingham.

Aug. 11. Birmingham. Splendid city, Birmingham. We mention it in dispatches to Washington. Pity it had to die.

Aug. 16. We lay Birmingham to rest, and along with it final story on British race problems. Prejudice doesn't necessarily have a Southern accent. Here in England it drops its aitches.

Aug. 22. Paris again. Wrap up. Clean up. Eat up. The Algerian war is over, Zanuck is back and France seems more stable at last.

Aug. 24. Zanuck suddenly flies back to U.S., De Gaulle announces national referendum, and Mendes-France is worried about future of French democracy. So am I. So are Fox stockholders.

Aug. 31. Checklist: tickets . . . shot record . . . signed release forms . . . dogeared maps of Andorra, Liechtenstein, San Marino, Switzerland, France, Britain, Italy . . . lucky silver dollar from Ted Yates . . . unlucky zoom lens from NBC. Take off.

Sept. 1. Back in Washington. Take deep breath. Faint. Sleep three hours. Begin new season. Goodnight, Europe.

Some Unexpected Fun At A Vatican Council

By IRVING R. LEVINE

(NBC Rome Correspondent)

Rome.

A cynical Russian reporter in Rome had reason to suspect during the Vatican's Ecumenical Council, the major Roman event of 1962, that his atheism might be ill-advised. His first doubts came on opening day. It had poured rain the day before and through the night; the morning dawned grey and wet, and it was not until precisely a half-hour before the splendid procession through St. Peter's Square was to begin that the sun suddenly broke through. Had the weather not cleared at that moment it would have been necessary to cancel the outdoor procession, a highlight of the impressive ceremonials.

Then, too, divine intervention seemed indicated by the fact that Telstar was in the proper place in its orbit just as the ceremony in the basilica drew to a glorious close and a videotape summary of the historic event could be seen by Americans with their morning coffee. In fact, American viewers saw Pope John XXIII blessing the crowd in St. Peter's Square from his apartment window at the very moment it was occurring.

In covering the historic Vatican Council, the first such momentous gathering of cardinals, bishops, abbots and others in almost a century, a reporter cannot help but be struck by the quiet good humor of the distinguished men participating. An example is Archbishop Martin J. O'Connor, who includes among his many other important titles that of Rector of the Pontifical North American College where young men are trained for the priesthood. I interviewed Archbishop O'Connor in the seminary's vast gardens where there stands among the tall pines a rather modern statue of Saint Peter. His right arm is lifted in blessing, two fingers extended. Archbishop O'Connor recalled that the morning after the dedication of the St. Peter statue he discovered that a prankster among the seminarians had placed a cigar between the statue's fingers. I asked: "Did you take disciplinary action?" "Oh, no," laughed Archbishop O'Connor, "whoever did it will need all the sense of humor he can muster in the next 40 years as a priest.

The other day a friend, a Roman Catholic priest, who is here for the Vatican's Ecumenical Council, told me a little story on himself. He had officiated at a funeral, and, as he was leaving, a member of the deceased's family again thanked him. Before he realized what he was saying to the bereaved, the polite response tumbled from the priest's lips. "It was a pleasure," he replied.

—Of Coffee Breaks

A similarly charming light touch was evident at a meeting with reporters held by the Most Rev. Paul J. Hallinan, Archbishop of Atlanta, Ga. He was asked why so few American prelates have been on the list of speakers at the Ecumenical Council so far. Archbishop Hallinan replied: "I don't think that any bishop here talks just to hear himself talk. In the first place," he went on, "we have to talk in Latin. Secondly, you have to submit your name three days in advance, and finally you have to make sure that when your name is called you're not out for a cup of coffee."

Another example of poking fun at oneself was provided by a prelate here in Rome. We were making arrangements to film activities at his seminary. Trying to set an hour convenient to all, the archbishop mentioned noontime, but then added, "Oh, but that might interfere with your lunch." The cameramen who were to do the film interjected, "No, no, we don't mind missing lunch. Food is not important." The archbishop laughed, "Never say that to an ecclesiastic," he cautioned.

It is good-humored remarks such as these which humanize the proceedings in the vast church assembly now going on in St. Peter's Basilica and provide unexpected gay relief to otherwise solemn and spiritual proceedings.

At the end of each day's working session of the Vatican Ecumenical Council now going on in St. Peter's Basilica a communique is issued. It summarizes for reporters and the public what went on in the meeting of the 2,500 cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots and heads of religious orders. The communique tells how many participants were present, who spoke, and, in very general terms, the subject discussed. But the communique is colorless, it omits the human quality which gives this Council its character. For example, there is the bishop who told a reporter that "the shepherds have become sheep." He was alluding to the fact that each of the so-called Council Fathers occupies a position of immense importance and prestige in his home community. In Rome the attention paid to a bishop is diminished by the very numbers of bishops present. One American prelate told me about a bishop who complained that there was no one on hand from the Holy See's Office of the Secretary of State when he arrived in Rome. The prelate tried to explain diplomatically that so many bishops come to Rome that a Vatican representative cannot always be waiting at the railroad station.

A pledge, or "seal of secrecy," prevents a Council participant from relating what of substance goes on in the meetings in St. Peter's Basilica. However, a bishop is free to talk about the interesting sidelights. For example, when a speaker has exceeded the 10 minute limit set on each discourse, a bell is rung. Or the secretary general of the Council may interrupt him orally, with the Latin equivalent of the word "Enough." Each speaker winds up his remarks with the Latin word, *Dixi*, which means "I have spoken."

Bishops say that the seats erected in tiers in St. Peter's central nave are comfortable and there is ample room to kneel for prayer. Each Council Father records his presence by marking with a carbon pencil in the appropriate place on a card provided. This is an attendance record. The cards are collected and processed by an electronic counting machine. Pope John has on his desk within a half-hour of the opening the exact total of how many are present.

Although 10 cardinals, members of a committee appointed by Pope John, take turns acting as chairman, the meetings actually are run by Bishop Pericles Felici who worked closer with the Pope than did anyone else in arranging the Council. A microphone and a seat are provided in each section and a

(Continued on page 87)

MR. K GOES TO TOWN

By LOU DERMAN

Mr. K was genuinely concerned. He did not like the stories that were circulating about a grim-faced humorless mass of workers who never laughed.

"That is ridiculous!" he stormed before his quaking Commissars. "We must prove to the capitalist world that the Russians are a happy carefree people."

"But that Jack Paar," one voice popped up, "he comes here with that cheap movie camera and takes those pictures . . ."

Jack Paar," one voice popped up, "he comes here with that cheap movie camera and takes those pictures . . ."

"Pictures, pictures," moaned Mr. K. "Always the Americans must take pictures."

"That is how we lost Cuba," observed one official sadly.

"I have a suggestion how to make our people laugh," said one man, "but it is a radical suggestion."

"What other kind is there?" said Mr. K. "What do you have in mind?"

"We pass a law forcing all the workers to laugh while they are in public. Of course in the semi-privacy of their own homes, they may be as depressed as they like."

There was a chorus of approvals on this suggestion, but K threw it right out. "No, comrades," he said, "we cannot force our people to laugh. The laugh must be real. It must come from deep inside. It must be the honest laugh of a happy worker who comes home from work every night and he is happy because . . . because . . ."

K rubbed his chin awhile, then said: "We are in big trouble."

"You want our people to be happy?" asked one official.

"What is your suggestion, comrade?"

"Improve the Russian image."

"You are suggesting plastic surgery for everybody?"

"I am suggesting, Premier, a way to make every Russian seem gay and happy to the world."

"And that can be accomplished, comrade . . .?"

"By putting every able-bodied Russian in the Bolshoi Ballet."

"What? Is this some joke?"

"The Moiseyev Dancers, then?" hedged the official, as his comrades stared at him. "The Moiseyev Dancers are always gay and happy and jumping around and clapping . . ."

"Stupid head!" roared K. "Don't you know the Moiseyev Dancers are never home? They spend so much time in America, they had to take out Union cards there. Now, who else has a stupid suggestion?"

"I have, Premier."

"Never mind the formality, Krabesnikoff. Just call me by my nickname."

"By your nickname?"

"You have my permission. Go ahead."

Krabesnikoff took a deep breath, then began:

"Baldy . . ."

"Your suggestion, Krabesnikoff?" asked K coldly.

"In America they have a system for making the whole country to laugh at the same time every night of the week."

"They do? How?"

"It is called the situation comedy on the television."

"Ah yes," said K reminiscently. "In my hotel once, near Disneyland—which I still think is a secret missile centre—I watched some television program . . ." He snapped his fingers. "Very funny . . . very funny . . . what was the name? Oh yes. Commissar Ed, a talking horse. Very funny. The horse was lazy and he did not want to work . . ."

"In Russia we would shoot him," observed another official tersely.

"Smile, Rachmanikoff!" laughed K. "We have all got to learn to laugh if we wish to sell the new Russian image."

Rachmanikoff looked hurt.

"I did not see you laugh when Krabesnikoff called you Baldy."

"Please, Rachmanikoff," said K gently, "no fights, let us coexist."

"I am sorry, Premier, but I am a married man."

K sighed, muttered under his breath: "A country of rubes. Squares." Then to Krabesnikoff: "Go on, comrade. You were saying?"

Commissar Nielsen

"That the Americans have sold the image of the Happy American by their television programs. This situation comedy where everybody laughs at the same story at the same time, and this Commissar, Mr. Nielsen, he marks them down if they are not home when he calls them on the telephone."

Somebody asked: "And they get shot of course if they miss the program?"

"No, I do not think so. They lose maybe a few days' pay."

K said: "Are you suggesting, comrade, that Russia shall do like the Americans?"

"A question from the floor please," one man said.

He was recognized and asked: "What is television?"

"Quiet, Nobosnikoff," said K wearily. "Go on, Chernikoboff."

"I am Krabesnikoff," Krabesnikoff said stiffly.

"Oh yes. My apology, Krabesnikoff,", said K. "You look like Chernikoboff, also a little like Kuybyshevnival, yet . . ."

K stopped to mop his brow, mumbled: "In one thing the Americans are smart, they call everybody Smith." Then to Krabesnikoff: "Go on, you—whatever your name is—you were saying? Oh yes . . . the situation comedy program—and to make all the workers to laugh at the same time every night—which is a good idea—but one problem, comrades do we want black and white or color?"

After much discussion, it was decided to be equitable about the whole thing: black and white for the workers, color for the commissars.

And so, it came to pass.

Within a few months, television aerials dotted the country.

In its desperate efforts to find good situation-comedy writers, the Soviet Secret Police pulled a daring early-morning raid on a health farm in the San Fernando Valley where 68 former Hope and Skelton writers were recovering their sanity—and they were flown to Russia in disguised single-engined Cuban fighter planes.

The Great Experiment to improve the Soviet image as a happy, laughing people soon began to pay off.

The peasants shrieked at such programs as:

THE REAL MIKOYANS . . . the hysterical private life of a politician.

FATHER K KNOWS BEST . . . a weekly lecture series wherein the Premier read funny farm & factory statistics against a laugh-track.

THE UKRAINIAN HILLBILLIES . . . a series about a simple peasant family who discovers oil on their potato farm and combine both products to open a French Fry Joint.

Also high in the National Nielsonovitch were:

SING ALONG WITH MITCHELNIKOFF . . . the laughs coming from the audiences trying to sing-along with a man who was obviously tone-deaf.

Even the Audience-Participation Shows were geared for yoks.

GUESS MY PROFESSION, COMRADES! reached its high spot one night when the panel guessed that the Mystery Guest was an American missile spy.

NAME THAT TUNE got screams because the tune was always the Soviet National Anthem, although disguised as "Hawaii Calls" or (once) "Darktown Strutters' Ball."

With the dissemination of humor on a mass basis, the Russian people gradually crept out of their dour shells and began to smile at each other in the streets.

And while waiting in line outside the TV Repair Shops (which became a national pastime), they would regale each other with funny stories and the laughter that swept the country became contagious.

In the UN, the Russian delegate no longer made long dull speeches about Russia's plan for coexistence and peace and fervent desire to help the little countries

He laughed hysterically as he talked.

Meanwhile, back home in Moscow . . .

K held a conference with his braintrust. "Comrades," he said, "it is no good."

"And why is it no good?"

"I will tell you why it is no good, Nobosnikoff . . ."

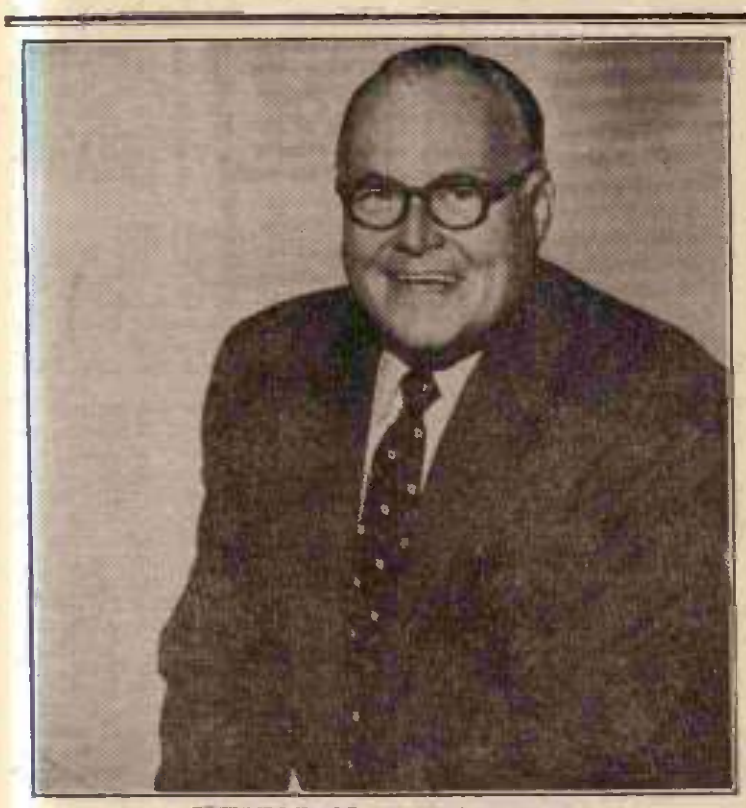
"Please, my name is Krabesnikoff."

"From now on your name is Smith!" roared K angrily. Then he went on: "It is no good because even though the whole country is laughing and the Russian image is beautiful, we have to take back all the television sets immediately!"

Mr. Piano Personality

BIG TINY LITTLE

And His W-I-L-D Ones
Returning "DINAH SHORE SHOW"—NBC-TV Jan. 20th—Marineland, Calif., Feb. 1—Harrah's Tahoe & Reno—March 7th
EXCLUSIVE MGT., Harold Jovien, Premier Artists Agency, Hollywood, Calif. CR 4-5489



KENNETH BANGHART

CBS RADIO
WCBS RADIO NEWS—Noon, 3 p.m., 4 p.m., 5 p.m.
"UP TO THE MINUTE"—Nightly at 6 to 6.45 p.m.
CBS RADIO NETWORK—Dimension—"In New York"
Personal Management: MARTIN GOODMAN

In Britain You Can Still Be Naughty So Long As It's Good

By GERALD ADLER
(Managing Director, NBC Int'l, Great Britain)

London.

When those 17th Century Puritans emigrated from England, they really cleared out. For good. They all went to America where their descendants are working in television and where the image of Cotton Mather is burnt into the face of every television tube in the land. Meanwhile English television has been left fully free and adult in matters sexual and biological.

SCENE I: An English mystery series. Two detectives are posted outside a suspect's house in an all night vigil. Suddenly a light goes on in an upstairs window. The detectives are tense, alert. Something is happening. But then we hear the toilet flushing and the light goes out. Our two men grin and relax.

Query: When have you ever heard a toilet flush on American television?

SCENE II: A British mid-evening variety program. The ladies of "The African Ballet" do an authentic folk dance authentically undressed from the waist up.

Compare: When these same dancers crossed the Atlantic, the U.S. was an education for them—they learned to wear brassieres for Ed Sullivan.

SCENE III: A program from London. A good look at the complete act of a fandancer from the famous "we-never-closed" Windmill Theatre. Not a single complaint received.

Contrast: U.S. networks being constantly pressured by organized groups who are dedicated to the proposition that not only every person but every animal appearing on television must be adequately clothed.

No Rap on Rape

SCENE IV: An early evening English play, a light comedy. When their car breaks down in a storm, a young man and his date take refuge in an abandoned house. He lights the fire while she investigates the kitchen. Suddenly she screams. He: (rushing in) "What's the matter?" She: "A mouse." He: "Oh, is that all. It sounded as if you were being raped." And that was all. The line had nothing more to do with the story. Just light banter, an opportunity for a gag.

Remember: When an American network and its sponsors went through countless agonies and untold meetings before taking a deep, bold breath and deciding to permit the use of the word "rape" in a mid-evening production of Somerset Maugham's "The Letter," despite the fact that it was clearly necessary and of integral importance to the drama.

SCENE V: A British detective series. As part of routine questioning, our lead asks one of the female guest stars: "For how long were you the dead man's mistress?"

Note: The only ones to have a mistress on U.S. screens are Hazel and our man Higgins.

SCENE VI: A police series watched by 6,000,000 Britishers. A woman is dragged into the bushes and attacked by a sex maniac. She reappears injured and with her shoulders bared. Complaints were received on this one—a grand total of six. However one of the complaints was concerned with the fact that during the program a policeman went into a private house without taking his hat off.

Cheer: At last a situation in which American tv is bolder than British. Our sleuths seldom see so much sex, but they do have an untrammelled right to keep their hats on.

SCENE VII: British documentaries presenting frank in-depth studies of venereal disease, abortion, homosexuality, birth control, prostitution—complete with detailed diagrams and actual real life prostitutes, homosexuals, abortees and VD victims.

Scene VIII: A British tv play in which the leading lady gaily and openly talks of her boudoir prowess.

America: Nobody here except us chickens.

Scene IX: A biting British satire show containing sketches about the Vatican Council, the Prime Minister and a funny conversation between a couple in a tearoom when she notices that his clothes are disarranged. Surprisingly, this drew several hundred complaints, but it hasn't been revealed whether they were about the treatment of the Prime Minister or the Vatican Council or the trousers.

Peer: Long and hard at U.S. screens—nobody admits those zippers are there, let alone that they open. And if those British complaints were indeed about the trouser sketch, it doesn't prove that prudery is rearing its ugly head—just that neatness counts.

Visualize: The only frank diagrams shown Stateside seem to be those drug commercials. And as busy as those little arrows are, they never seem to travel south of the intestine. And since when have we identified any homosexuals or prostitutes on our programs as such?

SCENE X: A recent BBC-TV dramatization of Graham Greene's "Stamboul Express" containing extremely explicit scenes of an unmarried, unclothed couple in bed together and also a clearcut characterization of a lesbian.

Reflect: On all those weary American television actresses who never seem to get to lie down, and all those overheated American television actors . . . No wonder British Equity has a lower scale—its members have more fun. And even Lar Daly has a better chance of being seen on a U.S. screen than a real live lesbian.

BUT BEWARE: There were pub-

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SHIRL CONWAY

Alias Lis Thorpe, R.N.—"THE NURSES"

The Ominous Quiet On The Potomac Shatters H'wood Nerves While TV Shows Take A Beating

By DAVE KAUFMAN

Hollywood.

Tv's 1962-63 season is, on the whole, an uninspired, lacklustre affair, and the reasons for this string all the way from the Pacific to the Potomac. Not one series from the telefilmeries has made the impact of at least three of the preceding year—"Ben Casey," "Dr. Kildare" and "The Defenders."

With the present season well under way, it's evident the only new entries which are successes are in the innocuous area of comedy, with "The Beverly Hillbillies," a piece of delightful nonsense, and Lucille Ball's "comebacker" the standouts. "Hillbillies," conceived by producer-writer Paul Henning, has even surprised CBS-TV with its impact, although the web was singing its praises last summer after seeing the pilot. Perhaps its being an island in the midst of so many series loaded with neurotics has helped. As for Lucy's ball, the show is obviously a tribute to her personal popularity. One other comedic series, "McHale's Navy," has been doing very well and at this writing has all appearances of being one of the few standouts.

The drop has been in dramatic shows, and this is not accidental. While even those involved in the filming of series are usually reluctant to talk about it, it's apparent the troubles with these series began almost two years ago in Washington.

When FCChairman Newton Minow made his now-famous "wasteland" speech, the networks and broadcasters trembled. Although this was in 1961, it was too late to actually affect the 1961-1962 programming since shows for that season had already been bought.

Minow's scolding was followed by a series of Washington investigations, some by the FCC which held the threat of license revocation over the heads of the broadcasters, some by Congressional probers, such as Connecticut's Sen. Dodd.

Sen. Dodd launched a headline-hunting probe of sex and violence in tv, and this, following in the wake of the Minow attack, made a far greater impact on the networks than was generally recognized at the time.

In Hollywood, the Washington attacks were generally ignored or brushed off as publicity-hunting attempts made without any serious basis. None of the telefilm makers could take seriously the accusation their product was loaded with sex, and while it was recognized a minority passed the mark of good taste in regard to violence, it was also felt that since most producers exercised restraint, there was no reason to panic because of the Washington onslaught.

'Bus Stop' Episode

However, Hollywood had sadly misjudged the tenacity of Sen. Dodd and the courage of the networks. The Senator seized upon a "Bus Stop" episode starring Fabian as an example of tv's abuses, and before the hearings in connection with this controversial show were over, Oliver Treyz, then prexy of ABC-TV, which carried the series, had abjectly apologized and copped a plea of poor judgment.

Although CBS prexy Frank Stanton subsequently appeared before the Dodd committee and stoutly and courageously defended his network's programming with no apology, the damage was done through the Treyz incident. Treyz soon after became an ex-president, although it was denied there was any connection between his departure and the hearings.

There was panic in the (Madison Ave.) streets. The message, loud and clear, came through to Hollywood. Cut out the violence all the way. While these were firm orders, instructions as to the content of shows for the 1962-63 season were vague and ambiguous, so that producers knew what they could NOT do, but weren't too certain of what they could show. As late as last August—and that is late for a production season when programs begin airing in September and October—a number of production execs confided they were mystified as to their latitude—if any—after conferences with N.Y. web execs who came to Hollywood to brief them.

Under such circumstances, the inevitable occurred. Networks had taken the no-violence edict from Washington so literally that the rash of new series substituted talk in place of action. Even when a scene or story required action, in most cases it was substituted by dialog. TV, overnight, had become the "talkies." This doesn't necessarily make for good drama, particularly when a number of the new shows came up with nice, nice, nice people who were also a bore, bore, bore.

Good, qualitative drama became a rarity and the same public which had immediately accepted the three strong dramatic series of the previous season—"Casey," "Defenders," "Kildare"—rejected the new crop stylized for Washington rather than the viewers.

There isn't a responsible producer or production exec in Hollywood who would seek a return to the old "Mickey Spillane" days of no-holds-barred violence, the gory and bad taste-filled shows which invited censorship and criticism. But producers do feel strongly that the networks have gone overboard in their ban on violence, that when it's not permitted even though a situation requires it, it limits them in story-telling.

The Ness Mess

Perhaps the most significant illustration of what happened this season can be found in "The Untouchables," Desilu's hit of a few years ago. Actually, the series was still riding high last season. However, when the Washington wavelengths penetrated to Hollywood, the makers of "Untouchables" stripped the action and violence out of a show geared for these elements, since it takes place in the days when Al Capone ruled gangdom.

The same public which had made a hit of "Untouchables" dropped the series immediately, when the show came on without violence, without action, without much of anything except Eliot Ness and conversation. There are those in Hollywood, too, who argue that this series had contained an excessive amount of violence, but this remains a matter of opinion. What is not opinion is that the public liked the show when it had the violence, disliked it without it. That may annoy Sen. Dodd and some others, but nonetheless it is a fact. Big Brother was watching, and Big Brother had stripped the series of the elements which appealed to the public.

JIMMIE DODD

M-I-C-K-E-Y M-O-U-S-E

First to recognize the shortcomings of an "Untouchables" without violence was Desi Arnaz, still prexy of Desilu at the time. Desi didn't like what he saw, and recognized why the public didn't like it either. So he reversed gears, and ordered injected into future segments those same violent elements which originally made the show a hit. While the damage may have been done and it could be too late to save the show, Arnaz nonetheless acknowledged he had erred in ridding the series of the ingredients which had made it.

"Untouchables" is an exception in that it's the rare case of a series based, in a sense, on violence because of its locale and background, but nonetheless what happened here reflects Industry-wide sentiment. Not that producers are itching to pour machineguns and fights into their series. This would be silly, and they know it. They don't like working in creative straitjackets, and they feel too that the anti-violence kick has had unhappy results in manifold ways.

Dropoff of action series has turned a number of shows to psychiatry, to problems dealing with the cerebral rather than physical illnesses of our society. This sort of thing is all-right for a while, and, in fact, fits perfectly into formats such as those of "Dr. Kildare" and "Ben Casey."

However, when a number of other shows, including anthologies, begin probing the same areas, it makes for rather depressing, and not too entertaining drama. In fact, after viewing some of the new shows, it was Vincent Edwards, who plays "Ben Casey," who remarked acidly he was tired of all the "neurotics" on tv, and predicted a resurgence of the old-

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HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE IN TV – ON SPEC, OF COURSE

By HAROLD FLENDER

Years ago it was mousetraps. Ralph Waldo Emerson said that if a man could build a better mousetrap the world would beat a path to his door. So everyone began trying to build better mousetraps and the U. S. Patent Office was inundated with millions of drawings looking weirder than anything ever imagined by Rube Goldberg.

Harold Flender

Today the Get-Rich-Quicknicks have a new gimmick: Television Everyone and his Uncle Josiah knows that all you have to do to become a millionaire today is to get a television series on the air. From better mousetraps to better TV series'.

Like all television writers, I've been approached by dozens of these would-be producer-moguls. They have guaranteed to make me a millionaire by giving me a huge hunk of the TV series that would certainly get on the air if only I would write the pilot script.

Here are some of the deals I've been offered.

While in Houston, Texas, some years back, on a writing assignment for "Wide, Wide World," I was visited in my hotel room by one of the city's best known Golf Pros.

"We can really make the fur fly, Flender," he said.

"I think you must want my brother," I commented. "He's the furrier."

But you're the television writer?"

"That's right."

He removed the cover from his golf bag. It contained only one club. "I keep it hidden so nobody'll steal my invention from me," he explained.

The club he took out was an ordinary driver, except that attached near its head was a long elastic band. Attached to the other end of the elastic band was a golf ball.

"Golf At Home," explained my visitor. "Ain't it a natural? With this one we can really make the fur fly, Flender."

"But there are quite a few golf shows on TV now," I pointed out.

"Not like this one," he said. "Mine has viewer-participation and the viewer-participant never loses the ball. It springs right back."

He dug a hole in the carpet with a tee, put a golf ball on top of it, and whacked away. The ball broke a lamp, and, when it sprang back, hit me in the head. After I regained consciousness, I said: "I don't think that this type of show would have . . ."

"You haven't seen anything yet!" he interrupted. He pasted over the TV screen a photograph of a golfcourse hole. "This is what the viewers at home would see on their screens. Pictures of holes of the leading golf courses in the country. The idea would be to hit the hole with the golf ball."

He demonstrated, breaking the TV screen.

"Even if they wanted to," I said, "nobody could possibly watch this show more than once—not if they had good aim."

"You may have a point," he mumbled. For a moment, he looked depressed. Then he snapped his fingers. "I've got it! We'll use softer balls!"

"They'd have to be pretty soft," I said.

"How's this?" he asked, pointing.

My fingers sank into his head. "Yes," I said, "that softness might do it . . ."

* * *

Religiosos

I occasionally write scripts for religious programs, such as "The Eternal Light" and "Look Up and Live." I suppose it was only natural that one Sunday morning I should be visited by a tall, skinny, bearded man wearing sandals and a canvas wrap-around. He had a great idea for a new TV series guaranteed to make us both rich. He was to be the star, I was to be the writer, and it was to be called, "I'm Back!"

"I don't get it," I said. "What does that title mean, 'I'm Back!' Did you ever have your own TV show before?"

"Are you kidding?" he said. "Last time I was on the scene was before radio, before the movies. It was strictly personal appearance."

"How long ago was that?"

"Almost 2,000 years ago."

"You mean, you're . . . "

"You got it, baby!"

Now if there's anything I can't stand, it's a phony in the field of religion, so as politely but firmly as possible, I showed him the door. He was angry with me. His parting words were: "You are taking an awful chance. Do you realize to whom you are giving the heave-ho?"

[*Of course, his threat never bothered me. Well, I mean, hardly ever. I knew that chances were 999,999 out of a million that he was a phony. Still, on the other hand, if that one chance in a million were true, I suppose I could be in an awful lot of trouble.*]

* * *

Happiness Boy

Then there was the cheerful chap who wanted me to write the pilot script—on spec, of course—for a TV series called "The Great Disasters." "Everybody loves a good disaster," was his point. "We could run forever. And what a legitimate way to get in lots of blood and violence. We could do the flood at the time of Noah, the destruction of Pompeii, the Black Plague, Hiroshima, the San Francisco earthquake the Chicago fire, the Titanic, Lusitania, Morro Castle, Hindenberg, Andrea Doria, Mississippi floods, the Coconut Grove fire, the Hartford circus fire, landslides in the Alps, the plane collision over Brooklyn, earthquakes in Peru and Iran . . ."

I still hear from this happiness boy. Everytime there's a catastrophe he telephones and with a joyous tone of voice taunts me with: "Read the newspapers today? Still don't think it would make a great show?"

I've told him that I would consent to do the pilot script for the series if he agreed that the subject for the initial Great Disaster show could be the invention of television.

TV's Influence On World's Speech Habits

By JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE

During the year 1962 I've discovered that television is having an effect on large segments of the world's population of a type that was not in the original blueprint of what tv might and might not do. And, I'm glad to report, it's all to the good.

Television is having a marked influence on the world's habits of speech. This is particularly pleasant news for those of us whose linguistic abilities are limited to the English tongue. TV is helping mightily to push it into a commanding position as the world's most universal language. This opinion is based on rather extensive traveling during the year. My wife and I journeyed some 40,000 miles outside the United States. We made sequences for the travel series, "Wonderful World," and studied closeup a good many countries and people. In the matter of language the movies for a long time have been doing a great job. I remember encountering a young man in Turkey some years ago whose speech was so like ours that I asked about it.

"You don't speak English," I told him, "you talk American. How come?"

"Movies," he answered. "I used to be an usher and I'd listen to American actors on the screen and at the same time study the subtitles in my language. I saw 'Home In Indiana' seven times."

Today this man who learned to talk American from the movies—nowhere else—may well be the clerk who checks you in if you stop at Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel. He has realized his greatest ambition, to become an American citizen. You'll think he's native born.

Television now is—not replacing—but augmenting tremendously the opportunity the screen gives foreigners to master our tongue. The screen is no longer only at the cinema, it is on the television set in homes, showing the same programs we see with subtitles in the language of the nation. And don't think for a minute that people aren't taking advantage of this tv "by-product" in homes around the globe.

Another thing, television is gradually destroying the annoying colloquial dialects, the jargons, that exist within the borders of a number of countries. Sometimes these are so individual that a native of one area cannot understand a person from another part of his own land. For traveling foreigners the dialects pose insurmountable hurdles. Now the pure language of the nation, well spoken by native actors, enters homes via television. The process of changing speech habits is slow but tv is chipping away. To me, this is educational television in one of its most practical, sugarcoated forms.

Incidentally, the medium is also spreading the "gospel of the Old West" over the globe, carrying on in this, another field pioneered by the movies. Moppets in the Orient today can b just as "Western" as youngsters in Montana. Is that good? Well, yes, I think so. Of course, "The Untouchables" also has had an impact. Speaking of that program, although we are not poll-takers, we noted that it and "Perry Mason" enjoyed probably the greatest overseas popularity among the people with whom we talked.

The Right People Travel

I hope it will be appropriate for me to include an experience that has nothing to do with tv but does concern a picture that is, a painting. One morning in Venice I went to the Accademia, the famed art gallery, with a particular purpose. I wanted to study the huge work, "Feast At the House of Levi," which was done in the ong ago by the master, Veronese. It covers an entire wall and the artist's original idea was to have the painting represent a version of the Last Supper. But he included some odd characters, buffoons and apparent inebriates, and they proved a little too much even for the authorities of worldly Venice. They ordered the artist to make some changes. He changed only the name, adopting the one by which it is known today.

Now Jesus is at the table listening to the disciple, John, and His face is in profile. This is important for what drew me to the Gallery on this Venetian morning was an article I'd read by Somerset Maugham. He told of his going to the same Gallery room and looking at the same picture from a chair at the end of a long radiator in room centre. As he studied Jesus in profile, Christ's head turned and he saw Him full face. It was as if He were looking at Maugham, who, as you may know, professes to be a non-believer. Maugham shut his eyes, according to his account, bent his head, then, straightening, looked again. He said he could not later recall whether on this second try Christ was still looking at him or had just turned back to John. Maugham rose and advanced. Abruptly the painting was static, as when he had first come in. He offers no explanation.

I went to the long Gallery room. I seated myself in the very chair where Maugham had sat, relaxed and studied the work of art. I sat there a long time. But nothing happened. I don't know what happened to Mr. Maugham, but to me Christ did not turn His head.

MIKE WALLACE
Management: FRANK COPPER ASSOCIATES

BILL SHIPLEY

2d TV Channel For Hong Kong

By ERNIE PEREIRA

Hong Kong.

A second television channel in Chinese will supplement Rediffusion TV's existing sole bilingual channel by the third quarter of 1963. George Henry Oldridge, managing director of Rediffussion Ltd., told VARIETY he was reviewing tv activities here during 1962.

He said such a channel has become an absolute necessity in view of the preponderance of Chinese in the Colony's proliferating population, now estimated at over 3,000,000.

Oldridge said his company had been thinking of this new channel for quite some time and he envisaged a sharp increase in the number of subscribers as a result.

Right now there are 16,000 tv sets, embracing a viewing audience of roughly 80,000, limiting each set to a family of say five. The introduction of this new channel will, as he sees it, encourage filmmakers here to produce tv films, something which Rediffusion TV's Chinese film producers are also interested in doing.

Rediffusion TV is now making a modest profit, but sustained initially a loss of $1,000,000 in introducing tv to Hong Kong in 1957.

Although speculation has been rife that his company was planning to start broadcast tv, this is not feasible. And the company, even with the introduction of this second channel, will be operating via the wired circuit. Because of Hong Kong's mountainous regions, wired tv ensures a much clearer image on the screen for viewers.

Rediffusion is currently spending slightly less than $220,000 annually on the purchase of films from MCA, Screen Gems, NBC, ABC, CBS and Warners, representing U.S. firms, and Associated Rediffusion, ITC and Granada in Britain. U.S. companies have been getting a major share of this business.

Reviewing tv here, Oldridge said that Hong Kong got tv before Australia, but that tv was slow to catch on as it did in Japan.

The Colony buys tv sets from Britain and Japan. Viewers pay Rediffusion about $4.25 monthly for maintenance and use of programs. Taking this repair question into consideration, Oldridge said tv was cheaper in Hong Kong than anywhere else.

Fun at Vatican

Continued from page 81

speaker, who has handed in his name three days in advance, walks to the microphone nearest his seat when his turn comes.

Occasionally there is laughter. One such instance occurred when a bishop began saying that he would speak very briefly. Six or seven minutes later he declared that he was about to sum up his "brief words." A ripple of laughter indicated that few present shared his view that he was speaking briefly. On one occasion the chairman asked the participants not to applaud. However, the other day light applause did follow a particularly learned speech. An elderly bishop explained to me that the applause came from the rear where the younger—and presumably less restrained—bishops sit.

It Looks Like Go-Go-Go For British TV In '63

By LESLIE T. HARRIS

London.

Britain's Independent Television Authority celebrated its seventh year as a commercial broadcasting entity last Sept. 22 with considerable trepidation as to its future in the entertainment spectrum. However, now that the hue and cry over the Pilkington Report has subsided, and the government's White Paper has appeared, there is every prospect that its option will be picked up in 1964 for an additional 10 years. In addition, it is also very probable that the government will bestow a knightly tap on the commercial operators, and give them a further award of a fourth channel. This is in recognition of the British audiences' clear preference for further edification in the use of detergents, how to masticate Cadbury's chocolates, mix Kitty Kat food, and read The People.

Candy, by the way, is still holding its own as the No. 1 British television advertiser, with Kat food coming up fast on the outside. Detergents actually are the second largest. Motor car manufacturers, who up to now have generally confined their television advertising to announcing new models, are expected to greatly increase their appropriation for '63, in recognition of Britain's improved economy, which is being reflected in new car buying.

The real surprise in '63, at least for the American broadcasters, however, may be the announcement that the British commercial operators are in pay television. Both ATV through its affiliated company, British Relay Wireless, and Associated Rediffusion's Choiceview, which is owned jointly by the Rank Organization and Rediffusion, will almost certainly be transmitting experimental pay-as-you-view television programs within 18 months, and some are convinced the service can begin within six months. Both of these companies already service some 3,000,000 British homes with audio entertainment, and approximately 600,000 are subscribing to wire tv systems. It is interesting that both the motion picture and commercial television interests have banded together to further this project, as opposed to the American attitude of trying to discourage pay-television.

New Tax Threats

The year 1962 may however be the last for the overflowing Christmas stocking for commercial television. With the grant of an additional channel, the government may decide to dip still further into the commercial till, in the form of greatly increased taxes on profits. The cost of setting up and programming an additional channel will also be high, and obviously the competitive factors may prove a mixed blessing.

About the only suggestion made by the Pilkington committee that was received with any degree of enthusiasm by either the government or the commercial colossus, the recommendation that Britain switch to 625 lines, will also prove a costly commitment—at least for the station operators. It means that both the BBC and the ITA affiliates will have to maintain duplicate equipment transmitting simultaneously on both 405 and 625 lines for the next 10 years.

This is to give the set owner adequate opportunity for his present "telly" to become obsolete. However the advantage of the sharper picture, and clearer reception may influence many to make the change-over earlier.

British television manufacturers of course stand to benefit by this transition. Trade-ins on new sets will be stimulated, and they will be in a much better position to face competition from the common market. U. K manufacturers probably turn out the best quality equipment made oversees, and by standardizing their models the export market will be greatly improved. All the rest of the continent, with the exception of France is already on 625. La Belle France continues to transmit on 819, however let it be said that the RTF has seen the error of its ways, and as soon as General DeGaulle can descend to such mundane matters, a change will be authorized to 625. This leaves the United States, Canada, Japan and the South American countries the only holdouts on 525. It is not thought that at this late date, there will ever be lineage standards throughout the world.

It's a pity, too, particularly where England is concerned, since this country shares much more similar tastes in television entertainment with America, than does the rest of the world. It will also always create a problem with the simultaneous transmission of programs between continents via Telstar. An American program must of necessity be fed through a standards converter with the resulting loss of quality, before being viewed by the British audience, and vice versa for the British origination.

It will still however, be a great deal better than in the past. When the EBU presided over the first Telstar origination from Europe, the conversion was murder. The Italian pickup began on 625, was converted to 819 during transit in France, back to 405 as it jumped the channel, and then was stepped up to 525 before bouncing it off Telstar. To

(Continued on page 114)

ZINA BETHUNE
As Gail Lucas In
"THE NURSES"—CBS-TV

Crystal-Balling Syndication In '63: Rough Going With Foreign Biz Taking Up Slack

By MURRAY HOROWITZ

In syndication, year of '62 was a year of famine and plenty, a year of success and failure, a year, in short, of business.

The biz, though, functioned in a radically different climate, altering the destinies of particular firms, changing the type of product offered. Nature of selling also changed.

On the side of plenty were the features, those pre and post-'48's, once made for a competitive exhibition medium, now second in popularity to America's most popular entertainment medium, namely, tv. Even the networks bowed to the appeal of pix

First NBC-TV came along to telecast cinematics as Saturday night ritual for the stay-at-homes. NBC-TV was copied by ABC-TV, which programmed pix Sunday night. NBC-TV, at midseason, found itself in rating trouble Monday nights. Web turned to cinematics to bale it out of its programming mess for that night. NBC-TV plans to return to made-for-tv programming next season, but its midseason move forecasts the possibilities of similar future moves for that network or another web.

Situation finds viewers offered the choice of network delivered pix situation, some of them grinding away cinematics practically every hour of the day.

How a theatrical exhibitor stays alive in this situation is for the philosophers and the Loew's board of directors to answer. A big, fresh, star-studded picture, of course, helps.

Pool of fresh-for-tv motion pictures continues to diminish. Those pebbles in the pool, at the same time, are shining more and more like pearls. As the number of available pix to tv has diminished, price secured for cinematics has increased. The law of supply and demand has taken over, and for that reason, the two remaining post-'48 libraries of the majors, Paramount, and Universal, look better than ever.

Lotsa O'seas Activity

Overseas, there seems to be a more aggressive push for the sale of pix. Motion picture companies for the most part have held off selling pix to tv, fearing exhibitor reprisals abroad. That fear seems to be diminishing with the years, as motion picture companies, hard-pressed for cash, are turning over more than a few bucks selling overseas to tv

Big development of '62 in syndication was the splurge of the off-network hours. MCA-TV led the pack with the first large group of off-network hours. MCA-TV was followed by Warner Bros., Desilu and Four Star. The good off-network hours in the main, did fairly well, in a tight, tough market, characterized by a shortage of local time.

Those series that didn't make it on the network also didn't do well, for the most part, in syndication. The hours, though, offered a spark of excitement to the depressed syndication biz. That excitement ignited some affils to bump network originated shows for off-network hour syndie entries. It also generated business. The foreign market caught a good deal of the hour series fever, too, and the new hours pitched aboard were received favorably.

What went kaput during the year was the traditional product fare of first-run syndication, the half-hour action adventure series. United Artists Television which, from all reports shrank its operation, had only second year production of "Ripcord" for the new season. It offered the semi-documentary "The Story of . . . .," as well as a stripped daytimer, as first-runners. Other first-runners offered during the season from other houses definitely weren't in the "Ripcord" vein. They were more of the off-beat nature. Official Films had its successful "Biography" skein; Westinghouse Broadcasting its "Steve Allen Show," and other than the product offered by Independent Television Corp., that was about all the first-runners.

Independent Television Corp. represents a unique syndie house. For one it's owned by the monied Associated Television, of England, which feeds ITC product. ITC, in turn, offers this product to the American and world market. Product ranges from "Sir Francis Drake" to "Broadway Goes Latin."

In terms of fresh, first-run product, the few introduced and the few which made it had special functions which stations desired, in the case of Steve Allen, an alternative to late night feature telecasting, in the case of "Biography" a well turned documentary with pub-affairs pull for the local station.

It wasn't only the tight local time situation responsible for the dearth of first-run syndie product. Local sponsors and regional advertisers, which had been the mainstay of first-run product, followed the pattern of their network cousins in turning from program buys to participation buys on the local level. Of course, there were some regional and local sponsors still around to pick up syndication product. The available pool diminished sharply, however, in comparison to previous years.

With the syndie market taking that turn, most of the houses turned either to their catalog or to new off-network properties for their merchandise. ABC Films, CBS Films, NBC Films and Screen Gems took a flyer with some offbeat product, but assiduously stayed away from traditional action-adventure product.

Cartoon Dip

Fresh-for-tv cartoons also experienced a downward production curve. Cartoon distributors reported that stations, with cartoon product on their shelves either of the old theatrical variety or made-for-tv categories, had become slow buyers during the year. That slowness put a dampen on new cartoon production, which remains quite expensive.

While large areas of domestic syndication took a turn for the worse, the overseas market continued to expand. That expansion is exptected to gross some $55,000,000 for American program exporters in 1963.

Screen Gems and ITC took active steps to further promote that expansion by producing shows in Canada. CBS Television o&o stations in an exchange of programming had another "International Hour" last summer. Westinghouse Broadcasting in association with National Educational Television and Radio Center committed for another series of documentaries, with other partners being tv systems in other countries. BBC's "Age of Kings" won a commercial berth with Metromedia stations and with NET etv stations. WNDT, etv outlet for New York area, in its first few months of telecasting, broadcast many dramas and shows from England and other nations, progamming which otherwise might not have won an American berth—at least not a New York showcase.

Despite the above examples, it's the contention of foreign telecasters that while they are big markets for U.S. product, their product cannot find berths in the lucrative market of America. That seems to be a never-ending argument, despite attempts to ameliorate the situation, and the public relations efforts of such organizations as Television Programs Export Assn. and the tv committee of the Motion Picture Export Assn.

Maximum potential of a half-hour series sold abroad is about $26,000 per episode, providing the episode is sold in every tv market of the world. Compared to that artificial book potential, the more realistic figure for a half-hour episode in a good series is from $12,000 to $14,000. In the foreign market, hour series draw roughly twice as much as half-hour series of comparable commercial merit.

Barring Washington moves to free more network time, the pattern of syndication in '63 looks like more of the same. The forecast is for a tough year, to be met for success by good, commercial properties and an effective sales force.

JOE FRANKLIN
Daily—WOR-TV

I Was a Teenage Pressagent

Pioneer Publicists Real Runyon Characters Ofttimes More Colorful Than Their Clients

By DAVID O. ALBER

The rumbling of a truck woke me up the other night and while in that twilight zone before popping off to sleep again, it dawned on me that I became a press agent exactly 30 years ago. That can be a long time or a short one, depending on how you look at it. I remember 30 years ago, in 1932, conditions were pretty depressing. I had been working in the real-estate business and the bottom had fallen out of that market. A long session in the hospital had brought me in close contact with radio. That little box was my constant companion, and there was hardly a program I wasn't familiar with.

After getting back on my feet I decided to go into radio publicity and went to see David Green, who was a leader in the field. I offered to work for him for nothing, bring in new clients and take 25% of the fees. He said he couldn't use me but if I wanted to go into business on my own, he had heard that Tony Wons, the philosopher, was looking for a pressagent. I thanked him and went to see Tony, who told me the rumors about his seeking a publicist were false. We got to talking anyhow and it developed that we both lived in Jackson Heights, so he gave me a lift home. By the time we crossed the Queensboro Bridge, he had decided to give me a chance as his p.a. Thus I was launched in a new career.

At that time the radio press agents included George Lottman, Earle Ferris, Jay Faggen, Sid Garfield, Harry Sobol, Mack Millar and Dave Green. Lottman was the dean and there are many fantastic stories about him, including the flask he always carried in his hip-pocket. I guess I was the only press agent of that era who never worked for him. He was a tyrant in his office but meek as a kitten with newspapermen. I remember meeting him one day at the N.Y. Mirror. When one of the editors came out to greet him, George whipped off his hat and said respectfully, "I'm only a humble pressagent."

Ferris was Lottman's partner for a while, then they had a falling out and Earle went out on his own to become the most successful press-agent for radio shows. He was the first to get advertising agencies and sponsors as clients. One day he phoned me and said he wanted to sell me his business. He didn't want any cash, only 25% of the total take. It sounded like a wonderful proposition, but fortunately I knew the head of the advertising agency who was his biggest client, and I called him. He told me Ferris was due to lose the account and it had already been assigned to someone else. If I had made the deal, the loss of the biggest account would have left plenty of egg on my face. Poor Earle quit the business because he was plagued by illness.

High Mortality Rate

Mannie Sachs called me one day and asked if I would like to handle a singer named Frank Sinatra, who was leaving Tommy Dorsey's orchestra to go out on his own. He told me Sinatra would be at my office at 2:30 the following afternoon. Sinatra never showed up and I was too proud to pursue him. Next thing I knew George Evans had him. Such is fate. Evans worked like a beaver for Frank, at his beck and call until the wee hours. Poor George died of a heart attack in his early 40s. This business has a high mortality rate. Lottman died before he was 50. Ferris is gone, too, and Mack Millar passed on recently at 57.

Back in the '30s pressagents were glad to get $25 a week from a client and they often worked for less. By the same token you could hire writers, gagsters and contact men for peanuts. Gag writers were in great demand, because more columnists used that type of material. Winchell was the king and he used gags almost every day. Ed Sullivan, Louis Sobol, George Ross and Danton Walker used them too, as did Jerry Wald in his radio column in the old Graphic. Every client suddenly developed a terrific sense of humor. Strange, when they dropped their pressagents, they weren't funny any more. Some of the gag writers went on to fame. Jack Rose, Mel Shavelson, Al Lewis and Julian Claman became Hollywood producers. Milt Josefsberg and Izzy Elinson hit big pay dirt writing for the comedians. Maurice Zolotow became a prominent author.

Connie Couldn't Say 'No'

The press agents' best friend was Connie Miles, drama editor of the old N.Y. American. He never could say "no." The pressagents would stream into his office and leave shorts about their clients. Practically every one got in. It stayed in for the first edition, but it was a clipping to show a client, and often saved the account.

The boys used to pull more publicity stunts in those days, but press agentry was still new and the newspaper editors weren't wise to the gimmicks. Today, of course, it's tough to pull the con on an editor.

Back in the early 30s the radio editors in New York were Ben Gross on the News, Nick Kenny on the Mirror, Mike Porter on the Journal, Orin Dunlap on the Times, Louis Reid on the American, Jack Foster on the World-Telegram, E. L. Bragdon on the Sun. Gross, Kenny and Reid are still around, real stalwarts. Foster left to edit the Rocky Mountain News, Dunlap became public relations veepee of RCA, and lured Bragdon away from the Sun as his associate.

When television came into its own, after World War II, radio slipped into a minor role and there are few pressagents still left in that field. In fact, today's pressagent has to be pretty versatile to survive. He handles recording personalities, stage and screen actors, producers, directors, as well as commercial accounts. It's difficult to find tv shows as clients because most of the programs are multi-sponsored.

The top pressagents of the 30s were a colorful lot, Damon Runyon characters who were usually better copy than their clients. Today's publicity practitioner is more of a business man who keeps his nose to the grindstone.

MARTY INGELS
WRH

—". . . He's Fenster"

The Big Chi Backfire On FCC Station Hearings

By LES BROWN

Chicago.

Looking at it superficially, as the Federal Communications Commission apparently has, the public hearings into local programming in Chicago last spring seem to have been a considerable success. The stations have acted on the criticism directed at them: positive changes have been made, "wrongs" have been righted and the cause of public good has been served in the months since the hearings ended.

But a closer, day-by-day observation of what has happened to Windy City television since the FCC inquisition reveals that a certain subtle damage has been done —not to the medium's image locally, or anything so external, but rather to the broadcasting attitude.

The hearings left the Chicago outlets with nothing resembling spiritual uplift. Instead they gave the stations a cut-and-dried format for their programming policies, an implicit book of rules—mostly in the form of "thou shalt not"—on how to escape criticism. Broadcasting inspiration got pounded to death by Commissioner Robert E. Lee's closing gavel, and in that respect the good intentions of the FCC have backfired.

Having followed the unwritten Blue Book slavishly for the past eight months, the four commercial stations now are coasting complacently, satisfied that they're on safe ground with both the local public and the government's regulating agency. In a manner of speaking, they are indeed safe. They have Commissioner Lee's word for it (expressed at an Illinois Broadcasters Assn. convention recently) that "Chicago television is now a showcase of what can be accomplished" through public hearings. The "public" (if we can call the 90-odd witnesses who testified a representative sample) has been appeased, and virtually all the critical noise has subsided.

Little Creativity

But gone is the fire of creative experimentation, however it may have sputtered in the seasons before the hearings; and gone is the intrigue of the trial-and-error acts by which broadcasters try to fulfill themselves at once as business men, showmen and champions of public service. If the hearings proved nothing else in Chi, they've made it clear that "playing it safe" is far more deadening than simply "playing it cool."

Nor does it help to cure the post-hearing programming paralysis that Lee, meaning to justify the announced followup FCC hearings in another market, continually points to the alleged good that has directly resulted from the Chicago probe. Lee, who has become quite a name on the local luncheon circuit since the hearings, noted to an industry group recently that WNBQ, chief recipient of the public slings and arrows, now devotes 35% of its local time to public affairs; that there has been a general increase in children's programs in the market; that WBBM-TV has hired a Negro newsman and that there has been a marked increase, on all channels, of coverage of the Negro community.

He might also have made mention of the fact that the three network-owned stations are knocking themselves out preempting network time for local specials to disprove the most serious charge leveled at them, to wit, that they lack sufficient local autonomy to properly serve the community. Also, better time periods than those which conflict with church hours have been found for religious programs, and several public affairs series have found their way into evening berths.

All this does seem a wonderful effect of the hearings, on the face of it, but it is artificially motivated when it needn't have been.

There's no question that the four commercial stations have been doing some very worthwhile things since the hearings, and doing them extremely well, particularly in the area of the documentary and the news special. But it is also true that they had been doing outstanding things before the FCC came to town, and they were on the right track, even if it were a slower one.

Anyone who had had occasion to watch local tv in other markets, including those offering more video service than Chi numerically, would have found it hard to reckon why the Commission had singled out the Windy City stations for the experimental confrontation with the public. As local tv goes in the U.S., Chicago's has been notably good over the years and in general well-directed. Best that can be surmised is that the FCC picked Chicago because one station, the NBC o&o, had had a dramatic comedown in its local live output. But whatever caused them to be held here, all the stations paid dearly for it because the hearings proved to be soul-killing.

The four commerical stations have been operating mechanically from what amounts to a checklist of things to do and not to do, as dictated by the public witnesses last spring. Having taken the corrective steps, they are like contented automatons. They have presented a number of truly fine shows this year but have submitted nothing since the hearings that might be considered fresh and vital, or that would bespeak an aspiration to contribute to the growth of the television medium as a whole.

Television Reviews

THE FIRST LADY
With Colleen Dewhurst, Ann Harding, Nancy Wickwire, Harry Reasoner
Producer-Writer: Perry Wolff
Director: John J. Desmond
30 Mins., Wed. (2), 7:30 p.m.
CBS-TV, from New York (tape)

CBS News told us that there were other first ladies than Jacqueline Kennedy and told us smartly. On the tv network last week, there was a half-hour program consisting of "impressions" of various White House distaffers. Written by Perry Wolff, who hinted at the character of several of these leading ladies, and acted by Colleen Dewhurst, Ann Harding and Nancy Wickwire, the program was a broad but interesting pass at a narrow phase in American history.

Superlative performances were given by Miss Wickwire, whose variegated impressions were believable and, invariably, enjoyable. She was a princess charming and, in all, a talent of ultra-star dimensions. Miss Harding, who has a magnificent voice and a distinguished beauty, and Miss Dewhurst, a youthful matron, were on top of their roles too, although once, during her Mary Todd Lincoln reading, Miss Dewhurst's affinity for quaver got annoying.

Wolff, who also produced this half-hour special on CBS-TV, took pains to avoid imitating the last four first ladies. This was wise, since the audience might naturally expect perfect mimicry rather than appreciate perfect acting. Art.

REPERTOIRE WORKSHOP
(Reflections)
With Norman Walker, Cora Cahan, Jane Kosminsky, Diane Germaine, Toni Lacative, Dale Best, Dennis Wayne, John Mineo, Wesley Fata
Exec Producer: Dan Gallagher
Director: Merrill Brockway
30 Mins.; Wed. (2); 8 p.m.
WCBS-TV, N. Y. (vidtape)

An original dance, done in the modern idiom by a talented group of youngsters, opened "Repertoire Workshop" on WCBS-TV, N.Y., Wednesday (2) night. It was an offbeat, interesting start for this experimental showcase, organized by CBS-TV o&o stations to spotlight local talent.

Dancer Norman Walker, who speaks with his body, feet and hands, was responsible for the choreography as well. Walker on the floor was assisted by a young group of expressive dancers.

The modern dance idiom can be obtuse and Walker's excursion was no exception. Overriding the lack of clarity at times was the richness of symbols, the grace of the dancers and the movement of the forms. The program, described as "'Reflections' in three parts—of the mind, from the heart, and affirmation"—was staged to the music of Norman dello Joio's "Variations, Chaconne and Finale." The movements and symbols were so loose that most anything could be read into them, from clashing sex drives to birth. The "affirmation"

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Has British Com'l TV Put 2d Channel in Cold Storage To Ride Along With Payvision?

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

In the clubs and bars where television people congregate they are saying that the commercial tv entrepreneurs traded their chance of a second network in favor of the go-ahead for payvision. True or not, the fact remains that the Government White Paper, published just before Parliament broke up for the Christmas recess, confirmed rumors that the second channel has been put into cold storage for some time to come, and while this is a disappointment to some of the companies, others are happy at the outcome.

It has been no secret in the trade, for example, that Associated-Rediffusion had long opposed the suggestion of a competitive commercial outlet and had advocated that if there must be a second channel it should be restricted to educational programming. Presumably, the A-R execs took the view that there would be enough advertising gravy to be shared among two companies in a single region. That attitude has been accepted by the Government, which also felt that there might not be enough ad revenue knocking around to sustain opposition webs.

So while the BBC will be having its second channel from 1964, the second commercial outlet remains in abeyance. But the pill has been coated, and the Government, against the advice of the Pilkington Committee, has given the go-ahead for toll tv trials—and all the major commercial companies, with one exception, are already deeply involved in this new medium, and will presumably share the gravy. A-R is partnered with the Rank Organization in a toll tv company called Choiceview; Associated Television is linked with British Relay Wireless; and Granada-TV Network is in the local Telemeter group. Only ABC-TV appears to be out in the cold for the time being, but may conceivably do something to redress the balance in the coming months. The payvision trials will start in 1964, in two or three areas, and go on for two or three years. Then the Government will have a second look and decide whether this is to become a permanent feature of the British way of life or whether it is not worth continuing. There's widespread confidence, however, that there's a substantial majority audience available and willing to pay for more classy programs which are not readily available on the public outlets.

The White Paper does not refer to the possible redistribution of commercial tv areas, which has been rumored for some months, but apparently this is one of the many problems which can be resolved by the Independent Television Authority after the new Television Bill has passed through Parliament and becomes the Television Act. It was the ITA, in 1954, which awarded the contracts to the programming companies, and allocated the areas. Some time back, Sir Robert Fraser urged the ending of the "mosaic" in which the key territories of London, Midlands and the North were split among several companies, and while a second network would have facilitated such a move, it's possible that some steps in this direction will be taken when the new contracts are issued in 1964.

In any event, the ITA is to play a more dominating role in the future. It will have stricter control in the area of networking, and the smaller regional companies are hoping to get a larger slice of the cake, but there will also be a stricter watch on program content, and the White Paper specifically mentions extremes of violence and triviality on both networks.

Though the commercial program companies may get the chance to pick up some extra coin if they get payvision concessions, there is no doubt they are going to be hard hit by the more stringent financial controls. It's clear that the Government has responded to the publicly expressed concern at the "excessive profits" that they were making, and yielding to that pressure, a new rental system will be introduced from 1964. Rental costs for transmitters will be calculated on the gross profits of each company before tax. This is something of an innovation in the commercial sphere, and represents an additional profits tax on all the commercial tv companies. It is not specifically mentioned in the White Paper, but doubtless this will be on a sliding scale to protect the interests of the smaller regions, some of which are experiencing financial difficulties.

The BBC, which was given the greenlight for its second channel in the summer, is now making its plans to be ready to go on the air with UHF 625 line transmission from 1964 and at the same time it will also launch its color service. Apparently, the commercial companies will be encouraged to duplicate their programs on 405 and 625 lines to prepare for the day when the higher standard of definition becomes the general practice. They would also be free to transmit in color, though there's little incentive to do so while restricted to a single outlet.

'It Sure Was Funny The Way He Told It'

By MILT JOSEFSBERG

Hollywood.

All of broadcasting's bigtime comedy writers who have served more than one master have been often asked to make comparisons between comedians. Who is better at ad-libbing and doing monologs, Bob Hope or Milton Berle? Who is the cleverer character comedian, Jack Benny or Danny Thomas?

Despite nearly a quarter of a century of scripting for the above four funny men I've never made any unqualified comparisons. Benny would never attempt to be as brash as Bob. Danny cannot match Milton's madness. On the other hand neither Berle nor Hope would attempt the constant comic characterization of Benny or Thomas who take a simple situation and ride it riotously for a full half-hour program.

Contrary to the quotation, "Familiarity breeds contempt," I have found my admiration for most comedians growing with the passing years. They are master technicians perfecting the shadings and nuances of their own individual styles. And yet, while a comic must be different to stand out from the rest, frequently the same gag or routine can be molded to fit any and all of them.

I know that listeners who laugh at a line on a Benny broadcast will sometimes say, "Gee, nobody but Jack could do that." But this is not wholly true. The comedians and their writers can take any type of humor and fit it to their own styles. This article is an attempt to show how this might be done.

Several months ago Jack Benny commissioned me to write some material for his night club appearances. Late that summer, when he appeared at Harrah's Club, Jack tried this routine as part of his regular act. The audience reaction was better than we hoped for. In his exhuberance Benny phoned me from Lake Tahoe and Las Vegas and other places where he did the material, and he reported happily how the audiences howled at this new routine. (I know that Jack was genuinely pleased because of the half dozen times he phoned me from these distant resorts only twice did he call me collect: But Jack's happiness was tinged with anxiety. This new routine went over so well that he was afraid some other performer might lift it. At first it was a minor worry, but it grew. Jack nurtured it and cultivated it till it was a Big Worry. Benny is almost as expert at worrying as he is at comedy. Worry is a part of his perfectionism and Benny can fret more than a nudist in a poison ivy patch.)

I tried to ease his fears. I pointed out that big time comics never steal. If another wit tried to do Bob Newhart's "Gettysburgh Address" routine, or Danny Thomas' "Jack Story," he would be hooted off the stage. I further assured Jack that since the material was tailored for him, it would be difficult for any other comic to do it. Even as I was saying these soothing sentences, I began doing a little worrying on my own. (Jack's wit is contagious, but so is his worrying.)

Keep In Mind His Blue Eyes

I began to wonder how this special material might be done by various other performers and came up with some surprising results. So that the reader may more readily understand, I will first jot down the routine I wrote for Jack. This is not a verbatim version because Jack, like all creative comics, embroiders, enlarges, adds and improvises as he tells an anecdote, depending on the reaction of the audience as he progresses. However this is basically how it went, and in reading it please picture the blue-eyed Benny telling it in his own style.

Jack opens by telling the audience of his problems in working the lush Las Vegas casinos. *"Like the other night," Jack says. "After I did my second show. It was too late for me to eat, and too early to go to bed, and as far as gambling is concerned let's not be ridiculous. I quit gambling after I lost my last bet. Whoever figured Truman would beat Dewey? . . . Having nothing to do after the last show I just sat around the bar noticing how cheap people were. Really cheap. I sat at that bar for over two hours and nobody offered to buy me a drink . . . So, I bought my own, Mogen David On The Rocks . . . Then a very attractive blond sat down next to me. I won't say she was beautiful but she'd certainly get whistles on a windy day. She was very attractive and looked vaguely familiar, so when she smiled at me, naturally I smiled back. Then she asked me if I'd like to join her in a martini, and I said, 'Do you think there's room enough in that little glass for both of us?'* (You see, I can ad lib.)

Anyway, this girl and I had a couple of drinks, and then one thing led to another, and well . . . you know how those things are? . . . Maybe you know, but I don't . . . Anyway she said it was noisy and crowded at the bar, and we could be quieter and cozier if we went to her room . . . Well!!! I was shocked!!! . . . . . I went, but I was shocked . . . When we got to her room she told me to make myself at home while she slipped into something more confortable. While she was out of the room I sat on the sofa, loosened my tie, and thought those few serious thoughts that every married man thinks of at a time like this: What my wife doesn't know won't hurt her . . . . . Then I began wrestling with my conscience, and I'm kind of proud to admit it. You know that's the first wrestling match I ever won . . . After all, when you've lived a good clean life for 39 years your conscience is so out of condition it's a pushover.

At this point the girl came back into the room. She was wearing the most gorgeous black negligee I ever saw. She dimmed down the lights, turned on some soft romantic music and then held her arms towards me so we could dance. As we danced she snuggled closer and asked me if I'd like to kiss her and naturally I said i would. And then she said, "Before you kiss me I'll have to take off my wig." I was stunned and asked, "Take off your wig?" And she said, "Yes, I'm Alan Funt and this is a stunt on 'Candid Camera'"

Well, the wig came off, and sure enough, it was Alan Funt, and was I startled. I was so surprised I could hardly finish the dance."

That's the routine. I've made some cuts for time and also I've eliminated several "Bennyisms" which might not look too funny in print, but always got long and loud laughter from appreciative audiences. (Incidentally I would like mention that Jack has given me permission to reproduce this story here since he has told it during numerous personal appearances and also on the Jack Paar tv show.)

In reading the routine it's easy to see that this was created expressly for Jack. But after Benny started me worrying I began to wonder how various other comedians and tv personalities might do the punchline. Please understand, this is just my version of how they might do it, and I'm not insinuating or inferring that any of them would borrow this boff from Benny.

Bob Hope: "So the girl says I'm going to slip into something more comfortable, and while I'm doing it you can amuse yourself by watching the goldfish—only don't hook any of them with your nose. Well, while I'm watching the bowl, suddenly one goldfish turns to the other and says, 'I can't wait to see the expression on Ski-nose's face when he finds out his girl friend is Alan Funt and they're on 'Candid Camera'."

* * *

Milton Berle: "Boy am I running into a streak of hardluck. I bought an Edsel, bet on Nixon, then picked up a girl who turned out to be Alan Funt."

* * *

Mort Sahl: "Well, she took off her wig and turned out to be Alan Funt. Naturally I was upset and couldn't finish the dance. If a thing like that ever got around it could ruin me. After all, Funt is a Republican and I'm a Democrat."

* * *

Bob Newhart: "Operator . . . Operator . . . Get me Olympic 2-8355 . . . What? . . . I know I'm supposed to dial it, but this is Anti-Automation Week . . . Thank you . . . Hello? . . . Hello Harry . . . Say, did you hear about the swell date I had Saturday night? . . . Oh . . . You heard about it! . . . Okay, so I wound up dancing with Alan Funt—it could happen to anybody . . . How come it didn't happen to Mrs. Alan Funt? Why ask me—you can't expect me to learn his whole biography in one short tango . . . Huh? . . . Oh, you're just jealous because it was better than some of the dates you usually get . . . What? . . . Oh yeah, well the same to you, Bud!"

* * *

Lloyd Bridges: "Now during my

(Continued on page 110)

LOUIS SUDLER

Host, "ARTISTS' SHOWCASE" in color, Sunday afternoons, WNBQ. Rebroadcast Saturday evenings WMAQ-AM-FM. NBC Chicago

Six Words That Can Change The Video World

By MANNIE MANHEIM

Hollywood.

My text for this year's big, green "Bible" concerns six words which are heard through the day and night on television.

The words are: Yes, That's right, Remember (and) Don't forget. I contend if these "handles" were abandoned, eliminated, abolished and banned by the sponsors of telly commercials that this would be a safer industry to live in.

Just to bring everyone the facts, or to remind them of the situation, the nominated words are employed by sponsors after the pictorial portion of the commercial has been shown, that is, we see the little lady become irked when her wash machine fails to function—we witness the little man arrive with the magic soap that will repair the machine and listen to his admonition to the little lady—and when he finishes and fades away another voice is heard who summarizes the pictorial commercial by starting with, "Yes, Mrs. Bouldry would not have been inconvenienced if she had used (name of soap)." And he continues about another minute and we've heard the whole deal twice.

Some summarizers start their pitches with "That's right" and others use "Remember now—," and then there's the fellow who admonishes us with "Don't forget!"

It is my contention—after a thorough research of the subject—that tv commercials could very well end before the pitchman blurts out with the "That's right" or "Yes—" and the others. I am aware that the time buyers are entitled to about three minutes selling space within a half hour program and my plan would reduce the pitching to about half—and that might not please the industrialists—but, before they holler me down, I have some evidence to submit that might be fodder for an exciting board meeting.

That Remote Controller

Almost everyone in the telly business is aware by now that the set manufacturers are selling their new product with a little gadget attached—called a remote control that is just what it purports to be—the viewer sits in his chair—or lies on her featherbed—and with the gismo in hand vicariously changes stations, cuts off sound and turns the machine on and off. And the customers just dote on their little remotes and here's proof:

I received a phone call from a young friendly matron who gushed, "Guess what! Harold and I just bought a new portable tv and it operates by remote control—I'm having the time of my life shutting off the commercials—isn't that wonderful?"

Well, to her it was wonderful but to General Foods, General Motors, General Sarnoff and sponsors in general, it's a horrible thought. It's another case of man inventing a machine to destroy himself. I won't offer any conclusions or comment regarding the one-day possibility when 50,000,000 set-owners will have remotes to eliminate commercials—that's too scarey even for an old hand like me.

Now—what has my research re the six words to do with remote gadgets? They are closely related as I'm not popping up here with my own personal opinions. Anyone who has followed my surveys through the years, understands that I probe in depth. For example, I asked the happy young matron who purchased the tv set with the remote control if she'd allow the commercials to be heard in her boudoir if they were half as long as they are now.

OK, If Cut

She replied that after the novelty wore off of sadistically eliminating the sound of the messages with her little gadget, she might consider listening if the commercials were interesting and weren't the same ones continually. She allowed that she enjoyed little Peanuts who sells cars—and some of the cartoon characters played by Bob & Ray—and she actually enthused about the chowmein messages—and claimed that she even bought some of the stuff—even though she hated Chinese cooking.

Some sponsors have licked the remoters by shooting their messages in pantomime so when the sound is tuned out the message is there anyway. This could be the answer and the means to defeat the gadget that the set makers invented to destroy themselves.

Marceau and Harpo

Obviously, I am opposed to any method that will eliminate jobs for talking actors because if the commercials go pantomime then Marcel Marceau and Harpo Marx will get most of the work. But there is a way out. There can be peace between the viewer and the sponsor so that almost everyone will be on the happy side.

Eliminate the "Yes, That's right, Remember (and) Don't forget" portions of the "word from our sponsor" pitches and we have the battle half won. The remoters won't bother tuning a short spiel out—and if they do, my stuff and I have a little invention in mind that will short-circuit their remotes and burn the viewers' nonconformist hands.

PHILLY CHANNEL 12 GRANT TO EDUC'L TV

Philadelphia.

After four years of hearings, the FCC has awarded the use of Channel 12 to WHYY, Philadelphia's noncommercial, educational station.

Channel 12, formerly WVUE, of Wilmington, was that state's lone commercial tv frequency. Storer Broadcasting, Inc. owned it temporarily as an outlet, but went off the air in 1958 after failing to operate in the black.

ED REIMERS

Exclusive Management UTM

ED HERLIHY

Have You Torn Apart Any Fallacies Lately?

By RONALD WALDMAN
(General Manager, BBC-TV Enterprises)

London.

Some time in 1907 (which, believe it or not, was pre-BBC although you wouldn't think it the way we keep having anniversaries every seven-and-a-half weeks; I'm having one for my appendectomy next Friday) some time, as I was saying, in 1907 a learned gentleman produced a book entitled "Popular Fallacies," subtitled "A Book of Common Errors: Explained and Corrected with Copious References to Authorities."

It's my third-favorite bedside book.

Thousands of errors and fallacies are listed and each one is then gently but firmly torn apart. The fallacies range widely:

"That William Tell shot an apple off his son's head with a cross-bow and arrow"

"That the primrose was Lord Beaconsfield's favorite flower"

"That Napier, when he invented logarithms, calculated them to the base e (=2.71828. . .) and that therefore his logarithms were what we now know as Napierian"

You know, the sort of subject that's so likely to come up at any party in Mayfair or the East 60s or Beverly Hills. If you study the book from cover to cover (it's only 843 vast pages) you may find yourself being able to refute, with easy nonchalance and copious reference to authorities, some fundamental fallacy like "that goat-suckers suck goats" and those V.P. stripes are yours for the asking.

Well I'm working on a new edition. (With the typical BBC man's love of anniversaries I'm arranging for it to be published in 2,007.) It will be a specialist edition expressly designed for the television industry. Because I love VARIETY with a deep and unholy passion (or because I was bribed.. I can't remember which) I'm allowing VARIETY to reprint a selection of the new fallacies (with, you will understand, copious references to . . . etc. etc.)

As you can imagine, there are some in which I am particularly interested. Those entries in my book will read as follows:—

"That the British Accent cannot be understood on television anywhere between Manhattan and Beverly Hills."

This is a dearly-loved old favorite. Belief in it acts like a kind of unofficial quota. It means, of course, that although American citizens are fully capable of understanding British movies, something strange happens to their powers of comprehension as soon as they tune in to a tv show. As a result, they are totally incapable of understanding the apparently incomprehensible accents of, say, Hermione Gingold, Terry-Thomas, Malcolm Muggeridge, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Sir Laurence Olivier, Julie Andrews, et al. This fallacy is believed to be rampant at top network and agency levels and urgent consideration is being given to the possible provision of simultaneous translation facilities whenever negotiations are necessary between our two countries. However, our research teams, who have been studying this problem continuously for three years, have come up with some interesting facts. For instance, it was found that when ABC-TV was running the Winston Churchill series "The Valiant Years," it was *not* found necessary, contrary to general belief, to put subtitles on the screen when Richard Burton was speaking. This gives some hope for the future.

"That the International Television Era began in 1962."

Telstar was a brilliant achievement, and 1962 was the Year of Telstar. But international television—true, live, immediate transmission of television pictures across national boundaries and across the sea — started over 12 years ago in 1950 because we got mad at the English Channel for being there. Soon, the exchange of pictures between France and the United Kingdom spread to other countries and the word "Eurovision" was coined by a leading journalist who has since sought refuge as a BBC executive. The coronation of a Pope, refugees in the Hungarian crisis escaping across the Austrian frontier, major international sports events, world-class entertainment — all these have been seen "live" throughout Europe.

In the BBC's great new Television Centre there is a room with a most exciting name on the door. It says, quite simply, "International Control Room." In it, a television director can sit at work, but instead of punching up cameras, he punches up countries. Now, even Moscow is there at the touch of a button — and Berlin, Rome, Prague, Monte Carlo, Stockholm Amterdam — you name it, the boys will get it for you.

Split-screen with Copenhagen and Geneva? — O.K., that'll take five minutes longer. We've even seen, in London, live pictures from Algeria—pre-1962. On that occasion, the "satellite" was a French aircraft circling over the Mediterranean. General de Gaulle was visiting Algeria and French tv engineers bounced the pictures off the aircraft into Marseilles and thence into the Eurovision Network. Today, to make it simpler, we have to contend with orbital times, horizons, solar batteries and radiation belts. So who needs coaxials? But we still need standards convertors even for tv satellite communication, and standards convertors were a product of the birth-pangs of international television over a decade ago.

"That BBC is Owned and Operated by the British Government."

This is probably the greatest and most widely-held of all the fallacies. Even VARIETY, at one time, was guilty of it when it used to refer to BBC as the "state web." But VARIETY has made noble amends. The fallacy still persists, however. It Still Goes Marching On. The British Government has just about the same control over BBC as the American Government has over American stations and networks.

Our Governments (yours through the FCC, ours through the General Post Office) license us to operate. But BBC is an autonomous charter corporation which has fought for, and won, its independence and is completely free of both political and commercial pressures. So pity us in our Pentagon-like Television Centre when we seethe as visitors believe us to be a Pentagon-like organization. True, BBC has a large staff. Including all radio and tv personnel, the staff numbers about 17,000 but the only pressure that is ever put on them is to remember that program decisions are made by programmen in the interests of good programming. That's nice.

"That BBC Programs are Exclusively Long-Hair, Cultural and Educational and Not Capable of Competing with Those of a Commercial Service."

Seen any of the new season's ratings? BBC programming is based on the simple assumption that broadcasting should be run as a service to the people. That means that all types of programming should be included and that they should all be as good as professional program men and women can make them.

One of our top executives said a short while ago that the job of BBC-TV was to "make the good things popular, and the popular things good."

That's an exciting challenge. It's beginning to bear fruit. About one-third of our prime-time programming is devoted to "serious" material. That does not include drama, which is always difficult to define, so Shakespeare, Ibsen & Co are not included in the "serious" listing. In normal competitive circumstances, a network devoting one-third of its prime time to this sort of serious programming, intermingled with comedy, mystery, sports and drama shows, etc, would be expected to have about as much success as "Mr. Ed" would have against Carry Back. But, like I said, seen any of the new season's ratings?

* * *

These, then, are a few of the fallacies I mean to expose. You will recognize many of the others, too. "That London is foggy" (a libel put around by citizens of Los Angeles); "That Britain is full of beefeaters and olde tea shoppes"; "That Englishmen say "Pip-Pip" and Scotsmen say "Hoot, Mon" in everyday conversation"; "That Paul Revere needn't have hurried" —these are a few more that will be handled with the same British understatement you have seen above. Remember, publication date is only a short time off. Hurry now to your neighborhood bookstore and place your order. An English-American, American-English Dictionary will be given away, entirely free, with each copy.

EDNA SKINNER
Co-Starring Regularly On
"MR. ED"
CBS—Thursdays—7:30 P.M.

John Q. To TV: Don't You Dare Force Me To Think

By ART WOODSTONE

In one breath recently, FCC chairman Newton Minow said that television broadcasters should take a more aggressive attitude in developing the tastes of the American public and not too many breaths later he said that the tastes of the American public had outdistanced the tastes of the broadcaster.

Some people might argue that these remarks were taken out of context, which they were, but it would seem that the paragraph is absolutely true to the contradictory spirit of what Minow said on that occasion on TV. Of late, industry observers have remarked, with no mean degree of wonder, at how well the FCC boss has assimilated information about the industry. He has learned a good deal about radio and television, at that, and most probably from the people in the industry, because if any group is contradictory about public tastes it is the industry.

Maybe saying tv is self-contradictory is being kind. Some people in the business are confused. Others are misinformed but, very likely, many professionals in tv (and in radio before it) are either self-deluding about their feelings toward that great mass out there or else they are merely hypocritical. Actually, such nastiness is based more on suspicion than any thing else because the single greatest secret or (allowing for difference of opinion) the single greatest group of secrets is what the pros really think of that audience.

To find out, one must spend years in conversation and then the truth is muted in a maze of caution or righteousness.

When a tv broadcaster talks of satisfying the many different publics, or the many levels of public taste, he's on to a good phrase; it's catchy; it sounds as if the coiner was trying his best to satisfy public wants, public needs — public tastes. It's very true that some people prefer "Beverly Hillbillies" to "77 Sunset Strip" or that others prefer "The Virginian" to "Wagon Train" or that someone, exercising an obvious choice over such disparate items, actually prefers "Bonanza" over "Cheyenne."

All of One Mind

It'd be too simple and also unfair to say that the aforementioned programs represent the entire cross-section, but it is also too simple and just as unfair when one or another of the rife industry spokesmen represent just such programming as a fair cross section of the public's many tastes.

Probably as close to the truth as anyone can come, without formally psychoanalyzing top tv management, is that tv and agency execs, as a rule believe that while execs as people who prefer situation comedy to westerns or westerns to drama and drama to variety (choose your own sequence) these people are really of one mind. The mind is that they don't want to think. Maybe that's even too kind; maybe the thought is that the public can't think. In any event, the public isn't thinking; all they want to do is relax. (It's proper to observe that there are good, so-so and bad programs, but rarely are there profound or complex tv programs in the entertainment area, because tv knows the audience won't watch 'em for long.)

The real variety for satisfaction of "different" tastes is in news and public affairs. Superficially, one would judge that news and public affairs are put on to satisfy the different tastes. It's true that at one time or another everyone has a taste for news—but it's a limited taste. Sometimes it's an invisible taste. All one need to for corroboration is a look at the ratings. Of course, the government and the foundations have a taste for news and that's often why tv gives news.

Do look at the ratings, because that's about the only way anybody, including an insider, is able to tell what other insiders are thinking about taste. A news show will get virtually zero in the ratings. Once in a while, after a Kennedy special talk, or after a Cuban crisis, where fear and fascination are motivations for watching, a news show will hit astronomic rating heights—astronomical, that is, for a news show. Even the soon-to-die "Saints & Sinners," one of the lowest rated prime time commercial programs of the season, can lick most any news program you choose.

Which brings us to another point: If nothing else makes a tv man callous about tastes, the ratings are enough. Don't argue with Mr. Nielsen; he's doing his job as best he can. Don't fight with tv execs; they may only rarely believe those high-flown terms they use to describe that ever-lovin' public but they have to earn a living. After all, this system is based on profits and the adage is that the profitless man and his vicepresidency are soon parted.

Blame the public. Secretly, that is what nearly any sane man in television will do. But at the same time, keep telling them how smart you think they are; if for only one reason: Sooner or later the power of suggestion might condition them. Not just to believe their vast array of pandering press notices but to think about those press notices. In which case they will be as smart as some tv men.

VARIETY

"VARIETY is the mother of enjoyment."

VIVIAN GREY, Book I, Chapter IV, Benjamin Disraeli

"VARIETY's the very spice of life."

THE TASK Book II, THE TIMEPIECE, Line 606, William Cowper

"Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in VARIETY we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree."

WINDSOR FOREST, Line 13, Alexander Pope

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite VARIETY."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA ACT II, Sc. 2 Line 243, William Shakespeare

"No pleasure endures unseasoned by VARIETY."

MAXIM 460, Publilius Syrus

WEDNESDAY

"Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?"

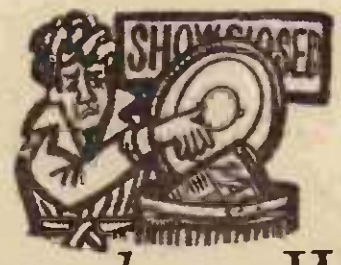
FALSTAFF'S SONG, Stanza 1, Edmund Clarence Stedman

"Wednesday's child is full of woe."

MOTHER GOOSE

"Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday..."

KING HENRY IV, Part II, Act 1, Sc. 3, Line 96, William Shakespeare



"And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday—
So much is true."

THURSDAY, Stanza 1, Edna St. Vincent Millay

SOURCE: Bartlett's Familiar Quotations

THE PLAYER'S THE THING

By EUGENE BURR
(NBC Producer)

Percy Hammond, that legendary lama of the drama-destroyers, emitted a bagful of bambastic bon mots that will go down in theatrical history, among them the waspish pontification, "An actor always bites the hand that feeds it."

The point, of course, lies less in the vagaries of random appetite than in the choice of pronoun—and with that choice, amusing as it is, this reporter marks one of his infrequent breaks with the pronounciamenti of the late Mr. Hammond. An actor may be any one of many things, from magniloquent to maundering; but he is seldom if ever merely an it.

This boggling at the dicta of deity stems directly from personal experience. In one way or another I've had dealings with actors for more years than my agent likes to admit. (The legend that I gave his first job at Edwin Booth is, however, a canard; Edwin's first job was given him by his father, my old friend Junius Brutus Booth.) As those years have dropped inexorably into the bottomless pit of Time, my respect for the actor has, however unwittingly and unwillingly, increased. More and more it has been born in upon the bird-brain of a former reviewer and current television producer that the actor, no matter what problem may be set before him by malignant omnipotence, will face it and meet it and, more often than not, solve it triumphantly.

This was, occasionally and sporadically, evident in the days of reviewing, when an actor through sheer force of personality and/or art salvaged the bombs dropped by incompetent direction or playwriting. It was hammered home even more forcibly by the fact that so many actors manage to perform effectively in television, a medium that, because of time limitations and general preoccupation with more pressing matters such as client-approvals, is often forced to relegate the quality of performance to a secondary status.

The general level of television writing—as even the TV Writers' Guild may admit—tends to fall a bit below that of Shakespeare; and the average tv director, beset by problems of cameras and insufficient rehearsal, is seldom able to give as much attention to the work of the actors as he would like. But despite tightness of rehearsal schedules, the frequently depressing quality of scripts, and the necessary preoccupation of the director with other facets of production, the acting on television is often—perhaps even usually—surprisingly good. By and large, as the unprejudiced observer will probably agree, it's the finest facet of most television productions. And it's that because of the practically unaided ability of the actors involved.

My enforced realization of the competence of what used to be known smugly as The Profession was carried even further when, some years ago, CBS tapped me to produce a tidbit called "The Verdict Is Yours." As you don't have to be told, "Verdict" was an ad-libbed show—a series of courtroom dramas in which real lawyers tried unreal cases, with the witnesses played by actors who were given a knowledge of the facts, but no lines whatsoever.

When we were putting the show together, our greatest fear concerned, naturally enough, the quality of the acting that would plop extemporaneously upon the home screens of unsuspecting viewers. In the outcome, it became the very least of our fears. Week after week, we were literally amazed at the performance quality achieved by cast after cast. Actors were, it's true, helped by the courtroom format, which is something akin to a tribal dance, with the lawyers leading the locutions, choosing the direction and in general setting the pace; but the acting quality was a constant amazement throughout the two and a half years that I did the show.

My respect for the ability of the embattled thespian was recently carried even further, while doing a daily detergent-drama yclept "Our Five Daughters" for NBC. Toward the end of the run Paul Lammers, the director, and I decided to have some fun; so we scheduled a full half-hour segment of the show to go completely ad-lib.

To my knowledge, this has never been done before on television. "Verdict," as noted, was kept within predictable and unbreakable bounds by the guidance of the lawyers and the stringency of legal procedure; but this was a show scheduled to romp blithely through six dramatic scenes, played by characters already well known to the audience, with no bounds or guided format whatsoever. There have been, of course, individual scenes ad-libbed; but these were always in the nature of stunts, with the audience let in on the secret, the main attraction being to see how well the actors performed under the new circumstances. Our approach was diametrically opposed; our entire purpose was to prevent the audience from knowing that anything unusual was occurring — to present a show equal in every respect to other shows in the series, and surpassing the others in immediacy and reality of presentation.

Esther Ralston's Trouping

The cast, headed by Esther Ralston (who is one of the greatest troupers with whom I've ever worked), rose eagerly to the challenge. They were given outlines of each scene, with no dialog written or even indicated. Paul Lammers directed them brilliantly, being forced to assume the functions of an editor as well as director, not only to point up the dramatic values but in order to bring the thing in in half an hour without having to drop a commercial.

The first rehearsal (which was on the evening before the show itself, since a soap opera has less than 24 hours to rehearse and present a half-hour play) was largely a question of everyone fishing in black waters; the cast bumbled along from point to point; the elapsed time for the necessary dialog was almost an hour; and Paul and I died a little. But the actors caught on to the problems and, once they got the actual feel of the scenes, began to give them dramatic drive and impact within the allotted times. By the next morning, the scenes had taken shape, and we were almost down to proper length.

It's interesting to note that in no two rehearsals nor on the air) did they repeat their self-created dialog exactly. They swung with each other's punches, heading generally toward the main points that they knew they would have to make.

By the time the show went on the air at 3:30 they were giving a smooth, effective and at certain points a really brilliant performance, far more driving and immediate than most shows with set dialog.

The whole thing went off without a hitch. Ironically, the very success of the actors prevented them from getting credit for the amazing thing they'd done. Nobody except those connected with the show ever knew that it was an ad-lib performance.

It sounds stuffy, I suppose, but I suspect that it was the nearest thing to the commedia dell'arte itself. It proved again that actors, confronted with seemingly insurmountable problems, take a deep breath and surmount them.

It also suggested that, given the proper level of acting ability, we can regard television writers as . . . But let's not go into that.

JAY JACKSON
Announcer — MC — Narrator
JU 2-8800

The Jangle of Jingles On Mad. Ave.'s Tin Pan Ear

By HAL LEVY

Hollywood.

It isn't that the advertising agencies are cheating their clients, it's just that the clients aren't getting value received.

I mean in the jingle department.

The agency may create such attractive and effective magazine copy that in cases such as the New Yorker, the editors may be hard pressed to compete for reader interest.

The agency may create such arresting billboards — Doyle, Dane, Bernbach's Volkswagon series, for example — that they are almost highway safety hazards.

The agency may do an astute and telling job of promoting its client's image and product by combining the best elements of Dinah Shore and "The Untouchables" in a new television series.

But the jingle, alas, is too often a jangle. And very often the people involved — the sponsor, the agency, the jingle writer — don't know enough about songwriting.

The arts of printing, typography, calligraphy, photography, writing, oil painting, wood engraving and sundry other minor or finer arts have long been employed by sponsors and agencies. For years the newspaper, magazine and billboard media have been used, often artistically, often effectively, because the client who hired the agency and the agency that hired the creative talent both had sufficient experience with graphic materials and techniques to know what they were doing, what they were creating, what they were buying.

The jingle has no such backlog of connoisseurs or creators. Most sponsors or clients are not educated to the point of knowing what is a good and therefore commercial jingle. Nor are most agencies. And some agencies, aware of their limitations, have taken to farming out their singing sales pitches to jingle manufacturing companies which, is varying degrees, employ or are songwriters.

Still the percentage of inadequate jingles remains high. And there are reasons, some of them valid. The jingle writer blames the agency, says the agency gives him the copy and he has to stick to it even though it may be impossible to set to music or sing. The agency blames the client, says that the client insists on certain copy to tie in with his other campaigns. The sponsor-client doesn't blame anyone. He just likes what he gets. If he doesn't like it, he sends it back. Or gets a new agency. Which gets a new jingle writer.

Meanwhile, however, the jingles multiply, more often an annoyance than a delight, rarely achieving their commercial potential, usually a good example of a bad song.

Let's look at some of these advertisements in song which, if they had been advertisements in newspapers or magazines, would have set heads to rolling all along the line. We'll use fake names—to protect the innocent and the guilty.

A Few Instances

Take the case of The Star Co. Or, as it is shown in printed advertising, with much care given to the proper size, boldness and style of type—the STAR Co. "Star" is the important word and it jumps out of the page. "The" and the abbreviated "Co." are a couple of understated bookends that round out the total picture. Yet, when this company hits the airwaves with a jingle, its name has suddenly been distorted to "the STAR compaNEEE." By disregarding both the natural rhythm and the natural inflection of that three-word hunk of language, the jingle writer wrote (and everyone else acceded to) a distortion that, had it been attempted equivalently in print, wouldn't have gotten by the printer's apprentice.

The same thing happened with the "VALLEY Drug Store." Its jingle heralded the bargains to be found at the "VALley drug STORE," again a simple and destructive disregard for the most elemental rules of putting words and music together—proper accent and proper inflection.

That sight-and-sound problem pops up all the time. Like the KORB market chain that ran "KORBargains" in the newspaper every week. That was perfectly clear. You could see that the name of the outfit was KORB and that it was offering bargains and that they were jamming the two words together, overlapping the two b's, and coming up with a kind of eyecatching compound word—KORBargain. Okay. But when they went on the radio to advertise the sales they used the same technique. And it made no sense. The singer of the jingle sang about the "K-O-R-Bargain," and the sound of that trademark, the sound of the KORB, was lost. What was a "bee" to the eye became a "bah" to the ear. Of course, they could have saved the "bee"sound, but what kind of a phrase would that have been? The K-O-R-B-argain. No, quite simply, what might work for the eye doesn't necessarily work for the ear.

The recent cigaret commercial that was all about "man smoke" is another case. Listening to it I wondered what the devil "man smoke" was. And it was "man smoke" they were singing about because they even rhymed it with "can smoke." It took a little time

(Continued on page 107)

JACK STERLING
C.B.S.

TV Reviews

Continued from page 89

part, perhaps the least original for it reminded the viewer of other "yea" dances on the screen and stage, was the least ambiguous.

"Reflections" was produced by WCBS-TV, one of the seven that station will produce for the showcase. Four of the other CBS-TV stations will produce seven each, providing 35 programs in toto, all locally originated and all supplied with on-screen local talent. Formats will range from the modern dance to regional music to original drama.

Preem telecast was in prime time of 8 p.m. on WCBS-TV. Next episode is slotted for Saturday (5) at 3 p.m., a time period that hardly merits the care and talent that appears to be going into the local workshop showcase. Nighttime could use one experimental series. In the slot of Saturday afternoons, the only impression that really can be made is confined to Washington. *Horo.*

MEL BLANC
"FLINTSTONES" and "JETSONS" for Hanna-Barbera Prod.
"JACK BENNY PROGRAM," "BUGS BUNNY PROGRAM"
Creative Radio and Television Commercials With Mel Blanc
Associates Inc., Taft Building, Hollywood

Sports

Variety

Adventure

It's the way we put them together that counts.

Programming, of course, is a network's basic product.

And frankly, our programming is slanted. A blend of many types, it is aimed, principally, at attracting the *young* viewing family. It is therefore characterized by a constant search for *new* forms of quality television entertainment and information to supplement our many established favorites.

In comedy, for example, where two years ago *The Flintstones* added the new, successful twist of animation, this year *McHale's Navy* finds its fun in the lighter side of the War in the Pacific and *I'm Dickens...He's Fenster* adds a new dimension in comedy.

To the serious business of responsible programming for children, ABC has contributed *Discovery*, which entertains as it informs, and is the only network show to do so every weekday.

On the action-adventure front, where ABC pioneered with the first hour formats, we've again taken off in a new direction. In *Combat!* and *The Gallant Men* we dramatize the lives of men in battle, against an authentic World War II backdrop.

Comedy

News and Public Affairs

Drama

Mystery

Westerns

In Public Affairs programming, *Close-Up!* has been consistently penetrating and far-ranging in its subject matter.

In news, with four daily network programs, including the only late-night network news, we have expanded our efforts enormously to provide a responsible, full, daily and weekly coverage.

Sports? Indeed. Highlighted by *ABC's Wide World of Sports*, which literally covers the field on a global scale, our programming in this department provides arm-chair buffs with 20 hours of diverse activity a month.

And, as becomes a young, forward-thinking network, we've concentrated on developing new, young talent. Witness Vince Edwards, Ingels and Astin, Vic Morrow, Tim Conway. ABC discoveries, all of them!

When you are dedicated to creating new programming trends rather than following them, you'll find these virtues reflected in your viewers.

They, too, are young, alert, responsive. **ABC Television Network** abc

Once again, thanks

for all your help in keeping millions of viewers tuned to our clients' shows (and their commercials)

ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats
ANDY GRIFFITH	General Foods: S.O.S.
ANDY WILLIAMS	Kleenex Tissues, Kleenex Napkins, Kleenex Towels, Delsey Tissue
ARTHUR GODFREY IN HOLLYWOOD	Menley & James: Contac
BEN CASEY	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats Sunbeam Shavemaster
CANDID CAMERA	Clairol
CBS REPORTS	Menley & James: Contac
COMBAT	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats
DANNY THOMAS	General Foods: S.O.S.
DICK POWELL SHOW	Kleenex Tissues, Kleenex Napkins, Kleenex Towels, Delsey Tissue
ELEVENTH HOUR	Menley & James: Contac; Clairol
GALLANT MEN	Sunbeam Shavemaster
GUNSMOKE	General Foods: S.O.S.
HALLMARK HALL OF FAME	Hallmark Cards
I'VE GOT A SECRET	Paper Mate
JACK PAAR PROGRAM	Kleenex Tissues, Kleenex Napkins, Kleenex Towels, Delsey Tissues; Menley & James: Contac
KRAFT MUSIC HALL-PERRY COMO	Kraft: Confections, Dinners, Barbecue Sauce
NAKED CITY	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats; Menley & James: Contac
NEW LORETTA YOUNG SHOW	Lever: Pepsodent; Paper Mate
PREMIERE PRESENTED BY FRED ASTAIRE	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats
PUREX SPECIALS	Purex
RED SKELTON HOUR	Johnson's Wax: Klear, Raid, Holiday Lever: Pepsodent
77 SUNSET STRIP	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats; Sunbeam Shavemaster
SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats; Clairol; Menley & James: Contac; Sunbeam Shavemaster
TONIGHT SHOW	Sunbeam Shavemaster
THE UNTOUCHABLES	Armour: Dial, Dash, Chiffon, Canned Meats
WINSTON CHURCHILL-THE VALIANT YEARS	Menley & James: Contac

FOOTE, CONE & BELDING

New York · Chicago · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Houston · Toronto · London · Frankfurt · Mexico City

Retirement? Don't Make Me Laugh! Better To Ulcerate Than Rust

By AL MORGAN

Having come out of what is laughingly called retirement (a retirement that consisted of writing five novels, two unproduced plays, two movies, a musical comedy that was no better than it should have been and several tours of duty playing inquisitor in the "Why Are You Such a Bum?" school of interview shows) I am getting a little sick of the inevitable question: "Why," my friends in this most vital of all industries ask me, "have you come back to television?"

The answer is just as inevitable . . . because I would rather ulcerate than rust. Because, producing the "Today" show is not only one of the most interesting jobs I can think of but one of the most satisfying. In a very real way, "Today" is the last gasp of live television as we knew it back in the days when "The Great Man" was only a phrase out of a toastmaster's introduction.

I do admit to feeling a little like Jim Backus felt when he came back east a couple of years ago to head up a daily radio show . . . "You know," he said in one of his rare moments of introspection, "I feel like a man who is training to be captain of a dirigible." And like the Backus dirigible . . ."Today" is frequently full of wind . . . unwieldy and impossible to moor. It is, however, also going somewhere . . . a daily two-hour show that occupies a unique perch on top of the news and the thousand and one other minutiae that make up the daily experience of being alive in the declining years of the 20th Century. To produce it is to have a ringside seat at whatever is happening in the world. Our charter includes political campaigns . . . war scares, fires, murders . . . title fights, pneumatic movie stars and the seemingly endless succession of authors getting up at dawn to plug their completely forgettable books. It also includes men who fly across the English Channel tied to kites, swim the Channel underwater and build cathedrals with pocket lint, women who ride the back seat of motorcycles coast to coast . . . female dogs (no euphemism intended . . . *real four-legged female dogs*) who give birth to record-breaking litters of 18 puppies and the thousands of out-of-towners who use the window at our Florida Showcase Studio on 49th Street as the most famous mail drop in the world . . . holding up signs greeting relatives and friends along the coaxial cable.

—And Sometimes You Laugh

It also means a two-hour tour of an atomic energy plant where television cameras have never been before . . . Hugh Downs painting underwater with a heavily-insured floor manager frightening off the barracudas who threaten to have, literally, our star for breakfast . . . the moment of triumph when the car we have followed step by step through an auto assembly line fails to start at the end of the show . . . It includes, too, the heartfelt way Jack Lescoulie says "Friday" at the end of a week . . . Frank Blair's innumerable kids gathering firewood for the greater glory of one of our clients . . . television essays by Cleveland Amory . . . exercises by Debbie Drake (of sainted memory) . . . trips through the alimentary canal with Howard Whitman . . . Aline Saarinen's list of the 10 most ugly things in America . . . the talking myna bird who picked inappropriate times to wolf-whistle . . . animals who have misbehaved, through the electronic magic of our show in over 2,000,000 homes . . . and two-hour specials saluting George Gershwin, Mack Sennett and the world of 1975.

In the few short months that I have been at one of Mr. Minow's ground zero targets, I have added a whole new collection of memories . . . or perhaps the better word is . . . a whole collection of research for the inevitable novel it will produce.

I remember with affection the unique opportunity of picking the new "Today" girl. It's been years since I have had touching privileges with some of the famed beauties of our time. I have talked to, lusted after and been enthralled by a whole succession of Miss-Whole-Milks . . . Miss Plywoods . . . and retained enough of my sanity and perspective to help choose Pat Fontaine—a thoroughly professional, delightful addition to the show.

I have discussed the use of one adjective in a commercial with the agency men with all the gravity of heading up Operation Overlord. I have laughed out loud only a few times.

I remember the morning when the little man that cameramen kept pushing out of the way turned out to be Dean Rusk, who happened to be passing and dropped in to see how the "Today" show goes together on the air.

Even through the jaundiced eyes that have kept me gainfully employed and reasonably solvent, I am able to see clearly that I, too, am fortunate enough to be working in one of the really classier dining rooms of the industry.

"Today" recently celebrated its 10th Anniversary. In television terms, that is a century. I am extremely proud to join that long red line of producers of the show . . . men with the life expectancy of an infantry's first scout.

I'll do my best to keep the dirigible flying . . . and I have a hell of a crew who no longer pay too much attention to the flack. Were it not for some other memorable moments on remotes, they would all be worthy of good conduct ribbons.

GEORGE MAHARIS
Personal Management: Mimi Weber

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.

Malaya TV Reliance On Foreign Vidfilm

Kuala Lumpur.

Malaya's proposed tv service, expected to operate here before the end of 1963, may have to rely greatly on filmed programs, says the Secretary to the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Syed Zainal Abidin.

Television, he added, has often been described as a "monster" for program consumption. Even the library of documentaries produced by the Malayan Film Unit would not be sufficient to satisfy its appetite.

"Film material from foreign sources will have to be very carefully selected. Otherwise the service will become an instrument for projecting foreign cultures and values."

The language problem was "by no means a small one and although we have been able to surmount it in radio broadcasting, the cost of solving it in tv will be multiplied many times over," he said.

An outside telecast, with commentators in all four language mediums, was a comparatively simple matter, but when it came to interviews and the use of filmed material, the question of "dubbing," or of subtitles, would arise. For instance, "package" programs for educational purposes, though available, were produced only in English.

Pattern of the initial television service would be somewhat similar to that of Radio Malaya in that it would employ two channels carrying two separate programs. It was hoped to broadcast in four languages.

Syed Zainal then warned of possible staff drainage in other departments resulting from the rush to climb aboard the television bandwagon.

He said tv being a more glamorous enterprise, was not likely to suffer the same staffing difficulties as Radio Malaya. "Television" is certain to attract staff from Radio Malaya, the Malayan Film Unit and the Telecommunications Department. This may aggrevate the situation in these organizations."

Naughty Britain

Continued from page 85

lic complaints against the sex content in "Stamboul Express" whereupon the BBC actually *apologized* and promised not to do it again. Does this mean those Puritans are beginning to infiltrate back into Britain? Does it mean that British television will lose one of its most refreshing attributes? That "rape" will become a dirty word again and that water closets will disappear from the face of the earth?

Hopefully: No. For close study of the BBC's statement of apology indicates that what it was really apologizing for was the poor production rather than the rich sex content. The error was not so much in being sexy as it was in doing it ineffectively. Quality would seem to be the only password for the entrance of adult material into adult time slots. You can still be naughty so long as you're good.

So Britons can take heart! The ghosts of the Puritans haven't slipped back through Immigration. They are still busy across the Atlantic, haunting in 525 lines only.

Thank You For Being Such A Good Sport

By ARTHUR KOBER

Announcer: And here comes our next contestant—this charming lady with the flower garden on her hat. What is your name, please

Contestant: Mrs. Giovinazzi.

A: A little louder, please. Just step a little closer to the microphone. That's it. Your're not nervous, are you?

C: Yeah-a-a little.

A: Just relax. Just imagine you're in your own home, in your own living room, and you're seated on the sofa and I'm holding your hand like this, see, and suddenly your husband comes in. You wouldn't be nervous then, would you NOT MUCH! Ha, ha, ha! Seriously, Mrs—How do you pronounce that name again?

C: Giovinazzi. It's an Italian name. I mean, my husband, he's Italian. His nationality, I mean.

A: And where are you from Mrs.—Mrs. Giovinaziz?

C: Bayonne, New Jersey.

A: Judging from the applause, we apparently have some Bayonnets in the audience. Very sharp, you folks. And what do you do, Mrs—?

C: Giovinazzi.

A: Thank you.

C: I'm a housewife.

A: Housewife, eh? Tell me—and this is confidential—do you like to do housework?

C: Uh-uh. Not much.

A: Funny thing—the woman who is too proud to do housework for pay, will marry and do it for nothing. Seriously though, what does your husband do for a living?

C: He works. I mean, his job, well, he's a gardener.

A: Is that so? Did he supply those lovely flowers in your hat?

C: You mean this? Oh, these flowers ain't real. They're what you call artifilcial

A: Artificial? You don't say. Tell me, Mrs.— What is your first name?

C: Mary.

A: You mind if I call you, Mary? And you can call me Mr. Williams. Tell me, Mary—do you like riddles?

C: Riddles? I don't—

A: For instance, why are the flowers in your hat like a kiddie's bank that's just been emptied?

C: I dunno.

A: Because in both cases there's not a single scent left. That's a joke, Mary. Seriously, though, have you any children?

C: That's right. I got two. Paula, she's the oldest, and the little one, he's Richard—a boy.

A: I bet they're mighty cute. Come on, Mary—be honest. Would you say they were cute?

C: Yeah—they get by.

A: And you like them a lot. Don't you?

C: Natchelly I like them. They my kids.

A: And I'll tell you something else you'll like. And you folks, too—and that's a box of Shearer's Assorted Sweets. Grownups—yes, and children, too—will enjoy the variety of double-rich milk chocolates full of tooth-crunching almonds and cashews, those fluffy, delightful mint kisses, those colorful, zesty sourballs, and that generous selection of delicious candy tidbits with that tempty, tasty locked-in goodness which comes only from Shearer's treasured candy recipes. Why don't you make a note to get a box of Shearer's Assorted Sweets, and get it soon? Delicious!

And now, to continue with our show. Remember, friends, Shearer's Assorted Sweets stands ready to award a prize of $100 United States Government Bond to the contestent who, in he opinion of the judges, best answers the question, "What is your most romatic moment?" Are you ready, Mrs.—ah—?

C: Giovinazzi.

A: I bet your most romantic moment has to do with your husband? Am I right?

C: Yeah. That's right.

A: You know, some night a married woman is going to tell me about a romantic moment which *doesn't* have to do with her husband.

C: Oh, boy!

A: I'm only joking, of course. Confidentially, Mary, how did you meet your husband?

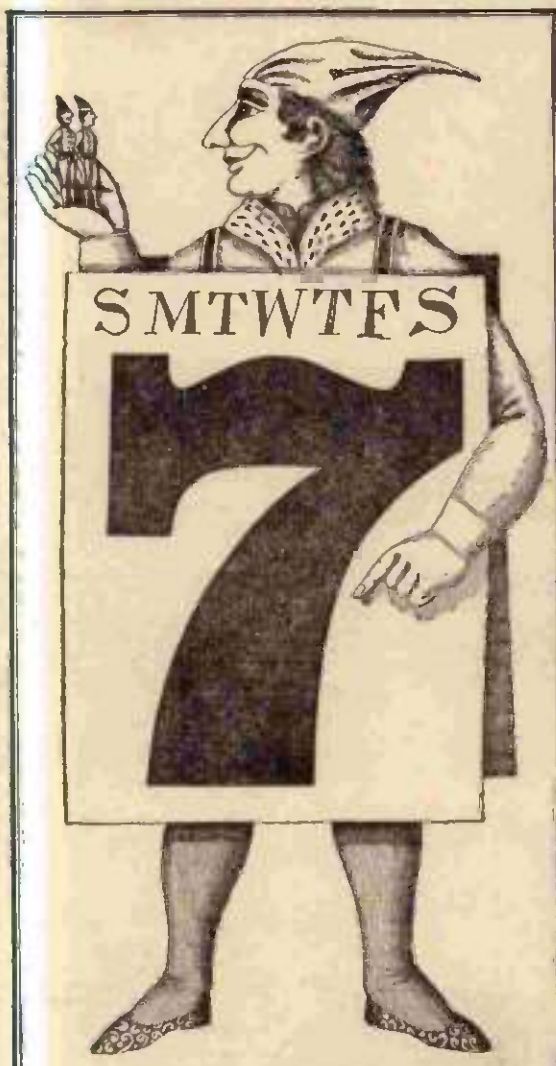
C: A mutual friend.

(Continued on page 111)

BILL STOUT NEWS
Los Angeles

A Thing of Beauty

Some of the prettiest figures in television turn up in the National Nielsen Ratings. (A recent report was so handsome we had it decorated for the holidays.) Still, as every sponsor knows, one rating doesn't make a season. The significant point is that one network has consistently attracted the biggest audiences in television—for five straight years in the daytime and for eight straight years at night. This is the CBS Television Network "where (to quote Advertising Age) advertisers have a better than 50% chance to get their commercials into the top-rating shows." With the odds given at 33% on the second network and 6% on the third, "...there has not been such a wide spread since 1956-57."



CBS leads the other networks in size of audience seven nights of the week

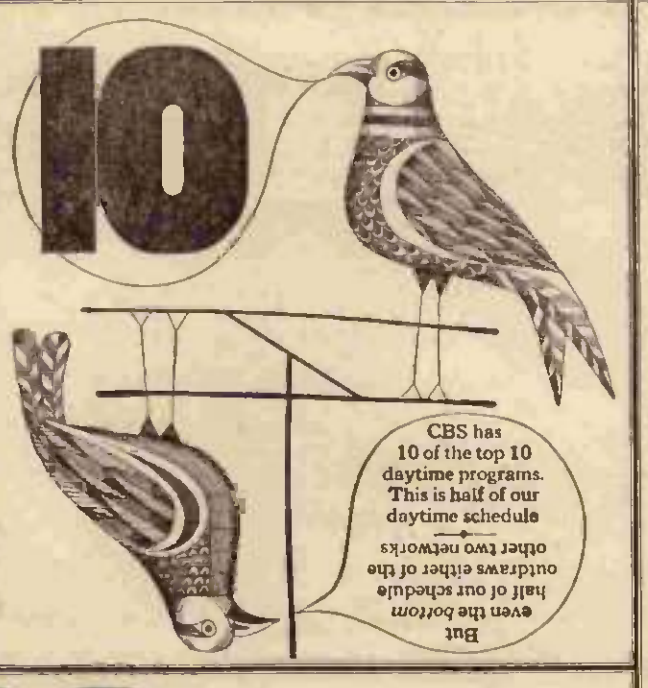
18

CBS has 18 of the top 20 nighttime programs. This is half of our nighttime schedule

But even the *bottom* half of our schedule outdraws either of the other two networks

CBS at night leads the second network by 29% (that is, by 2,389,000 homes)

10



CBS has 10 of the top 10 daytime programs. This is half of our daytime schedule

But even the *bottom* half of our schedule outdraws either of the other two networks

72

CBS in the daytime has the highest rated program 72% of the time

47

CBS at night, with an average minute-by-minute audience of 10,610,000 homes, leads the third network by 47% (3,378,000 homes)

126

CBS in the daytime, with an average minute-by-minute audience of 3,984,000 homes, leads the third network by 126% (2,224,000 homes)

CBS in the daytime leads the second network by 50% (that is, by 1,321,000 homes)

CBS at night has the highest rated program 69% of the time, twice as often as the other two networks combined

9

CBS Television Network

The

number 1 network at night for the 8th consecutive year and in the daytime for the 5th consecutive year

Source: NTI 2nd November report. Nighttime: 6-11 pm, 7 days; daytime, 7 am-6 pm, Monday-Friday, all regular programs. (The very next—and latest—report was much the same: our lead over the second network was down one percentage point in average audiences at night, up one point in the daytime.)

Giving London the best of all Television

Associated-Rediffusion's vast daily audience is London (and often all of viewing Britain, too). Television systems may differ, but the challenge of entertaining audiences of many millions is the same the world over—the challenge that is met daily by Associated-Rediffusion.

There's the pick of the pops, drama, comedy, films, and musicals: streamlined series like the home-grown 'No Hiding Place', documentaries, panel games, variety, national and world affairs in regular features like 'This Week' and the INTERTEL productions.

But that's by no means all—week by week, programmes from Associated-Rediffusion are enjoyed by the three million London families who are our audience—ratings show it consistently.

James Arness In 'Gunsmoke' is a top favourite in Britain, too—networked by Associated-Rediffusion to Britain's armchair cowboys.

ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION

TELEVISION HOUSE · KINGSWAY · LONDON WC2

TV Journalism in W. Germany Sets High Professionalism Standards

By GARY STINDT
(NBC News, Berlin)

Berlin.

The picture tube could have spelled the end to Adolf Hitler in Germany and might have prevented World War Two.

If television had had the impact in the 30's it has now, Hitler and his radicals would not have lasted. Gert von Paczensky, the dynamic newsman who runs West German television's "Panorama" show is the man who made this statement and many more when asked about the maturity of West German television.

Von Paczensky cites the fact that the German newspapers were predominantly against Hitler and National Socialism, but newspapers did not, and do not, have enough influence in Germany to make the difference. The Spiegel case was cited by the television newsman to make his point. The uproar created by responsible newspapers and journalists in West Germany after the heavy-handed methods used against the Spiegel had some effect on the population of the Federal Republic. However, television's concentration on the Spiegel case and Defense Minister Franz-Josef Strauss aroused the nation.

The reason for the difference can be seen in the difference between the circulation figures of the major newspapers in West Germany and the potential television audience. Over 10,000,000 can watch a television program at a peak period. From 3 to 4,000,000 people read the Bild Zeitung, according to circulation estimates. That's West Germany's largest circulation daily and its reputation does not match that of the more staid papers whose political writers are regarded as among the best in the nation but whose circulation is far below the top figure of the Bild Zeitung. Von Paczensky says that West German television has 20 times the impact of any newspaper in the nation.

Shapes Public Opinion

West German television realizes that it has an important place in the shaping of public opinion. It devotes almost 30% of its programs to current affairs. Fortunately, the constitution of the West German Federal Republic guarantees freedom of expression for radio and television as well as newspapers and the tv newsmen don't find the thumb of Bonn on any of their efforts.

Von Paczensky says that German stations are far more free in the field of news than are the French or even British stations, partly because of the decentralized operation in Germany. The fact that the French government has its fingers in the RTF makes the situation difficult for French broadcasting journalists. West Germany's state operated broadcasting services means that the Bonn government has little to say about the program content. The various political strengths of the parties in the individual West German states means that material considered taboo in one area would not be prohibited in another. Because West German programs originating in one station are fed to the entire network on a cooperative basis, different presentations find their way into all West German homes. However, even if the broadcasting councils were against one point of view, it is doubtful that the broadcasters themselves would bow to their desires.

When television journalists have trouble in reporting the news it usually comes from local officials. A camera crew from Hamburg was arrested when they tried to get film of the home of a man who had been a concentration camp guard and who had been teaching in an elementary school. While local police arrested the cameramen, another crew photographed the whole operation from another vantage point. Officials apologized profusely when the Hamburg station protested and the film of the arrest was run along with the rest of the story.

No Prime Time Com'ls

Pressure from various sources is slowly building up to control television news, according to von Paczensky, as the power of television in current affairs is realized. However, although some factions are prone to pressure television broadcasters into limiting controversial programs, West German television does not have one of the problems with which American tv has to contend. There are no commercial pressures because West German television is without commercials in prime network viewing time. What sponsors do push their products via tv are crowded into regional time periods where controversy does not affect their products and where they have no voice in the content of the programming. Perhaps the most important factor is that television commercial time is hard to come by in West Germany. A sponsor who withdrew from his contract would have to wait in line for months to get back on the screen.

Von Paczensky believes that West German tv is assuming importance of a stature comparable to that of the industry in the United States in political campaigns. He says that it is definitely apparent that this importance is recognized by the politicians by the way they flock to get on the air when election time approaches. West German television has an "equal time" clause but it differs from the U. S. in that the size of the party determines the length of time placed at the disposal of individual groups. The Christian Democrats and the Socialists normally get approximately the same treatment. However, the presence of splinter parties which do not gather enough votes to be represented in parliament makes it impossible to give equal time to every group which has registered its name.

One of the areas in which West German television comes under attacks from the public is the use of the medium to explore the Hitler era and its crimes. The younger people who watched the reports on the Eichmann trial and other documentaries on the Nazi time were in favor of such productions, considering them educational. The older people who lived through this period as adults constantly complain that the subject should be left alone, that they should not be reminded of this dark time. However, the correspondence is predominantly from the young as few people want to be identified with anything approaching defense of the time when the Swastika waved over Germany.

Still the most popular program on West German television is the nightly "Tagesschau" or "News of the Day" which is broadcast at eight each evening. 50 to 65% of the television audience is tuned to the news which is broadcast over both channels simultaneously.

"Panorama," the progeam which von Paczensky produces is a 45-minute news and feature documentary type show and is one of the most popular documentaries on the air.

Von Paczensky, himself a newspaper reporter before his arrival on the scene of television journalism just over a year ago, expressed his concern over the caliber of newsmen being attracted by television. Citing the fact that he was with Die Welt, one of West Germany's most influential newspapers and one which has a national attraction because it is published in three separate sections of the country, since 1947 and worked on its foreign desk, in London and Paris as a correspondent and then as foreign editor, von Paczensky knows why newspapermen are reluctant to come to television. They are well paid in newspapers and their articles bring them the recognition of politicians and prominent people. Furthermore, Germany has almost no decent journalistic education to offer to young people. There are no Columbias or North Westerns in the Federal Republic and what education is oriented toward journalism is almost a drawback.

Television in West Germany, according to von Paczensky, should realize that it must train its own foreign policy experts. The lack of such people is making some documentaries superficial affairs because the people who produce them are starting from scratch on a subject with which they have had no contact.

The fact that television reporting must be extremely accurate is one of the reasons why von Paczensky would like to see more newspapermen join him in the field of tv journalism. West German radio news style, from reporters in the field at least, is along the commentary line where opinions sometimes are used instead of facts. This does not, says von Paczensky, fit the television concept of broadcast journalism.

West Germany's tv journalism is coming of age, but its growing pains can be heard and seen. The knowledge and interest of more seasoned journalists will be needed to guide it to maturity.

RALPH CAMARGO
ANNOUNCER—ACTOR—NARRATOR
Billie's Registry—PLaza 2-7676

DAN INGRAM

TV Millionaires: Class of 1963

By JACK HELLMAN

Hollywood.

A million-to-one shot or one-in-a-million were the best odds that show biz offered its practitioners whose will o' the wisp was to be gently touched by Midas. The nest egg of half century ago swelled to dinosaur proportions when through the television tube poured out largesse in the millions to the electronic images in grease paint. Supplicants at the shrine of Croesus were given but one command—"stay alive for five years but have a piece of the action."

The millionaires in show biz on the acting side before the advent of tv required no arithmetic endurance. If you could count to 10 you just about exhausted the list. What was laid away over careers that spanned quarter of a century or more were but a pittance compared to what the current crop of performers accumulated in one-fifth the time. The key to their own Fort Knoxes were words new to the lexicon of the oldtimers—film and residuals. It's the richest parlay on any track in show business and had paid off like a long shot suddenly transformed into a Pegasus.

Those who have joined the elite class of millionaire have tasted the dregs of short dough, making their new-found wealth all the sweeter. Danny Thomas, for one, sweated through years of night clubs and is now rated the wealthiest performer in the business. The names of others cushioned against whatever comes in their green pastures have long been upper-cased in all facets of the entertainment world. Red Skelton blossomed from the ranks of the old rage of marathon dancer. Others have toiled in the vineyards now but a memory and when a camera was something to be shuttered and snapped at weddings, family reunions and graduations. Johnny-come-lately are a scarce few and their chances of "making a million" have been considerably diminished because of a new ruling by the revenooers that selling a show over again becomes earned income and not subject to the lighter bite of capital gain.

'It Feels Great'

A few years ago we asked Art Linkletter, now that you've got a million, how does it feel? He spouted gleefully, "I've got it and it feels great." He's probably the investiness actor in the business and sits on the board of a dozen or more enterprises. His wealth is scattered far and wide, even to thousands of rice lands in Australia. He and Bob Cummings, another seven-figure bank account, have tandemed in many projects. But the gold-plate is not the private preserve of actors. Some time ago we caught Parke Levy, a journeyman writer and producer, in a sullen mood. "I don't feel so good today," he said. "My business manager told me I haven't quite got a million." He recently bought a home in exclusive Trousdale Estates for $300,000, down a ways from Sheldon Leonard, producer and partner with Thomas in several tv shows. His shack is said to have cost $350,000. One of their neighbors is Richard Nixon.

The millionaire class of '63, the fruits of their labors in television, struggled in earlier years to keep ahead of the sheriff. Few came from pictures; most were the offspring of a sister medium—radio. The stage and night clubs were minor contributors to the blue book of high earners.

Aside from the aforementioned, high on the list are such household names as Bob Hope, Garry Moore, Perry Como, Jack Benny, Ralph Edwards, Loretta Young, Lucille Ball, Jim Arness, Groucho Marx, George Burns, Richard Boone, Jackie Gleason, Arthur Godfrey, Walter Brennan, Ed Sullivan, Lawrence Welk, Robert Young, Donna Reed, Roy Rogers, Bob Cummings and perhaps a dozen more when their business managers report on the year's residuals and overseas sales. It's a certainty that Ozzie & Harriet Nelson have many millions locked up in the eight-year backlog which they are holding back for their own private reasons.

Did they make these millions by their own business acumen or just by the fortuitous circumstance of the infant industry? Their chorus of "who else?" will be challenged by some agents. Said one, "they were forced into it. Many of them would have no part of tv, that it was below their professional dignity. When picture jobs became scarce and stories of the great wealth the industry offered they reluctantly succumbed to our entreaties. For 10% of their earnings it was the smartest deal any millionaire ever made.

The list of those comfortably entrenched against the waning years of their careers, names rarely heard but who work steadily, would treble the length and breadth of millionaire's row. It could all explain why there is no retreat for indigent tv workers such as the picture industry has. Nor have there been benefits to bury an actor or keep his family off the dole.

TV Residual Peak

Hollywood.

Residual payments for tv writers passed the $3,000,000-mark in 1962, first time figure has been reached. As of close of books on Dec. 27, total resid collections stood at $3,037,000, with two biz days left in old year.

The 1961 resid collection totalled $2,173,000.

BEN GRAUER
TV NBC RADIO

FOCAL POINT

A LONG-RANGE COMMITMENT TO THE USE OF RADIO & TELEVISION TO SPUR PUBLIC ACTION ON VITAL ISSUES

Focal Point is a year-long project that attempts to harness the power of broadcasting to the forces at work on community and statewide issues and problems. The function of Focal Point is to overcome citizen apathy and to encourage action.

Focal Point in Baltimore

In Baltimore, on WJZ-TV, Focal Point is tackling the varied and complex problems of metropolitan expansion as they apply to education, transportation, urban renewal, police administration, roads and highways, and other areas. The project was started with a leadership conference, which included among its participants Senator Harrison A. Williams, Jr., Federal Housing Administrator, Dr. Robert Weaver, FCC Commissioner, Frederick W. Ford and former Mayor J. Harold Grady of Baltimore.

Focal Point in Boston

Most recently, in Boston, Focal Point is taking a penetrating look at the state, its government and its problems. The project began with three 90-minute forums given prime time on three successive week nights over WBZ-TV and Radio. Participants included Attorney General Robert Kennedy, Governor LeRoy Collins, Archibald MacLeish, Moderator Erwin D. Canham and Paul C. Reardon, Associate Justice Supreme Judicial Court.

Discussion areas—as related to government—were "Morality" (can it be legislated?), "Modernization" (can statutory and constitutional law be changed to keep pace with the

times?), and "Manpower" (how can political parties be revitalized?).

Two audiences were involved: those present in New England Life Hall, where the programs took place; listeners and viewers at home (estimated at 500,000), including members of audience action groups.

"New and Better Directions"

These programs represent the kick-off to a year-long project, but already their effect is being felt. Focal Point has fired the imaginations of critics, columnists, and viewers. "The phrase 'focal point' is likely to be one that Massachusetts citizens will remember for a long while...it may mark the turning of a corner that leads to new and better directions," said the Pilot, official organ of the Archdiocese of Boston. The Boston Herald called it "...the most interesting, but more important, informative, program of a local nature...this season."

Its success ultimately will be measured by the public's involvement. In Baltimore and Boston, additional programs on specific issues of state and local significance are being contemplated. Other WBC stations are already applying the Focal Point concept in their particular areas.

The Power of Broadcasting

The Westinghouse Broadcasting Company has long believed that the power of broadcasting can successfully be brought to bear in the practical area of community improvement as a constructive force in the solution of social and political problems.

WESTINGHOUSE BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC. ®

Ben-Gurion Stands Pat: Israel Isn't Ready Yet For the Luxury of TV

By Josef Lapid

Tel Aviv.

In less than 20 years, television has acquired a worldwide reputation of a rather frightening quality. When an offer was made recently to introduce tv to Israel, the effect was as if Genghis Khan had asked for pastures for his tame and peaceful hordes.

Except for certain concessions made to the Orthodox Jews—like bringing railways to a standstill on Sabbath—Israel is an advanced country, fond of innovations and experiments. It was said that Jerusalem beggars are using little computers and the monkeys in the Tel Aviv Zoo have staged a sitdown strike, demanding the right to ride missiles.

Israel had its share of hoolahoop, twist and the Asian flu.

Everything, that is, except tv.

Israelis are reacting to the idea of tv the way some Americans would have reacted to it 20 years ago, had they known things they know today. The point is that the "underdeveloped world" has learned from the American experience about the tv-gap—the difference between the expectations and fulfillment.

During a heated debate in the Knesseth (the Israeli Parliament) about the introduction of educational tv, which was held a few weeks ago, Deputy Minister of Education Ami Assaf tried in vain to argue that television is only an instrument, wholly dependent on what use people make of it. To no avail. In a furor usually reserved for attacking each other, the honorable Deputies launched a diatribe against tv which would have puzzled Susskind pink.

The starting point being that educational tv will serve as a Trojan horse to the introduction of regular television, the arguments followed as usual: tv will corrupt the youth; tv will destroy cultural life, tv will be used by the Government for political purposes and —the final stab—commercials will pollute our antenna-clear air.

It is significant, that for the first time since elections were held more than a year ago, the opposition succeeded to carry a motion against the government: the Knesseth decided to postpone decision on licensing educational tv until a full-fledged debate will be held. Following this vote, the Government was compelled to withhold license which was already as good as granted.

Even the fiercest enemies of tv admit that they are fighting a delaying action in a lost cause. TV belongs to things registered as "progress" and opposing it reminds those who argued that trains will frighten cows and children will get sour milk.

But in the first clash of wills, the anti-tv camp clearly won.

Beyond the trivialities and the genuine fears, introduction of tv in Israel is a complex question.

An able and industrious civil servant, Teddy Kollek, Director General of the Prime Minister's office, has tried for years to pave the road for tv in Israel. He was up against his boss, a hard thing in itself, especially when the boss is Prime Minister and the Prime Minister is formidable David Ben-Gurion.

According to Ben-Gurion, television is a luxury and Israel is not yet ripe for luxuries.

Financial experts were joined by a group of revered professors of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem who signed a petition warning against the disastrous influence of television on the upbringing of the young.

Since the only radio transmitters in the country, the Kol Israel station and the Army radio, are both operated by the government, there was not the slightest doubt from the very beginning that television also will be operated by the Government. This aroused suspicions that tv will be used by Ben-Gurion's governing party for propaganda purposes and the opposition parties rallied against the case.

Finally, some professional organizations added to the outcry, led by the Theatre Owners Association which was, of course, the first to object. Through handouts and press conferences the Theatre owners "warned" the public about the coming disaster. Among other things they forecasted deficiencies in municipal services, since the cities will lose part of their income on entertainment taxes; they predicted that hundreds of families which make their living on operating the theatres will lose their bread, etc.

Despite all this opposition, tv was already in the air, though not on the air. There were some rumors circulated about NBC chairman Robert Sarnoff having made an offer (RCA later installed tv in Egypt) and other foreign companies sent feelers too

At this stage, about a year ago, President Nasser of Egypt came, quite unexpectedly, to the pro-tv camp's help. It dawned on the authorities that some 6000 tv sets were brought to the country. What are they used for? And why are they mostly in the hands of Arabs, who make up only 10% of the country's population of 2,200,000?

The answer was quite simple: it is possible to monitor in Israel, the Cairo and the Beirut channels. Arabs, who live mostly in the villages and are cut off the main stream of cultural life and entertainment in Israel, were delighted to watch Arab Television. This includes a lot of anti-Israel propaganda broadcasted by the Arab tv stations.

Accordingly to well-informed sources, this new phenomena altered the security minded Prime Minister's attitude toward tv. Though he didn't give his support, he at least ceased to oppose the idea of installing tv in Israel.

And then a new turning point came. While discussions about general tv were under way, the Rothschild family unexpectedly appeared on the screen. The Rothschilds, who have been for the last 200 years the greatest Jewish benefactors, help Israel art, science and education through the James Edmond Rothschild Memorial Foundation. This Foundation, tackling the problems of Israeli education, came to the conclusion that it is worthwhile to set up a pilot plant for educational tv.

Max Rowe, representative of the Rothschild family in Israel and Dr. Meir Schapira, a pedagogical expert, prepared a report, which was submitted to a committee headed by Abba Eban, Minister of Education.

The Rothschilds offered to finance entirely a pilot station, with a radius of 20 miles. It would cost something close to $1,000,000 to set it up. They were ready to operate it for two-three years, until the testing is brought to conclusion. Up to 30 schools would be hooked to the circuit (not a closed one, but on a special frequency) and the Foundation would supply the schools with large-screen tv sets.

The Eban committee accepted the report and recommended it last November to the Government.

Though there was scattered opposition on part of the Teacher's Association which feared, that tv will downgrade the teacher's prestige in the classroom and on part of the Kol Israel staff which demanded participation for the radio people in the management of the tv station, nobody really doubted that the project would be accepted. Partisans of tv recognized it as a first step which would inevitably lead to general tv, while opponents seemed to accept it as the lesser wrong.

So the project was discussed by the Government and all concerned were expecting the license to be issued within a few days. But some members of the Government expressed serious doubts and decision was postponed. This gave the parliamentary opposition breathing time and it rallied around the anti-tv banner. A motion was made at the Knesseth to delay any action unless the proposal is approved by the Parliament.

The press, which wavered between the pro-tv enthusiasm of most of its readers and between the warnings of the advertising departments, was only too happy to congratulate the Knesseth on its wise decision.

And so Israelis will have to wait some time for educational tv for their children and a long long time before general tv will be installed for themselves.

FRED ROBBINS
"ASSIGNMENT HOLLYWOOD"
Heard Coast to Coast
Canada and Radio Luxembourg
(M.C., Host, Dee-Jay, Commercial Spokesman)
Personal Mgt.—Jack Boekman
JUdson 6-2354 New York City

The Jingle Jangle

Continued from page 95

but I figured it out. They meant "man's smoke." But that apostrophe-ess couldn't be sung and couldn't be heard. Later on in the commercial they came up with "man cigaret" but by this time I knew they didn't mean a male cigaret as distinguished from a female cigaret. They meant "man's cigaret." Same problem, and one that you always have in songs when a word begins with the same sound that the preceding word ends with. Unless the context is very clear, the music has to accommodate that repetitive sound with a little pause. Otherwise—obscurity, non-clarity, non-communication, non-getting-the-message-across. A little thing? Perhaps. But suppose the copy writer had put "man smoke" or "man cigaret" into the layout of his magazine ad. Could he have gotten away with it on the basis that it "sounded" just like "man's smoke" or "man's cigaret," and anyway he didn't know they had to be spelled differently?

Although the finger is being pointed at jingles, we're not about to say that all copy for print is perfect. Talent and taste can be lacking anyplace. And accidents can happen. But in the print media it is safe to say that most accidents are recognized and rectified. With jingles the accidents aren't accidents; they're ineptness. And they keep on happening.

There are some very good and effective singing commercials on radio nowadays. Unfortunately, the use of such commercials has expanded so vastly that the percentage of acceptable ones doesn't seem to have increased much. But there's hope. Competent songwriters are being lured into the field, and both agencies and clients are developing an increasing understanding of the art form. (Well, it is an art and it has a form.)

There are still a lot of vacancies, however, in that building on the corner of Madison Avenue and Tin Pan Alley.

BILL HAMILTON
Announcer—Narrator
Chicago, HO 9-3312

10,000,000 TV SETS IN ALL RED LANDS

Frankfurt.

Khrushchev may land the first rocket on the moon, but he's going to have a hard time proving to the folks at home, via television, that he really made it.

Latest report from the Commie countries, just released here, reveals that "the big Red eye," as it's generally termed, is blinking out over only 10,000,000 television sets in all the Commie-controlled countries—a comparatively small number considering that the Khrushchev crush has pushed at least 310,000,000 people under its mighty grip.

Now that Eurovision has proved a giant link in bringing popular shows to all of the European countries, under a network with simultaneous translation into many tongues, the Reds are planning the same.

The Red net is to be called "Intervision," and it will provide the same television broadcasts to Russia, Poland, East Germany, Hungary and Chechoslovakia, over a 1,500-mile network.

Eurovision concentrates usually on international sports events or musicals that will be of general interest to all the member countries. But the Intervision net will be used for propaganda purposes.

Direct television communication is now possible between Moscow and Warsaw, and it is possible that the Roumanian and Bulgarian television will be joined in with the Moscow headquarters in two years.

Television stations from Red China, too, are expected to join the Intervision broadcasting by 1968.

Most of the 10,000,000 television sets in Commie countries are in Russia, which adds up to about a 6,000,000 count (an interesting comparison to West Germany, which with its comparatively small population of 55,000,000 now has passed the 7,000,000 set mark).

HARRY VON ZELL
"THE DINAH SHORE SHOW"

A Closeup On Val Parnell At 'Retirement'

By Arthur Christiansen
(*Former Editor, London Daily Express*)

London.

Since I last wrote for VARIETY two show biz retirements that interested me have occurred. One was important, the other did not matter too much.

The important one was the retirement of Val Parnell, managing director of Associated TeleVision at the age of anything from 67 to 72 according to whether you were his friend or foe.

The other was my own from the post of editorial adviser to ATV after my contract for two years had expired.

As to Parnell, I have known him since we were both kids. Every Sunday he and Henry Sherek, then a fleshy young agent and now a top impresario, the late Ewart Hodgson, drama and film critic for the Beaverbrook Newspapers, and myself used to play golf. As we could hardly afford a green fee we used to journey to a course 25 miles from London where we were given complimentary green fees. Our golf was wretched and we did tremendous damage to the fairways.

Parnell and I still play off 16 handicap. Hodgson is dead, and gourmet Sherek is too well fed to see a golf ball over his stomach. But we had great fun. In the middle of a game Val would scream, "What's that blue light I can see, Henry?" Henry would look round and demand "Where?" Val would point at Henry's chest and say, "There—it's alight," and Henry would bare his hairy bosom in mock horror to prove that it was not).

In those days Val Parnell was booking manager for Moss Empires, Sherek was a variety agant "in association with Reeves & Lamport" and I was city editor of the then 400,000 sale (now 4,000,000) Sunday Express. The famous Crazy Gang which Val invented are now retired after a fabulous theatrical journey; Sherek is a legitimate producer who puts on Christopher Fry and C. P. Snow; and I have edited and retired from a Beaverbrook paper that sold more than 4,000,000 copies a *day!*

A few weeks ago I talked to Val about his retirement. He disclaims that he is rich because he says he has disposed of so much of his TV money to deserving causes such as dependent relatives. "What I'd like to do," he said "is to buy a Mercedes-Benz and tour the Continent at my own pace and in my own time."

I replied, "Well, you may be 70, but you're young in heart—why don't you?" But despite his retirement Britain's most popular TV show year-in-year-out, "Sunday Night at the London Palladium," continues to bear his name as Executive Producer.

That Magic Touch

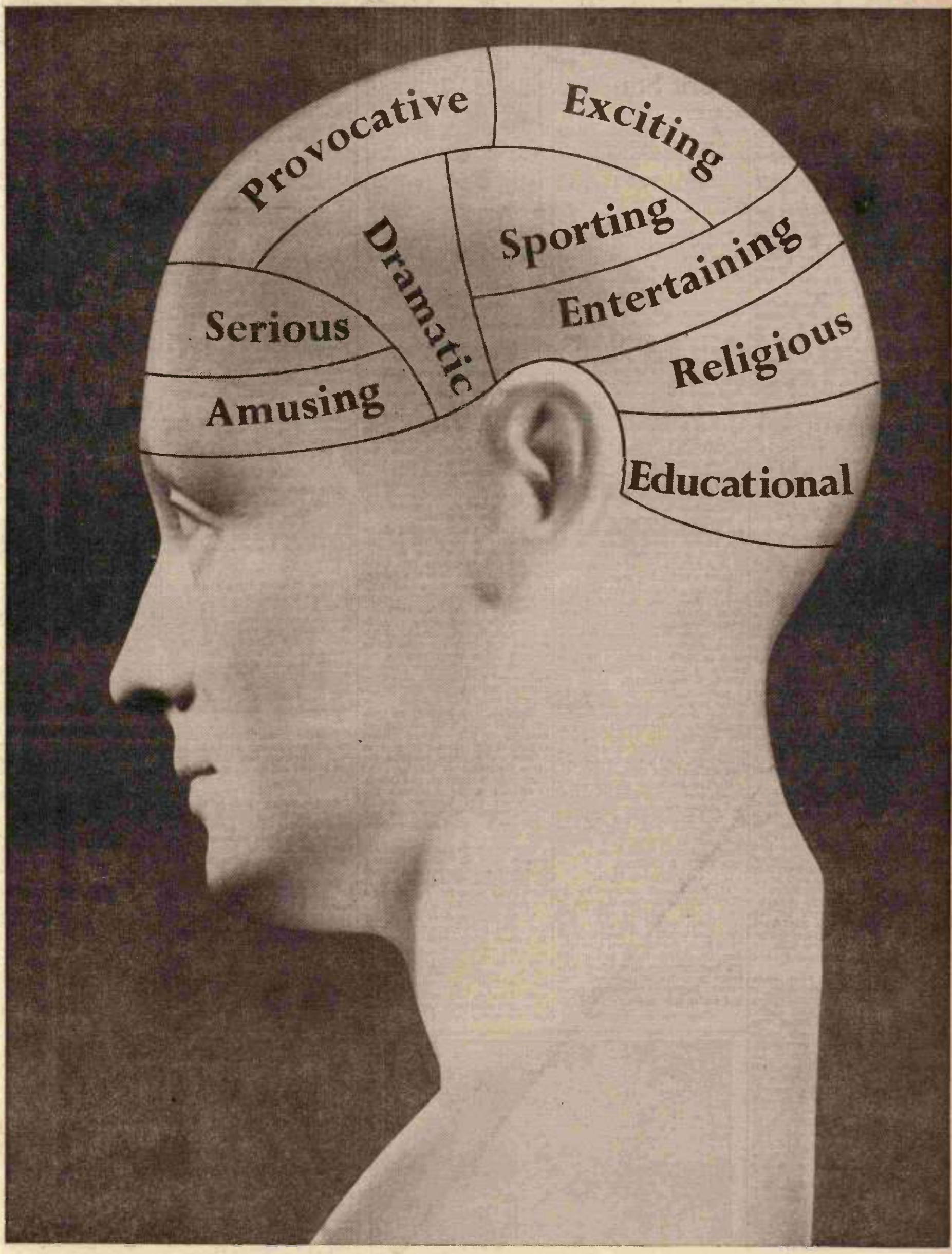
Larry Adler was booked for the show last spring. "My act was all wrong until Val came into the theatre during rehearsals," he told me. So I suppose that Parnell was to the Palladium show what I was to the Daily Express. He could put an act right by a small but important suggestion just as I was said to be able to transform a page by a little typographical jugglery and a rewritten headline here and there.

My own departure from television was unlamented either by ATV or by me. I had excellent relations with Val Parnell, Lew Grade his deputy and successor, with Sir Robert Renwick, the chairman and his deputy Norman Collins. But some of the others made it pretty clear from the word "go" that they were not going to let any big shot from journalism teach them to suck eggs.

As I was not prepared to battle my way through this situation by either intrigue or "diplomacy" I put up with it. On one of the few occasions that I showed fight, a senior executive said, "Why don't you just do what your title (editorial adviser) suggests and advise when we ask for your advice!"

Commercial TV in the UK is in

(Continued on page 114)



ATV gives you balanced television

If you want to laugh, puzzle over clues, learn a language, take a look at the world or a new look at religion, there is an ATV programme for you. The best family viewing is produced by ATV. **Associated TeleVision Limited**

ATV

'63 Finds Ad Agencies Off On Fancy Spending Spree But Feeling Profit Squeeze

By BILL GREELEY

Advertisers spent a record $12,000,000,000 plus last year (by McCann-Erickson's annual estimate), another record $1,800,000,000 in television. For the tv bankrollers, this prosperity created some new problems.

Record spot spending filled precious prime-time breaks with "piggy-back" commercials. It also brought a showdown in the complex — and perplexing — "product protection" hassle, with the broadcast sellers apparently the winners over the client buyers.

Agencies more than ever before were feeling the profit squeeze. The chairman of a top tv agency told VARIETY his shop could no longer afford to handle an account of $1,500,000 or less on a commission basis. The 15% commission must either go up, or go, he said, and there was more talk of straight fee payments.

The tv sponsor's longtime howl over network control of programming was a fading echo. There were only two sponsor holdouts in client show control, and at year's end it looked as though the last three or so shows that could be called "institutional" (with single bankrollers seeking a prestige showcase) would be dropped by the '63-'64 season.

FCC's year end recommendations —based on the commission's two-year investigation with hearings in Hollywood, New York and Washington—of less power for networks had some agency men hailing the return of the client producer. But increased power for FCC and less control and program ownership for networks are matters for Congress to decide, and that body has once already held the line against the Minowmen.

A more accurate reflection of the shape of things was the folding of McCann-Erickson's M-E Productions, and Benton & Bowles (last of the program agencies) mid-year announcement that it would no longer develop shows without first consulting the networks.

Month by month, here are some of the ad year's highlights:

'Image' No. 1 on Agenda

January—Ad industry's number one New Year's resolution was a master scheme to improve its "image." A giant blueprint to refute advertising's critics was laid out by the Advertising Federation of America and the Advertising Assn. of the West. The orgs asked media to contribute $20,000,000 in space and time for the pubrelations effort. Sample ads for the drive were shown at a New York announcement meeting, one featuring Yale prof's picture with an upbeat quote on advertising from one of his speeches.

Inside the biz, tv execs were raising a howl about the increase in "piggy-back" spots during prime time. At year's end, NAB Codesters were still discussing the gremlin minutes in which bankrollers plug more than one product.

February—The Senate drug investigation (headed by Sen. Kefauver) got down to the question of "ethical" drug advertising in medical trade mags that failed to state possible harmful side effects. On the hot seat were officials from William Douglas McAdams Inc. and L. W. Froblich Inc., who said in many cases side effects were not recognized until after ads had been run.

In one of the first interesting account shifts of the new year, Cole of California, swimsuit account worth $250,000, shifted from Doyle, Dane, Bernbach to McCann-Erickson. Money involved was elementary, but it seemed an odd move in the light of the creative reps of the shops involved. Stated reason: "A communications problem."

Pall Mall (American Tobacco) and York (P. Lorillard) launched booming campaigns in Boston and Los Angeles to head off R. J. Reynold's new Brandon entry (which hasn't gone national yet, so the crash drives may have worked).

Assn. of National Advertisers finally issued a report on its study of network non-entertainment—credits, promos, etc.—and advised the webs to increase entertainment time. ANA's study group on the problem, headed by Kenneth Baumbusch of American Home Products, and John Burgard of Brown & Williamson, turned over to the webs a monitoring report that detailed time given to promos, credits and other matter of a non-advertising, non-programming nature.

Goodyear Jitters

Young & Rubicam was in a panic of preparation aimed at hanging on to the Goodyear account, a multi-million biller that had roosted long at the agency, but had put the biz up for grabs—inviting presentations from outside agencies—in what threatened to be the first major account switch of the year.

March—ANA and 4A's disclosed a plan for advertisers to take over union negotiations for blurb talent formerly handled by the networks. Prompting the move was advertiser discontent with web-negotiated SAG and AFTRA contracts that had upped talent fees considerably, especially in the area of reruns.

Scott Paper added $4,500,000 to Ted Bates' Scott billings with shift of two products from J. Walter Thompson. JWT, however, remained the company's number one shop, picking up a Scott product from Compton.

Reddi-Wip switched from Kenyon & Eckhardt to McCann-Erickson. Reason, revealed subsequently by K&E, was its objections to use of $1,000,000 worth of barter time held by a Reddi-Wip exec.

Needham, Louis & Brorby, Chi-based shop, lost the $1,000,000 Rival dog food business to Doyle, Dane, Bernbach. Swift's Pard dog food, loose in the foldup of Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample's Chi office, went to McCann-Erickson. Billings estimated at about $1,000,000 for the U. S. and Canada.

April—ABC-TV announced its entry into color tv at the annual NAB convention, giving tint-prone bankrollers an alternative. Also at the broadcasters' annual session there was a move launched to make NAB a clearing house for network and national spot commercials.

McCann-Erickson picked up a couple more slices of Swift meats, and Doyle, Dane also stepped up its food billings with a new line from General Mills. And after all the messing around with pitches from outsiders, Goodyear stuck with Young & Rubicam.

4 A's Creative Code

At its annual convention in White Sulpher Springs, the 4A's issued a new "creative code," and this time warned members that violations would lead to expulsion. Same time, Federal Trade Commission chief Paul Rand Dixon told the conventioners that advertisers ought to welcome increased FTC powers, including temporary cease and desist orders. He said the lat-

(Continued on page 114)

GARY OWENS

Announcer—Actor—Narrator—Voices
KMPC—Hollywood
4 LP's to Come

H'wood Nerves

Continued from page 86

fashioned western as a result.

There is much in what he says. Sentiment in Hollywood is that the result may be a return to action shows, with some westerns also a probability. While violence and action are mainly missing from the small screen today, they have been replaced by an unsavory parade of neurotics of every nature, of unwed mothers, mentally retarded characters, etc.

Obviously, however, what Hollywood does is contingent on top-level network decisions in N.Y., but it's believed here that when these execs have seen the ratings results of these forays of non-action programming, there may be a reversal in their thinking.

True, the networks can point to a few comedies as successes of this season, and there are quite a few comedy pilots in preparation for 1963-64, mainly because there is no "safer" program approach than comedy, and normally if they hit, they hit very big.

However, it's obvious no network will exist with nothing but comedy, so the problem always reverts to the drama area. It is, in a sense, a complex problem because the matter of judgment and good taste is involved, and this is, so often, a matter of opinion. The producers are, however, expert "laundry-men" by this time, and most can be relied on to exercise such taste.

The answer to the dilemma obviously lies in the in-between sphere of activity, never a return to the excessive violence, but to veer away from the rigidity of a no-violence-at-all ban.

While Hollywood, of course, cannot make programming policy as its role is simply that of the supplier-of-programs, it's hoped here that when network brass see the public unacceptability of the overly-virtuous or overly-talkative type of series, they will relax their excessive vigilance and substitute common sense instead.

JACK POWERS

News Director—WABC-Radio

It Sure Was Funny

Continued from page 90

career, I've speared sharks, wrestled octopus, and was even trapped by a giant clam 10 fathoms deep. But this was the first time I ever danced with a mermaid. At least I thought it was a mermaid till she took off her tail and turned out to be Alan Funt with an underwater camera."

* * *

Lucille Ball: "So Ethel, there I was dancing with this dreamboat of a man and suddenly he takes off his toupee and turns out to be Dorothy Collins and we're on 'Candid Camera'."

* * *

Jack Paar: "Okay, so it turned out to be Alan Funt. Well, you should have seen how some of the newspapers distorted this little incident. One misinformed columnist even said I was thinking of changing networks because I was dancing with a star from CBS. Now unless NBC can stop the irresponsible press from printing lies about me they'll have to get themselves another big humble star to replace me and I kid you not!"

* * *

Perry Mason: "I object, your honor. This is uncorroborated identification. It could just as easily have been Yul Brynner as Alan Funt."

* * *

Phil Silvers: "So she took off her wig and I found out she was Alan Funt. What a break for me. I put on the wig and made $300 dancing with guys in my platoon by telling them I was Jayne Mansfield."

* * *

Danny Thomas: "You see Rusty, the reason Mommy is mad at me is because she caught me dancing with somebody else . . . Huh? . . . No, Linda, you better leave the room—you're a little too young to hear this. What's that, Rusty? Of course Mommy didn't catch me dancing with another woman—she caught me dancing with another man . . . I mean . . . Look, Rusty, you better leave the room too."

* * *

Twilight Zone: "So she took off her wig and turned out to be Alan Funt. Then she took off her head and turned out to me a man from Mars."

* * *

George Gobel: "Well he took off his wig and it was Alan Funt. And there we were. Only I didn't know it was Alan Funt because he has the same kind of 'hair-do' that Spooky Old Alice, my wife, has."

* * *

Elliot Ness: "He tried to con me by saying he was Alan Funt but I covered him with a rod. I was wise to him. I knew he was Antonio Funtoni and he was running beer in those empty cameras of his."

* * *

Jerry Lewis: "I found out it was Alan Funt, but I finished the dance, and danced with him twice more. Certainly we had a couple of more dances together. Just because I split up with Dean I don't want you to think I can't get along with people."

* * *

George Burns: "I suspected she was Alan Funt all along. After all, she was smoking a bigger cigar than I was. When we finished the dance I said, 'Look, Funt, Grace's retired so how about teaming up with me. We can still be known as Burns & Alan'."

* * *

Car 54, Where Are You: "Officer Toody is speaking: And then Francis, it turns out I'm dancing with Alan Funt. Great Jumpin' Jehosophat! My wife, Lucille, will kill me if she ever finds out. Oooh, oooh—she's so jealous . . . Sure she's got a right to be jealous . . . I know Alan Funt is kind of fat and bald, but he's still prettier than Lucile."

* * *

Chet Huntley: "Sho he walked out, and would you believe it, he never even said, "Goodnight, David."

* * *

Red Buttons: "So I said, 'Great.' Now that I'm on tv again maybe I'll make a comeback'."

* * *

George Jessel: "And I was so surprised I didn't even get him to buy a single bond for Israel."

* * *

Joey Bishop: "Son of a gun!"

U. S. Entries For Monaco TV Fest

Hollywood.

Seventeen of 31 U.S. entries received by the festival committee of the third international tv festival of Monte Carlo are Hollywood telefilms, including four documentaries.

A breakdown of U.S. entries reveals 11 are in the cultural, historical or scientific category; ten, drama; three, comedy; four, news; three, juve programs. Gold Nymph awards will be revealed at the awards dinner Jan. 19.

Hollywood entries are "Second Chance" seg of Revue's "Alcoa Premiere" series; "Cat and Mouse" and "Escape to Nowhere" segs of Selmur's "Combat"; Screen Gems' "Dennis the Menace" and "Hazel," as well as "The Flintstones," produced by Hanna-Barbera for SG.

"The Price of Tomatoes" seg, "The Dick Powell Show," Four Star; "A Very Present Help" episode, MGM-TV's "Dr. Kildare"; "Little Richard" and "Man With a Suitcase" segs, "GE True," produced by Jack Webb for Warner Bros. and Mark VII; "The Beavers and the Otters" and "Howie's Adventure" segs, "It's a Man's World," Revue: "A Pair of Boots" seg, "The Lloyd Bridges Show," Four Star, and four Wolper Productions entries, "The Story of a Marine," "The Story of a Test Pilot," "D-Day," and "Biography of Thomas A. Edison."

Other American entries: "Duet of Poetry and Drama with Paul and Joy Scofield" and "Andres Segovia Concert," from "Festival of Performing Arts"; "The Legacy of Light" seg, "The First Commandment," WOR-TV, N.Y.; "Exploring" and "The River Nile," from NBC News; "Youth Physical Fitness," "A Report to the Nation," "The Drama of Carmen" and "Opening Night at Lincoln Center," from Robert Saudek Associates; "The Shari Lewis Show" seg, "Seesaw Mystery Show"; "The Voice of Firestone"; "Zoorama" seg, "San Diego Zoo," WOR-TV.

In addition, the U.S. Information Agency has submitted three films, "The Rafer Johnson Story," "America-Europe" and "Report From Colombia."

International Catholic Assn. for Radio and TV will present its Silver Dove award to the entry "contributing the most toward international understanding."

Britain's Eager Beaver Newsgatherers' Assn. Sets Ambitious Sked

London.

Television Reporters International, Ltd., the bunch of eager newsgatherers—predominantly ex-BBC—who want to strike out on what they claim is a new level of indie news-feature vidpic production, announced its hopes for the future at a conference here.

Lord Francis-Williams — one-time pressagent to socialist prime minister, now Lord Attlee—gave the rundown highlighted by the estimate that the outfit will be able to turn out 50 half-hours in its first year at "a lot lower than they cost to make in those monolithic tv establishments in America."

He would not say just how ("trade secrets" was the excuse), but the obvious guess was knocked on the head by his assurance that following talks with the cine technicians' union in the earliest stages of TRI development, there was now a completely happy and sympathetic relationship.

Lord Francis-Williams — a director of the new company with the job of being general editorial cum policy overseer — said that a pilot made just to hawk their abilities around the world had actually been bought in 13 countries including the States where the N. Y. educational station was to screen it soon. It is a 30-minute study of Uganda, recently graduated to indie statehood and becoming the 110th station to join the UN. Hence vidpic's title: "Nation 110."

TRI also have a year's contract with ATV here under which they must supply 19 half-hour and four hourlong feature programs in their general style — filling in background to news topics and current affairs.

Thank You, Good Sport

Continued from page 99

A: You mean a mutual friend introduced you?

C: That's right.

A: What'd she say to you? "Mary, there's a nice fellow I want you to meet. I think you two ought to know each other." Something like that?

C: Uh-uh. That's not how.

A: All right, suppose you tell those folsk out there and the people sitting at home watching us just exactly what happened.

C: Well, this frienda mine, this girl—Lena was the name she happened to go under. Anyways, she's got a boy-friend—my husband—ony he happened not to be my husband. At the time, I mean.

A: I understand. Go on, Mary.

C: Y'see, my husband and Lena's brother, the two of them—rather, the two men, they worked together in a nursery you call it.

A: A flower place. Not a children's nursery.

C: That's right. A flower place.

A: You know what they call a children's nursery? A bawlroom.

C: Parm me?

A: It's a joke, Mary. Forget it. The men worked in a nursery, you said.

C: Yeah. Anyways, Lena thought her brother might get sore if she and Paul—

A: Wait, now. Who is Paul?

C: Paul Giovinazzi. You know, my husband. Only not at that time.

A: I see. All right, then what happened?

C: Lena thought her brother might get sore if Paul kept hanging around his sister. So Lena, she ask me one day would I mind coming along on her date, being I should cover her up.

A: Cover her up?

C: I mean in case it should so happen her brother bunked into us, she could say I'm Paul's girl-friend and she just happens to be along. You know.

A: In other words, she could tell her brother that she is chaperoning you two. Is that it?

C: Yeah, that's right.

A: You know what a chaperon is, don't you, Mary? A chaperon is a person who comes along to make sure that Cupid is stupid. In other words, she's along to make sure that a couple doesn't commit chronic indiscretion.

C: I don't—

A: Seriously, Mary, what happened next? During this threesome Paul found out he cared more for you than he did for Lena. Is that right?

C: Yeah. Well, I mean, not exactly. I mean, it took some time. Y'see, I was the chaperon the first couple dates, till one day Lena, she's unavoidably detained. She didn't show up. So finey Paul says to me, "How's about it, Mary? How's about we two taking in the picture show being Lena isn't showing up?" A half hour we've been waiting, and no Lena. A half hour's a long time for somebody not to show up, specially when it's not my date in the first place.

A: Besides, you didn't want to spoil Paul's evening.

C: Yeah, and besides I'm not responsible she invited me to come along.

A: And then what happened?

C: Well, after the picture show it started in pouring with rain, and I had on my new dress—a print it was—and I was getting soaked to my very skin. So I says to Paul, "Paul, I'm simply gonna ruin my brand new dress." So finey Paul says to me, "Why not let me take off my jacket and put it on you, your lovely print dress shouldn't get spoiled and ruined? It was a brand new dress which I never wore previously before. Anyways, we ran to the subway in the pouring rain and the next day Paul was in bed with a heavy cold which developed into a fever, I believe.

A: And that worried you, didn't it?

C: Well, being he got the cold on account he used his jacket to cover up my brand new dress, well, I felt something terrible. So I came around to his house to kinda cheer him up—you know. Oh, that's when he told me why Lena was unavoidably detained. Her brother and her sister-in-law, they had a brand new baby boy and she had to go to the hospital. Anyways, Paul says he is seriously thinking maybe he should call Lena up, she should come over and fix him something to eat, being she's been laid up all day with this here cold and hardly nothing on his stomach—no food no meals, no nothing. I felt like busting out laughing right then and there on account I know Lena's cooking—but thoroughly.

A: Not very good?

C: Simply terribly! She's always telling me how her brother complains he can't eat a thing she cooks. Anyways, I says to Paul, "Paul, you're sick now but if you want to eat Lena's cooking then you don't know when you are well off. Why not let me fix you a delicious meal,' I says, "and then you'll see who's a good cook or not."

A: And did you?

C: I'll say I did. Not once that, but I says to him, "Paul, I noticed there's a button missing offa your shirt last night. I bet there must be a million one little things around here where some sewing must come in very handy." I'm surprised any girl—you take even Lena—if she's really serious with regards a fella, why she don't look after him. Little things I mean.

A: And did Paul notice these little things?

C: Well, not right off. I mean it took a little while and I cooked him all kinds different dishes, very tasty, and finey, oh, this musta been a couple months later—there we are, engaged! And that's how the whole thing started. I mean, my most romantic moment was on account Lena didn't show up that time.

A: Did Lena say anything when she found out you were seeing Paul and cooking for him?

C: Well, I didn't tell her. I mean, I figgered that was Paul's job, being she was his girl-friend. Personally I felt she might not like it.

A: Then she never knew about you and Paul?

C: Sure she knew. I sent her an invitation to my engagement party but she never showed up, never gave me a present—nothing! I guess she felt I took advantage of her friendship and she was sore. But I was sore, too, on account I felt she wasn't entitled to use me to cover her up with her brother in the first place. Besides, it's not my fault Paul prefers me over her. I can't help how he feels.

A: Of course not. After all, the decision is his. If he really had been interested in your friend he would have continued to see her. Well, Mrs.—ah—?

C: Giovinazzi.

A: You've described a truly romantic moment in your life and if, in the opinion of the judges, it is the best romantic moment among the contestants here tonight you will be awarded with the special prize of a $100 United States Government Bond. In the meantime thank you for being with us tonight and for being such a good sport, and to show you their appreciation, the makers of Shearer's Assorted Sweets are very happy to present you with this five-pound box of their delicious, mouth-watering, double-dipped chocolate nougats. Remember, folks, each one of these tasty, succulent mounds of creamy goodness—

Israel's Lone Radio Now Public Corp.

Tel Aviv.

Kol Israel, the government-operated Israeli radio station, will change its status and become a public corporation. This was announced by Prime Minister Ben-Gurion in the Israeli parliament.

The change was prompted by a public uproar against the Prime Minister's interference with the method of news broadcasting on the radio. Though the interference was of purely technical nature and had no political significance, the opposition Liberal party demanded to free the only radio station in the country from direct government influence. This motion was preempted by the Prime Minister when he announced that the government is planning to do just what the opposition demands.

Up to now, the director general of Kol Israel was appointed and directly responsible to the Prime Minister's office. According to the new proposition, which operates along the lines of the London BBC, the director general, though appointed by the government, will be responsible to the board of the radio's public corporation. This will assure a certain measure of independence from government meddling, especially at pre-Election time.

Athens, Ga. — WRFC, Athens, home of the Univ. of Georgia, has organized a Georgia baasketball network. Seven stations have signed: WSB-FM, Atlanta; WDUN, Gainesville; WBML, Macon; WGAC, Augusta; WLAG, LaGrange; WKEU, Griffin; Ed Snyder will do the play-by-play.

'Zack Marlowe, D.D.S.'

By GEORGE KIRGO

Hollywood.

This is the Year of the Doctor. JFK had Medicare, NBC has Kildare, ABC's got Casey, and the AMA's still got high blood pressure. Thanks to them, we're receiving a multitude of medical attention—possibly more than we can handle.

Hospital shows having produced a positive progrnosis, Casey and Kildare are back this year to continue their gallant struggle against those traditional foes of TV doctors — ignorance, disease, and Westerns.

But we've been prescribed further treatment: more medics, more hospital shows. Maybe our health won't be improved, but the networks feel better already.

Cynics among you will sneer that this is typical of network thinking: mere trend-following. Untrue. Casey and Kildare are General Practitioners, as adept at touching up a tainted tonsil as they are at treating a trying trauma.

The new medics, on the other hand, are Specialists, their fields ranging from psychiatry to veterinary medicine. One show in preparation features a brilliant young diagnostician. It's called "Play Your Hunch."

While some of you may find the thought of all these doctors pretty sickening, I have only one objection to this new wave: What about *dentist?*

That's right. Why *not* a show dealing with the romance and drama that comprise the everyday life of an average Dental Surgeon?

But apparently no one's interested. I've asked around—writers, producers, network and advertising agency officials — and, to a person, they think I'm kidding. Yet all these creative leaders admit to first-hand personal experience with dentists. One, with tears crowding his already large eyes, told me of waking in the middle of the night, suffering intense pain from an infected bicuspid, phoning the faithful family dentist, who, though spent from long day's labor, willingly made an appointment for the following afternoon, despite an extremely tight schedule, meanwhile prescribing toothache drops and aspirin.

Isn't this drama? And while, at first glance, a healthy mouth doesn't seem particularly dramatic, what would any of us be without one? I don't have to remind you of the lives changed, loves gained, high-paying positions obtained wholly as the result of white teeth and sweet breath.

Yes, I'll wager there's a story behind every bright smile, some sort of saga between each set of dentures properly fitted.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that dentistry is all glamour. But then neither is medicine. Do you believe that every disease a doctor treats is glamorous? Lots of diseases aren't glamorous at all.

Yet teeth do have universal appeal. Show me a person who doesn't go to a dentist or doesn't need dental care, and I'll show you a person without a mouth.

So why not a series featuring a devoted young dental surgeon and the drama and the romance that comprise his everyday life?

Let's say his name is . . . oh . . . Zack Marlowe, D.D.S. We might even call the show "Zack Marlowe, D.D.S." And let's say he serves on the staff of a metropolitan daily clinic. We might even call the show "Metropolitan Dental Clinic."

That's Show Biz!

The possibilities are endless. One episode I've sketched out concerns Broadway's most leading actress, Jessica Brittle, whose dental problem has driven her to attempt suicide. You see, the caps on her teeth keep falling off.

This may not seem too serious a situation, but you must remember that they fall off *only* during her love scenes. Every time she kisses her leading man, the caps come loose and drop in the guy's mouth.

Her new show's been on Broadway only three weeks and already four of her leading men have choked to death.

You can understand why she's suicidal. She's running out of leading men.

Nobody wants to work with her. They call her the "Kiss of Death."

Enter . . . Zack Marlowe, D.D.S. He uses a little Elmer's Glue, and the caps stick perfectly.

Another chapter I'm working on studies the dilemma of a powerful industrialist whose chronic rundown condition is about to cost him control of his vast empire of real estate holdings, grain cartels, and enormous factories producing material for our nation in the race for space.

A panel of psychiatrists have deduced that insecurity in early childhood is at the root of the industrialist's problem, but Zack Marlowe disputes their findings. He claims that a clogged root canal is at the root of it. And with a miniature Roto-Rooter he cleans it out, restoring the industrialist to his normal state of megalomania. The mogul returns to his vast empire, thereby putting us ahead in the race for space, and, grateful for Zack's aid, donates sufficient funds to the Metropolitan Dental Clinic so that it can be painted.

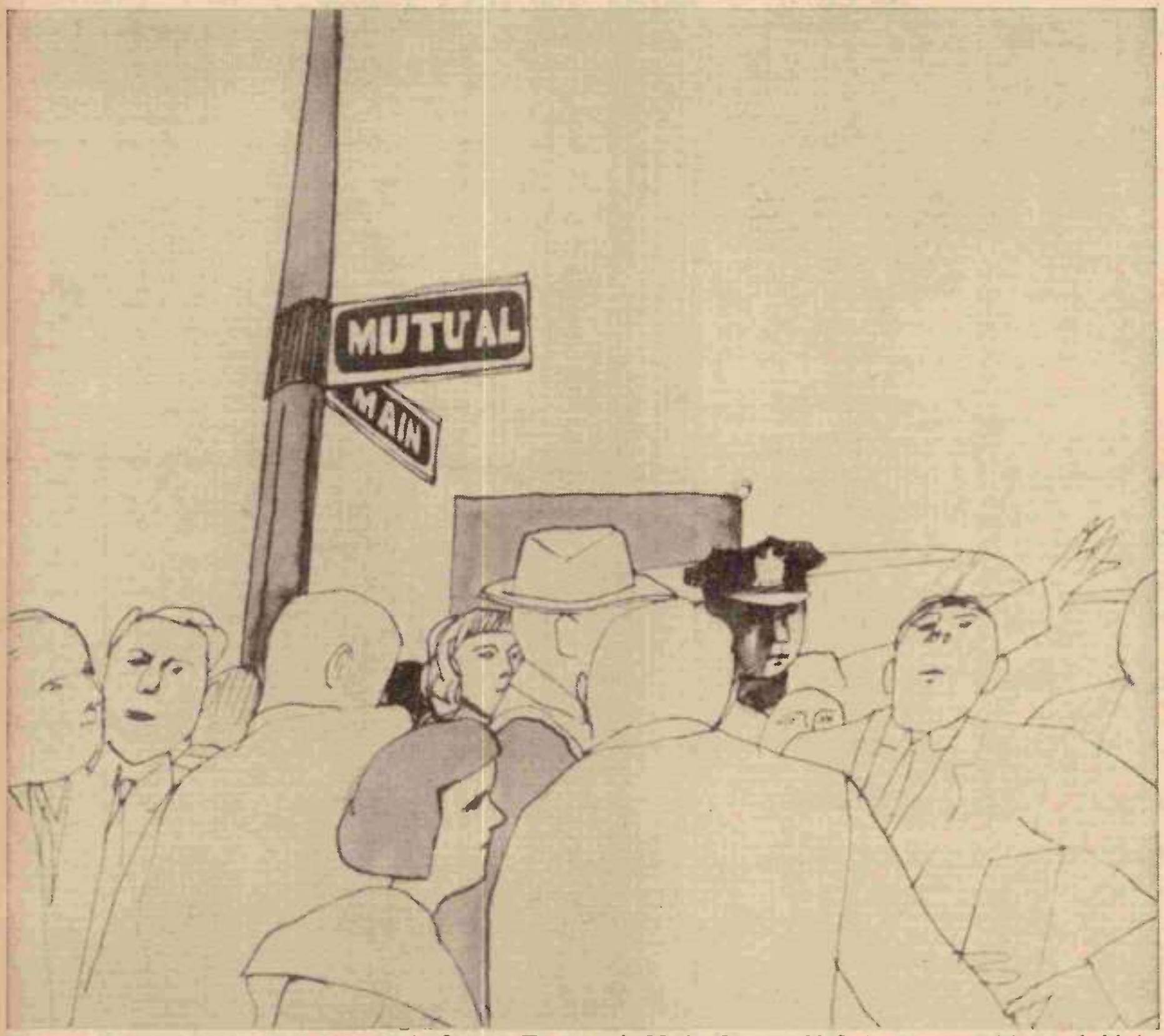
Still another episode I have in mind portrays a dental surgeon recently escaped from the East Berlin who joins the staff of Metropolitan Dental Clinic and incurs the wrath of Zack Marlowe by his use of Old World dental clinic techniques. Zack feels that this escapee wouldn't know a cavity from a hole in his head (there's a lot of comedy in the show, too, thus helping relieve the otherwise unbearable dramatic tension). Internal dissension is about to erupt when the Clinic chief, kindly old Dr. Crabbe, points out to Zack that the East German dentist is a dental pioneer, having been the first to order Germans to see their dentists twice a year, and that we in America can still learn from Old World techniques.

As I say, and as you can see, the possibilities are unlimited. And if the show catches on *if?* how can it help not catching on!), we might do well to look ahead to other series depicting the grandeur and glory of dentistry.

In contrast to "Metropolitan Dental Clinic" ("Zack Marlowe, D.D.S."), imagine a show about a small town dentist and his care of small-town teeth ("Small Town Dentist" or "Andy Hipple, D.D.S.").

Or, since World War II seems to be popular again, why not kill two trends with one series: An adventure show about a young dental surgeon serving with a paratroop outfit in the South Pacific. I'm ready with one I call "Combat Orthodontist."

This, then, is a plea to the creative minds behind our television screens.



The road to market has to pass Main Street. **To reach Main Street U.S.A., turn at Mutual.** Main Street, U.S.A. is the big "buy-way"—the street that sells through local radio. Mutual owns Main Street, U.S.A. lock, stock and big town—with 453 listenable affiliates everywhere. If you want to sell where the buying is biggest, check the signpost and turn at Mutual. *LANDMARK: Mutual delivers 97 of the top 100 Main Streets in America.* **Mutual Radio** | 3m A Service to Independent Stations.

Epitome of TV Frustration: Kid Programs

By HERM SCHOENFELD

Do the television networks jump when FCC chief Newton Minow snaps the whip? Not exactly, if judgment had to be made on the evidence of the networks' response in the area of programming for children.

When Minow stigmatized tv as a "wasteland" upon taking office two years ago, central to his indictment was the medium's failure to open up some intellectual windows for children in the impressionable primary school years. No more sensitive nerve could have been exposed within the structure of industry operating under a Governmental license ordering it to serve the public interest.

At that point, goaded by a jacobin chorus of women's federations and PTA's, the networks did leap into action to erase the image of a dollar-obsessed Scrooge cruelly shutting out the sunlight from a kiddie television nightmare compounded out of old Three Stooges comedies and the gore and gunplay of so-called adult shows. Even after ABC-TV declined to enter into a three-network compact to produce at least one uplifting show for junior, each of the networks indicated that they would go it alone in this direction.

Who's To Blame?

The payoff, which came at the outset of the current season, was not calculated to give Minow delusions of being a miracle worker. Only modest beginnings towards better programming for youngsters were made and even these tentative first steps are now in danger of being halted under the inexorable pressure of profit-and-loss considerations. In this retreat, the networks will bear only part of the responsibility. A big share of the blame will also go to the ad agencies and their clients, who have refused to buy anything but cost-per-thousand figures, and to the public at large, which apparently is not ready to support quality programming for children. Maybe that's the point the networks have been trying to make all along.

ABC-TV went furthest out on the limb in children's programming with its cross-the-board 25-minute "Discovery" series. Whether ABC over-estimated the commitments of the other webs or whether it was a sincerely motivated by effort to make a cultural contribution, the web took a $40,0000-per-week gamble on "Discovery." NBC-TV, on the other hand, came up with a one-hour gesture at Saturday noon, titled "Exploring," and CBS-TV chipped in with a half-hour of "Reading Room," at the same time. Latter network's highly regarded "Captain Kangaroo" daily morning show aims at the pre-scholars and hence falls outside the neglected area of older children covered by Minow's indictment.

If the networks' rise to the challenge was minimal, the results have even been less so. "Discovery" was renewed for a second 13-week cycle but is now fighting for survival beyond that. The odds at this point do not shape up promisingly. Ad agency execs who were quick to make high-sounding pronouncements about television's responsibilities, are failing to come to the aid of "Discovery" when the fate of the show hangs in the balance. After pouring in $1,000,000 into the show over 26 weeks, ABC-TV is not likely to continue unless some hard-tack support turns up.

An additional heart-breaking factor for the web has been the difficulty in getting sufficient clearances for "Discovery." Several key market stations which are picking up Dick Clark's bread-and-butter "American Bandstand" are brushing off "Discovery," a dubious fiscal item at best. Thus, at the end of a half-year and $1,000,000 in expenditures chances are that ABC will sharply cut back its kiddie programming budget and imitate the token efforts of the other two webs with an hour or half-hour show in some throwaway time period.

The fundamental question, which the networks alone cannot answer, is whether the public has been sufficiently prepared to support high-minded tv programs in the juve field. A test-tube experiment in the New York metropolitan area indicates a negative answer. In N.Y., WNDT, the educational station, has been furnishing a 90-minute daily show for children which has been unanimously acclaimed by the critics. However, the ratings of this show have been microscopic in a market where this type of programming could be expected to have maximum impact. If New Yorkers are not tuning in on a class show for childden, what can be expected from Little Rock, Ark?

Children's programming, of course, has not been neglected by local programmers. These efforts were recently compiled in a study titled "For The Young Viewer," published by McGraw-Hill. A highly perceptive essay by Dr. Charles Winick defines the psychological needs which children's tv programming must satisfy. But whether the goals set in this essay are met by the programs detailed in the rest of the book is not specified.

Typically, however, local programming for children on commercial tv remains a grab-bag of contradictory elements, including scraps of education, cartoons and films. And even in the best cases, including "Captain Kangaroo" and "Discovery" on the network level and such efforts as "Wonderama" on the local level, there persists the commercial pitch to the kiddies, a factor which has raised a fundamental question about the ethics of the integrated commercial to an audience which cannot distinguish between the hard fact and the hard sell.

Radio Pirate Ship Also 'Ghost Ship'

Paris.

French detection radio antennas are still attuned to a supposed radio pirate ship, the Magda Maria, which is reportedly readying beamings of programs with commercials into France. So far it has not showed.

Ship is purported to have Panamanian registry and now somewhere outside the territorial waters of Holland. The setup has the call name of Radio Nord. But neither France, Britain nor Luxembourg, alerted about it from inside sources, have as yet picked up a peep.

So far nothing much can be done about these offshore emitters lobbing in programs as long as they are outside the three-mile limit. However the European Radio Union, headquartered in Geneva, and grouping practically all European radio setups, has the problem on its present agenda.

Yakima, Wash.—Richard Gassaway has been named national sales manager of Cascade Broadcasting. He's been with the group for five years, most recently as head of local sales for KIMA-TV. With cascade for three years, Robert DiPietro replaces Gassaway as head of local sales.

Hailey's Comet: Canada Addenda

Ottawa.

Arthur Hailey, English-born Scarborough, Ont., writer whose 1956 tv suspenser "Flight Into Danger" (later cinematized and novelized) has just been revived by BBC, aims to wet his feet in a new medium—legit. He's completed first act and plotted balance of "Vice-President Sales."

"It's a story involving the sales personnel—second echelon, as compared with the first echelon of, say, 'Executive Suite'—of a national manufacturing company and their wives (and women)," he told VARIETY. "The whole action takes place over the three days of an important industry convention. It's an area which, as far as I know, hasn't been written about much if at all, and I've drawn freely on my own experience in industry." He was sales-promotion manager of a national company before '56, when he sold "Flight Into Danger" over the transom to CBC, which did it twice on "General Motors Theatre." (Script editor then was Nathan Cohen, now entertainment editor of Toronto Star, Canada's largest daily, and with his own tv show.) Then NBC-TV's "Alcoa Hour" did it, then the BBC.

Hailey, now 42, says he has considered converting "Vice-President Sales" to tv formal, so it could be done there first, but doesn't want to squeeze it into an hour.

Now, however, he's dropping the play for about a year to complete his fourth novel, whose working title "The Hotel" will eventually be changed. "Titles are always a problem, though," he said, "and some of my best ones have been written by other people." It's set in New Orleans, where he's already spent several months getting background—and since then ditto in other cities—"poking around the innards of hotels and talking with experienced hotel men in various jobs at various levels."

"This is the usual pattern I follow on any major project, and one excursion I made was to Japan, to absorb some of the inkeeping philosophy of the Japanese Inn—among the world's finest. I hope to do a book or play set there before too long. I can now talk for hours on the philosophy behind various types of hotels."

Doubleday will publish, as it did Hailey's "In High Places"—future-set fantasy about U.S. taking over Canada, which was a February Literary Guild selection and has been in the top five in Canadian sales for a year. It was discussed in the U.S. Senate last July, with two pages of the Congressional Record devoted to it. Maeve Southgate, N.Y. agent, represents him as she has since soon after "Flight Into Danger."

CBC-TV's production of Hailey's "The Troubled Heart"—starring Toby Robbins, John Colicos and Ivor Barry—is being shown via tape on "U.S. Steel Hour" Feb. 5. And, with all he's got on the fire, he's found time to do a piece on divorce, out in Jan. 5 Maclean's mag. He says he's dropping further work on his play to speed up his novel "because of an enthusiastic response from Doubleday to the first batch of ms. I sent them."

Current tv series "The Nurses" is based on Hailey's "Playhouse 90" script "Diary of a Nurse," and he receives a continuing royalty because of that; but he has no direct connection with the series and did not, as has been reported, write the pilot. His "No Deadly Medicine," a two-hour, two-part "Studio One" show in '58, won him an Emmy nomination and resulted in a good-selling novel of the same name, first one-shotted by Ladies' Home Journal.

BBC has also revived his "Course For Collision," which CBC did then CBS' "Studio One" bought in '57. Set in 1962, it concerned the President of the United States, flying to Moscow on a peace mission suddenly faced with a decision somewhat resembling that Khrushchev had to make recently when faced by President Kennedy's ultimatum on the Soviet missiles in Cuba. ("Studio One" dropped it because of USAF objections, but it was done on "Matinee Theatre." It had already been done twice in Britain and once in Australia.)

West German tv has done two of Hailey's dozen or so tv scripts recently, and plans to do most of the others, he says. (Another, "Time Lock," was made into a theatre feature in England.) "In High Places" is out in Britain and France (as "En Haut Lieu") and other foreign translations are coming up. "I lose track," says Hailey. "Doubleday handles all details in conjunction with Maeve Southgate."

Talk, talk, talk . . . on WOR daily 12:15 to 1 p.m. and still TALKING! Ed and Pegeen Fitzgerald may well be the performers who ORIGINATED making with the conversation for the benefit of eavesdroppers!

Why Television Chorister Tops 30's Line Girl

By JUNE TAYLOR

Today's chorister is so much better than the chorus girl of 20 years ago that I doubt very much that many of yesterday's dancers could find employment today. A new breed of dancers has emerged over the past decade who have had to develop previously unheard of skills because of the growth of television. Today's line girl exceeds her sister of 20 years ago in strength, knowhow and ability.

Years ago dancers could "specialize" and were not expected to do or geared to do as much as they do today. The chorus was a backdrop for a star. Today the solo dancer is just about passe because an entire chorus line is in sharp focus.

The difference between the present and the past dancer doesn't tell as much on Broadway or in a night club because of the time factor. Rehearsals for legit shows last for weeks, even months, thus permitting fuller opportunity to perfect routines. In most niteries they really do not dance—they just move around.

The most important factor in choreographing for television is time. Because the shows change from week to week, a chorus girl must not only be a good and very versatile dancer, she must be emotionally equipped to stand up to the stress and strain of learning new routines each week. She must be stronger physically because the hours of rehearsal are limited by unions. She must work at full speed every day in order to beat the clock. If the rehearsal time goes over the minimum time, the girls have to be paid overtime.

There is also a mental qualification for a television chorus girl. She must be very quick-witted. The tv dancing girl must learn her routines as quickly as possible so that most of the rehearsal time can be devoted to polishing numbers instead of learning them. Another reason I look for "brainy" girls is that changes are often made at the last minute with no time left for rehearsal. For example, if at the last minute the producer decides a production number is too long, I may have to verbally eliminate parts of a routine just before showtime.

Beauty, Brains—& Terps

These and other special emergency situations tax a dancer's intelligence. I remember one time a few years ago when one of my girl's zippers came unfastened in the middle of the number. Instead of doing something distracting, she discreetly danced off stage, fixed the zipper, and casually danced back into camera range as if nothing had happened.

Television also requires that its dancing girls be better looking than either Broadway or night club girls. In a nitery only people at ringside really get close enough to look at a girl's face. The girls on a Broadway stage are never seen closeup by the audience. But on television, if the camera comes in for a closeup, the chorister is seen by millions of people.

Today's television chorus girl excels in another area that yesterday's chorus girls could not claim—versatility. A girl who is great in tap or ballet, but weak in jazz dancing, finds it difficult to land a job in a tv line, because eventually she will be expected to do a jazz number. I expect my dancers to be able to do any dance routine that is called for. Besides the basic jazz, ballet and tap numbers, we often do specialty production numbers in which a knowledge of acrobatic Spanish or Oriental dancing is required. About 90% of today's chorus girls also take singing lessons because of the new field of industrials. For economy purposes, producers of industrial shows almost invariably seek a two-for-the-price-of-one package—a girl who can dance and sing.

The chorister of today must often compete against hundreds of other girls to get a tv job. The girls are selected by the process of elimination. A choreographer is continually looking for girls who can do more than the others can do. The girls who display that they can do more do not have to fear being unemployed.

Never Give Public What It Wants

BY DALE WASSERMAN

A few weeks ago a prominent West Coast television station applied to the FCC for renewal of its license. Never mind which station; its call letters are legion. The application was routine, but what the station didn't know was that its programs had been monitored for a single week by the National Association for Better Radio and Television, a non-profit viewers' group whose Quixote-oriented aim is to upgrade the content of tv and radio. The association submitted its report to the FCC and the station itself—and right there matters hit the fan.

A breakdown of that week's programming reads like something eligible for production on "Chiller." Out of 127 hours on the air, 105 were stuffed with ancient theatrical films, few of them less than 20 years old. Sixty percent of the "children's time" was given over to crime and violence. There were 507 quarter-hour periods, each of which included between five and nine commercials, many exceeding the station's "maximum" of 90 seconds. Ten minutes each night was given over to news commentator; other news, publicaffairs, or discussion programs were non-existent.

One hopes the Minow-men are closeted with this station's owners in earnest conversation. But one can already guess their defense; it's becoming as monotonous as that of those Nazis who said, "I was only taking orders." When faced with these cold statistical charges the station's operators will say, "We're giving the public what it wants."

Now there's a canard that has haunted creative endeavor down the ages. I herewith submit that giving the public what it wants is a road that stretches from Caligula to Castro, and in the field of artistic enterprise has its dead-end in vulgarity.

For the public doesn't know what it wants. It never has, and, short of some intellectual utopia, never will. Its collective mind is a vacuum into which will rush the dreariest and least-demanding divertisements, and fortunes have always been made by cynical suppliers. In truth the public taste is a shapeless glob, waiting to be given form by men richer in cleverness than conscience.

Mencken's comment about the wealth to be gained ". . . by never underestimating the vulgarity of the public" is still applicable — in spades. And in television, if only through the gigantlcism of audience and profits, it seems to have reached its ultimate flowering.

Yet the networks make public lament about the "fine writers" who are no longer available because they have used its facilities as a schoolroom and have graduated to larger pay and glory in other media. That, I say, is so much hogwash. To the real writer his profession is a compulsion, a crusade founded in egocentricity and dedicated to the proposition that he will make people listen to what *he* has to say. But when he finds himself no more than a cog in a vast merchandising machine, when his best efforts are perverted by restrictions imposed by hucksters, he has the very natural impulse to spring himself and find, if possible, a freer platform of expression.

He knows he will achieve nothing but his own debasement in "giving the public what it wants." What he exists for is to give the public what *he* wants; the Mt. Everests of art are the achievements of men whose vision was inward, and whose expression was both passionate and highly subjective. I doubt they gave a damn about public taste, but they did compel public attention by virtue of sheer excellence.

Television and art. It may seem ludicrous to include both words in one sentence. But television is, among other things, an art form, and at its best a kind of theatre unmatched in power of expression. Good writers eye it hungrily—and then turn away, for the contract it offers is obnoxious.

They don't want their work segmented in any way other than its own structure demands. They don't care to be regarded as necessary evils, charged with beguiling the viewer between sales pitches. They are dazed by restrictions that strip guts, depth and meaning from intensely personal effort.

British TV's Go-Go-Go

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safely monitor one of these shows, a producer should be able to prattle in at least six languages—Italian, French, German, Dutch, Spanish and English.

On the television film side, things aren't quite as complicated, and '63 begins to look like the year of the big breakthrough. 1962 was the year the British motion picture industry finally broke the sound barrier, and got British films out of the American art houses into the big first run circuits. '63 looks like the year British-made television film series will finally make the networks, instead of having to depend almost entirely on syndication.

Last summer 34 motion pictures were made in Great Britain. This winter production has kept up a steady pace, and lot commitments indicate a heavier production schedule than the past year.

While on a reduced scale, the same holds true for television film production. Last summer five series were on the floor, but by February of 1963 the figure will have increased to seven. And late starters are anticipated for summer.

The list includes the Craig Stevens "Man of the World," series "Fireball XL 5," "The Human Jungle" from ABC-England, "Captain Hornblower," "The Saint," "Espionage," "Sentimental Agent, Warco," and Metro reactivating "Harry's Girls."

ATV particularly has been involved in protracted talks with the American networks for future co-production projects, with the likelihood of at least two materializing.

Quality of production has improved tremendously, and from a technical standpoint matches the best of Hollywood. Britain is still short on writers, directors and leads, but the gap is fast closing. A large number of American writers who came over to do features, have remained for television assignments. Among them Robert E. Thompson, James Cavanaugh, Joanne Court, Betty Andrews and others.

A sizable number of American television directors are also present in Britain, and inquiries from America for future commitments are at an all time, particularly from Hollywood emigres looking for a summer in Europe.

As far as television film production by the major commercial contractors, namely ATV, 1962 has been a good year. Delayed for six months by a strike of live actors, ATV didn't get back into production until May, but managed to bring out "Man of the World," "The Saint" and "Fireball," in time for fall scheduling. "Fireball" looks set to eclipse the record breaking sales rung by "Superior" in the U.S. It will possibly prove as big a money earner as "Robin Hood." Sales of "Sir Francis Drake" have been strong everywhere in the world except the U.S. However decision by MCA to join with BBC in making "Captain Hornblower," would indicate costume drama may be on way in. There's a strong possibility "Man of the World" series will wind up on a network this fall.

With growing demands for programming to supply new world markets, nearly all British contractors are watching film series very closely, with view to either joining forces or making trial runs themselves in '63.

All of which points to all systems go, go, go, for British television in 1963.

6 MORE 'BENEDICTS' TO RIDE OUT SEASON

Hollywood

MGM-TV's "Sam Benedict" series has been unofficially picked up for the remainder of this season, and producer William Froug has been given the greenlight to ready six more segments.

Six additional shows supplement series' original order, a firm 26 hours. Froug is now hiring writers for the extra six. Edmond O'Brien stars in the lawyer series which is on NBC-TV Saturday nights. MGM-TV's "The Eleventh Hour" had previously received a renewal for the rest of the season, and its "Dr. Kildare" series is assured of a safe ride this semester, so all three of Metro's show are set for the season.

Daystar Productions' "Stoney Burke" series on ABC-TV has been given a verbal renewal which will keep it on the web for the rest of the season. ABC-TV program veepee Dan Melnick gave producer Leslie Stevens the greenlight to ready from six to 13 additional scripts.

Val Parnell

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the melting pot after the Pilkington Report. I have long been a tv fan—an average viewer so to speak—and I must confess that over the past year or two I have found more to please my taste on the government-backed BBC than on the commercial network.

But the Pilkington Report went so far overboard in its strictures of sponsored tv as to make criticism a caricature. The executives at ATV are highly skilled professionals even though I believe I could have contributed to their programes that little bit extra if they had shown willing.

The Differential

Where British commercial tv falls down over and over again is in the making of what are dubbed as "Mid-Atlantic" programs. Surely it is time that our British moguls realized that Hollywood movies and tv shows appeal to people in the UK, whereas British programs even with American accents make little or no appeal in the U.S.

It cost J. Arthur Rank millions of dollars to learn this lesson in the film industry—I hope that British tv companies, faced with swinging new taxation in 1964, learn before it is too late that in America tv is self-supporting—it is like importing wine to France.

Much American output shown in the UK is rubbish, but it is less pretentious rubbish than the stuff the British make in the pursuit of the Yankee dollar.

There always seems to be a Val in my life. In journalism it was Valentine Castlerosse, the famous columnist-companion to Lord Beaverbrook. In television it was Val Parnell.

Now I am forming a close association with Val Guest, the director-producer-writer, who cast me as the editor in his movie, "The Day the Earth Caught Fire." So watch out for "80,000 Suspects," our first effort together. It is a story of a town virtually sealed off from the rest of the country by a virulent epidemic and the Roman city of Bath in the West country of England is the locale. The citizens of Bath will play a big part in the film—they will be among the 80,000 suspects!

Guest has specialized in bringing factual realism to all his recent movies. "Day" was made in Fleet Street; "Expresso-Bongo" in London; Soho, "Hell Was a City" in Mancheste:; and "Jigsaw," his latest thriller.

Val Guest is married, by the way, to an American girl, Yolande Donlan who took London by storm as the "dumb blonde" in "Born Yesterday" just after the war.

Tulsa — John Devine, general manager of KVOO-TV, announces the addition of a new account executive, a staff announcer and a new continuity director. P. T. "Pete" Richardson has been named account exec. William M. "Bill" Ryan has been added as a staff announcer after five years in the same capacity for KVOO radio. Billye Ransdell is the new continuity director.

Ad Agencies' Fancy Spending

Continued from page 110

ter would seldom apply to advertisers, since the commission had to find that irreparable injury would result in delay.

May—In the wake of the Royal College of Physicians (London) study re cigs and cancer, the Readers' Digest announced it would drop all cigaret ads in its international editions. In a unique dichotomy, the Digest, long a crusader against smoking, never did take cig ads for domestic editions. Digest followed the announcement with a full report on the London study in an article titled, "Smoking & Health."

The London study touched off a controversy between the tobacco industry and outside forces that was hot at year's end and which included a CBS-TV show on teenagers and smoking that stirred cig agencies and their tobacco clients' bitter criticism of the web, but no punitive action re billings; and prompted delayed action from NAB prexy LeRoy Collins, which aroused broadcaster opposition as he asked for restraints in cig blurbs and their exposure.

June—Ethical drug advertisers heaved a sigh of relief as the Senate diluted Sen. Kefauver's advertising and labeling recommendations in drug bill emanating from the drug hearings.

U. S. Rubber, with close to $2,000,000 in billings, was about to leave Fletcher Richards, Calkins & Holden, and Tidewater Oil was out of Foote, Cone & Belding with billings of $3,000,000. But both clients were taking advantage of the dogdays to look around for a new shop.

Trade reports on total spending for '61 were out, showing Procter & Gamble number one, knocking off perennial leader General Motors, which had cutback by more than $20,000,000 from '60. All told, the top 100 advertisers spent $1,700,000, an increase of 1.6% over the previous year.

July — American Federation of Advertising and the Advertising Assn. of the West (orgs that proposed the giant "image" shaping program early in the year) met in a Denver confab and wrestled with the problem of getting advertising up to the level of the "intelligence explosion" that has reportedly struck adult America.

In the "product protection" hassle between agencies (primarily Ted Bates and Benton & Bowles) and groups (primarily Westinghouse Broadcasting) and networks, 4A's finally spoke up, urging broadcasters (natch) to hold the line on guarantees against competitive adjacencies. Controversy, which started when Bates hauled business off the Westinghouse stations after the group memoed agencies that make-goods and rebates would not be made on primetime blurb conflicts, finally saw webs, groups and stations lining up with WBC—but there may have been some undisclosed concessions to big spot placers Bates and Benton & Bowles.

Matthew (Joe) Culligan, onetime NBC Radio prexy who moved to McCann-Erickson as a general corporation exec, was named president of Curtis Publishing in the midst of shakeups intended to reshape company's mags—mainly the Post and Ladies' Home Journal—and revert heavy financial losses.

Mags Snap Back

Same time, magazines generally snapped back in the first half of '62 with a reported 6% gain in revenues over the first six months of '61.

In the most formidable account acquisition of the year so far, Fuller & Smith & Ross landed the $4,000,000 Lestoil account, formerly handled by a house agency. When founded as a private and small enterprise, the Holyoke, Mass., firm was turned down by two major Madison Ave. agencies, later to grow into a major tv spot spender via its house shop.

Chun King, another small company that grew via the tv spot route, named Campbell-Mithun, Minneapolis, after a six-week search for a new shop. BBDO's Minneapolis office was the loser.

August—An FTC examiner finally ruled against Libby-Owens-Ford and General Motors in the long-standing case of the rolled-down car windows in tv blurbs that were supposed to demonstrate the clarity of L-O-F glass (used exclusively by General Motors). Hassle has already seen L-O-S pull all the way out of tv, and an agency spokesman (Fuller & Smith & Ross) predicted it would be some time before the client returned to the medium.

Brown & Williamson reported that coupons had trebled sales of Belair menthol cigs, further evidence—on top of multi-million saturation campaigns in New York by Plaid and Green Stamps—that consumers were premium happy as never before in recent ad history.

A 4A's report showed agency profits continuing to dwindle, but could come up with no solution for the problem. There was talk by agency men throughout the year of fee vs. commission compensation, along with the word from some that they were billing clients for a fee over commission on certain accounts that failed to return a profit.

September—U.S Tire, loosed from Fletcher Richards earlier in the year, landed at N. W. Ayer. Tri-Nut margarine switched to K&E from Arnold & Co. after looking at about a dozen agency pitches. The $2,000,000 Ruppert beer account switched from Warwick & Legler to Henry J. Turnbull Inc., a new shop founded by an ex-Hamms beer, St. Paul, Minn., exec.

Interpublic chairman Marion Harper Jr., on a Coast speaking swing, suggested a 36-month marketing year which would bring into play longterm corporate planning and other advantages.

Month closed with J. Walter Thompson landing the Listerine business picked up as Warner-Lambert cut loose its house agency Lambert & Feasley (merged, finally, with Lennen & Newell).

October—Young & Rubicam and BBDO were touting their respective computerized media departments, possibly as something to do during the tense lull awaiting the Nielsen ratings on the new video season. The Nielsen sweepstakes were to show General Foods and its video agencies Benton & Bowles and Y&R the ad-side winners with an eventual seven shows landing in the top 15.

JWT topped the Listerine acquisition with the $6,000,000 Phillips Oil account, also from Lambert & Feasley, replacing the loss of the Shell biz almost two years before to Ogilvy, Benson & Mather.

But Y&R made the account grab of the year, snatching the $10,000,000 Chrysler car biz from Leo Burnett's Chicago shop.

FTC examiner backed Pepsodent and Foote, Cone & Belding in its first okay out of 10 ad cases.

November—Interpublic, in further moves by chairman Marion Harper Jr. aimed at a public stock issue, topped formation of an industrial division and new international pubrelations division with purchase of the Johnstone fashion agency. It was the first out-and-out absorption of a specialty agency that was to be followed by takeover of a financial shop and predictions of more to come.

This was the month of the Hiss Hassle with Schick and Kemper trying to cancel ABC-TV contracts because of Alger Hiss' appearance on the Howard K. Smith news stanza. ABC held fast, with defenders of the cause of pubservice program freedom ranging all the way to rival CBS. But some observers feared future, subtle reprisals via disguised cancellations, or plain failure to buy.

December—As usual, the chilly month for an examination of the "crucial" Nielsens. As CBS maintained its lead and NBC prepared to scrap two hour entries Monday night for feature pix and ABC had at least the pacting of Jerry Lewis (for a two-hour Saturday spread) to crow about, General Foods and Lever Bros. celebrated their wins in the numbers game with $50,000,000 in renewals. Likewise P. Lorillard, via Lennen & Newell, acted a good month in advance by renewing Jack Paar's weekly hour and the Joey Bishop and Dick Van Dyke comedies from March through the summer rerun season.

Advertising's 1963 was off on a good spending spree even before it began.

UP THE BRITISH!

Canadian-Gone-British TV Producer in Pitch for the Untrammeled Drama Creators Vis-a-Vis the Prissy Yank Standards

By SYDNEY NEWMAN

London.

Britain at this particular time is the finest place in the world for the television playwright. It's great for others with original creative talents too. Here, there's a freedom of expression unlike anywhere else that I know of. And backing this are technical facilities second to none.

I can appreciate that on both sides of the Atlantic this is a not too popular view. Here, on the one hand is the Britisher who regards little in entertainment which is homegrown as ever being as good as any equivalent foreign product. It is a sort of mass masochism. He has been led to believe that the U.S. tv setup, for instance, is far superior to anything he could muster and that he must emulate it with phoney accents, derivative music, screwball psychology and all.

This in turn helps the American sustain his own illusion that no place enjoys more freedom than North America. Well, having worked in tv in Toronto and in New York and now completing five years with tv here, I find the fallacy undimmed.

In tv in Britain today we are enjoying just that same kind of exciting fermentation there was around 10 years ago in New York, the days of Philco . . . Studio One . . . when even Kraft had its "Patterns." And of the bright, fresh days of the unchained Chayefsky and his ilk. Today that zippy go-get-'em atmosphere in American tv is dead, the fearless experimentation long gone, chiefly because they killed the writers on the altar of efficiency.

It is apparently not efficient to have good writers in a mass medium of entertainment. The greatest enemies of American tv today are the smart clowns who pretend to know just exactly what the public wants. And in Britain today, believe it or not, nobody dares to profess any such knowledge to any kind of degree of accuracy. "Is it good?" is still the primary yardstick of a program here today.

Pinter's TV Smash

After all how can anyone profess to know what the public here wants when again and again theories get smacked in the teeth. Some time ago, when he was the darling of the longhairs, Harold Pinter wrote a play for me at ABC-TV—"A Night Out" it was called. It collared the top rating of the week beating even "Sunday Night at the Palladium." I'll give another example: explain how a mass circulation "pop" daily paper like London's Daily Mirror, can run a readers' poll for the best tv show and finish up with the votes going to "The Rose Affair," a poetic drama by Alun Owen voted most popular choice by the very people the knowalls would have you believe prefer a never-ending diet of westerns, soap operas, and quizzes.

Here in Britain, of course, ordinary folk like plays but here also there is the true competition among tv networks that American tv could really use. In truth, when you look at our industry with affection but unsentimentally you are forced to admit that there is no "free competition" in American tv. The sponsors being the final arbiter of what shall and what shall not be telecast, all find themselves applying the same tape measures to offered material. Take one example: around 1956 Arthur Hailey wrote "Course for Collision" which was produced by me in Canada for General Motors Theatre. It was a success. After, it was offered to and bought first by Studio One and subsequently another industrial mammoth and each time dropped because they were afraid the fiction's theme might reflect on their efficiency in manufacturing defense equipment for the U.S. Government. What nonsense. It could do no such thing. Hailey at the time used to brag that he was making more money out of the play not being produced than if it had been actually performed.

Now take what happens here: Clive Exton, a brilliant young writer who made his reputation on my ABC Armchair Theatre series, wrote "The Big Eat" which indie companies here shied away from because the play involved advertising motives in satirizing a materialist society. All Exton had to do was to take it to the BBC where they gladly produced it. And the same kind of movement goes on in the opposite direction when the BBC has cold feet about something for some reason or other. Here, you see, there is a true alternative. Frankly, some of my biggest "discoveries" have been rejected into my lap by other companies and channels.

In the States tv may bristle with channels and give full scope to a nervous switch-twiddler, but where is the alternative, where the competition, when the whole industry is ruled by the same universal mind and the same ratings-jugglers, and cost-per-1,000 is everybody's God?

Beware of Conformity

The stringpullers of American tv refuse to accept what much of the world has long accepted as a truth: that you can't please all of the people all the time. On the dizzy chase for ratings the producer is confounded by the sliderule boys with a maze of "logics" concerning this minority or that pressure group.

He goes berserk in a downward spiral of crazy chain thinking: "If I can get another 250,000 viewers by taking out this phrase . . . another 300,000 by smoothing away this suggestion and perhaps another 400,000 by diluting this or that character, I'd be grabbing nearly 1,000,000 more viewers. Why, I'd be a jerk if I passed that up just for the sake of dramatic realism or artistic integrity." The result is a steady stream of conformist stodge-podge, dry-cleaned of any individuality of thought or personality or creative bias. Stream? Today it's a trickle.

In Britain like nowhere else I know the ordinary people have a sort of inborn sophistication which allows the writer to be free to express his attitudes to social questions without fear of any kind of social or artistic ostracism.

Not So Insecure Here

Minorities in Britain are not so insecure as they are in North America so they are not nearly so sensitive. Insecurity breeds a degree of puritanism and it is a well-known fact that Americans and my fellow Canadians are a whole lot more prissy than their British or European counterparts. Nobody worried too much, for instance, about Lionel Bart's "Oliver" here, even though the Fagin as created by Ron Moody was far more Semitic than the character being played on Broadway.

And could Hollywood ever make a picture like "The L-Shaped Room" with a Negro character who reveals homosexual tendencies? Or something like "The Angry Silence" or "I'm Alright Jack?" knowing just how raw are employer-union relations in America?

What greater testimonial of social maturity can you have than a High Court case such as that conducted over the publication of D. H. Lawrence's "Lady Chatterley's Lover" with daily newspaper reports of the court proceedings bristling day after day with those oft-quoted four letter words. Even the sedate London Times does not blanch at publishing court reports of divorce actions which hinge on contested grounds that would make an American publisher pale to his shoes.

It was in such mature, enlightened an atmosphere that the misnamed "angry young men" rose out of obscurity to shake Britain's contemporary drama by the lapels. But they could never have succeeded if the audiences had not been there, receptive to new ideas, sympathetic of fresh voices speaking of things they knew, hurts they had suffered intimately. I myself rarely handle period plays or plays taking place in any other country but Britain because I believe that people are mostly interested in themselves and how to better themselves within the context of their lives.

Now, I have moved over to take charge of the BBC's Drama Department.

Artistic freedom which is held out to the likes of me today in Britain can be gauged from the fact that it is with the utmost confidence that I can offer my ambitions—I am going to see that the BBC does the finest drama job in the world over the entire range of the art, from Euripides to the very hottest of modern plays. I know this is a safe ambition to hold, because I shall not be artistically hindered so long as I stay on the right side of decency and libel. No sponsor to bug me, just as no sponsor bugs the producer, director, writer working in the English form of commercial tv today.

In what seems to be knocking copy on the American system of television, I am not forgetful of the fact that in the old days the restrictions imposed by sponsorship television on the American writer were not always bad. In fact, they forced writers to be less direct and more subtle, with a consequent deepening of actors' performances. They also forced shows to be lively and vigorous and hiked fees to a healthy level.

On the other hand, there's a danger here in England, with its freedom, of too much self-indulgence—that the art is for the artist and to hell with the public. Plays are slow to get off the ground and contain redundancies. Characterization and motivation in lines of dialog are often too explicit. Directors pay too much attention to mood and the pace is sometimes lethargic.

But these headaches only provide a greater challenge, because they stem from the personal concern felt by most industry heads and downwards in the artistic value and social import of the product they are creating. This fermentation in the television industry is part and parcel of a widespread fermentation that is affecting the West End, the film biz, and writing generally.

Yes, for the creative "bloke," Britain's a good place to be in today.

Daytime: It's Up Front In Spending Dept. That Counts

By MONTY HALL

(Exec Producer, 'Your First Impression')

The difference between producing daytime television programs and nighttime programs is the difference between day and night. That is true even when the format, as in the case of "Your First Impression," was originally designed as a nighttime vehicle. Changes must be made in treatment to compensate for the audience composition difference, daytime vis-a-vis nighttime, as well as for the fact that nighttime audiences have a greater degree of sophistication. It is an oddity of daytime programming that when shadows fall, the same woman who watched during the day becomes more hep, more sophisticated and more selective when she watches in consort with her husband, amour and or friends.

In our business it is usually hazardous to fly in the face of ratings, so permit me to don my wings and fly. In my opinion, and those of my associates, who have had even more experience than I in daytime production, the high ratings obtained by some soap operas are

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The Longest Chain Of Paper Clips

By DON QUINN

Hollywood.

There is an ancient tale, preserved in Alpine ice and Readers Digest fillers, concerning two novice mountainclimbers lost on the Jungfrau. About to abandon themselves to a chilly fate, one of them noticed a great St. Bernard, complete with neckslung brandy keg, floundering toward them through the swirling snow.

Don Quinn

"Look! he shouted. "Look what's coming-man's best friend!"

"Yes," said his companion. "And see what's bringing it-a dog!"

The resurrection of this hoary yarn will be excused, I trust, on the grounds that I too was once a St. Bernard, or rather an Irish setter, ready to go bounding to the rescue of tv comedies which had underestimated the elements.

At the time I was glorying in the title "Supervisor of Comedy Shows, bestowed along with a handsome stipend by one of the major agencies which I still love and respect. The job was, in theory, to give any comedy property under our aegis the comforting benefit of my some 30 ulcerous years' experience in comedy construction and audience-pleasing. To leap forth with glittering dialog, dew-fresh ideas, burnished characters or whatever the stumbling vehicle needed to win sponsor approval and critical approbation.

Unfortunately, as so often happens, theory and practice were marching to two different glockenspiels. I had brought my deck to the party but no one wanted to see my card tricks.

37th Round

I was on my 37th foot of paper clip-stringing when I realized that my inspired services were being enthusiastically rejected. Tacitly, but the message was there. This, despite the quite obvious evidence that some of our shows were more laughed at than with. That I was slow in arriving at this conclusion was probably due to the fact that I am not a fast man with a nuance.

I was a troubleshooter but my targets were masters of evasive action. The wary partridge that promptly interposes a beech tree between tail-feather and gun-barrel is a pinned-on paper target compared to a writer or producer with an infected script.

Nobody would admit to being in difficulties. If they were in hot water, they sat in it and shivered for the benefit of observers. This in the face of the fact that public comment and critical reviews ranged from contemptuous dismissal to vitriolic suggestions of euthanasia.

The Symptoms

Any amateur diagnostician could have detected symptoms of jokemia, directionitis, ploticemia and character flatulence. But the producers and writers, understandably perhaps, were weaving no welcome mats for uninvited healers. They were jealous of their prerogatives, which included a headlong rush toward non-renewal.

So Little Old Show-Maker Me sat stringing paperclips for a protracted period and U.S. Steel skyrocketed.

On one occasion only did I don my harness with brandy flask attached and dash out on an errand of mercy. One of our alleged comedies which had defied every basic rule for popular acceptance was showing signs of the cancellation syndrome. It was an advanced case of scallion-burn and rating-droop and a distress flare was sent up. I administered some brandy, pointed the way down the mountain and the critics revised their opinions upward. Then, the danger averted, temporarily at least, I was whistled home and resumed my manufacture of wire jewelry.

If I have given the impression that aside from my lapidary labors I was idle all this time, I'm sorry. The fact is, that while listening for cries of distress which never came, or almost never, I generously and voluntarily undertook to check over our entire client list to see in what manner I could be helpful. Perhaps I could work off a little unused nervous energy for the benefit of our parishioners. I would lend a willing hand where I saw a need for better packaging, brighter slogans, dynamic copy or product improvement. Besides, all 10 of my thumbs were abraded by the sharp ends of paperchips.

So . . . for a steamship line I worked up a sales gimmick which I still think is pretty powerful.

For a tea product I advanced suggestions which I knew, and know, made considerable sense.

For a hair-dressing which badly needed a new, non-slip bottle, I designed one.

And, as an old tradition trampler, I challenged the necessity for all-white cigarets where the smoking pleasure, if any, far outdid the optical pleasure. And so on.

All these novel and ingenious, not to say wonderful ideas were offered to the agency (I thought of it as "my agency" by then) through channels, a word meaning the place or man who can ignore it officially. These generous gestures were naturally proffered with no thought, or hardly any, of extra remuneration, as I was being handsomely paid. If, however, any of my concepts had been adopted I rather expected that an organization of our reputed integrity and splendid employe relations would recognize the creator with some such token of recognition as a vice-presidency or a block of stock.

Account Execs

But my little seeds fell on stony soil. The various account executives to whom I had modestly submitted my brainchildren for adoption either used my notes to enfold their chewinggum prior to entering a meeting, or acknowledged them with heavily jocular memos which more or less subtly suggested that I mind my own goddam business.

It was bad enough to sit, spirit-bruised and damp-eyed, waiting for some producer frightened by a nasty review or a frothing sponsor to come gasping for a pony of my remedial brandy. But to add to this injury the insult of having my inspired client benefits sneered at was almost too much to bear.

I was about to end it all with a half-gainer to the pavement, but a funny thing happened on my way to the window.

One of the comedy shows under our banner was an opera titled "My Favorite Husband," felicitously written by Sol Saks and Nate Monaster, two of Hollywood's most accomplished comedy veterans. It's appearance evoked highly flattering reviews. Enthusiastic credit was given the mounting, the direction, the stars and the writing. One reviewer said of the latter, in effect, "The sparkling dialog was due to the deft hand of Don Quinn."

I was in a bad spot.

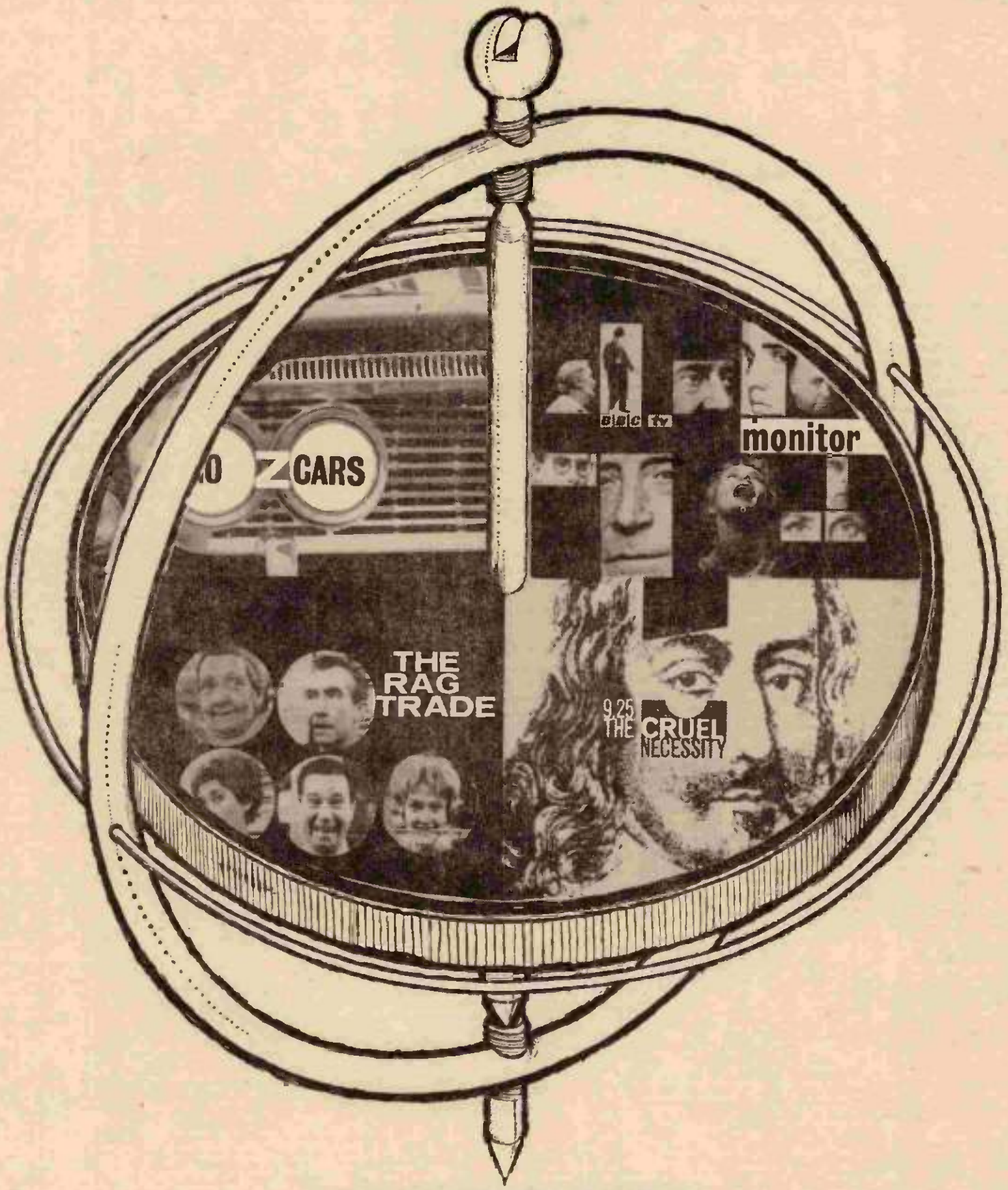
I had never seen a script nor had the slightest thing to do with the show's writing or production. My deft little hands were busy stringing paperclips during its creation. So carefully colling my necklace, which is something like trying to make a silent, graceful stack of wire coathangers, I started to mend some fences.

I straightened out the guilty columnist, expressed profound regrets to the real authors of the program (who were much nicer about it than I would have been), and attempted to explain the booboo to the trade in general.

The following season, the program, which had survived the rating battle, again received good reviews, but they did not contain the critical ecstasy which it originally had elicited.

Saks and Monaster sent me a telegram. It read: "WHERE WERE YOU WHEN WE NEEDED YOU?"

The brandy has long gone to wherever the swallows homeward fly. But is anyone in the market for a chain of paperclips, 53 ft. 3 inches, suitable for small mobile or mouse-leash?



COUNTERPOISE...

The dynamic and precise balance of the gyroscope ensures the true progress of a ship or aircraft.

BBC tv likewise boasts all the elements which together spell counterpoise: gaiety, profundity, speed of action, vitality, lightheartedness, the classic and the contemporary.

Because of this BBC tv is set on the best course for world television.

BBC tv

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AMATEUR HOUR ALUMNI PLENTY 'PRO'

By TED MACK

How's business?

If it's show business, and you want the opinion of an old-established firm—after nearly 30 years, and nearly four generations of talent—business is going on as usual, and that means great!

To assess any operation you have to look at the product, and that's where the Amateur Hour proves its point.

At the moment the entire tv industry is doing nipups over Frankie Fontaine, the "comedy find" of 1962—"the mainstay of the Jackie Gleason Show"—and assorted other raves

We knew he was great on March 3, 1944, when we introduced him to show business.

A couple of months ago a young singer, who couldn't get an audition anywhere else, thrilled—not only a coast-to-coast network—but the management of the Radio City Music Hall. That's how Conchita Clarke went into the world's show business mecca for 10 solid weeks after her three-time winning appearances on our program.

Tie onto that a young lad named Tommy Curtain, who just completed a run in the same Radio City Music Hall a week or two ago—with a sensational juggling act.

That, relatively, is current business progress.

But you can top this with a recent series of three originations at WBBM-TV, in Chicago, where we were literally snowed under by fresh new talent—over 1,100 acts—while one of our 1941 graduates, guest-starring on "Password" and readying a dramatic role on "Dr. Kildare."

Robert Merrill From '36

Do we have to go into thousands of words about an Oscar winner, recording-and-club-star — named Sinatra? Of Class of '34? Or the genius-of-the-harmonica — Eddy Manson, Class of '36? Or one of the most popular visitors to the recent nighttime Jack Paar Shows—opera star Robert Merrill, Class of '36?

How about the young Hawaiian sergeant-of-Marines, who waded right through our Amateur Hour Championships ten years ago and currently is doing fine as a recording star and getting raves for his performance in "Flower Drum Song"?

And while we ponder over this "continuous performance" in the success story, only a month ago we spent a week in Kansas City with tv station KCMO. We staged a couple of shows for the network in the Municipal Auditorium, to help raise funds for the American Humanics Foundation. The talent came from 150 miles around to get a chance to be heard.

Immediacy

While we were in the auditorium, the owner of Kansas City's top restaurant wanted to book three acts right off the show. This, when you realize he currently was starring Dorothy Shay.

The restaurateur's comment: "This is the only show on a coast-to-coast network that still gives talent a chance to be seen and heard. How else can we find fresh new material?"

We of the Amateur Hour are not going to say that we are the last stand between vaudeville, tab shows, road companies, stock—and whatever show business is using these days to fill the hungry maw of movies, television, opera, radio and the concert stage.

But as Lincoln Center in New York and the Culture Center in Washington grow into actuality, we think we are going to be in a great position to furnish the finest of American "young culture" and "folk art"—if these capitals of culture are going to devote themselves to finding the great wellspring of hidden American talent. That's the material that needs encouragement.

We, as a long-established "business" have had ample opportunity to compare our people with the art mores of other lands.

We have presented singing camel drivers from Pakistan; violin-playing playing cooks from the Argentine and South Africa; we have

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A Day In Moscow With Benny Goodman

[Adventures of a TV Film Crew Caught Between Benny and Bureaucracy]

By JOSEPH LISS

A United States film crew sent out by NBC, New York, Special Projects, attempting to film "The World of Benny Goodman," had arrived in Moscow in spite of the Soviet agency called Goskoncert—sort of the MCA of the Soviet Union—which had forbidden us to roll one foot of film at any Goodman concert. It wasn't so much of a challenge we had taken, it was more of a gamble. Executive producer Don Hyatt said, "shoot the works," and producer Gene Jones laid $100,000 of company money on the line. In all fairness to the situation, one could not conceive of *any* film crew invading a concert held in an American city, much less if the invaders descended from the U.S.S.R.

Goskoncert had a powerful argument; we would distract a paying audience who had come to hear music, not observe a frenetic crew making a commercial picture for U.S. television. Moreover, we'd be creating a valuable film property and not giving the Soviets, who are in the film business themselves, a single kopek. The fact is, they sell Soviet film to American producers at $10 a foot. They had a very good argument except for two very forceful opponents—Gene Jones and Nikita Khrushchev. Here is how Khrushchev entered the picture:

Okay, no filming of the actual concert. We took them literally. We'd behave just like any other tourists who are permitted to film most anything, except military installations, most anywhere in the Soviet Union. The Red Army Sports Palace, a long ride to the outskirts of Moscow, and a sweaty walk from the nearest subway station, was no military installation: it was a huge barn of an indoor stadium in which Benny Goodman and his orchestra were to swing it on opening night. We'd film outside the concert hall; such cutaway shots as the crowds coming through the gates, the haggling for tickets which were about as difficult to procure as opening night to "How To Succeed in Business Without Really Trying."

Like Opening Nite on B'way

Young people were milling about dying for a ticket and it was rumored by certain American Embassy drumbeaters, that Soviet hipsters, of which there are many, would give their life for a ticket. That could be an exaggeration, but opening night for anything in Moscow is just like opening night on Broadway—the angels come. And the angels in Moscow are terribly mature people in official positions in the government and the arts who believe it is smart to be seen at opening nights or who are obliged to make an appearance in the pursuit of political or social standing, or simply because the wife wants to show off her new evening gown.

There was bedlam for blocks outside the Sports Palace, and to take advantage of that bedlam we had decided to crash through the gates. It was a rush through center with our first cameraman Cy Avnet, skinny Cy weighing about 140 pounds, playing interference with his portable camera strapped on his shoulders, and a 400-foot reel rising over his head giving him the appearance of a monster with two heads. To our astonishment, and more so to the gatekeeper, no one stopped us; either they were taken by surprise, or more accurately—they had it; the Slavic attitude of inevitable fate and weary of an inconsequential situation; after all it's only some crazy Americans taking silly films and not the second invasion of the Germans. But we had gotten through one set of gates. There were more gates to face us, and here's where Nikita figures:

Now mind you; we're not in the concert hall, merely milling around the large square surrounding Red Army Sports Palace, and watching the girls go by. Also the boys, and men, and the Russian D.A.R. types proudly holding their paper tickets, reluctantly handing them over (because they were so valuable) to the ticket takers. Joe Oexle, our second cameraman, a hulk of a Western German from Munch, 220 pounds, was getting arty with his camera. He was taking severe closeups of feet trudging in the long queue, faces in disbelief, and hands surrendering to tickets. Joe is a gentle man except with a camera in his hands, steady as the outstretched hand of Lenin seen sweeping out of his bronze torso in every Soviet city. These statues of Lenin, all out of the same mold, are about as numerous as the statues of the Confederate soldier found in our Southern cities. Suddenly there was a stir; a line of sleek black cars, each resembling a cross between a rented Carey Cadillac and an armored vehicle out of an American gangster movie, came to a smooth stop a hundred feet from the "concert hall." Unexpectedly Khrushchev, we were told, had arrived. Actually we didn't quite believe it, nor were we impressed very much since our target was Benny and not Nikita.

Crowds had surrounded the vehicles and not being able to see who was alighting out of them, we had assumed they were the usual smiling lieutenants from the Kremlin together with a passel of under-secretaries from the American Embassy. Then the square was emptied and lonely. All who had tickets had gone in leaving only our own pathetic little group wandering around with our cameras like little boys looking for a knothole in the outfield fence at Yankee Stadium. We observed we had comrades in our misery—the civilian guards and drivers who came with the big cars, bell bottomed trousered individuals in dusty blue serge suits wiping the splashings of Soviet pigeons off the Soviet limos with an enormous lack of enthusiasm, feeling as sorry for themselves as we were because we were left out. Other lugubrious comrades included an off-duty squad of Red Army soldiers—first year draftees in ill-fitting uniforms spotted generously from too many K.P. chores. Soviet counterparts out of Bill Mauldin's old cartoons. But they were young, pathetically young, and youth all over the Soviet Union wanted nothing more this night than to hear Benny Goodman. So many had heard him on Voice of America, which incidentally is not jammed—ever. Why? We were told it cost money to jam, and besides Willis Conover, Voice of America's overseas disk jockey sticks to jazz and avoids more obvious propaganda. Willis is known to more people in the entire Eastern countries of Europe and Soviet Central Asia than President Kennedy, and vastly more popular. They give no "canaries" to Kennedy but Conover is liked—"well liked," in the lexicon of Arthur Miller.

Soldiers With BG Buttons

As the Red Army boys, and boys they were, began straining to hear a few notes that occasionally filtered out of the hall and pretending to dance to the music, horsing around like American teenagers, the bell-bottomed guards "invited" the soldiers to set up a barricade made of concrete park benches to hold the crowd back who would soon emerge for the intermission.

The square was cleared now, and for some unknown reason I found myself inside the barricade wandering around freely with cameraman, big Joe Oexle—Pohszhalsa Joe, we called him, because the word Pohszhalsa meaning please, thank you, out of my way, or whatever you like, is a favorite catchword of the Russians and Joe's complete Russian vocabulary. And at that, he mispronounced it by placing an extra syllable in the word.

Intermission and the audience was streaming out into the Moscow twilight for a breath of air and/or the conventional between-the-act refreshment. No peanuts and popcorn, but lesser delicacies such as caviar, champagne, globs of butter on salmon eggs, soda pop which we called "bug juice" because it looked like Flit, and often tasted like it though our crew loved it, also ice cream of many flavors called Maroszhna, and finally great Russian candy, cakes comparable to Danish pastry, coffee or a glass of tea are available at modest prices and in gluttonous supply. And many people, our crew not excepted, ate like it was the last supper. Munching on the crispy bread spread with unmanageable caviar rolling on to their Sunday suits. Moscovites crowded against the barricade to view the notables emerging for their snacks. Among them we first spied Mr. Mikoyan, his wife, the Ambassador and Mrs. Thompson, other apparent celebrities and finally Mr. and Mrs. Khrushchev. We were still dazed by the unaccountable phenomena of not being shoved behind the barricades like the rest of the sweaty Moscovites. It was a hot night and it must have been hotter in the hall. We were wearing, to be sure, NBC Press badges we brought from New York—not issued by the Soviets—and certainly no one was impressed by them; much less Khrushchev's bodyguard. People in the U.S.S.R. are always adorned with buttons, badges, and medals. They trade them around like kids in America used to trade match books. One NBC Press badge is worth about one Gagarin button and a 1957 Youth Congress pin.

Big K

There was a shout: "Joe, there he is!" But Joe was already lumbering up to Big K like a Mark IV tank and poking his hand-held camera into Nikita's face, barely 10 feet from him. A guard rushed up and attempted to dislodge Joe from his tripod stance. Joe shook him off as though he were a flea and when the guard almost fell on his face, Joe momentarily turned, said "Pohszhalista," and continued grinding away. The guard leaped back at Joe, but by then Khrushchev became aware of the disturbance. He thereupon motioned to his guard to lay off the nice cameraman and Joe without even a sense of vindication. Khrushchev smiled for the camera, shook his head in approval, and almost attempted a little wave of his hand. And then, as though to take over the direction of the scene, he motioned to Mrs. Khrushchev to step aside from the group for a one-shot. Joe panned over to her to satisfy Nikita's momentary impulse to join the union of cinematographers, and ground away at the very charming smile that Mrs. Khrushchev offered to the small drama, bowed, and then I imagined I heard Nikita whisper "Cut." Joe cut off his camera, bowed a "Pahazhalista" on our behalf as Mikoyan smiled and our Ambassador looked puzzled. The scene safe in the can, we did a fast fadeout. Not a single gun shot followed us. And the next evening, the NBC Special Projects film crew were given permission by the Ministry of Culture, or some such official bureau, to film the Benny Goodman Concerts in Moscow and probably the entire tour of the Soviet Union, for which an okay would be forthcoming.

It should not be concluded as a fact that Mr. Khrushchev's polite gesture vis a vis Joe Pohszhalista was a turning point in our good fortune. Yet it could be, though most probably we could safetly assume that the Chairman of the Central Committee of the Communist Party and Soviet Parliment had weightier problems on his mind than "The World of Benny Goodman." The only facts that are incontrovertible are: Gene Jones moved as much of heaven that there is in Moscow to convince the powers that be to permit us to film a live concert; that Benny Goodman personally pleaded to the point of getting on his knees to Goskoncert to let "his boys" do their job, but a footnote should be added to this knees business that this fact can be construed as an image created by his secretary Muriel Zuckerman; and most important there was a sudden thaw and we were permitted, for the present it may be said cautiously, to do the job. On one proviso, and a rather thoughtful one at that on the part of the U.S.S.R.; the Soviet film bureau, whatever its name, would save NBC some money—they would develop all our film free of charge before turning it over to us. The Soviets are reputed to be excellent film editors.

"A new breed of man" is a tired phrase generously employed by tired television writers in America, but they'd have a ball in the Soviet Union; the place is saturated with a new breed of man. Since the

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TV Big, Show Biz Vague; Scotland Changing Region

By GORDON IRVING

Glasgow.

Amusements in Scotland continue in transition. Vaude is decreasing, the legit field is more limited in scope, and bingo and gambling seem to be on the upgrade as customers seek out substitute entertainment with profit rainbows in these inflated times.

Commonplace here is news of some cinemas giving up films in favor of bingo. In both city and rural areas the trend seems away from films.

Theatrical firm of Howard & Wyndham, which serves several regional cities from its Mayfair, London, base, is valiantly keeping the flag flying in revue and pantomime. Its productions at the Alhambra, Glasgow, and the King's, Edinburgh, are among the best and most lavish in the U.K., and often outshine London. An interesting trend is that of using top English comedians (e.g. Dickie Henderson in 1962, Max Bygraves in 1963) in place of the usual homefront brigade, who have played these theatres for years past.

Television in Scotland, both commercial tv and BBC, forges ahead. Output from the Scot commercial station at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, is strong, and the balance is in favor of the serious and documentary style of program, with a continuing quota of light entertainment. The Scottish Television nightly news-magazine "Here & Now" has soared into the Top Ten ratings. Religion is also being given prominence under the influence of the station's new managing-director, Noel Stevenson. The BBC is readying new tv studios behind its radio station at Queen Margaret Drive, Glasgow.

American films remain popular as always with the Scots, particularly Cary Grant comedies. The city-center cinemas, such as the Glasgow Odeon, Edinburgh New Victoria, and Glasgow Gaumont and La Scala, rate strong clientele.

Regional Comics

Among Scot comedians, there is much promise from Jack Milroy, Johnnie Beattie, Larry Marshall, Jimmy Logan, Rikki Fulton, etc., are already established. Andy Stewart remains in a class of his own as a sort of minstrel-comedian, a successor to the late Sir Harry Lauder.

One of the welcome trends of 1962 was the re-opening of the Glasgow Metropole in the former Empress Playhouse building at St. George's Cross, Glasgow. Alec Frutin, local impresario, took a chance here with his all-tartan revue, and is paying dividends via packed audiences, a sign that vaude may not be dying after all, as both pessimists and even optimists have felt. The future of the city-center Empire Theatre in Glasgow, a longtime favorite with American acts, is in the balance, and rumor has it that this will be pulled down to make way for property development.

Actors Put Crimp On Aussie's TV

By ERIC GORRICK

Sydney.

Actors' Equity in Australia is killing local television, production with excessive payment demands aimed at the home-brew producer. Presently, AAE has stymied tv cameras and backers are bowing out of the local scene because of tough edicts.

For years AAE has squealed to politicians for protection against imported tv product; pleading that a high influx of overseas celluoid was putting local performers on the breadline. Right now AAE itself has put the skids under its members by halting local production.

ATN, key Sydney commercial

(Continued on page 152)

Add a bowlful of people to the readers of your ad

Suppose you take a page in Life Magazine. Circulation, 7,000,000. Readership, 31,000,000 adults. An increase in the readers of your ad by one-fifth of 1% of that audience just about fills the Yale Bowl!

A small increase in readership and persuasiveness may not look impressive on a sheet of statistics. But in flesh-and-blood people, it is. An outstanding agency doesn't settle even for a fine readership rating, but is always looking for more—a big percentage or even the little increase that still adds a bowlful of people.

Young & Rubicam, Advertising

Argentine TV Affliction: 'Illiquidity'

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires.

Like all other local business, television has suffered plenty from "illiquidity" (lack of cash). Advertisers can't pay in cash, often do so in kind (with automobiles or other merchandise), and the vicious circle spreads. This is a problem affecting every branch of activity in Argentina. The worst cases have been Channels 7 and 9, particularly the State-owned 7, where several strike threats brought payments on account. SADAIC, the local ASCAP, Argentores (authors' rights) the Actors' Association, APO (Musicians' Union) and Variety Artists Union made several joint protests in the year against delays in payment of fees and royalties, threatening withdrawal of repertories.

Towards the end of the year Channel 9 dismissed some 40 employees, threatening to bring the number up to 100. Rates of pay on tv are high by other standards, out of proportion to local possibilities, in a trend begun in Peron's time.

Channels 11 (ABC) and 13 (Mestre CBS-Time-Life) are prompt in payment and better organized, though 11 was notorious in its early days, before American capital moved in.

Shortage of coin naturally affected the quality of programs, and latterly many sponsors are resuming radio advertising, realizing that in the transistor era they have a perpetual audience, whereas in districts affected by power shortages, folk have been unable to use their tv sets for long periods at a stretch. Topical events, naturally, in view of frequent "military events" and political changes, were of considerable interest, and late night discussion forums or news summaries acquired great popularity.

The State-owned Channel 7 which excelled in news presentations, lost ground in this respect, probably due to overcaution on the part of those responsible, who feared loss of jobs if corns got trodden on. Further, as Channel 7 owed close on to 10,000,000 pesos to staff and talent in October, all wonder what will happen in the summer hiatus when advertising drops off.

Program Control Bid

An "Organization for Moral Salvage" appealed to President Guido to pilot a law into being (by decree presumably) controlling tv shows, which "so vitally affect the sacred precincts of the family." In November a congress was held to discuss tv's effect on children, under Automobile Club sponsorship, including an experimental seminar for tv teachers. It was concluded that tv should be used to set good examples and create standards for parents, channel executives, advertisers, etc., were exhorted to cooperate and make good programs. There was also a recommendation that the official channel should be run on the same semi-educational lines as Radio Nacional.

Requests also poured in on all sides for the State to hasten allocation of channels in the interior. Calls for tenders were cancelled after Frondizi was overthrown, but it's felt action is imperative as tv on the ranches will help stem the exodus from the land to the cities.

Rosario city chambers of commerce are also pressuring for allocation of tv channels for the Santa Fe district, which is industrially and agriculturally important. Total of 159 bids had been submitted for this district before the Government called the whole thing off.

The recent tv Convention in Buenos Aires disclosed that school teachers estimate their pupils spend from three to nine hours a day in front of tv sets.

A Day in Moscow With Benny Goodman

Continued from page 118

death of Joe Stalin, many observers (another tired phrase for tired newspaper men) believe that Nikita Khrushchev is in the vanguard of the "new breed of men." A New York Times pundit calls them The Sixties Men; men in the 1860's of Czarist Russia planted the seeds of later revolutions by spirited political foment under the guise of intellectual liberalism in the field of art and literature; and now the men of the 1960's, still under the guise of intellectual liberalism with Pravda disagreeing with Isvestia and the literary magazines publishing lively polemics on everything from anti-Semitism to Swing, these men have created anything but a united front in the thinking and political future of the Soviet man. Perhaps Joe Pohazhalisa's camera caught an inkling of that spirit focused in the gleam in Nikita's eyes. Mr. Khrushchev, in the vanguard of the Sixties Man had won a round in the small battle against the still existing Stalinist practice of suspicion and suppression by rote and habit as exhibited by the guard who had attempted to deny our filmic efforts, Mr. K. at that moment had, to be sure, greater authority than an authoritarian bodyguard, but only at that moment; the bodyguard's kind of thinking was by no means defeated once and for all vis a vis our efforts to film the Goodman tour in the U.S.S.R.

The Customs Enigma

The morning was spent checking out our equipment and confusing our officially appointed guide. The guide was an over-energetic female over-anxious to show us the sights of Moscow; the Kremlin, the various museums of the Revolution, and the exhibit of Soviet Achievements. Weren't we after all, nothing but tourists according to our visa applications? How would she know we had a job to do since we had no work permits? We too were confused and tried to imagine how a Soviet crew would get along in New York City without a work permit, notwithstanding the objections of the American theatrical unions, IATSE and NABET. Moreover, what did our Soviet Guide think was in the 67 boxes comprising 3900 pounds of equipment that came off our plane? To our delight and total disbelief, the Soviet customs never opened a single black box. In France, England, Italy, other European countries and the United States we were usually hung up for hours and sometimes days while Customs inspected every lens with a magnifying glass. But back to the enigma of Moscow . . .

Permission granted. But we were advised not to appear with our equipment until 8 p.m. Good God!, we cried and pardoned the expression, the concert starts at 8:30, and we need at least a couple of hours to set up our equipment —three sound comeras, a private line to the director from each of the cameras, careful placement of mikes and determination of balance for good recording, light readings, etcetera, etcetera, and not to mention the fact that we'd never seen the inside of the hall; where were we going to place the cameras to begin with? But screaming to the Soviet mind has no effect, whatever the urgency of the appeal or the volume of the scream.

Not to waste the day, which was costing the unit thousands per day in the salaries of highly skilled personnel plus $35 each day for each of the seven members of the crew as required by Intourist, the official Soviet travel agency, and paid in advance back in the United States, our associate producer, Jim Reina, was charged with filming of exteriors of Moscow for possible intercuts of mood and action, and follow Benny around wherever he may go—sort of a candid insight of an American in Moscow; a very special American who signified a unique American contribution made to the world of music, Jazz. Good Jazz means improvisation, and surprising to some critics, there are moments of pure improvisation in a Goodman orchestra, but most significant-improvisation means freedom in a musical sense. We would film a proponent of musical freedom in an environment that lacked it in the repressive years under a square by the name of Joe. And surprisingly enough, Maxim Gorki leveled his powerful press against Jazz by writing, ". . . a capitalist perversion . . . wild, screaming, hissing, rattling, wailing, moaning, cackling . . . bestial cries . . . the squeal of a brass pig, crying jackasses . . . one conjures up an orchestra of madmen, sexual maniacs, led by a man stallion beating time with an enormous phallus."

Benny never told the NBC crew his itinerary for the day. Benny is not altogether a loquacious person, but we learned through our do-it-yourself underground that Benny had agreed to play his clarinet smack on Red Square in the shadow of Lenin's Tomb for the benefit of a Life photographer. Good bit and why hadn't we thought of it? Why? If we thought of it, Benny wouldn't have done it. He was under the impression that we'd never bug him with anything bigger than an invisible camera and we had been bugging him for weeks back in the States before the Soviet tour. With us, he had had it. Between Benny, therefore, and Soviet fundamentalists, we had clear sailing with guns on both shores.

Like Kids In East Orange

We sailed into Red Square. A crowd had collected around Benny and a periphery of photographers. Benny was having a hell of a time, enjoying it all, and we elbowed through the tourists. Tourists in Moscow come in droves from all over the Soviet Union; school kids from Tblisi like school kids from East Orange on a pilgrimage to Washington, D.C., vacationing farmers and factory workers from the Republic of Uzbekistan, a PTA chapter from Georgia, men, women, and children from 15 Republics of the U.S.S.R. out on a summer spree. They lined up in front of Lenin's tomb like visitors to New York lined up blocks long around Radio City Music Hall. Benny had an audience and Benny was swinging. We could just see the marquis: Lenin's Tomb starring N. Lenin and featuring B. Goodman.

When he walked across Red Square, after having made that photograph that appeared in the world press, Benny was in the mood of a man under water and refusing to bother to kick himself to the surface. It was at that ebulient moment that we were compelled to approach Benny Goodman for a 'favor'—would he pose for us? What?, he barked. We explained:

We needed an opening to his own show, "The World of Benny Goodman." Would he just walk across the street to the National Hotel where he had set up cameras in a room on the fourth floor overlooking a grand view of picture-postcard Moscow; a panorama of the city including Red Square, the Kremlin, that dollhouse of a church called St. Basil's, and with it all, Benny in the foreground playing his clarinet. An obvious bit, but a quick identifying scene for the story to follow, sort of an obligatory scene over which would be written the theme of the show. It was very important—to us at least. Not so to Benny; he let out a "Nyet!" He wasn't posing for any pictures. He had enough. We walked off more foolish than hurt. We had made elaborate arrangements for that picture, and here's what they were:

We had requested the use of a room for a short time in the National Hotel. That sounds pretty easy. But to rent a room in Moscow's most desired hotel, the pride of the "in" people, just for a few hours presents more problems than conspiring for a quickie "honeymoon" cottage in Las Vegas. We assured the hotel manager that we didn't wish to bring up any chicks, but only wanted to make a picture.

To finally obtain just the permission to use a room, we had to convince the manager of the National that we were, film-wise, sort of an officially accredited group, sort of officially blessed by the Ministry of Culture. Thereupon the manager said okay, but there is no room available in the National, hasn't been for years, not for anyone but ballet dancers and the Central Committee of the Communist Party from out of town. We fitted in neither category. The National is for hipsters, and we didn't look very hip. It is the only hotel in the Soviet Union that knows the meaning of service.

If a room was not available for rent, we asked the manager, could we borrow one from one of the hotel guests We could—from one of the many visiting American professors who live on the fourth floor of the hotel . . . if we could get anyone of them to agree. The visiting exchange professors, many of them from Harvard, have large families. The kids fought for the privilege of having Benny Goodman "live" in their room. We finally chose a suite most suitable to our purposes—a grand view of Red Square. Our lighting people spent two hours covering the windows with "gels" to ease the glaring sun out of the cameras. The entire hotel stood by patiently, as were all the American kids, for Benny Goodman to appear. And Benny said "Nyet."

The crew was thereupon instructed not to talk to Mr. Goodman again, not ever, on pain of being exiled to NBC's own Siberia. Mr. Goodman never noticed that he was not being addressed.

If the trip were to be summed up in one word, it would be *waiting*. It was like being in the army again. Waiting in dining rooms, waiting in airports, waiting at customs, waiting for "little discussions" with officials, waiting on line in stores, museums, Lenin's tomb, waiting away our whole lives in a bus, afraid to move in the event that something might happen. And this is what did happen:

By 8 p.m. the crowds had already entered the main gate. Aside from a few sorry souls who had no tickets and kept plaguing us for some, we were shipwrecked in a small sea of parked cars. No one, but no one, was paying attention to us.

At 8:10 Mr. Reiner emerged with a small man with a kindly face out of which stuttered the difficult task of speaking a little broken English. The small man informed us that all government offices were now closed for the night and he was sorry but he knew of no permission to film the concert. When we protested, he said softly: "Do not your government go home to their families to eat and sleep?"

At 8:15 we demanded to go in since we had tickets. "Of course if you have tickets." And our gear, we would like to take that in too. "Of course if you check it." Everything is checked in the Soviet Union. Nothing is taken to seats in theatres or restaurants.

At 8:30 we were led, with our equipment, to a room in the basement of the Sports Palace. But the room was locked and no one knew where the key was. The little man disappeared. Joe Oexle whispered, "Do you know why they won't open the room for us?" No, we did not know. "Weapons!" said Joe out of the corner of his German mouth. What? "Weapons. You know, in case there is an uprising." What uprising? "The people, of course, against the government. Red army weapons, to put down riots."

At 8:40, the little man appeared and opened the door. Inside was the girls gymnasium. The little man disappeared.

At 8:45, the exact time for an 8:30 curtain all over the world, we heard applause. We heard Benny's musical signature.

At 8:50, the little man returned.

"Would you like to go up now and film the concert? It is okay."

"Thank you."

Bathing in sweat, we were hauling our cameras way to the back of the hall. We passed Captain Blackface. We pinned a Benny Goodman pin beside his other medals. "Spasiba," he smiled. We were in. We were workers.

Tokyo's 84% TV Homes

Tokyo.

More than four out of every five households in Japan have a tv set, according to a survey by the Economic Planning Agency which covered 4,130 households in 28 cities earlier this year.

The survey showed that 84% of all city households had a tv set, 63% had an electric fan and 38% had a refrigerator.

Of All Show Biz Media In Italy, TV Far The Healthiest

By ROBT. HAWKINS

Rome.

Italian television continues its inevitable progress at the estimated rate of some 300,000 new subscriptions (via Italy's state-subsidized and monopolistic fee system) per year. It is therefore the only Italian entertainment form in steady advance, as against a nearly moribund theatre, where only isolated musicals support themselves, a similarly sickly opera field, an okay music field which is however slowing down some after the boom of a few years ago, and the motion picture field is holding its own boxoffice and attendance wise —which these days is an advance in itself.

Windup figures for the year back these claims, while if one considers the percapita coin spent on entertainment in 1951 with that spent in 1961 the jump for all forms of entertainment is roughly from $4 to $7. Broken down, expenditure for theatre has stayed put in the same period, film admission costs per Italian have risen about one and one-half times, sports are likewise up strongly, but none can compare with radio and video: five times as much spent in '61 as in '51.

Artistic progress has not always kept up with television public impact, and perhaps because 1962 has seen the introduction of a second national program by RAI-TV—with the debilitating results that such doubling up of nightly fare brings to a still-young net—there have been fewer sock programs on RAI-TV than in previous years.

Some of the musical-variety shows, and especially the much-touted "Canzonissima," have proved major disappointments during the year, with the due exceptions. Also, and perhaps inevitably, RAI has seemingly gone tape-mad, while previously, there was a refreshing and stimulating lot of live video fare in various sectors.

Yet RAI remains in the forefront in certain niches, such as sports, dramatic shows, certain documentary series, as well as in children's afternoon fare and educational tv, which is proving an example to many foreign video stations that have studied the local setup in the past few months.

Last but not least is RAI's even more recent effort in setting up a recently-completed receiving station for Telstar casts in the plains of Fucino, while a transmtting station for satellite links is now being built and is expected to be completed in a year or so.

Rod Serling To Shed Cap 'n' Gown

Yallow Springs, O.

Rod Serling, tv playwright currently taking a sabbatical semester teaching at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, his alma mater, will leave the campus Feb. 1 to return to television. CBS is bringing back "Twilight Zone," this time as a series of hour shows.

Discussing his college work, he said, "I love teaching. I have one adult class that's marvelously exciting, lasting for anything up to five hours, one evening a week. Usually, that kind of thing, all you get is old ladies in tennis shoes producing probing dramas about bird-watchers. But not my class. They really write. It's tremendous."

He teaches college students in the daytime, but doubts if the classes will produce any future television playwrights. "The youngster has such a hard time getting a start. He can't get past the 500 or so writers established in the business. They're there and they stay there, churning out the scripts."

As for the networks, Serling said, "I find it hard to stand that giant chain of command telling me what to do. I don't question their right to do so, but all the same, the trouble is that a mass medium can never be a free medium for writers."


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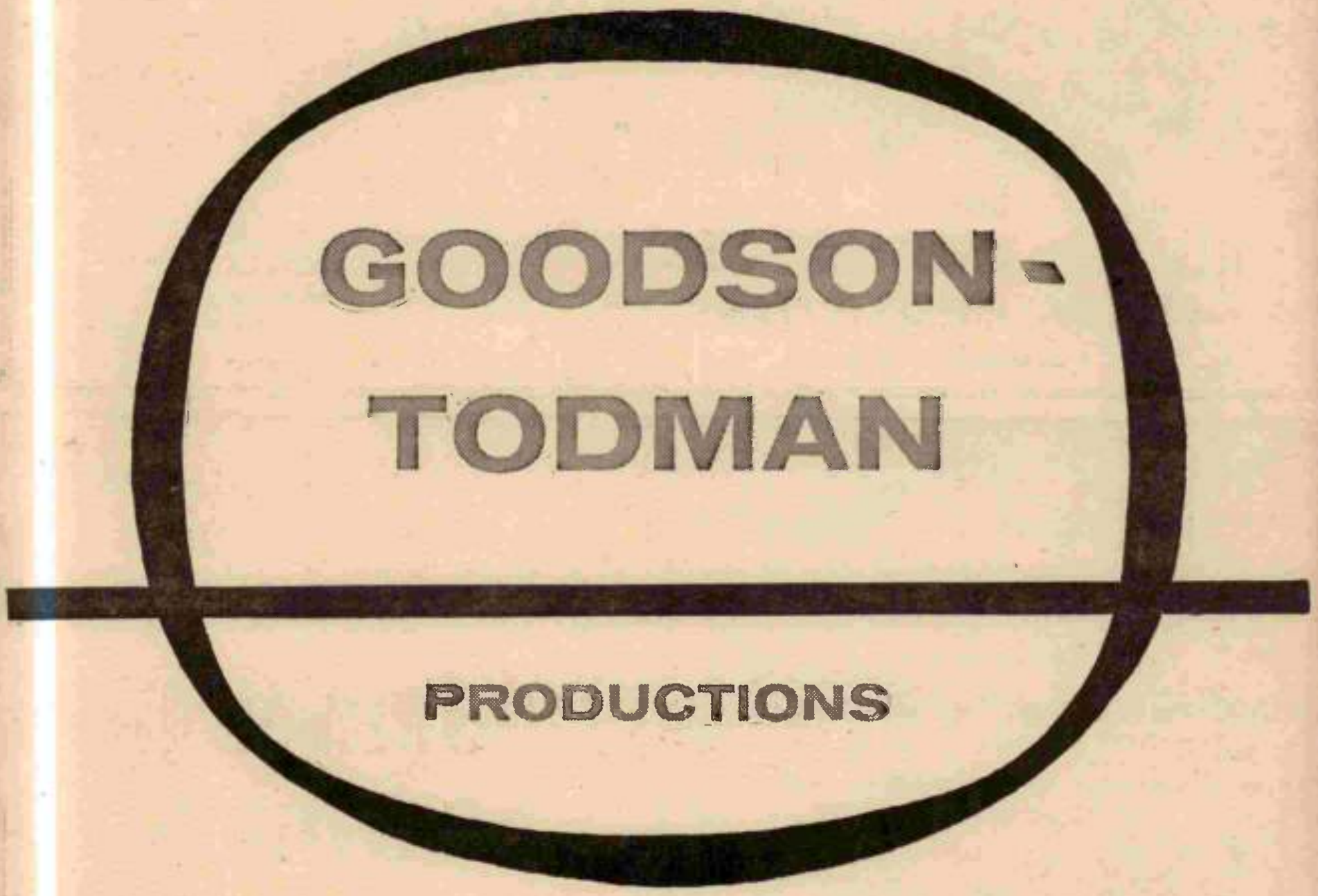

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Billboard Music Week this year published a list of recorded compositions in steady demand which should form the nucleus of any Old Standards library

BILLBOARD MUSIC WEEK

101 Perennial Singles Hits

For year-round programming by juke box operators and radio stations, we present below a catalog of standards that can provide consistent earnings for operators and a wealth of material for discussion by broadcasters. This list—of 101 hits—contains the hard core of these perennials. While space limitations prohibit publication of all standards which could be programmed on a year-round basis, these should form the nucleus of any Old Standards selection panel or library.

Records are listed alphabetically by title, with artist and label designated. Many of these titles are available on other labels and by other artists. We have selected what we think are the recordings most suitable for juke box programming. Although some were originally released a number of years ago, all are kept in constant supply due to steady demand.

TITLE, Artist, Label & Number

ACROSS THE ALLEY FROM THE ALAMO/DON'T BE A BABY, BABY—The Mills Brothers (Decca 25516)

√ALLA EN EL RANCHO GRANDE/AMOR—Bing Crosby (Decca 23914)

√AMAPOLA/MARIA ELENA — Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 25120)

ANYWAY YOU WANT ME/LOVE ME TENDER—Elvis Presley (RCA Victor 447-0616)

APRIL SHOWERS/SWANEE—Al Jolson (Decca 23470)

√ARE YOU SINCERE/BE MINE TONIGHT—Andy Williams (Cadence Cad 1340)

BANANA BOAT (Day O)/JAMAICA FAREWELL—Harry Belafonte (RCA Victor 447-0324)

BELLE OF THE BALL/BLUE TANGO—Leroy Anderson (Decca 27875)

BEYOND THE SUNSET/ME—Red Foley (Decca 25539)

THE BILBAO SONG/HOW WONDERFUL TO KNOW—Andy Williams (Cadence Cad 1398)

√BYE BYE LOVE/WAKE UP LITTLE SUSIE—The Everly Brothers (Cadence Cad 1609)

CALCUTTA/MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK—Lawrence Welk (Dot 16222)

CARELESS/RAGTIME COWBOY JOE—Eddy Howard (Mercury C-30058)

√C. C. RIDER—Chuck Willis (Atlantic 1130)

CHERRY PINK AND APPLE BLOSSOM WHITE/ST. LOUIS BLUES MAMBO—Perez Prado (RCA Victor 447-0217)

√COLD, COLD HEART/BECAUSE OF YOU—Tony Bennett (Columbia 3-33003)

√COME SOFTLY TO ME/MR. BLUE—The Fleetwoods (Dolton 54515)

√COOL WATER/TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS — Sons of the Pioneers (RCA Victor 447-0565)

CRY ME A RIVER/COMIN' A MY HOUSE—Julie London (Liberty 54500)

√DO I WORRY/AYA JIVE—Ink Spots (Decca 23683)

√FEVER/LETTER FROM MY DARLING — Little Willie John (King 4935)

√FOUR WALLS/JAMBO—Jim Reeves (RCA Victor 447-0413)

GOD BLESS AMERICA/AMONG MY SOUVENIRS —Connie Francis (MGM K12841)

GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL/SCATTERBRAIN —Skinnay Ennis (Mercury C-30082)

√THE GREEN DOOR/LITTLE MAN IN CHINATOWN —Jim Lowe (Dot 15486)

√GREEN EYES/THE BREEZE AND I—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 25119)

HAWAIIAN WEDDING SONG/LONELY STREET—Andy Williams (Cadence Cad 1610)

HEARTACHES/HOW! MONAH—Ted Weems (Decca 25017)

√HEARTBREAK HOTEL/I WAS THE ONE—Elvis Presley (RCA Victor 447-0605)

√HEARTS OF STONE/BLESS YOUR HEART—The Fontane Sisters (Dot 15265)

√HONKY TONK (PARTS I AND II)—Bill Doggett (King 4950)

HOT LIPS/THE WANG WANG BLUES—Henry Busse (Decca 25015)

√HOUND DOG/DON'T BE CRUEL—Elvis Presley (RCA Victor 447-0608)

√I ALMOST LOST MY MIND/FRIENDLY PERSUASION—Pat Boone (Dot 16033)

TITLE, Artist, Label & Number

I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I/THE WEDDING OF LILI MARLENE — Andrews Sisters (Decca 24705)

IF I DIDN'T CARE/WHISPERING GRASS—Ink Spots (Decca 27632)

IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMIN' I'D'VE BAKED A CAKE/WHEN LOVE HAPPENS TO YOU—Eileen Barton (MGM K12758)

I'LL BE SEEING YOU/I LOVE YOU—Bing Crosby (Decca 24256)

IN A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN/BLUE SKIES—Johnny Long (Decca 23622)

IT HAPPENED IN HAWAII/TANGERINE—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 25255)

√IT WASN'T GOD WHO MADE HONKY TONK ANGELS/I DON'T WANT YOUR MONEY: I WANT YOUR TIME—Kitty Wells (Decca 28232)

√IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME/HURTIN' INSIDE —Brook Benton (Mercury C-30079)

I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM/NEW MEXICAN HAT DANCE—Les Brown (Decca 65500)

JERSEY BOUNCE/DON'T BE THAT WAY—Benny Goodman (Decca 25548)

√KISS OF FIRE/ROLLIN' THE JACK—Georgia Gibbs (Mercury C-30011)

√LONG TALL SALLY/SLIPPIN' AND SLIDIN'—Little Richard (Specialty 572)

LOVE IS A MANY-SPLENDORED THING/SHINE ON HARVEST MOON—Four Aces (Decca 29625)

√A LOVER'S QUESTION—Clyde McPhatter (Atlantic 1199)

√LOVING YOU/TEDDY BEAR — Elvis Presley (RCA Victor) 447-0620)

MACK THE KNIFE—Bobby Darin (Atlantic 6147)

MAMA/TEDDY — Connie Francis (MGM K12878)

MELODY OF LOVE/LA GOLONDRINA—David Carroll (Mercury C-30004)

MELODY OF LOVE/NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—Wayne King (RCA Victor 447-0183)

MR. SANDMAN/BORN TO BE WITH YOU—The Chordettes (Cadence Cad 1602)

MISTY/EXACTLY LIKE YOU—Erroll Garner (Mercury C-30037)

MY HAPPINESS/NEVER BEFORE—Connie Francis (MGM K12738)

NEAR YOU/BEG YOUR PARDON—Francis Craig (Dot 15807)

NEL BLU DIPINTO DI BLU (VOLARE)/MARITI IN CITTA—Domenico Modugno (Decca 30677)

√OH LONESOME ME/BLUE BLUE DAY—Don Gibson (RCA Victor 447-0582)

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE/GIGI—Vic Damone (Columbia 3-33014)

√PAPER DOLL/I'LL BE AROUND—Mills Brothers (Decca 27157)

√PEACE IN THE VALLEY/SAY A LITTLE PRAYER —Red Foley (Decca 27856)

PEG O' MY HEART/CHARMAINE—The Harmonicats (Mercury C-30034)

√PETITE FLEUR—Chris Barber (Laurie 3022)

PLEASE MR. SUN/THE MORNING SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN — Tommy Edwards (MGM K12757)

√PLEDGING MY LOVE—Johnny Ace (Duke)

√QUIET VILLAGE/ENCHANTED SEA — Martin Denny (Liberty 54507)

TITLE, Artist, Label & Number

SEPTEMBER SONG/LOST IN THE STARS—Walter Huston (Decca 40001)

√SH-BOOM/EARTH ANGEL — The Crew Cuts (Mercury C-30048)

√SIGNED, SEALED & DELIVERED/FILIPINO BABY —Cowboy Copas (Starday 559)

√SITTIN' IN THE BALCONY/HALLELUJAH, I LOVE HER SO—Eddie Cochran (Liberty 54502)

√SOFT SUMMER BREEZE/TENDERLY—Eddie Heywood (Mercury C-30038)

√THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE/THE THEME FROM "A SUMMER PLACE"—Percy Faith (Columbia 3 33007)

SONNY BOY/MY MAMMY—Al Jolson (Decca DL 23614)

SUGAR BLUES/I'VE FOUND A NEW BABY—(Decca 25014)

√T.D.'S BOOGIE WOOGIE OPUS TWO—Tommy Dorsey (Decca 27211)

THAT LUCKY OLD SUN/SHINE—Frankie Laine (Mercury C-30017)

THAT'S MY DESIRE/RIVER SAINTE MARIE—Frankie Laine (Mercury C-30019)

THERE MUST BE A WAY/SORRY FOR MYSELF! —Joni James (MGM K 12746)

THE 3RD MAN THEME/THE CAFE MOZART WALTZ—Guy Lombardo (Decca 24839)

√THIRTEEN WOMEN/ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK Bill Haley (Decca 29124)

√TILL I WALTZ AGAIN WITH YOU/RICOCHET—Teresa Brewer (Coral 65503)

TO EACH HIS OWN/IT'S NO SIN—Eddy Howard (Mercury C-30015)

TONIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME/GONNA GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU NOW—Patience and Prudence (Liberty 54501)

√TUTTI-FRUTTI—Little Richard (Specialty 561)

√TWEEDLEE DEE—LaVern Baker (Atlantic 1047)

UNCHAINED MELODY/DAYBREAK—Al Hibbler (Decca 29441)

√VENUS/I'M BROKE—Frankie Avalon (Chancellor C-1031)

√WALK, DON'T RUN/RAM-BUNK-SHUSH — The Ventures (Dolton 54518)

√WALKING THE FLOOR OVER YOU/I'LL ALWAYS BE GLAD TO TAKE YOU BACK—Ernest Tubb (Decca 46006)

THE WALTZ YOU SAVED FOR ME/I LOVE YOU TRULY—Wayne King (RCA Victor 447 0182)

√WHAT'D I SAY: PARTS ONE & TWO— Ray Charles (Atlantic 2031)

√WHERE THE BOYS ARE/NO ONE—Connie Francis (MGM K12971)

√WITHOUT YOU/CUTIE PIE—Johnny Tillotson (Cadence Cad 1404)

√YAKETY YAK—The Coasters (Atlantic 6116)

YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE/TILL THEN—Mills Brothers (Decca 23930)

√YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE/NOBODY'S DARLIN' BUT MINE—Bing Crosby (Decca 29634)

√YOU BELONG TO ME/I NEED YOU NOW—Joni James (MGM K12885)

'DEAR MR. GABLE) YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU/OVER THE RAINBOW — Judy Garland (Decca 25493)

√YOURS/ALWAYS IN MY HEART—Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 25121)

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MEXICAN TELEVISION — 1962 REPORT

Mexican Television is nearing adolescence: 1963 marks its twelfth 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 twelve 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, m.c.'s —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 (Channel 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 Culiacan and Ciudad Obregon, in the northwest and Acapulco in the South. (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 channel 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.

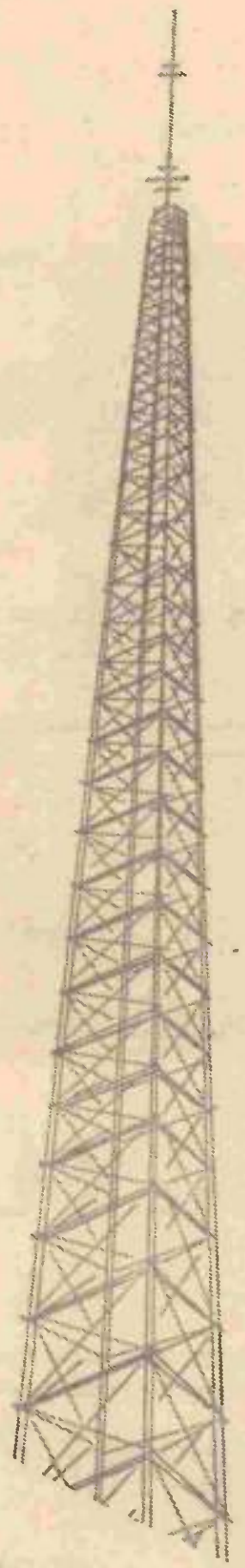
Telesistema's working force has almost reached the 1,000 mark, as mentioned above. They are all together in one building, called "Televicentro," housing eighteen studios and all facilities. Everything needed for broadcasting is within or atop the building: the towers, the transmitters, the master controls, 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.

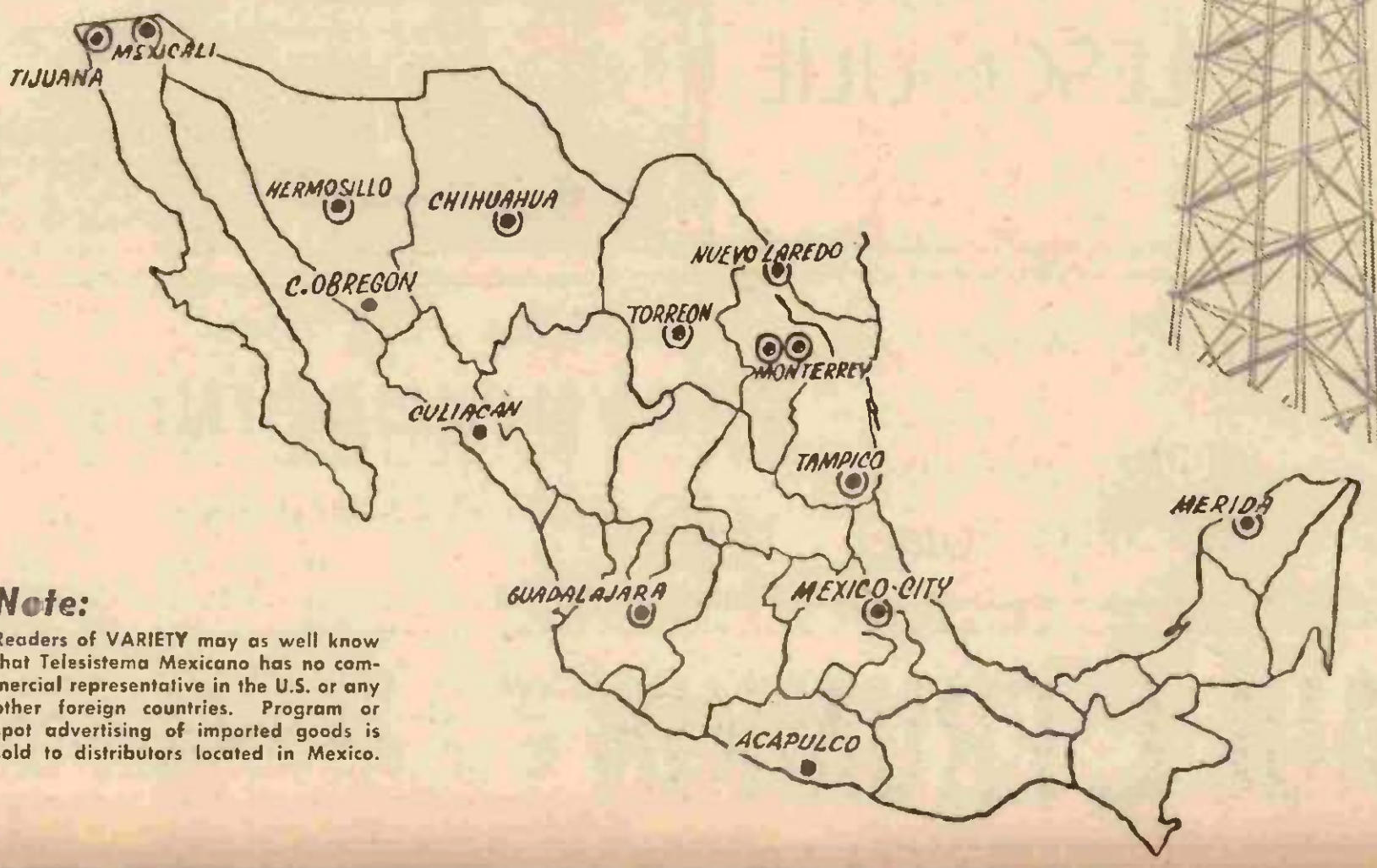
Mexicans are very happy with TV, mainly the middle-income groups. Their preference is clearly shown in the ratings. Month after month and year after year, nine of the first ten programs are Mexican shows, mainly drama, comedy and musicals, all produced in the studios. As of this writing there are being 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 TViolence 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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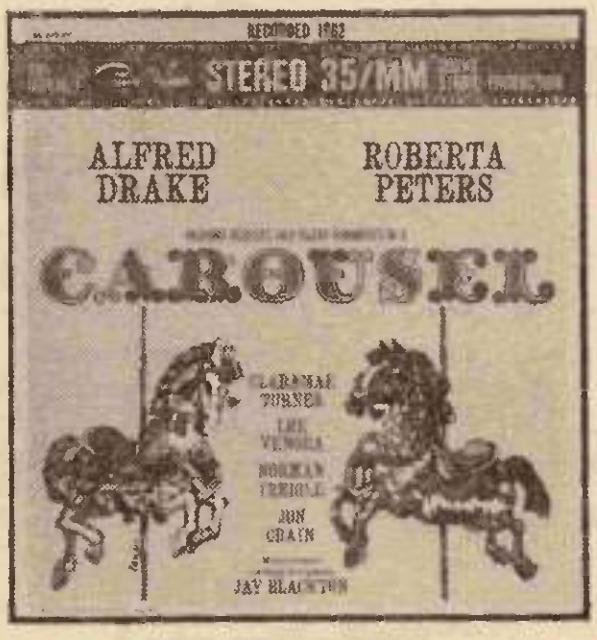

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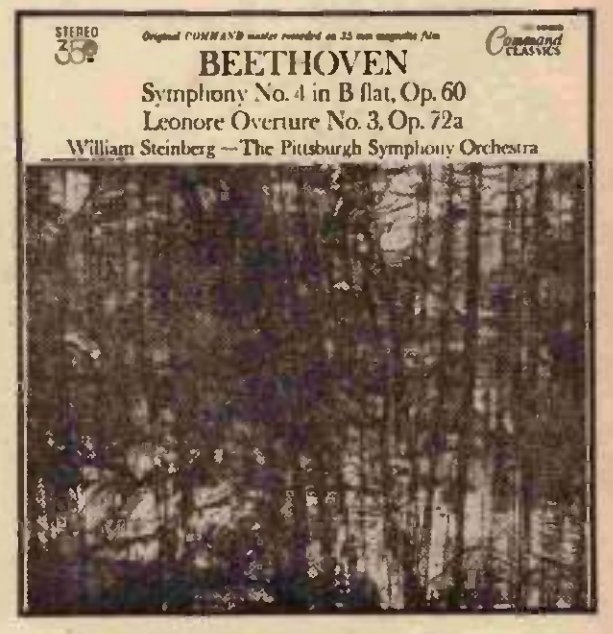

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On Her Return
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BILL HOBIN

Producer — Director

"SING ALONG WITH MITCH"

★

ML

MAX LIEBMAN
Productions, Inc.

'Amateur Hour'

Continued from page 118

brought in entire companies of talent from Ireland, Israel, Austria and Yugoslavia.

But we'll have to be pardoned if we plead the case for American talent. Despite all the doom-shouters and wringers-of-hands, talent is teeming in the 50 states. It always has been.

Maria Callas Yet!

It was strictly a grassroots response that discovered Pat Boone, Connie Francis, Paul Winchell, Regina Resnick, Teresa Brewer, Vera-Ellen and Maria Callas, and so many others when they, too, made first bids for approval on the Amateur Hour.

From where we stand, it all piles up as show business good work, and show business can take satisfaction in knowing that the late Frieda Hennock, only feminine member of the FCC during Dwight Eisenhower's administration, and Mrs. Oscar Ahlgren, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, both cited the Amateur Hour as, "the finest family program on the air."

Show business can take a bow here, and lest we forget, President and Mrs. Harry Truman paid show business some nice compliments when they hosted one of our good deed benefit shows in Washington's Constitution Hall.

It's worth remembering that this particular good work was sponsored by the Womens National Press Club to inaugurate a revival of the U.S.O. about a decade ago. The No. 1 guest was PFC Anthony Troilo of Norristown, Pennsylvania, a disabled veteran of the Korean War. VARIETY's report on the show said, *"Amateur Hour stood out like Washington Monument on the D. C. entertainment scene."*

We'd rather say it was show business know-how that stood out, and when the program received citations from Senator Estes Kefauver, Lucius Clay, Harold Stassen, Senator Hugh Scott, the former Senator Alexander Wiley, Ohio's U. S. Senator Frank Lausche and the revered Senator Robert A. Taft, it was show business, too, that deserved credit.

Show business know-how set the stage and our kinescope files contain ceremonial clips showing award acceptances from the American Red Cross, Boys Clubs of American, Society of Crippled Children, National Conference of Christians and Jews, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Universities, Archbishop Cushing's Children's Fund in Boston, and fund-raising groups all over the U. S. A. For instance, President Eisenhower commended the Amateur Hour for ". . . the action you took in support of the Crusade for Freedom."

That's just about the whole story of why business is good at our stand.

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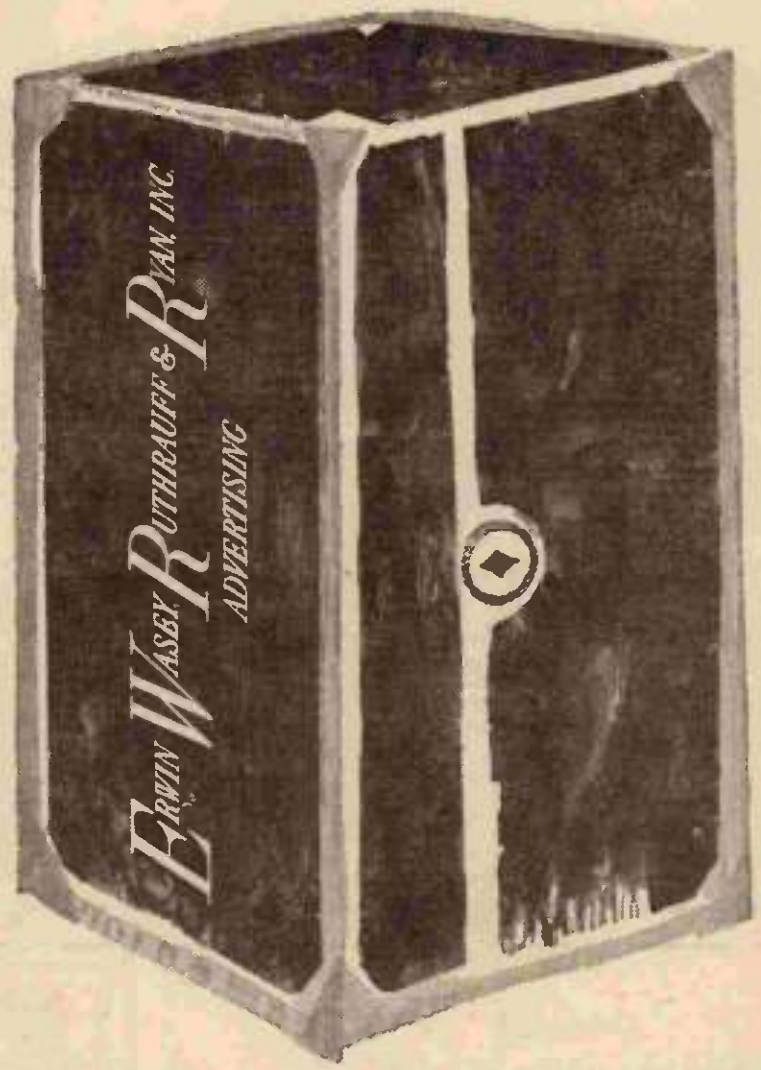

TOUGH ACT TO FOLLOW...
because it's loaded with talent!

Daytime TV

Continued from page 118

extremely deceptive and cannot be compared to comparably high ratings gained by the radio soaps in days gone by. The basic difference is that tv soaps, it seems to me, do not deliver the same buying audience their AM counterparts did.

To understand this it is first necessary to understand the daytime audience. Primarily, this audience is made up of two predominant groups (we are excluding the children's hour audience). Group #1 is made up of women 20 to 45, the greater part of which is the young married woman. Group #2 is the over-45 audience. What is most important is that the viewing habits, the housekeeping habits and above all, the buying habits of these two groups differ enormously.

Let's take Group #2 first. Here we are dealing with a woman whose children are adult or close to it and probably married—in fact her children make up Group #1. The over-45 woman has much less housework to do and far more spare time. She has time to watch a soap opera without interruption, because she lives in smaller quarters (her family consists of herself and her husband) and smaller quarters mean less housework. Psychologically she is more in tune with a soap than her more hen, younger opposite number. Most important, to an advertiser, she buys less — less soap, household goods and less food.

Same Lady—20 Years Later

The lady in Group #1 is what the lady in Group #2 was 20 years ago. She has one or more children, a larger house or apartment, far more housework and much less viewing time. She cannot give a soap the concentration or undivided attention the story line requires, although she can watch a game show, even intermittently. Nor can she watch a soap and do housework—as was the case with radio soaps. She can, and does, more readily identify with the stars, emcees and other personalities of game programs far more readily than with the dream world of soaps. And to an advertiser she represents much more buying power than the woman in Group #2. All of the products advertised to the daytime audience are the products she must buy week-in, week-out. She must buy soaps, detergents, foodstuffs, baby foods and similar products.

Thus, a high soap opera rating delivers a smaller buying audience. Mathematically, it produces this equation:

Soap opera gives 1M viewers at X dollars, each viewer representing Y buying power.

Other daytime programs give 700 viewers at X dollars, but each viewer representing 3Y buying power.

The difference, as one of the commercials has it, is up front in the spending department.

Notwithstanding the smaller audience daytime shows play to compared to nighttime shows, pressures are greater in daytime production. The reason? Simple. You do five daytime shows to each nighttime show and it's exactly five times as much work. Unhappily, there are some segments of the industry, notably the press, who automatically, or perhaps reflexively, scoff at daytime shows, most of which they have never seen. I have always regarded this as an industry problem which will only be solved by a concerted sales effort in appropriate areas. The industry needs new producers and new ideas and daytime has become the only area, fundamentally, where new production talent can break in and graduate to nighttime production.

Oh yes, and there's one other big difference between daytime and nighttime programming. Daytime shows pay no residuals.

Season's Greetings

MILTON BERLE

★

Best Regards

from

Arthur Meyerhoff
Associates, Inc,

★

RALPH LEVY

Aussie TV

Continued from page 118

tv'er, announced in December that it has stopped production on its local historical drama "Jonah," half-hour series, because AAE had demanded that additional fees be paid to its members because the series had been sold in the United Kingdom. An ATN spokesman said that each episode of "Jonah" cost over $3,000 to produce and via sales abroad it was hoped to continue in the local field, adding that a strictly domestic market would shoot producers into the red.

Spokesman for other local producers said their losses amounted to around $700,000, part of which could only be gotten back by selling where possible on the overseas market without hindrance by AAE.

AAE, via its prexy, Hal Alexander, has set the folowing additional fees to be paid to its members where homebrew productions are sold abroad:—

United Kingdom	20%
North America	100%
Western Europe	20%
Eastern Europe	20%
Far East	15%
Africa	10%

Producers here positively refuse to pay AAE members any additional fees as listed by Alexander, pointing out that such a burden could not be carried were local production to continue without further heavy loss. Producers also pointed out that the local financial market had drastically tightened towards tv production backing because of the standover tactics adopted by AAE.

Several major commercial tv operators said it was a positive fact that the Aussie viewers preferred overseas fare to the homebrew stuff and that many locally-made shows had folded because of viewer apathy and high production costs.

General predictron here is that 1963 will be a gloomy year for local production because of the killing of the goose that laid the golden egg via the AAE axe.

WILLIAM SELF

20th Century-Fox Television

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Argentina Film Talent Check-List

By NID EMBER

Buenos Aires.

ANTIN, Manuel—Poet and playwright, who confesses it's easier to sell films than poems. First feature "La Cifra Impar" (The Odd Number) included in a recent Film Week in Madrid, disappointed Spain's critics as not being "local" which piqued the director as showing Spain's prefixed ideas about his country. Critics compare his work to that of Alain Robbe Grillet of "Marienbad" fame. Story of "Cifra" is from "Letters from Mama" by Argentine author Julio Cortazar (Paris resident). Antin has another feature "Los Venerables Todos" (All the Venerable Ones) with Walter Vidarte and Lautaro Murua.

AYALA, Fernando—With Producer Hector Olivera. Their pictures include the prize-winning "El Jefe" (The Boss); "El Candidato"; "Sabado a la Noche, Cine" (Saturday Night Movies); "Los Tallos Amargos" (The Bitter Stalks); "Ayer Fue Primavera" (Spring was Yesterday) and the Spanish and English versions of "Huis Clos," directed (Spanish) by Pedro Escudero—English by Ted Danielewsky, and in which Inda Ledesma won the best actress prize (INC) for 1961. Latterly Ayala has devoted himself to legit direction and he and Olivera plan more U. S.-Argentine and Brazilian-Argentine coproductions.

ALVENTOSA, Ricardo—Hitherto a shorts producer, now working on "La Herencia" (The Legacy) from a De Maupassant story, adapted by E. Villalba Welsh and an important cast.

BEREND, Juan—Directed the shorts "Newspaper" (Silver Bear award 1960 Berlin festival) and "Stadium," both taken for United Artists distribution. First feature "Shadows in Heaven" (Sombras en el Cielo) as yet unreleased.

BIRRI, Fernando—Studied two years at the Rome Centro Sperimentale, now teaches at the Northern (Santa Fe) University Institute. His short "Pitch Ten Cents" (Tire Die) was widely acclaimed. Others: "First Foundations of Buenos Aires," "Good Morning Buenos Aires." First feature "Los Inundados" (The Flood Victims) (story: Mateo Booz) (Argentia). Birri is estimated to have founded a "Santa Fe" school in local production, as others are following in his wake to make pictures with that province's background. He himself is readying "La Esperanza" on the first agricultural colony set up there, showing the wisdom of portraying an atmosphere he knows. "Inundados" was ignored by the Screen Institute when issuing awards, but when it was sent out of contest to Venice, the critics praised it above the official entry.

BLASCO, Rodolfo—Directed "The Stepmother," released in 1961.

BO, Armando—widely known for films made with Isabel Sarli who has no qualms about stripping. Last effort "La Burrerita de Ypacaral," given an INC award but not acclaimed by critics. Sr. Bo is of fiery temperament and this year invaded a TV studio to beat up a critic for panning his picture.

BOROVSKY, Tadeo—Won the first INC prize for shorts in 1961 with "La Nina Azul" "The Blue Baby."

CATRANI, Catrano—Directed "The Firing Squad" (La Fusilacion) shot entry at San Sebastian, which INC overlooked in giving awards, but got the San Sebastian best direction award.

CARRERAS, Enrique—Specializes in musicals and crowd scenes. Does much directing in Spain for General Belgrano, in association with brothers Luis and Nicolas. ("El Noveno Mandamiento" (The Ninth Commandment); "Tres Alcobas" (Taree Bedrooms); "Disloque en Mar del Plata" zany comedy with "La Revista Dislocada" (Crazy Gang) radio team. This year directed "Los Viciosos" on a drug-victim theme, which had a very good domestic run, and wrested actress Graciela Borges' best performance so far.

CAVALOTTI, Ruben—First feature was a prison story "Proceso 1040"; now goes in for stories with a Gaucho locale: "Romance de un Gaucho," adapted by U. P. de Murat from a Benito Lynch story and "Don Frutos Gomez"—Ayala-Gauna script; "El Bruto"—Arturo Cerretani script, sent to Karlovy Vary as official Argentine entry.

CORES, Carlos—This young actor with much work in Mexico to his credit is now working on a production of "Lindor Covas"—a Gaucho series rolling in the Tandil and Olavarria hilly countryside. This may be the start of a Gaucho style of "westerns" or adventure stories.

CHERNIAVSKY, Daniel—first feature was "El Ultimo Piso" (The Top Floor), story by Jorge Maslangeli, which disappointed though his courage was recognized in dealing with the acute housing shortage problem. The picture was sold to France and Spain. Subsequently, in atmosphere of great secrecy made "El Terrorista" (The Terrorist) on Communist conspiracies. Following with "40-year Engagement" from an Abel Santa Cruz legit hit.

DAVI, Enrique—another of the "short" graduates. His "Gillespiana" (short) was invited to the Bergamo, Italy Festival. First made his name with a feature "Rio Abajo" (Down River) with a River Parana background. "Heroes de Hoy" made less of a stir and now making "La Chacota" (The Gag) from a script by noted cartoonist "Landru," with Luis Aguile and Mexican actress Evangelina Elizondo. Has an unusually keen sense of humour.

DEL CARRIL, Hugo—former tango vocalist, both as actor and director has long list to his credit. Now works in collaboration with producer Leon Silberman. Made first film in 1949, 2nd in 1959 and was closely identified with Peron regime. Best remembered for "Las Aguas Bajan Turbias" (Red River); "La Quintrala"; "Culpable" (Guilty); "Amorina." This year released "Esta Tierra es Mia" (This Land is Mine) from Jose Pavlotzky novel adapted by Eduardo Borras. Also completed "La Calesita" (The Merrygoround) from an R. Taboada story, in which he sings 12 songs, which is likely to ensure success amongst the Gardel fans, as is considered Gardel's sucessor and played the role of Gardel in the film biog.

DEMARE, Lucas—Responsible for many Argentine best pictures of the past and present, is a force to be reckoned with. Features are "La Guerra Gaucha", "El Cura Gaucho"; "Su Mejor Alumno" (all pre-Peron); "Los Isleros" (only good picture of the dictatorship); post-Peron films dealt with problems of that era: "Despues del Silencio"; "Detras de un Largo Muro," and "Hijo de Hombre" on the Paraguayan "Chaco" war. Now planning a Portuguese-Argentine-Brazilian "colossal" "Pontius Pilate" with Antonio Vilar starred, from a story by Argentine author Agustin Perez Pardilla to be shot partly abroad.

DU BOIS, Alberto—Made "La Flor de Irupe," on the same style as Armando Bo's pictures, but with Libertad Leblanc as the stripper instead of Isabel Sarli. Such films do well in Venezuela and Uruguay, where this grossed 60,000 Uruguayan pesos in the first day.

ESCUDERO, Pedro—Directed the Spanish version of "Huis Clos" (No Exit), in which actress Inda Ledesma won the best actress prize, in the role of the Lesbian.

FLEIDER, Leo—First picture last year was "Aconcagua," on the work of the gendarmerie against smugglers on the Andean frontier. Followed this up with an Eastmancolor Brazilian-Argentine coproduction "Interpol Calling Rio," which made no great stir, and is now at work on "Yagan," for which Curt Jurgens, Simone Signoret and Laurence Harvey are reported to have accepted roles.

FELDMAN, Simon—Another "shorts" graduate, whose "El Negocion" (The Racket) some years ago was rated so good, it was built up from a short to a feature. His first authentic feature "Los de la Mesa Diez" (The couple from Table Ten) caused a commotion when refused a Screen Institute "A" certificate (for obligatory exhibition) though critics rated it better than many others. The controversy finally resulted in changes in the Screen Institute leadership. Has again run into trouble as the Institute recently refused to pass for production loan his "Si" (Yes) from a Dalmiro Saenz story, on moral grounds.

FERNANDEZ, Jurado—First feature was "El Televisor" (The TV Set) (Sono) a satire on the effects of TV ownership on an average family. Has drawn acclaim subsequently with another short "Imagenes del Pasado" (Images of the Past) excerpts from old Argentine pictures.

FRANCO, Joaquin—Making "The 10th Infantry Regiment," from an Abel Santa Cruz story under Army supervision.

KANAF, Leo—Producciones Rio Negro, Producciones San Justo—Working on Franco-Argentine coproductions with Robert Woog in Paris. Made "Mi Novia es Otra" in Eastmancolor with a Province of Jujuy background.

KOHON, David Jose, (Producer Nestor Gaffet)—First feature was "Tres Veces Ana," which made a big impact on critics at the Mar del Plata Film Festival last year, won the third INC award for 1961. Followed this up with "Prisoners of the Night," which was marred by a weak script, but won high praise for the performances of Maria Vaner and Alfredo Alcon. Probable future productions are "Avenida Santa Fe" and "Roberto y el Baile" from his own scripts.

KUHN, Rodolfo—Producer—Marcelo Simonetti—First feature "Los Jovenes Viejos" (The Old Youngsters) which broke all records for a local film on release, won the prize for the best story at the Mar del Plata Festival. Has now completed "Los Inconstantes" (The Inconstant) again from his own story, with Elsa Daniel and Gilda Lousek shooting being delayed by bad weather at Villa Gesell beach resort. Subsequently will probably work on a coproduction with Marcelo Simonetti, Francois Truffaut and Jean Luc Godard, which will have 5 stories made in 5 countries by 5 directors, and titled "Warm Tide."

LAH, Vlasta—Argentina's sole woman director, though works for Catrano Catrani. Has made "The Models" from her own script, still unreleased.

LUGONES, Mario—Recently completed "Mission 52" under Air Force supervision, with Lautaro Murua in the main role.

LUNA, Ricardo—Trained as assistant to Leo Torre Nilsson, and is soon to launch his first feature on the problems of Argentine youth under the Frondizi regime recently overthrown.

MADANES, Cecilio—Came to the fore as a legit director in charge of the "Caminito" openair theatre in the picturesque Boca district, revealing great production talent in several legit winners. To make a 25 million peso picture for Producciones Siglo XX and is now collaborating with Luis Saslavsky on "Las Ratas" with Aurora Bautista. Is rated the local Noel Coward

MINITTI, Dino—Drew attention with shorts "The Copy Book"; "Final Cry," but first feature "Tiernas Ilusiones" Tender Illusions) disappointed.

MUGICA, Francisco—One of the most restrained of local directors, including the 1959 bestseller "He Nacido en Buenos Aires." In the thirties made "Orchids on Tuesday." "Mi Buenos Aires Querido" failed to repeat the success of "He Nacido" Perhaps his best was "Aquello que Amamos."

MUJICA, Rene—made the 1961 INC prizewinner "The Man on the Rose Colored Corner" from a story by noted writer Jorge Luis Borges. First feature was "The Center-forward Died at Dawn" from the Agustin Cuzzani story. Is now making "Santos Perez from an Aisenberg-Aden script.

MURUA, Lautaro—Actor turned director, though does little of both. First feature "Shunko" won a Mar del Plata award some years ago and "Alias Gardelito" won the 1961 Critics' Association award for the best direction. Is a force to bear in mind, both as actor and director.

PAPPIER, Ralph—Had many hits to his credit in the past. Not very active recently. Understood to be readying "My Twenty Years" from a script by ex-

(Continued on page 156)

Shaw Biz Is Show Biz in Far East; Runme and Run Run Shaw, That Is

By HOWARD PEARL
(UA Publicist in Detroit)

Detroit.

If you've been a Hollywood press agent for 20 years (like I have), and you finally want to know how it feels to be treated like a *star*, then by all means . . . you must go to Asia!

After a score of years devoted to pursuing tearsheets and handling stars for United Artists I decided to take a trip around the world. In a subsequent conversation with Otto Preminger, I mentioned this desire.

"If you are going to Singapore and Hong Kong, then I will write to my dear friend Run Run Shaw to let him know you are coming," said Otto.

At this point, I knew nothing about the Shaw Bros. but Preminger explained that I should meet them because they are motion picture exhibitors and would give me a sense of sympatico in this far corner of the world.

Several weeks and about 12,000 miles later, my jet landed at Singapore Airport and I proceeded to the Cathay Hotel. When I entered my room, there was a bottle of Scotch and a welcome note from Runme Shaw, Run Run's brother. Three minutes later, Shaw's secretary, Miss Richardson, called to welcome me to Singapore. Five minutes later, Mr. S. Y. Hsu, the Shaw Organization publicity director, called from the lobby to advise me that he was waiting for me. My impression of the Shaw Bros. started to grow. I figured they must own *more* than one theatre, gauged by the efficiency of this staff. They probably own a chain of about five theatres, I mused.

Shaw Bros.' Red Carpet

I met Mr. Hsu in the lobby and he took me to a chauffered, airconditioned Mercedes-Benz. For good luck, he brought along a professional still photographer to take photos of my stay in Singapore. Mr. Hsu was a very amiable and energetic Chinese gentleman and he was assigned to take me on the grand tour of the city and environs. This he did to perfection. Because I was interested in motion pictures, he decided he would show me one of the newest houses. It was the Lido, playing "King Of Kings." It was a magnificent theatre. Mr. Hsu proudly announced that it was a Shaw Bros. house. My estimation re the Shaw Bros. increased some more. Now I figured, they must have a chain of about 15 houses. After all, for a city like Singapore, 15 houses is a lot. Finally, Mr. Hsu took me to the general offices of the Shaw Bros., so I could meet Runme. When we arrived, I was aghast. The place looked like the home office of United Artists Corp. It was crowded and it was busy. I had to upgrade my estimate. The Shaw Bros. *have* to own 50 houses with this setup, I thought.

I was received by Runme Shaw with all the grace and charm of a Sam Goldwyn, an Otto Preminger or a Max Youngstein. I was feted at lunch and introduced around to the 390 employees as if I were Kirk Douglas or Gregory Peck. They all fussed over me and proudly announced that they were currently playing UA product in their theatres. I must confess, I was both flattered and impressed. I now figured, these boys have *got* to own at least 75 houses! This is some operation! Before leaving Runme's office he told me that he would pick me up at 7 p.m. as he was having a dinner in my honor at his home. When I arrived at his palatial place, I was introduced to 30 guests who came to meet me. They included such people as Y. K. Puri, Indian High Commissioner; Wolfe Reade, U.S. Informational Service; Justice M. Buttrose and Panamanian Consul W. McLean. After a sumptuous repast of suckling pig, shark fins, chicken, turtle, mango, rice, pork etc. we adjoined to his private theatre to see a screening of an English production "The Young Ones."

I couldn't get over the luxurious treatment. After all, I was just a press agent, and here they were treating me like the biggest star UA ever had! In all my 20 years of squiring stars for UA, no star ever received more elegant, magnificent or kindly treatment than I did.

I tried to explain to Runme that I was only a press agent and not a star, but he would have none of that. He said, "Mr. Preminger told us that you are a very important friend of his, and that makes you a star." I could then see why the Chinese are so well known for their bon mots and wise sayings.

At this point, I figured the Shaw Bros. for 100 movie houses! When I finally got the right info, it read like this: They own 129 houses covering Singapore, Malaya, Hong Kong and Borneo. They employ a total of 5,000 people in their far flung empire. They produce 50 to 60 Chinese-language pictures per year and they have studios in Hong Kong. In a sentence, they are both the biggest producer and exhibitors in Asia!

Run Run Takes Over

After this star treatment I left Singapore and arrived in Hong Kong. Some more of the same luxurious, red carpet, Hollywood treatment. Run Run Shaw, Runme's brother, personally met me at my hotel with a chauffered Rolls-Royce and together with Mrs. Shaw, we did all of Hong Kong. This included the floating restaurant in Aberdeen, The Peak, Kowloon, Hong Kong Island, the locations where "The World of Suzie Wong" and "Love Is A Many Splendored Thing" were shot, etc. After a visit to his shirtmaker and tailor where I had some clothes made, he took me out to his studio for dinner and a private screening.

Once again, I was awed. I just had to have more information on these spectacular Shaw Bros. Consequently, during what seemed to be an unending dinner of exotic and delightful Chinese dishes, I queried Run Run on the background of this unusual entertainment dynasty.

Both brothers speak excellent English and Run Run brought me up todate on his unusual first name. All Chinese male children must of necessity carry the same first name. Thus Run Run and Runme. This is done in order to trace lineage and family trees—plus the parental worship for which Chinese are noted. The middle name of the male sons is different. In this way, Run Run can trace his ancestors back for many, many generations.

The Shaw Bros. are in their early to mid-fifties. Runme is stocky and is always smiling. Run Run is thin and loaded with bounding energy. Someone at the dinner table suggested that Run Run was aptly named, because he is thin and always on the run. Both are extremely amiable and gracious. Up until a year ago, both brothers were based in Singapore. Now Run Run lives in Hong Kong and runs the motion picture production end while Runme lives in Singapore and watches over the operation of their 129 theatres. They also have vast holdings in real estate such as buildings (aside from theatres), downtown acreage in Hong Kong and Singapore. They are generally considered to be one of the wealthiest families in Eastern Asia. Probable wealth could be well over $200,000,000.

The Shaw Bros. studio is only a year old, contains seven big sound stages and is equipped with all the up-to-date appurtenances I would expect to find at the Goldwyn Studios. I watched a few Chinese pictures in production and then was feted with another grand party that Run Run graciously threw for me. About 30 of Hong Kong's top people were there, including a Sultan from Selinger. After dinner, we all repaired to the studio theatre where Run Run announced we would view the first showing of a new motion picture. It was United Artists' "The Facts of Life," starring Bob Hope and Lucille Ball, and although I had seen it, it was very interesting watching an American motion picture with Chinese subtitles. The audience roared just the same as if the picture had been showing in Detroit. Laughter, like music is international.

When I finally left Hong Kong with its wonderful Shaw hospitality, and all those memories of being feted like a star, I knew it was going to be tough to return to reality and being a pressagent once again.

GLOBAL CONCERTS' LOWDOWN

Berlin 1962 Tops

By HANS HOEHN

Top show biz event	Intl Film Festival (June 22-July 3)
Most successful playwright	The late G.B.S. (several productions)
Best new play	Paddy Chayefsky's "Tenth Man"
Best acting—female	Lola Muethel ("Penthesilea")
Best acting—male	Ernst Schroeder (several roles)
Biggest b.o. hit	"My Fair Lady"
Biggest stage disappointment	"Geldschrankballade" (new German musical)
Longhair highlight	Viennese Philharmonic
Best new opera	Henze's "Elegy For Young Lovers"
Top song	"Speedy Gonzales"
Most popular songstress—foreign	Connie Francis
Most popular singer—foreign	Pat Boone
Most popular songstress—domestic	Conny Froboess
Most popular singer—domestic	Freddy Quinn
Most popular new vocalist	Miss Lil Babs (Sweden)
Most popular tv series	"The Scarf" (Francis Dundridge)
Best radio	Armed Forces Network
Best foreign film	Ingmar Bergman's "Through a Glass, Darkly"
Best domestic film	None
Best full-length documentary	"From Czar to Stalin" (Germany)
Most charming guest	Mrs. James Stewart
Most active producer	Artur Brauner
Best ice shows	Viennese Ice Revue and "Holiday On Ice" fought it out
Best ballet	Royal, London

Make Mine Maciste

By SAM'L STEINMAN

Rome.

The battle for supremacy between the American and Italian cinema industries is a latterday development but an integral part of this rivalry began half a century ago although it may not have been intended to be an international battle at the time it got under way. In 1912 Edgar Rice Burroughs wrote a book called "Tarzan of the Apes," which up until the present-day has provided the subject-matter for 36 films all under the same copyright and license control. A year later Gabriel D'Annunzio, fashioning a screenplay out of Piero Fosco's "Cabiria," inserted a strong man named "Maciste" into the script, giving birth to a catch-all-do-anything character which has lasted through an amazing number of silent and soundfilms in Rome.

Where "Tarzan" in the person of Johnny Weissmuller, Buster Crabbe, Lex Barker, Gordon Scott and others have romped through the jungles of Africa, "Maciste" has found no earthly or unearthly limitations on his talents. He comes out just as well in the world of fact or fiction, antiquity or modern times, eras of fable or the days of the Bible. If a spectacular script is showing a sag, the formula is simple, just send for "Maciste." And since this gentleman has never been given the benefit of copyright, he can be plucked out of the public domain and used in any conceiveable form.

About the only definite requirement for Maciste is that he be an American strongman, or at least that is the way Italian filmmakers have decreed it. Italy's boxoffice champion, Toto, however, went against the tide in a satire which he called "Toto and Maciste" which used an Italian in the role—and, sad to say for the American element, it outgrossed all of the others. Perhaps the best description of this fellow's standing is the announced title of a film, which has yet to be made, "Samson & Goliath vs. Maciste & Hercules." The title for a sequel could probably be borrowed from an Irving Berlin song, "Anything You Can Do Better."

Makes Superman a Tomboy

In Roman times "Maciste" has been the "Strongest Gladiator in the World" and at other times he has been the "Strongest Man in the World." Alone of all superhumans he has traveled to "hell" and he has come back to perform other prodigious feats. "Tarzan" may be happy in his trees and with his apes but "Maciste" is greater than Alexander the Great because he has limitless number of worlds to conquer. Since no one controls the copyright each producer who avails himself of the character urges on his scriptwriters to more prodigious feats. And there's no fear of being caught in a situation as that which William Randolph Hearst used against Joseph Pulitzer. Suspecting that galleyproofs were moving surreptitiously from the Journal to the World, Hearst invented a Cuban adventurer named Chilfe W. Thenews who from one day to the next performed exceptional feats. The Pulitzer paper began to report of Thenews and gave even greater stunts until Hearst confessed that Thenews was an invention and it proved, in a transposition of the name, "We Filch The News." No such danger with "Maciste," the man who never was but always is.

Think of it, "Maciste" has outdone vampires, has had his way at the court of Kubla Khan and overcome the Cyclops. He has been to the centre of the earth, in the Valley of the Kings and at the head of the Sheiks of North Africa. There has even been an effort to create a "Black Maciste," but the audiences proved to be color-blind and he returned to his natural tint.

And one of the greatest contributions of "Maciste" to the world of Italian-made spectacle is that he is as changeable as a chameleon. For example, one American producer has a commitment with his distributors for a "Goliath" film which he was loath to make. Instead he bought a "Maciste"—and one is as good or as bad as the other, depending on your taste—and dubbed him as "Goliath." At last reports not a customer asked for his money back.

No other film character is made to order so surely for the triple-headers which many American drive-ins offer. One can spend six hours and see nothing but "Maciste." It proves the effective possibilities whose name is a combination of the best features of Masochist and "macello," the Italian word for butcher. The term gets you coming and going. The only sacrilege "Maciste" has never performed is to get married and settled down.

The Italian Association of Impossible Spectacle Producers can always refer one to Rule 73 which provides: "Any situation which indicates that the character has been allowed to live a normal life or to retire from future activity will be met with summary reference to the Mafia with the right to act to deter such a performance." And if the rule isn't written, it exists just the same. The same honor that exists among thieves exists among pirates of plots!

Anyway, I've been weaned on "Tarzan." I learned all about "Hercules" in school and about "Goliath" in Bible Class. But I found "Maciste" in Italy where there are no books about this exceptional creation. He's the Via Veneto's gift to the stumbling screen-writer who can always make the character "Maciste" when the going passes the realm of improbability. After all, "Maciste" has done everything, including the impossible, so why shouldn't he do the things that are even more unlikely than something simply impossible.

FEES, ANGLES & WEIRD CUSTOMS

By RUGGIERO RICCI

(Concert violinist since boyhood, Ruggiero Ricci has been a constant world traveller. His comments below throw light of the foibles of "cultural exchange," the vagaries of foreign managements and the idyllic system in Australia.—Ed)

In our rapidly changing times, with sputniks soaring around the globe and American musicians playing one day in Minneapolis and the next in Moscow, the role of the concert artist has taken on international proportions. But though we sometimes find the going rough as we junket around the world, we gain the quadruple rewards of personal artistic satisfaction in playing for audiences of many backgrounds and cultures; of acting as patriotic "ambassadors" of American goodwill; of receiving the usual monetary benefits; and of experiencing at first hand the inner workings of the "music machine" outside the boundaries of the United States.

This year alone (in a period extending from last January to next February), I am playing 143 concerts in 83 U. S. cities from coast-to-coast and in nine other countries on four continents, combining recitals and orchestral appearances that stretch from San Francisco to Sydney, Australia, and from Lincoln Center to the Buenos Aires Teatro Colon. I have returned recently from a 12-week tour of Australia and New Zealand.

As far as I am concerned, the organized concert setup in that part of the world is probably the best anywhere. The largest package tour Down Under is offered by the non-profit Australian Broadcasting Commission: anything from between 20 to 60 concerts, with an average of four appearances a week both in recital and as orchestral soloist. All Australian concerts are broadcast (as this is essentially their main purpose) and many are telecast as well. As in the case of so many European countries, a great deal of the active music-making is done by orchestras supported by radio stations. A full radio crew plus a concert manager is sent to each town on an artist's itinerary, with the expenses of these technicians (and their families, in many cases!) paid by the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

A year before the start of his Australian tour, the visiting artist is sent complete information concerning the country itself, climate, type of programs desired, length of each concert, general set-up of local auspices, etc. This kind of advance briefing is of inestimable value. Two months before the tour begins, the performer receives his complete schedule from date of arrival to departure, a dossier which includes flight times, location of various cities and concert halls, where rehearsals are to take place and other details. Arriving in an Australian city or town, for example, the artist is met at the airport and taken to the hotel by the local manager, who also officiates at all rehearsals, concerts, press, radio and TV interviews. Such personal supervision and assistance from those directly involved in the planning of the performer's schedule leaves the artist himself free to concentrate on his prime goal: the very best performance he can muster each time he plays.

Australia Tops

The small Australian town with limited financial resources miraculously enjoys the same concert privileges as the large municipal center through the careful planning of the ABC's widespread tours. And the artist's fee remains steady for provincial recital or big-town orchestral appearance.

When soloing with an Australian orchestra, the visitor usually finds himself playing four success-

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No Wonder They Abscond to Rio!

By COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD

Rio de Janeiro.

As an interim to Valhalla, Rio will have to do.

It's the major city of a nation which finds the film consumer upbeat, and nearly 100 theatres were built in Brazil during the past year (five of them in Belem, a 600,000 town in the Amazon country).

Brazil's tv will stand up to five solid minutes of commercials back-to-back, and this is a reduction (used to take up to eight minutes, until it drew the presidential frown of Janio Quadros before he did his fainting Bertha and left the government in a lurch).

It has theatrical sentiment a la Rudolph Valentino, and the grave of the late Francisco Alves in San Joao Batista cemetery which is topped by a granite guitar (he was as durable as Crosby, as adored as Liberace at his highwater mark) still rates banks of flowers placed there by admirers.

And it is the U. S. tourist's dream.

The pegged cruzeiro, coin of the realm, may be officially at 475 to the dollar, but on the free, or parallel market it stays around 650-660, which means a good double room in the best hotel along Copacabana Beach goes for less than $7, and even a glutton has a hard time wolfing a meal that could cost him $2.

The 1,000 cruzeiro note is the biggest denomination, and even the Americans who are living in Rio hesitate to have a cruzeiro account, preferring to write out personal checks on U. S. banks and waddle with bulging pockets to payoffs for rent-and-etceteras. The cambios, money changers, usually have deals with Brazilian firms which must make dollar purchases offshore, so they ask all checkpassers to leave the payee line blank, so it's a part of the game to look at cancelled checks later and see who really collected.

Ten years ago, the cruzeiro 1,000 note exchanged for about $27, but now it translates into roughly $1.50.

'Ambassador' Stone

Harry Stone, the Brazil-based representative of the MPAA, is often referred to as "the other U.S. Ambassador," and has been a Rio hand for nearly nine years. While the rest of the world consolidates, closes, cries about bad business, he saw in the 100 theatres constructed in 1962 a total of 30 in the luxury class.

The film business is so big, it's a target for all kinds of parliamentary dodges in taxation, and he was heavily instrumental in fending off two measures of this kind this year. The longtime federal censorship policy was about to get cumbersome by being turned over to each state (22, plus three territories in Brazil), and got up to a total of five state boards before it was turned back to the federal system again. All films now enter Brazil, go first to Brasilia (the inland capital city), and there get the rating (free to any age, forbidden to age 10, age 14, or age 18). The turnback point is usually in degree of violence, which means some "bangi-bangis" (westerns) or circus types which would be straight kiddopuses stateside get the forbidden tag. Closeups of killings, or animals being hurt or in danger is as bad or worse than "O Busto" (the b.o. comeon given Jayne Mansfield). Jayne hasn't got it where the Brazilians like it, their hipsters being hip men, and the kids, too, apparently.

Emphasis is very much on the visual in Brazil, a full 45% of its people illiterate, another 15% barely and struggling, which means the picture and the spoken word have it all over the press and the periodical for both communication and entertainment. As the U.S. propaganda mill grinds, this is evident, too.

From January, 1961, to October, 1962, a total of 40 films have been produced in Brazil under USIS guidance to fulfill the objectives of the U. S. Embassy's so-called "country plan." Some 24 USIA productions have been adapted for theatrical release in Brazil, and 15 films are in various stages of production now. About 70% of this celluloid is devoted to greasing the way for The Alliance for Progress. USIS gets an average of two U. S. stories, and four local-to-Brazil U. S. action stories in the newsreels each week. The inevitable surveys show that there are two catalysts in Brazilian life, the church and the cinema.

Captive Audience

In Brazil each film program must open with a newsreel, so it's a legal bonanza for USIS in a country having 4,200 theatres and an estimated 30,000,000 weekly audience potential.

The 27 tv stations use USIS film library subjects over and over, and 15 mobile units wander the hinterland. These movie-circuit riders are invariably the guests of the village mayor, and everything for miles around stops as pilgrimages wind over hill and plain to squat before these mobile screens.

Brazil is a country of paradox. Thousands of its people have never ridden a bus or a train, but get around by air and think nothing of it. Highways and RRs are costly in a big country, but airplanes jump distances and jungles easily.

It is a country where only a profligate with his money will own a two-door automobile. The taxis are four-doors always, and no matter how many owners a car may have or how old it gets, the last owner will be a taxi driver. Very few taxis are models this side of 1950.

It is a country which permits legal separation, but no divorces, but nearly everyone goes to Bolivia to get remarried (Uruguay used to get the Gretna Green business, but Bolivia has made it easier to remarry). The parties come back to Brazil, live illegally before the law, in sin in the eyes of the church, but no child born under any circumstances can ever be declared illegitimate and there is no stigma for anyone.

And it is a modern "robbers roost," a place where absconders, embezzlers, and various degrees of thieves run for haven. One of these U.S. types has gotten citizenship in Brazil, so that covers him. One has married a Brazilian woman, had a child, this covers him. The others are shaky, with Brazil and the U. S. about to get together on an extradition treaty at last.

Latest joiner to the coterie is "Jack" Dempsey, erstwhile Delmar-Santa Anita manager, who insured racehorses on the side. One of them, Rexrullah, owned by L.A. legal beagle Ray Robinson, died with a $25,000 premium riding. Robinson, so the story goes, never got the 25G, but his signature showed on the receipt while Dempsey was rounding the world on a leisurely, not too well explained cruise. When tagged by the gendarmes in New York, he raised $1,000 bail, then departed for Rio where he is in residence at the Niramar Palace studying his prospects.

Brazil is a country able to make fine-line differences in everything, legal and extra-legal, language and loophole.

Expect 20 New Import Licenses for Japan

Tokyo.

Motion Picture Export Association v.p. for the Far East, Irving Maas, confirmed that it is generally accepted among the trade that foreign film import licenses for Japan will be boosted by 20 for the fiscal year beignning April 1.

Maas said that the anticipation is also for free remittance of current accounts and an okay for an unlimited number of prints for imported pictures, which are now held to 25. He also allowed that the possibility exists for a complete lifting of import licenses for fiscal 1963.

What Israel Needs: More Festivals

[With Accent on Music—Not Pix]

By MEYER LEVIN

Tel Aviv.

I dream of festivals, with an Israel slant. At heart, I have always known I am an inventor, an idea-man, a thwarted promotor. My festival-dreams are inspired by the needs of Israel's fastest growing industry, the Bureau of Tourism. What will bring more visitors to these shores, what will fill the chambers of the Hilton and the Appollonia and the score of new skyscraper hotels? Festivals.

I haven't kept my dreams a secret. Every so often, I see my festivals so clearly that I am impelled to write a letter to the Prime Minister's Office, or the Department of Tourism offering my vision, free of charge. Boat-loads and planeloads of excited festival-goers, or is it festival-comers, will descend on Israel like the seven-year locusts, except that they will arrive annually, and not to devour, but to disgorge. To disgorge dollars. And I? I will be the happy father of a dream realized.

Already, I can boast one small piece of a dream realized. A few years ago I dashed off a letter about a festival for the Red Sea port of Eilath, the spot where the Queen of Sheba arrived, to be greeted by Solomon. Why not, I suggested, have a prize beauty selected from amongst the new African states, and brought to Israel as the Queen of Sheba to be met by a locally-selected Solomon? The Queen of Sheba would arrive on a bark, with glittering lights and music, in the harbor of Eilath. All this would take place during the Passover holiday when throngs of Israelis and tourists go down to the port town of the Negev. Newsreels, television crews would make the scene world-famous, and just think of the good-will bonus, in the all-important African states!

And lo and behold, I picked up my Jerusalem Post last Passover and read about a festival in Eilath with a beatiful Queen of Sheba arriving on a vessel winking with colored lights, and music playing, and a King Solomon to greet her!

Invitation Went Astray

Though I wasn't even invited to see the activation of my idea, I felt gratified. All for the cause, and, much as we love Israel and love living here, we wouldn't think of trying to change the character of the population by suggesting the introduction of thank-you notes. This would encourage idea-givers, and there are too many of them in this tiny land, anyway.

Even the absence of a thank-you has failed to stop me. I have a more important vision for Eilath, something quite serious.

It is a Passover encampment, in which the great Feast of Liberation will be celebrated by people coming there from all over the world, to reenact the Exodus. Eilath is at the edge of the Sinai trail.

I would have a vast encampment, of black desert tents, of the sort still seen amongst the Bedouin. The visitors would feast on whole-roasted sheep, with matzoth baked on the rocks. They would go out for a distance into the Sinai desert, to experience the trek across the barren hills. And on the eve of Passover, from the mountains high above the Filath shore, a voice would thunder out the Ten Commandments.

On the second day, the Passover as a world-symbol of liberation from slavery would be marked by the pronouncement of the Liberation Award. This would be an award of the stature of the Nobel prize, to be given a world jury, for the greatest single act of liberation of the preceding year. The award might be made to an individual, for a political act, for a personal example, a scientific discovery, a creative work, a book, a musical composition, a work of art. The award might be made to a group, to a nation. It's sole criteria would be the advancement of human liberty.

And on the following days, to give the great holiday a lighter festival spirit, the ceremonial arrival of the Queen of Sheba would be again enacted, as a very ancient example of good relations between nations.

I am certain that some peace-inspired philanthropist will arise, eager as Nobel to have his name forever connected with so bright a prize, and offer an endowment for my Liberation Award.

Nor is this the sum of my Festive dreams for Israel. There already exists, with two seasons behind it, an Israel Music Festival, graced by the attendance of such important creators as Stravinsky, such important performers as Van Tilburg. However, the festival has no particolar character, to distinguish it from the large number of annual artistic events, on all continents.

I would make the Israel festival as important to new music as Cannes and Venice are to new films. Instead of performing standard classics, I would have the

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Vienna's Critics: Mit Der Strudel

By EMIL MAASS

Vienna.

One reason it's repeated so often that Vienna is not what it was may be because it isn't. Among the changes are the critics. They are today a tepid lot. One of them, Otto F. Beer of "Neue Olsterreich" is a good writer, but neutral to even open to the awful accusation against a reviewer that he likes to praise. In any event he's rather benevolent and a playwright of some standing, too.

In times gone the coffeehouses were the great exchange points for reviews, as for all other news of the town. All papers were stocked and all were read, leisure being the great ideal of the Viennese. They drank coffee, consumed pastries, wore out the coffeehouse copies and were reasonably opinionated about the opera, the operetta or the dramatic repertory of the moment.

Otto Basil, Rainer Zitta, Franz Tassie (music) and Ruediger Engerth (ballet etc.) are others of the "Neue Olsterreich" on the staff. The "Kurier" plies in Herbert Schneiber a double-edged sword—lenient and slashing, 50-50. Paul Blaha covers West German premieres, while Liselotte Espenhahn is trying hard to achieve recognition. "Express" reviewer Karl Loebl is probably akin to a tough Broadway critic. Some think him "unkind." G. Obzyna, Dr. Werba and Gerald Geyser also cover events.

Tradition-loaded "Die Presse" (formerly Neue Freie Presse) when the late Julius Korngold was on staff) is now giving amusements top attention. Piero Rismondo (despite this Italian name) is a good Viennese writer. Acceptable are E. Thun and Michael Alexander. Erwin Mittag covers often the opera, Gottfried Kraus, Heinrich Kralik and G. Boehm good for music, ballet, etc. Florian Kienzl is the roving critic.

Other newspapers and reviewers are:

"Neue Oest Tageszeitung":	Alexander Witeschnik, Ernst Wurm
"Der Montag":	Franz Hrastnik
"Volksstimme":	M. Kauer, Max Haller, Marcel Rubin
"Wiener Zeitung":	Norbert Tschulik
"Kronen Zeitung":	Franz Endler and Hans Weigl, latter the most talked about man, certainly a good writer, anti-almost everything. Not even sparing Franz Lehar
"Arbeiter Zeitung":	M. Walden, Dr. Ruff
"Volksblatt":	Paul Knapp, Dr. Juerg, Erik Werba

Homo Blackmail Meller Scheduled for London

London.

Harold Fielding has acquired the West End rights to Philip King's homo blackmail play, "How Are You, Johnnie?" which recently opened a tryout engagement at the Connaught, Worthing. Minor alterations are being made to the text, and it's planned to have a short tour before bringing the show into town towards the end of January or early February. Author's agent Eric Glass arranged the deal.

It is understood that the key players in the original production will be retained for the West End version, particularly Ian McShane and Derek Fowlds. The former is a newcomer who has achieved prominence in British pictures.

Rome's Prime Tourist Attraction Of 1962: The Ecumenical Council

By K. S. GINIGER

Rome.

More than 3,000 men, including hundreds of figures well-known in countries all over the world as radio or television personalities; an estimated minimum budget of not less than $6,000,000; clothing and settings designed by such figures as Michelangelo, Bernini and Bramante—these were the elements that dominated Roman life and conversation this fall.

It was not a new film production designed to rival "Ben Hur" or "Cleopatra" and it occupied no lot at Cinecitta. It was, of course, the Second Vatican Council, in session at St. Peter's in Vatican City. Not only an historic event in the life of Christianity and the world, it also afforded an unparalleled spectacle which was Rome's greatest tourist attraction.

Produced by an organization with almost 2,000 years of experience in both making history and producing spectacles, the Second Vatican Council is the 21st in a series of such productions, the last of which closed its Rome run after 11 months only because of the invasion of Rome by enemy troops in 1870. The previous council, at Trent, more than 300 years earlier, had run, including extended vacation periods for the cast, 2nd time out for replacements, some 18 years.

Most observers here would not think the show business comparison disrespectful and many churchmen have made the same comparison in talking to reporters. What stands out, of course, is the tremendous preparation and organization on a worldwide scale necessary to bring cardinals, bishops, their staffs, consultants and observers together. This organization must be continued until the Council's end to house and feed these thousands as well as to organize their work.

Press Coverage

The Council is, of course, a major event for press coverage. More than 1,000 correspondents have been accredited by the Council's press office. The press pass, a small blue imitation leather-folder, stamped with the papal arms in gold, carries the reporter's photograph and signature inside. It has become so popular a souvenir that media executives, passing through Rome, arrange accreditation for themselves so that they can get a press pass, too.

Handling the press has been a subject of controversy and confusion from the moment the Council was announced. In the United States, this resulted in the resignation, earlier this year, of Msgr. John E. Kelly as director of the National Catholic Welfare Conference Information Bureau, the official public relations arm of the American Catholic hierarchy. Msgr. Kelly resigned in protest against the lack of adequate preparation for handling the press during the Council.

An Italian priest-journalist, Msgr. Fausto Vallainc, was appointed press officer for the Council early this year and operated from an office in Vatican City until shortly before the opening of the council, when press headquarters were moved to the Via della Conciliazione, the broad boulevard that leads to St. Peter's Sq. There, the day the council opened, press liaison offices were set up staffed by priests from all the language groups and, for the first time, press releases were available in languages other than Italian. Msgr. James Tucek of Dallas, the Catholic News Service bureau chief in Rome, is doubling as senior English-language liaison officer.

Entrance to the press headquarters is through a large hall in which the credentials counter for Council participants has been set up. Reporters have had the experience of squeezing their way through crowds of bishops, each an imposing figure back home in his own diocese, struggling to reach the counter to pick up various papers.

The press situation has improved since the opening of the Council because of briefing sessions set up for reporters from certain countries by the bishops from those countries. A practice initiated by the Dutch and French hierarchies, the American hierarachy is now also following suit.

Luce (Not Henry) Has Pix Rights

A complete film record of the Council is being made by the Italian government-controlled producer, Luce, which has an exclusive contract with the Vatican for this. Never before have so many highpowered lights and cameras been installed at so many points, not only in St. Peter's Basilica but in the Vatican itself. Early material shown privately demonstrates that this will be most important religious footage ever filmed but full plans for commercial use have not yet been announced.

Radio and television coverage as well as press coverage suffers from lack of serious Catholic historical background on the part of many correspondents on the scene, resulting in criticism such as that by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen in his Sunday sermon at a special mass for the correspondents. One of the most talked-about examples of this is the substitution by the N.Y. Herald Tribune of Washington expert Sanche de Gramont for veteran Rome and Vatican reporter Barrett McGurn just before the Council opened.

Gossip was the best source

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Argentina Talent Check-List

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radio actress Olga Casares Pearson, with comedian Luis Tasca slated for a prominent role.

QUINTAR, Fuad—Short producer "Los Anclados" (The Anchored).

SALIAS, Salvador—Producer Federico Alcardi—Has just completed "Paper Boats" an Hispano-Argentine-Brazilian coproduction, with Spain's moppet actor Pablito Calvo, which is to have all-out Italian distribution.

SANTILLAN, Diego—Producer-German Szulem—Directed "El Hombre Senalado" (The Marked Man) now making "Pesadilla" (Nightmare) with a cast headed by Pedro Lopez Lagar.

SARACENI, Julio—Producer D'An Fran—Specializes in zany comedy, and this year had a big money-maker with comedian Jose Marrone "El Mago de las Finanzas" "The Wizard Moneymaker." Now working on "Un Senor Soldado" with Pepe Biondi from an Abel Santa Cruz script and will then produce and direct "When The Sun Lies Warm on the Beach" with this year's hit tune by Carlos and Hans Rigual as background and theme song.

SASLAVSKY, Luis—(Producer Guido Parisier & Cecilio Madanes)—started his movie career as "La Nacion" critic, then gravitated to directing and has a host of pictures to his credit. Worked for Warner's in Paris, and has latterly directed films in Spain. Now here working on an Hispano-Argentine coproduction "Las Ratas" (The Rats) with Aurora Bautista starred. Highly intellectual.

SOFFICI, Mario—Alternates acting with directing and has worked 25 years in pictures. First was "The Soul of the Bandoneon." Best products "Prisoners of the Earth," "Viento Norte" (North Wind), "Tres Hombras del Rio" (Three Men of the River," "Yo Quiero Morir Contigo" (To Die With You), "Barrio Gris" (Grey Suburb), "El Curandero" (The Healer), "Rosaura a las Diez." Now busy on a coproduction deal to make "Suceso" with Spain.

SCHLIEPER, Carlos—Prominent in the forties for gay comedies. Not recently active.

TORRE NILSSON, Leopoldo—Producer Nester Gaffet—Rated the outstanding director of the time. Enterprising in obtaining foreign markets for his properties, now at a vital point in his acreer. Son of famed Torre Rios, began career as assistant to his father. Has long list of credits to his own name, but has disappointed with last 2 pictures: "Hommage to the Siesta Hour" and "Seventy Times Seven," which were official Argentine entries at Venice and Cannes this year. Works in conjunction with Beatriz Guido as script writer, to whom is married. Notable films: "Un Guapo del 900;" "Piel de Verano" (Summer Skin); "Too Young;" "The Fall;" "The House of the Angel," "The Kidnapper;" "Fin de Fiesta;" "The Hand in the Trap" (Critics' prize Cannes 1961). Plan to make "The Wait" with Sidney Poitier and Kim Hunter postponed due to local political events. Selected to pick international films on Unesco Jury. Now making "The Terrace" with poppet Maria Isabel Canabal; also plans "Lavalle is Dead" by author Ernesto Sabato in collaboration with Alain Robbe Grillet of "Marienbad" fame as Franco-Japanese-Argentine coproduction.

TINAYRE, Daniel—Got his early training with Paramount in Paris. Invariably directs his wife, Mirtha Legrand, and has a penchant for melodrama, though made comedies and whodunits in the early stages of his career. More recent pictures: "En la Ardiente Oscuridad," "La Patota" (a best-seller), "El Rufian" (won the best direction INC award for 1961; "Two Sisters" (with the Legrand twin sisters teamed again for the first time in many years. Now preparing "The Cricket is Not an Insect" from a Dante Sierra novel, adapted by Eduardo Borras, with an all-star cast working on a part percentage basis to try and re-establish the local industry. In 1963 will work on a mammoth coproduction.

VIEYRA, Emilio—with scripter Abel Santa Cruz as producer to make "La Fin del Mundo" (The End of the World). Recently released a screen version of a TV hit program "Dr. Candido Perez, Ladies' Doctor" from a Santa Cruz script, with J. C. Thorry and Julia Sandoval of the TV cast.

VINOLY BARRETO, Roman—Producer Salvador Salias-Federica Alcardi—Recently won the Vicenza Grand Prize at Venice, in the kiddy-films section for his "Paper Boats" with Spanish child actor Pablito Calvo (Marcelino, Pan y Vino fame) coproducing with Castilla Cinematografica and Alcardi. Preparing "Un Si Longue Moment" from a Silvina: Bullrich novel and "La Familia Falcon," another TV hit to be taken to the screen.

WILENSKI, Osias—Shorts producer. Now to make first feature "The Pursuer" with a strong cast from a Julio Cortazar story.

Royal Winnipeg Ballet's Nassau and Jamaica Dates

Kingston.

Royal Winnipeg Ballet performs in Nassau this week, then opens a fortnight run in Jamaica, commencing Jan. 9, as part of the local Independence celebrations. Stand will be under Celebrity Concerts of the Caribbean auspices.

The company, 42 strong, will present 11 works during the two weeks, six of them by contemporary Canadian choreographers. It will mark first appearance of a Dominion theatrical troupe in the islands.

London Legit's Price Is Right, But It Also Has Its Critics' Troubles

By LESLIE A. MACDONNELL
(President, Society of West End Theatre Managers)

London.

The Theatre in London is still very much alive, and now that we have got over the original impact of television, which fortunately in London only operates on two channels, there is undoubtedly a marked return and renewed interest.

Apart from the 9,000,000 residents in Greater London there is of course a very large transient public, and at the moment there are a number of plays in the provinces queueing up waiting for West End theatres.

Although we have some very fine critics we also have two or three who rely on their "butcher" tactics, but fortunately the public realizes that these reviewers are just trying to be clever at the expense of good critical judgment and in consequence their published statements cease to be believed.

There is one outstanding example at the moment which has been playing to capacity business in spite of really murderous notices by the critics concerned.

The top prices of seats are of course way below those charged in America, especially for musicals, and the policy of most of the managements of keeping a number of seats always available to the public for a matter of a few shillings has resulted in numbers of young people "sampling" the theatre. Consequently they become interested, and naturally they will be the potential public to eventually pay top prices.

The main trouble is the dearth of good scripts. Financing does not present any great difficulty, and we have a number of up and coming young managers prepared to take risks. Fortunately there are many first class actors and actresses to be found.

A number of my colleagues are very disturbed with the possibility of "Pay Television," but I should imagine that this will depend entirely on the quality of the products offered and the price to be paid, and as long as authors write for the theatre there must always be room for live entertainment.

Now dealing with The Society of West End Theatre Managers is not a closed shop. Instructions are never given to members, merely recommendations, and it is interesting to note that not only are these recommendations almost universally accepted by members, but also by non-members. I should mention that anyone can put on plays in the West End, without being a member.

The various unions prefer to deal with us as a body, rather than as in one outstanding example recently with an individual member.

The Society was founded in 1908, when it was felt that there was a need for a special organization that would represent the view of theatre owners and producing managers in West End Theatres. The first president was Sir Charles Wyndham.

The membership of the Society is at present 82, of which the majority are producing managers.

The main work of the Society lies in the representation which it makes from time to the government and the London County Council about matters of mutual concern to West End theatres, negotiations with the unions, television companies, etc.

Hong Kong Films For Wide Export

By ERNIE PEREIRA

Hong Kong.

This island colony's Mandarin film industry believes its product is about ripe to ship into the competitive film markets of the world. Part of this optimism stems from their success locally—the logic being that Hong Kong is notoriously tough to please and exhibitors here often yank a new film after only showing it a day or two.

Whereas formerly regarded as too primitive for such reward, the Mandarin cinema now shares playtime on local screens with Yank and European features. Such native production as "Madame White Snake" and "Yang Kwei Fei," latter yarn about an historical concubine, have proved potent here of late as firstrun attractions. The former, in fact, nailed down second position in the year's top ten moneymakers here. As it happens, this one was produced by the Shaw Brothers, probably the dominant producing-exhibiting combine in this part of the world.

Another, and rival, major producing entity is the Cathay Organization. The two companies combined annually produce 300-400 features (placing Hong Kong, incidentally, only behind India and Japan as the most prolific filmmaking countries). Clearly, as Shaw and Cathy develop artistic punch, their impact will be felt in global film commerce.

Noted is that in recent seasons, Hong Kong production has found increasing receptivity in the lush Japanese market. One of the top names there, in fact, is Cathay pactee Lucilla Yu Ming. Both Shaw and Cathay have coproduced with Tokyo studios.

Top budgets on Mandarin pix go to $250,000 or more, and for the first time Shaw and Cathay are recouping negative costs in the home market alone, now that they've found the measure of local acceptance. Both outfits are now primed for new quality peaks, per blueprinting for the new year of splashy color, history-angled costume pix. These are not only figured to pack a wallop at the local b.o., but to dent the overseas markets as well.

Paul Taylor to Mexico

Paul Taylor Co. plays Mexico City's Palace of Fine Arts Jan. 24-28 under that government institute's banner. Making the trip will be Elizabeth Walton, Dan Wagoner, Betty deJong, Sharon Kinney, Renee Kimball.

Richard Barr who, with Clinton Wilder, recently presented the Taylorites at Hunter College Playhouse in New York will accompany the troupe as manager.

Berlin, Typically Poor For Musicals, Adopts 'Fair Lady' Heartily

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

Berlin production of "My Fair Lady" opened Oct. 25, 1961, to become the greatest hit of postwar Berlin legit. Since then it's rated probably the most successful stage offering of all times in Berlin. Heading for the 400th performance sometime in early January, it will be on the bill of 1,700-seat Theatre des Westens indefinitely. This despite the Commie-erected wall hurting legit generally. (Hundreds of thousands of East Berliners frequented the W-Berlin theatres in former years). Also, in the past musicals nearly always (except "Kiss Me, Kate") have been commercial flops around here.

Something else must be taken into consideration: The German theatre has always suffered a notorious lack of those multi-sided performers which such musicals require. One of the surprises was Karin Huebner (Eliza) who was hardly known here before. Another surprise was Paul Hubschmid (Henry Higgins), 44-year old Swiss-born German filmstar who once (1948-'55), under the name of Paul Christian, filmed in Hollywood. Hubschmid had never had a singing role on the stage before. Also, his last stage appearance dated back more than a dozen years, having appeared only in features within the past years.

Production costs amounted to $125,000. With admission ranging from about 75c to $6, the local "MFL" paid off during the first half of 1962. (Meanwhile, a second German "MFL" production opened —Sept. 6, 1962— in Munich. Hamburg will be the next German city to see it.

Subsidize Theatres, Not Dramatists; And That's What's Wrong In Sweden

By FREDERIC FLEISHER

Stockholm.

Lars-Leiv Laestadius, a rather successful Swedish playwright himself, has devoted most of his energies to running theatres. After succeeding Ingmar Bergman at the Civic Theatre in Halsingborg 15 years ago, Laestadius became the head of the Malmo Civic Theatre and then the first head of Stockholm's new Civic Theatre. Some time ago Laestadius was asked whether the new Stockholm Civic Theatre would stage a number of new Swedish plays. He replied:

"A theatre which is primarily concerned with creating a new audience cannot try to create new writers at the same time." Laestadius pointed out, however, that a Swedish theatre always takes a special interest in finding Swedish plays, but seldom comes across a work that can be compared in quality with foreign plays. Furthermore, Laestadius said that staging a Swedish play is a feather in the cap of the theatre's chief, but often leading stage directors are afraid that the faults of the play will reflect unfavorably on their reputation. The greatest short-coming with Swedish plays, he continued, was that the playwrights lacked a knowledge of the craft.

Ingmar Bergman has claimed that a great obstacle for Swedish playwrights is that the critics in this kingdom are overly literary-minded: "When a novelist fancies to write for a theatre the whole group of critics fall on their noses with respect: 'Finally a Swedish playwright' they scream even though the play is terrible and does not live up to the most elementary scenic demands."

Karl Ragnar Gierow wrote a number of successful plays before he became head of the Royal Dramatic Theatre. When I have asked him about playwriting, he has commented: "I used to write a fair amount of drama before I came to the Dramatic Theatre. I always felt that if I should ever write an outstanding work it would be a theatre's duty to stage it. However, I learned that the theatre must know whether it has the resources. The theatre must strive towards a good production and if it feels that it cannot handle it, it must reject it."

1 Out of 5 By Swedes

Records show that at least one out of every five plays produced in Swedish theatres has been written by a Swede. There is no doubt, however, that these plays can seldom be compared with the foreign works on a theatre's repertory. A number of leading novelists and poets have stacks of rejected plays in their drawers and quite a few literary critics feel that these should be performed as they deal with significant themes and their technical short-comings are of little interest. The critics argue that a writer has to have his plays performed if he is to develop.

Normally there is rather little co-operation between theatres and writers. The theatres are busy rehearsing and instructing budding acting talent while the authors are unwilling to take menial jobs in a theatre to obtain a more realistic picture of conditions. There are no university courses in creative writing and the theatres do not want authors dropping in on rehearsals for study purposes. The number of writers who have any inside knowledge of the theatre are few and irrespective of the immaturities. Several of Ingmar Bergman's early plays clearly illustrate his knowledge of the medium.

Whenever asked, Bergman flatly denies that he has ever had any literary ambitions, but the evidence to the contrary is quite impressive. He has published five plays and had eight plays either produced or published or both. He has scripted or co-authored most of his films and three screenplays that were directed into films by others. (Peter Ustinov also produced a stage version of Bergman's "Torment" in London in 1947). On a number of occasions Bergman also serialized the novelettes on which he based his screenplays in popular weeklies.

When Bergman now looks back on his plays, most of which are written and produced in the 1940's, he says 'They are dead, passe, gone. I have forbidden any further production of them. I regard 'Wood Painting' (which he later developed into "The Seventh Seal") as my opus 1, my actual dramatic debut work. The others—I suppose there are some twenty plays—are only immature, preliminary exercises . . . Possibly my distrust of of my earlier works is rooted in the fact that during the Forties I was called a good director but a bad writer. This was painful and I am still sensitive on the subject. However, I never felt I was a writer. I worked entirely spontaneously, I vomited forth what I brooded over without bothering about aesthetical qualities. I wrote drama. There, the words and thoughts stand absolutely naked. A dramatist cannot hide himself in word-magic like a novelist or a poet."

Bergman claims he has no intentions of writing a new play though he occasionally "plays" with the idea of a comedy, but he comments: "I'll be dam'd if I'll write one for a Swedish theatre, have it performed a few times and get a 1,500 crown (about $300) royalty. In that case, it would be performed on Broadway . . . It is often discussed why we don't have any dramatists in this country. But how can an author afford writing plays. There are only a couple of fanatics who persist. Bjorn-Erik Hoijer for example. But do people realize what a great playwright he is? At times he misses completely, but then he also does the most wonderful things."

Don't Know Theatre

The most glaring short-coming among Swedish playwrights is their lack of knowledge about stage technique. In most cases, when a theatre accepts a play, the playwright does not attend the rehearsals or only drops in a few times. The playwright is unwilling to make changes during rehearsals. The result is that the most payable plays are often written by actors or stage directors, who know how to solve the technical problems, but have little to say. Most plays, however, are written by novelists who know little about the theatre. Neither approach is very successful.

The grand-daddy of Swedish drama is author Par Lagerkvist, who was awarded a Nobel prize in literature a decade ago. Lagerkvist, a disciple of Strindberg's later works, has written quite a number of plays. He has written plays largely with the idea of conveying messages to audiences and his stage discussions lack dramatic action. They appeal mostly to arty audiences.

Vilhelm Moberg is Sweden's most often performed playwright. Sometimes lightweighters, sometimes thin, sometimes drowned in social protests, Moberg is more successful than most in his attempt to combine contents with technique. However, Moberg tends to stage subjects that he feels audiences should think about. He directs his attention on social injustices in Sweden, the battle of the individual in Sweden against the majority.

Bjorn-Erik Hoijer is also primarily a novelist. He comes from an iron mining town above the Arctic circle. He deals largely with psychological and moral problems that he sets in a far northern environment. The milieu plays an important part in his works.

Promise—That's All

Another prominent novelist from the far north is Sara Lidman, who wrote two powerful plays during the middle of the 1950's. "Job the Clockmaker's Daughter" was set in the far north and was a compact and interesting play about loneliness and isolation. Regrettably, the play has not been published. Lidman was one of the most promising Swedish playwrights to appeal during the post-war years. Her subjects were powerful and she seemed willing to learn the trade.

There are a number of arty authors who occasionally write a play, but seldom with any success. Lars Forssell is a poet who has made several attempts to write for the theatre. Still young, Forssell deals with interesting subjects, while his knowledge of technical aspects has improved considerably.

In his statement on writing for Swedish theatres, Bergman painted a gloomier picture than reality. There is little doubt that most theatres want plays by Swedes. First of all, newspapers, magazines and the government operated radio and television devote considerable attention to a new Swedish play. Most Swedish theatres survive on government and municipal subsidies and it is part of their job to show that they are fulfilling a cultural function of a theatre.

Swedish plays that have some success (even only critical) will be performed in several cities. Furthermore, critics tend to view Swedish plays with greater kindness. One often gets the feeling that critics feel that they are performing a cultural function when they advise readers to go to see a Swedish play. A recent example was the lyrical praise critics showered on Bo Skoeld's "My Beloved in a Rose" because the playwright illustrated that he took an interest in the technical aspects of the theatre and mixed some humor in with thin seriousness.

Contemporary Swedish drama has little to offer commercial theatres in the United States. However, there are some works that could be of interest to non-commercial theatres in the United States and other parts of the world.

Sinful Singapore Now Going 'Prim'

By OOI TAW CHIEW

Singapore

Mention Singapore to a foreigner and the vibrations are as before —city of sin and extravagant colors. A wild canvas painted by a demented artist. But the city, one of the more exotic ports of call, is changing.

With considerable support from the citizenry, the government has been moving to eradicate vice and other seamy aspects here. Brothels, which once flourished, are now few in numbers. Old operators of same have been fleeing across the Johore Causeway to re-establish their emporia.

Typical of the official vigor with respect to the "houses" were the 78 individual raids conducted in the course of just a single recent month. But other shady enterprises have likewise been feeling the heat. Questionable saloons, adorned by young femmes of easy acquanitance, have been padlocked. Ditto "hotels" of similar repute. Opium dens have also been hit, some folding, others going underground a la the Prohibtion American speaks.

The new prudery even extends to literature. Periodicals deemed subversive or "compromising" by the Ministry of Culture are banned from entry. Publications such as America's Playboy, with its accent on gamey femmes and prose, are verboten here.

Singapore today is prim and proper—if perhaps less "fun" for tourists and visiting seamen. Aside from the cleanup, however, the town remains an arrestnig kaleidescope of Occidental-Oriental style. And no less an optic enchantress when dusk collects and turns the island into a carnival of neon and purple sunset.

If sin is passe, not so the approved diversions. Cabarets (featuring le twist, the cha-cha-cha) still await with exotic cuisine, notably of Chinese, Malay and Indian invention. And shopping in this free port is ever the tantalizing bazaar of storybook and cinema portrayal.

Nitery activity also remains upbeat and magnetized for tourism, and including, natch, a great diversity of alcoholic blends. Exciting diversity, in fact, continues to hallmark Singapore—and to delight her visitors.

Aussie Showman Salutes The 'New' H'wood Approach To B.O. Problems

By ERNEST TURNBULL
(Managing Director, Hoyts Theatres)

Sydney.

Australians are great lovers of screen entertainment but they are also keen judges and they won't part with their money for anything that is below a reasonably high standard. Hence our business in the last couple of years has been either a feast or a famine—a famine with sub-average product, a feast with the blockbusters.

True, we've taken good money with some of the in-betweeners, particularly when they have offered a controversial or topical selling possibility.

What then is the future for exhibition in this country? In a long career in distribution and exhibition in this part of the world, I have learned that cinema entertainment here has great resiliency. During the past 30 years—right back to the heart-breaking days of the depression era—it has survived more than one crisis of the most serious proportions.

I am sufficient of an optimist to believe that exhibition here will emerge triumphantly again, though in a form probably different to what it is now. The key to the situation is, of course, product and our capacity to handle it to the greatest advantage.

In Australia, the appetite for motion picture entertainment is very healthy, but an appetite that goes unsatisfied for very long must look for satisfaction elsewhere.

Since television cinema attendances have declined by 40-50%, but we feel that the longer we have tv the weaker its competition should become.

Already it's clear that viewing habits are not consuming the time in most people's lives that they once did.

We are doing business here with genuine top'ine product that, in attendances and money and film rentals, is far above anything we achieved before a television set ever existed in an Australian home.

Australian exhibitors rely basically almost entirely on a supply of consistently strong program material from the major sources and to flourish, it cannot settle for less. As exhibitors, we feel that we are carrying out our part of the task.

I know of no country in which

Fancy Service

the patron is given a better standard of service—or a more streamlined presentation—than in the Australian capitals.

All this can be done only after heavy capital expenditure. In recent years, the Hoyts circuit has been in the vanguard in installing almost every new technical development. Hoyts equipped its entire circuit of (at that time) 185 theatres for CinemaScope. We were the first to install Todd-AO and other 70m processes in city and suburbs; we are the theatre company geared for Cinerama.

We did these things feeling assured of a regular supply in all dimensions, as 20th Century-Fox provided with CinemaScope.

Let me say that I have an overwhelming confidence in the men in whose hands lies the power to make the production policy decisions that will eventually affect us all. Even from this distance one can recognize the new image that is emerging—a recognition that the old standards have little relation to the needs of the present day.

This can be seen in statements on future production policy by Darryl Zanuck, president of 20th Century-Fox. It is implicit in the kind of boxoffice strength offered by such blockbusters as "Longest Day" and "Cleopatra," both Fox pix. It is recognizable also in the kind of thinking that produced the Cinerama MGM productions, "How the West Was Won" and "Brothers Grimm," and the plans of United Artists in conjunction with Cinerama to produce "It's a Mad, Mad World" and "Greatest Story Ever Told."

As for the general outlook in Australia, we are now emerging from a period of economic adjustment and prospects appear brighter than for several years. The one factor slowing the return to full prosperity in the internal Australian economy is the degree of uncertainty arising from Great Britain's entry into the European Common Market. When this position clarifies itself, it will enable a clearer assessment of the Australian position to be made.

Meanwhile, the employment figure is rising, government action has switched from a restrictive to a non-restrictive financial policy, and there is an inflow of foreign capital to finance national and private works as the nation accelerates its development as one of the really great countries of the future.

THE ODDITIES OF GERMAN 'NATURE'

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

At a German short film festival in 1962: An American entry of not so impressive quality was screened. It was hissed by those overly fastidious customers. Thereafter a pic from Israel was shown. It was in no way better than the American contribution. But no negative reaction whatsoever. That is what one may consider as complexes on part of the German audience. They (the complexes) are, of course, humanly understood. There's the dread here that one may be called "anti-Semitic."

Not a few foreigners think the Germans peculiar people. They refer to the fact that German mentality tends to exaggeration. The Germans can be overly romantic, overly sentimental and overly rough too. The Germans' big forte is their generally admitted organizing talent. In so many a way, their organization tends to exaggeration too. As a result, German organization can hardly be beaten.

Not so long ago, this chronicler spoke with a leading German functionary in the musical field. Said he: "I can't help saying that the Germans are a bunch of curious people. Take for instance the American music that invades our market.

Typical of German mentality, either they have a national pride of the most remarkable degree or they "accept" everything that comes from abroad. They hardly find the middle way. (Said one: "Take the Bundeswehr, the new German Army: The native attitude on it is practically split two ways—there are large segments that glorify it and there are the others who are just the other way round: They want to spit in its face.")

With regard to American influence on German youngsters, it's repeatedly been said that many young Germans look today more American than the Americans themselves. They readily accepted anything that came from beyond the ocean and that included crewcuts and bluejeans, Coca Cola and chewing gum, colloquial words and manners, just anything. And on the other hand, if we pick up American music again, one often finds considerable prejudice on the part of (older) Germans. Said the aforementioned German music functionary: "They often identify American music with jazz or pop songs alone. They classify serious American music as being inferior. That's such a stupid prejudice and completely untrue." The man also represented the opinion that, in all, the Americans are more music-conscious than the Germans. He referred to the fact that home (amateur) music has lost nearly all its popularity in Germany within the years while there's a steady upbeat being registered in the U. S. Wolfgang Stresemann, manager of the Berlin Philharmonic, opined that the U. S. may very well be the world's leading nation in classical music in 30 years. They have outstanding composers over there, he said. And: "I wish the German public would be as tolerant towards American music as the American public is towards European music."

Next To Beer, Munich Loves Theatre

By JOHN KAFKA

Munich.

Munich's addiction to beer dates as far back as to A.D. 1487 when Duke Eberhard had minimum standards of "purity, strength, and effervescence" set for the amber brew and written into law; the oldest piece of pure-food legislation on record that is still in force today. The only real revolution here occurred in 1844 because of a kings failure to do something against a stein price rise of half a penny

The city's other, though not as world-famous passion, its love of the living theatre, never caused any historical upheaval, as it was catered to by all country rulers unfailingly ever since in the middle of the 16th century. Dukes, granddukes, kings, and, after 1918, state ministry and town hall built a galaxy of beautiful playhouses. Those destroyed by World War II bombs are resurrected as faithful replicas of the period original.

That has been the case with the Cuvillies, a jewel case of rococo interior decoration and figure work It is happening now with the monumental Empire-style National Theater that will ring up Nov. 23, 1963 with Mozart's "Magic Flute."

The others are Prinzregenten (another stronghold of opera), Cuvillies (mixed opera and "straight"), Residenz Kammerspiele, Kammerspiele-Werkstatt (legits), and Gaertnerplatz, the last-named the only musical-and-operetta mill in the world bankrolled by public funds.

The strain of cost by this stage-struck town would anywhere else be considered as out of proportion. In opera, for instance the intake never covers more than one third of operating expenses, so a shortage of $2,250,000 must annually be made up. In 1962 Munich had to add to that $3,500,000 contribution to the rebuilding of the National. Meeting the deficit of operetta and the three legit houses costs State and City combined $2,000,000. It all boils down to a governmental allowance of $5 for every occupied opera seat while every visit to Residenz Kammerspiele.

Against the tax-supported houses stand the purely commercial managements: *Kleine Komoedie* (two houses) *Tribuene, Brienner-strasse, Volkstheater, Kleine Freiheit, Leopoldstrasse, Unter Den Arkaden, Intimes Theater,* and *Siegestor,* all private theatres.

And there is expansion beyond these. Two newcomers, Kleine-Komoedie-Grosses-Haus and Leopoldstrasse, were added to the list in 1962. It is probable that admissions in total number are superior here to those in New York, especially if contrasting New York's metropolitan population of 8,000,000.

Even so, the legitimate producers can hardly assert that Munich consumes plays in comparable volume to beer. Best educated guess is that every citizen averages 500 pints of beer annually. Statistics for the annual beer binge, Oktoberfest, are almost beyond credence.

In October, 1962 the number of steins downed at that ritual exceeded 3,000,000. Even discounting the out-of-town help which Munich receives from tourists and GIs, mathematics leave no other conclusion than that the entire grown up populace were sitting as enlightened judges over beer for 14 consecutive evenings.

With all the money on hand drawn in the direction of the tap tents and the carny joints, too, and rush hours on the "Weisen" neatly coinciding with showtime in the theatres, it is baffling that play houses evidenced no attendance drop.

Last year's data indicates 55 legits. Add 69 grand operas, 19 classical ballets, and a total of 77 in the "commercial" field.

Not all of them were new. Some were holdovers from the preceding season.

Shakespeare was represented with six works and with the possible exception of London there is no place where you could have seen that many within the same period of time.

Ruggiero Ricci, Boy Roamer

Continued from page 155

ive concerts, similar to most of the major American symphony series, but unlike the U. S. system, he is paid the same for each instead of a reduced fee for repeats of the same program. Also, the ABC pays all travel expenses, both to and from the country and while the artist is actually on tour, and includes the expenses of the accompanist for recitals as well! No commission is involved in this system, except for that paid to the manager setting up the over-all tour arrangements. All of these advantages are counteracted somewhat by very heavy government taxes, which cut into an artist's income up to 25%.

Strangely close to the situation "Down Under" is that prevailing in the U.S.S.R., where one travels with an official guide-interpreter. During my tour of five leading cities there in the Spring of 1961, I found myself assigned to a beautiful 24-year-old Russian girl who accompanied me and my wife throughout the country. When Russian soldiers would enter our train compartment for the endless security checks required, they usually stared at the two girls unbelievingly, doubtless suspecting that I traveled with a harem as well as an 18th Century Stradivarius!

In Russia, tickets to my 12 concerts in five major cities cost from four to five rubles, with the ruble valued at about 90c. One ticket only was allowed for my wife, and if I wanted to extend courtesies to American Embassy personnel or foreign and American press I had to purchase them myself. Russian concert schedules are not too heavy, with about three appearances a week. There are no other duties involved such as interviews, receptions, etc., which are such vital facets of a musician's activities in other places, particularly in the U. S.

Russian Switches

One often plays two or three concerts in a single concert, since Russian audiences are used to this sort of musical marathon and seem to thrive on it. But the printed program—that generally inflexible element of an American concert—is of vague importance to the Soviets. Someone strolls onstage and announces what the artist is going to do; sometimes the whole lineup is switched at the last minute. When I was told I was to play my Program No. 2 instead of the announced (and printed!) Program No. 1, in one instance, it was of no special concern to the audience, though I had to realign my technical thinking and musical memory in a split second. Once, in Moscow, I played three concerti of my choice and couldn't help reflecting how pleasant it was not to have to submit in advance a list of 30 works so that the conductor might select one to *his* liking! This was certainly a contrast to the situation I ran into some time ago in the U. S. A., when I was told: "We want you to play the Berg Concerto to show off our conductor!"

Fees in the Soviet Union are less than one-fifth of those we pay their artists here. However, with today's necessity for the cachet of foreign acclaim, the loss of money becomes incidental to the furtherance of one's career.

Decidedly in contrast to these experiences in Russia and Australia under their respective government sponsorship plans were my 1957 adventures on a 50-concert tour of Iceland, Ghana, Greece, Turkey, Lebanon, Pakistan, India, Malaya and Indonesia under the auspices of our own ANTA program. For example, though I traveled at that time with an excellent accompanist, this benefit was nullified by the unavailability of adequate pianos in the tropical countries. In Izmir, Turkey, a leg fell off the piano during the concert and a greasy, green kitchen table was put under the instrument to support it. In Mysore, India, we had to play for the Maharaja and his court, and although we were assured that there were no less than 20 grand pianos to choose from, the best of these was so filled with mould that at the last minute I had to change my plans and play an unaccompanied recital.

Due to the fact that ANTA insisted, until recently, on local managers taking over the organization of the tours and that these managers seek primarily their own financial gain, I found myself playing for high Paris society in India, for British citizens in Malaya, for the Dutch in Indonesia and for large turnouts from the embassy and USIA staffs in most places rather than for the middle and low-class people towards whom these international cultural exchanges are ideally aimed and who could not possibly afford the high ticket prices. It was, moreover, frequently embarrassing during the course of this ANTA touring for my European accompanist to be met by a member of his embassy staff while, in the majority of cases, the U. S. Embassy took no notice of my own arrival.

It is, of course, very important for the American artist touring Europe to have a general manager for that continent who deals with the local managers in the different countries, as it is almost impossible for an American manager properly to organize a European tour. Booking systems differ from country to country, and only a manager versed in these differences can organize an artistically and financially successful tour. There is, for example, no such thing as one fee applicable to the whole of Europe and, strangely enough, the artistically important dates are usually the poorest paid—Paris, London, Amsterdam and Vienna being outstanding examples. Countries both artistically and financially rewarding are Germany, Switzerland and Italy. Portugal and Spain, contrary to what one might expect, pay quite well, but there is always the problem of their unreliability and the local managers rarely start booking until the very last moment.

Travel Is Cheaper

All of the best managers in Europe belong to a concert bureau organization which standardizes commissions so that the artist pays a total of 15%—10% to the local manager and 5% to the general manager—for each engagement. There are no other charges, except for printing circulars or promotion booklets, which the general manager distributes, and very little or no publicity is needed. Since traveling expenses run considerably cheaper in Europe than in the United States, the artist's net profit on a tour, even at lower fees, is apt to be considerably higher.

Actually, though it is often said that American artists must go abroad to get recognition, making a success in Europe is not easy for an American artist, no matter how good he is. The European countries, considerably more patriotic than we are, tend to resist foreign artists in favor of native mediocrities. Debut recitals in important European cities are, of course, much cheaper than in New York, and once you have made a successful recital debut in a European city you can count on numerous repeat engagements there, which is not necessarily the case in the United States.

However, because the European public continues to be somewhat self-conscious about the undeniable superiority of American concert artists, remissness with regard to what seem to be the smallest details may often turn a great public success into a press failure. It is nearly fatal, for example, to have flattering reviews from other cities or countries circulated as pre-concert publicity. The European press and public like to make up their own minds and heartily resent being told in advance what they should like.

Group Tour of Europe For Equity Members

Actors Equity is offering a group tour of Europe for its members. The trip, to cover a four-week period from next May 28-June 25, is priced at under $735 per person. The tab will cover all air and land transportation, hotel accommodations, practically all meals, tips, taxes, admission fees, sightseeing and other items.

The land portion of the tour, to include visits to dramatic festivals, film studios and theatres, will cover England, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy and France.

The Film Play's The Thing, Now More Than Ever

By ARTHUR WATKINS
(President, BFPA)

London.

On Dec. 31 I retired from the presidency of the British Film Producers Assn., concluding 15 happy years in the British film industry.

For nine years I was secretary to the British Board of Film Censors under the presidency of Sir Sidney Harris, and most interesting years they were. I believe the British film censorship system, which is a typical British compromise, to be one of the best in the world. As is generally known, the statutory power to pass or reject films is vested in as many as 700 local authorities spread over Britain.

As far back as 1913, however, the film industry itself set up its own voluntary body, composed of members without any actual interest in or connection with the film business, to view all films and certificate them for exhibition, with or without cuts. Before very long, the local authorities had agreed to accept the unofficial Board's recommendations and this is, broadly speaking, the position today, that the work of censorship in Britain is performed by a voluntary film industry body and accepted, with only occasional and rare dissent, by the individual authorities. The board operates a classification system, whereby films are graded "U" (for universal exhibition), "A" (of a more adult character, children only to be admitted if accompanied by parents) and "X" (for adults only). This system works very well and allows the board the requisite flexibility in its decisions, and also avoids as far as possible interfering with the presentation of strictly adult subjects to the cinema public.

From the British Board of Film Censors to the British Film Producers Assn. was a step, as it were, on to the other side of the fence. From 1958 as president of the BFPA it became my duty to represent the makers of films and, if necessary, to complain to the Censorship Board about any harsh treatment of my members' films! Happily this has only been necessary on very rare occasions.

The British Film Producers Assn., 21 years old this month, has 50 members and has played a leading part in its history in promoting the interests of film producers in Britain. Amongst the Association's many and major achievements has been the introduction of the British Film Production Fund, whereby through a levy on the boxoffice (something like $11,000,000) is made available each year for the production of British films. The Association also played an important part, together with other sections of the British film industry, in securing the total abolition of cinema entertainments tax.

TV's Inroads Here Too

My five years as president have seen important changes in the whole pattern of our industry and they have been far from easy years, containing perhaps more than their fair share of problems. The growth of television in the United Kingdom has been accompanied by a sharp decline in cinema attendances and we have been occupied with all the attendant problems which this has raised.

Although the automatic cinema-going habit is a thing of the past, the public will still turn out in larger numbers than ever for a good film. This is the challenge and I am confident that producers both here and in other countries will accept it. The film must be of the highest quality, both in direction, performances and story, and nothing else will serve. I would emphasise, above all, *the story*—and the vital part that must be played in any successful film by the scriptwriter. I regard him as the key man in our industry, since, unless the basic story is right and the treatment and writing of it, no amount of excellent work by producers, directors and stars will rescue it.

I still believe motion picture entertainment to be the finest in the world and without equal in the value it gives to the public. We are living through a challenging period, but I am confident that if the principle of providing only the best in every department of the making of a film is observed, the prospect ahead is bright.

Success Elusive In Anzac Legit

By HAROLD A. BOWDEN
(Director, J. C. Williamson Theatres)

Sydney.

The theatrical position in Australia for the year just closed has been rather disappointing for most managements. The big successes of the year have been the visit here under the Williamson Management of Victor Borge and the Williamson-Edgley presentation of an imported Russian Variety Co. and a brief visit of an important unit of the Bolshoi Ballet, these doing capacity business. The concert star of the year was Marian Anderson who created a wonderful impression and socially was besieged with invitations to many functions, and was the house guest of the Governor-General of New Zealand during her tour of that country.

The Elizabethan Theatre Trust, an organization subsidized by the Commonwealth and the various State Governments presented a Grand Opera season during the year which failed to draw, but the repertoire was badly chosen, their first Australian production of "Ariadne in Naxos" did not appeal to opera lovers, with not much greater success with "Don Giovanni"—the only opera with any drawing power being "Traviata." The Trust joined Williamsons in presenting "The Miracle Worker" which failed to draw, and in association with Garnet Carroll, while not faring too well with straight plays, other than a successful run of "Come Blow Your Horn" have met with success in the Sadlers Wells production of "Orpheus in the Underworld" and the Roger & Hammerstein "Sound of Music," but with Carroll earlier they failed to achieve success with "Most Happy Fella"; following on Carroll's failure with "Music Man" and "West Side Story." However, "Sound of Music" should atone for the losses on the other musicals.

"My Fair Lady" has been a real bonanza for Williamsons. Musical will shortly complete its fifth year in Australia and is still playing, at the present time in Perth, with revivals planned for the new Williamson Theatre in Adelaide and a return to Sydney about Easter of 1963. In addition Williamsons finished up a long season of "Oliver" to standee business and will re-form the Company early in 1963 for a complete tour of the cities not yet played in Australia and New Zealand.

Verse Play Hit

The surprise of the year, however, was the success of the adaptation of the verses of the Australian Poet C. J. Dennis known practically the world over as "The Sentimental Bloke." With an Australian cast it ran for 11 months in Australia and as soon as the New Zealand tour has ended a company will be formed to play the smaller towns of Australia. Some 70 towns have already been booked for a bus and truck tour and the tour looks like lasting a year at least.

U.S. Tops '62 Japanese Foreign Film Imports

Tokyo.

A total of 231 foreign pictures were released in Japan during 1962 with Metro topping the U.S. companies with 20 films out of 163 U.S. pix in all.

Breakdown of U.S. company imports: Metro, 20; WB, 17; Par, 15; 20th-Fox, 14; Universal, 13; RKO (Disney and BCFC), 13; UA, 13; Columbia, 12; and AA, 7.

Breakdown of indies: Schochiku Eihai, 24; Towa, 22; Nippon Herald, 19; Daiei, 10; Italifilm, 8; Shoei, 7; Ohura, 7; Tokyu, 5; Shin Gaiei, 3; and Toho, 2.

South Africa: Legitimate

By EVELYN LEVISON

Johannesburg.

Three events that made impact in 1962 were (1) the unexpected, nationwide success of unpretentious, homegrown revue "Wait A Minim"; (2) the opening of the city's imposing $840,000 Civic Theatre; and (3) "My Fair Lady."

Assembled at the beginning of the year by Leon Gluckman (he directed the all-Negro musical, "King Kong," which Jack Hylton imported to Britain) to keep the doors of the Intimate Theatre open while the leading lady of his scheduled show recovered from an accident, "Wait A Minim"—with accent on folksong and satirical comedy—snowballed into the biggest money draw staged here in years.

After playing a three-month run at the cosy Intimate, and then transferring to the larger Playhouse Theatre, the show went on a tour of the Republic and Central African Federation that lasted until the end of the year. Its b.o. appeal can be gauged from the fact that it returned to Johannesburg during the course of the tour no less than four times. Gluckman is planning a new edition for 1963 with most of the same cast and a similar mingling of satire and indigenous music.

Biggest draw of this shoestring musical was undoubtedly Jeremy Taylor's presentation of his own song, "Ag, Please, Daddy." Lasting less than four minutes, his skit on a prevailing blend of Anglo-Afrikaans slang was a nightly showstopper, and the 45 r.p.m. single has proved the most sensational seller ever to explode in the South African record market—100,000 copies passing over record counters within a few months of release. The song has been sold to Australia, where the Taylor recording is being issued together with an Aussie-slanted version, and to the United States and the United Kingdom. Enquiries have also been received from as far afield as Japan.

Civic Theatre, designed as a home for all the performing arts, opened with a fanfare on Aug. 27, when more than 1,000 guests of the Johannesburg City Council, headed by the Prime Minister and Mrs. Verwoerd, attended the gala preem of "Tales Of Hoffmann," for which South African soprano Mimi Coertse and director Joseph Witt came from the Vienna State Opera. "Hansel and Gretel" and Verdi's "Ballo In Maschera" (with conductor Franco Patane and singers Regolo Romani and Piero Cappuccilli as guest artists from Italy) completed the successful opera season.

Robert Bolt's "Man For All Seasons," directed by Margaret Webster making her second visit to the Republic (she staged O'Neill's "A Touch Of The Poet" for National Theatre in 1961) and with British actor William Roderick in the role of Sir Thomas More, was presented by the Kushlick-Gluckman management.

This turned out to be the most disappointing presentation to date. The 1,030-seat house revealed acoustical defects in straight drama that marred the play and induced the management to withdraw it before the end of the skedded run. Resultantly, architect Manfred Hermer called in an acoustics expert who recommended retuning the auditorium. With this attended to and various adjustments made to the stage, the fault now appears to be remedied. An effective Afrikaans translation of Friedrich Durrenmatt's "The Visit," which followed "A Man For All Seasons," received favorable comment from critics both as regards sound and the imaginative use of the stage by Belgian director Fred Engelen.

It took the combination of Anthony Farmer's direction and Frank Loesser's musical, "The Most Happy Fella," however, to display this site's potential to fullest advantage. Presented by the Johannesburg Operatic & Dramatic Society with American baritone Edwin Steffe in the name role, this happy, tuneful show proved ideally suited to the resources of the Civic Theatre.

After opera, drama and musical comedy came ballet, with Covent Garden dancers Maryon Lane and David Blair flying out from London to appear in "Coppelia." Directed by their ex-colleague Dudley Davies, now living in Cape Town, this was the Johannesburg City Ballet's contribution to the festival season, which wound up in December with a lively variety bill featuring Dutch conductor Jos Cleber and the Light Orchestra of the South African Broadcasting Corp., and headed by South African songstress Eve Boswell.

'Lady' Duplicates

Reason for African Consolidated Theatres' delay in presenting "My Fair Lady" was the company's determination to wait until the best possible cast was available for the South African tour. A deal with Australia's J. C. Williamson Theatres resulted in the arrival of part of the Aussie production, including director Bob Herbert, musical director Brian Buggy, technical staff under the aegis of Simon Montigue, and leading players David Oxley (Prof. Higgins), John Baskcomb (Alfred Doolittle), Anthony Bazell (Col. Pickering) and Minnie Love (Mrs. Higgins), as well as scenery, costumes and props. The entire show, and especially the Eliza Doolittle of Scottish actress Diane Todd, who played the part in the first American touring company for two years, have come in for high praise from critics, most of whom have memories of the London production as yardsticks. With special trains bringing country visitors to the show, unprecedented Xmas bookings, and a healthy advance stretching well into the New Year, it looks as though this history-making musical has settled down in Johannesburg for a long, rewarding run.

Several managements imported name artists to bolster local productions. Beryl Reid came from England to lend her own earthy touch of comedy to sketches and songs in Leonard Schach's intimate revue, "Something New," at the Playhouse. Two more British visitors who added prestige to Schach Productions were Dame Flora Robson and Brook Williams, son of actor-playwright Emlyn Williams, who were seen as Miss Moffat and young Morgan Evans—the role originally created in London by the author himself—in an extensve tour of Emlyn Williams' Welsh drama "The Corn Is Green."

Israeli director Albert Ninio scored a success d'estime at the Alexander Theatre with interesting stagings of John Steinbeck's "Burning Bright" and "The Andersonville Trial." Taubie Kushlick presented Irish actor Michael MacLiammoir in his one-man show, "The Importance Of Being Oscar."

Sophie, Natch

African Consolidated Theatres toured inimitable Sophie Tucker from the Cape to Salisbury in Southern Rhodesia, and reaped the warm, glowing personality of this ageless star. National Theatre, in association with African Consolidated Theatres, brought famous French mime Marcel Marceau to the Republic in February, and later in the year the two Israeli mimists, Shai K. Ophir and Juki Arkin, displayed different facets of the same ancient art in an entertaining program of pantomime and comedy which they called "Masques."

Brian Brooke, whose production of the Lionel Bart musical, "Oliver," registered a solid hit that carried it through from the February premiere in Johannesburg to extended tours of the Republic and Federation, brought author-actor Hugh Williams from London to star in his West End success, "The Irregular Verb 'To Love'." To round off a stimulating year of varied and well-received legit offerings, Colin Fish in association with Leon Gluckman presented Sir Donald and Lady Wolfit (Rosalind Iden) on their first visit to South Africa in "An Evening Of Shakespeare" at the Playhouse Theatre in December.

Most significant non-White contribution to last year's theatre scene was a production of Samuel Becket's "Waiting For Godot," acted by Africans and produced by Athol Fugard, author of the mixed-cast play, "The Blood Knot," which Leon Gluckman presented with success in 1961. Describing tramps Gogo and Didi (played by David Phetoe and Connie Mabaso) as looking like "a couple of dusky Doolittles fresh from the ashcan," a leading critic here was the view—endorsed by several of his colleagues—that in some strange way all five actors managed to wrench more meaning from Becket's obscurities than when the play was originally produced in Johannesburg with a White cast.

Newest non-White venture is Alan Paton's latest play, "Sponono," based on the author's experiences as superintendent of a reformatory for colored delinquents. Responsible for staging "Sponono" is Indian director Krishna Shah who came to South Africa with dancers Bhaskar and Surya Kumari to present Tagore's "King Of The Dark Chamber," and remained on to teach at a school of acting founded by Union Artists in Durban.

Music lovers enjoyed connoisseur fare throughout the year provided by Musica Viva Society, Johannesburg Musical Society, or impresario Alex Cherniavsky. Presented were pianists Tamas Vasary, Bela Siki, Benno Moiseiwitsch and Mindru Katz; the Beaux Arts Trio of New York; cellist Pierre Fournier, accompanied by his son Jean Fonda; violinist Erick Friedman and conductor Igor Stravinsky.

State of Balkan Film Industry

By STOYAN BRALOVIC

Belgrade.

Most important award won by any Yugoslav film was the Oscar which went to Dusan Vukotic in 1962 for his cartoon film, "Ersatz." This film was immediately bought for distribution in the U.S.A. and is being shown this season in over 4,000 cinemas.

Dusan Vukotic is the Yugoslav filmmaker with the highest number of international prizes to his credit. In 1960 alone, his films won a total of 10 awards. Since 1956, when he won his first prize, till 1962, when he gained an Oscar, he has won a total of 26 awards.

Film director, Veljko Bulajic, has so far won four awards at Pula Film Festivals. "Train Without a Timetable" (1959), "When the Fires Started" (1961), "Kozara" (1962), all brought him first prize — "The Golden Arena" — while "War" (1960) was placed second.

In film coproduction, Yugoslavia so far cooperated with Italy, France, Western Germany, Soviet Union, Greece, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Great Britain and Hungary.

From 1947, when "Slavica" was the first postwar Yugoslav film until 1962, some 170 feature films have been made here. In the same period, several thousand short and cartoon films and Newsreels have been locally produced.

Record year was 1961, when 35 features were made. In that year, for the first time, the entire annual production was not entered in the Pula national film festival, only 16 were selected to compete.

Two crews of Zora Film of Zagreb recently returned from Egypt with two films.

Zagreb Film has started work on the pilot film as a trial run for a 75-minute animated cartoon film, under the working title "The Return to the Land of Oz." The film is being shot for a U.S. (unnamed) partner. Negotiations are separately underway for shooting a pilot film of 26 minutes.

Jadran Film, also of Zagreb, concluded recently a pre-agreement with American film producer Roger Corman for a coproduction of a feature "The Suspicious Patriots."

Film studio of Sarajevo has closed deal with a German partner to shoot "Gypsy Rhapsody," a half hour trial film. If the partner is satisfied with the trial shooting, Sarajevo will produce 13 such films, following the film-play and the directorship of Otto Denes.

Jadran Film of Zagreb, completed coproduction film with Tialto Film of Hamburg. Based on novel of Karl Mays. Distribution goes to Export-Film, Munich.

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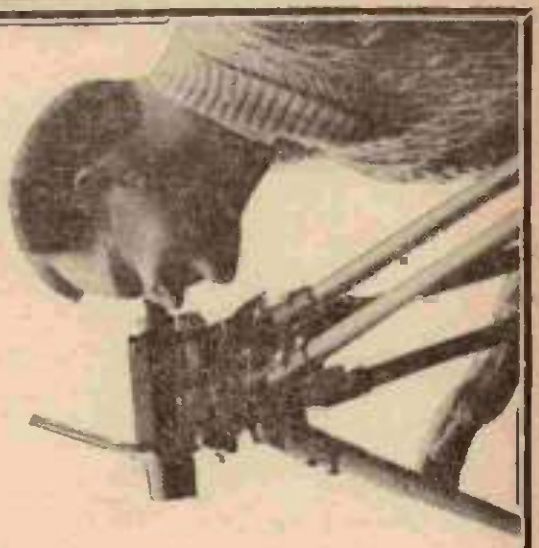

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BRYAN MICHIE REPORTING FROM TWW

I would like to draw attention to some of the programmes produced by TWW. There are brief details below.
In addition, may I remind all TV producers that my programme purchases for TWW include the first run of many filmed series – exclusively for showing on the screens of our two and three quarter million viewers.

Bryan Michie

SOME 1962 TWW PRODUCTIONS

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FACES OF WALES The land of St. David in 1962, specially written for TWW by the novelist Gwyn Thomas. (half hour)

DYLAN THOMAS An original film tribute to Dylan Thomas, produced by Jack Howells. (half hour)

LAND OF SONG Music and song from Wales, starring Ivor Emmanuel. (45 minutes)

WALES AND THE WEST John Betjeman and Gwyn Thomas look at many of the interesting places in their region and give their own inimitable comments. (half hour)

The Bath Festival is among many important events from which special programmes are devised. A number of TWW quiz programmes have subsequently received network production. The TWW Remote Unit has been used by CBS for special recordings in Great Britain.

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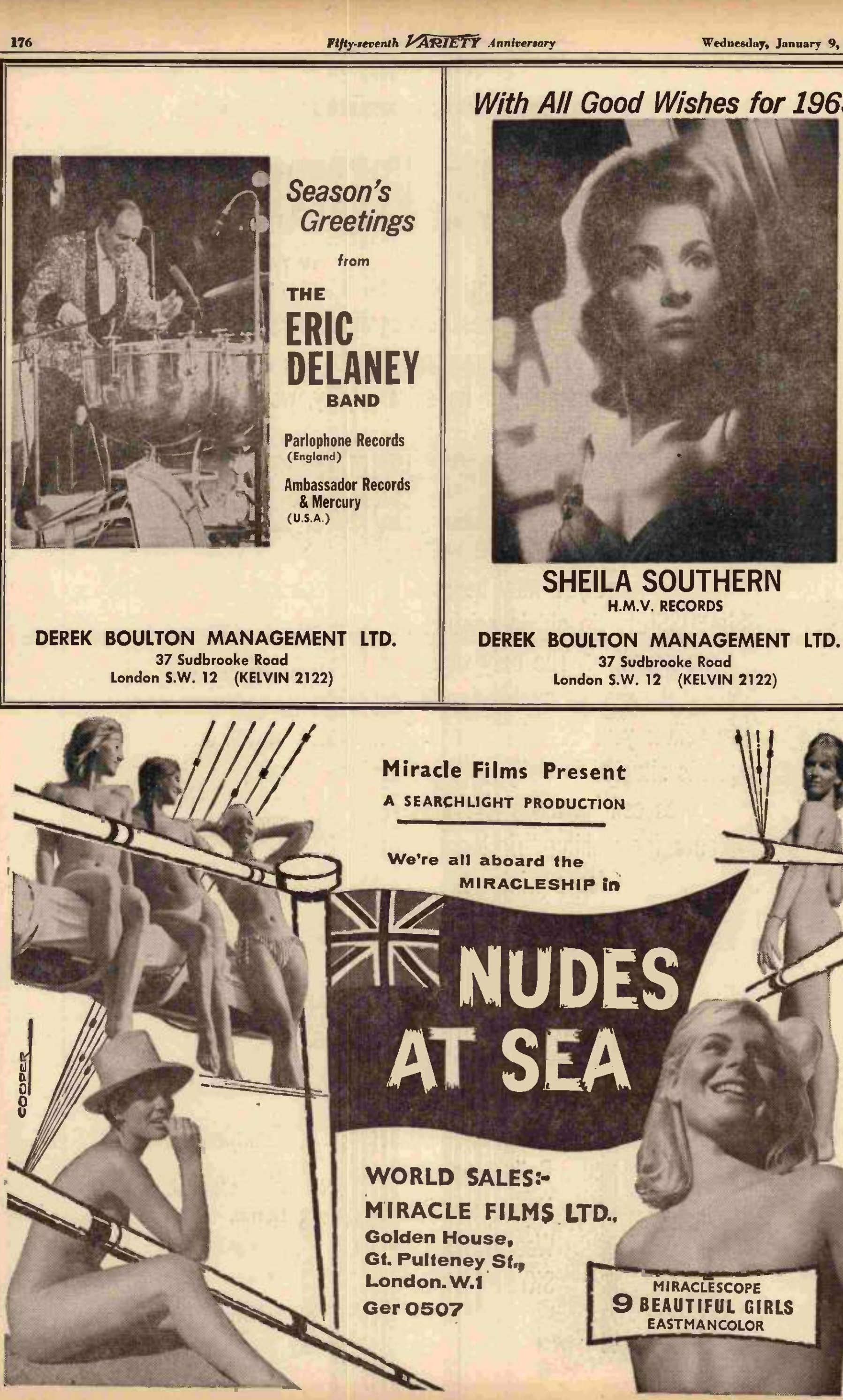

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Meyer Levin

Continued from page 156

Israel festival become the sounding-board each year for new compositions, in every style and form. Each participating nation would be invited to hold a pre-selection, as is done at most of the important film festivals. A jury of the highest status would be brought together, from all over the world. And the winning compositions in each category would receive a distinctive award, perhaps a Golden Harp of King David.

While the Moscow contests have won worldwide attention for virtuoso performers, while the Salzburg and Edinburgh festivals have attracted myriads of music-lovers for the excellence of their staging of important works, there is no music festival to which the world looks, for the cachet of highest quality, in new compositions. Israel would surely be accepted as the oppropriate scene for such an event.

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Rome's Ecumenical Year

Continued from page 156

of news and an ever-increasing round of luncheons, receptions and dinners honoring visiting prelates provided for this.

The bar of the Associazione Stampa Estera, Rome's Foreign Press Club on the Via della Mercede, is the favorite spot for exchanging notes. Visiting American reporters got a chance to meet each other and some of the American bishops at a party given just before the Council opened by Curtis "Bill" Pepper of Newsweek at his house just outside the city. They were also able to question other high-ranking prelates, including Cardinal Pietro Ciriaci, a member of the Roman Curia, and Cardinal Leon Suenens, at a reception given for its authors by Hawthorn Books at the Grand Hotel, later that same week. Cardinals and bishops were deluged with invitations, very few of which they could accept. Hosts in Rome who expect a cardinal have to remember to provide the two footmen, carrying candles, who, traditionally, must meet the cardinal at the door and escort him inside.

In addition to the visiting bishops, Rome has been crowded with other celebrities anxious to be in the picture at an historic event. Diplomats from all over the world are here as members of special missions to the Council; even the Israelis sent not only their ambassador to Italy but also brought down their ambassador to Switzerland in addition to a religious observer from Israel. Although the Jews are not represented as a religious group among the non-Roman Catholic observers, official representatives are present from the Anglican-Episcopal, Lutheran, Russian Orthodox, Methodist and other churches. And many individuals, such as Frank M. Folsom, of RCA, and authors Frances Parkinson Keyes and Alden Hatch, have also been present at various Council ceremonial occasions.

This is one production whose run will be determined, not by the public response, but by the "cast" and the producer. There was a recess in December and the Council will not meet again until September, 1963, but its commissions will continue their work in Rome during the recess.

The real star of the show, Pope John XXIII, most of whose function is as an offstage voice, although a loud and powerful one, is rumored to be anxious to see the Council accomplish real results without too much delay.

Nov. 25 marked his 81st birthday, and although he repeatedly demonstrated his vigor and health in his public appearances and addresses before his recent illness, he probably also recalls that Pope Julius II, who summoned the Fifth Lateran Council in 1512, died that same year before the Council had accomplished anything. The word in Rome is that Pope John XXIII has no intention of emulating this particular predecessor.

Meader, Sherman Comedy Clicks

Canned Laughter Dates Back to '2 Black Crows,' Monroe Silver and Cliff Edwards

By ABEL GREEN

The smash click of Vaughn Meader's "The First Family" and Allan Sherman's "My Son, The Folksinger," with their staggering LP sales well into the multi-million mark, is but another evolution of comedy-on-wax.

Ever since Cliff ("Ukulele Ike") Edwards, Moran & Mack ("The Two Black Crows"), "Cohen On The Telephone" (by a Yiddish vaudeville comedian, Monroe Silver, who preceded the more polished Myron Cohen) and an hysterically "wild" and offbeat (for those days) German import, called "The Laughing Record" (merely a marathon of crescendo laughter), waxed humor has had its off-and-on appeal.

For a long time there was an hiatus on recorded dialog on the premise that "once you play it you know the punchlines or the dialog and that's that!," but the tide turned in the '50s. From sicknick to offbeat coffeehouse and intimenitery comics came a cavalcade of platters.

In a large sense these may well be the catalog of the humor of the day set down for history. Some of it was hysterical, too. Much of it was sagacious, witty and not without its pungent politico and economic observations of the times.

The names are legion and their identities automatically indicate the particular brand of humor, ranging from sicknick to folknick to just comedic. Dick Gregory's platters are punctuated by such brittle barbs that "only in America can a comedian like me earn $7,000 a week and have to sit in the back of a bus, live in the worst neighborhoods, and can't get a cup of coffee at a lunchcounter in Mississippi." Joe E. Lewis does it differently: "I got equal hatred for everyone—I drink Black & White scotch!" Or he'll orate, "I went to the track in a $6,500 Cadillac and came back in a $28,000 bus." Mike Nichols & Elaine May dwell on "my son, the pilot" (predecessor of the Sherman's "folksinger"), Charles Addams (not comedian Don Adams) will accent "sick" humor, a la "go play in the traffic" or Abe Lincoln (reproachfully to Mrs. Lincoln), "You and your theatre parties!").

Beaucoup Barbsters

There were no inhibitions in the yesteryear "coon songs" and "darky" brand of Moran & Mack humor or "Cohen On The Telephone"; and while today's regard for racial or ethnic inhibitions are

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"ZERO! ZERO!"
B W "NIGHT THEME"

to the fore, much of the canned-on-wax humor is savvy and savage in other directions. Prime exponents have been Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, Victor Borge, Tom Lehrer, Lenny Bruce, Woody Woodbury, the above-mentioned Don Adams, Jackie Mason, Bill Dana ("Jose Jiminez"), Jonathan Winters, Carl Reiner & Mel Brooks, Alan King, Jack Douglas, Dave Barry, Pat Buttram, the aforementioned Nichols & May, Jackie Kannon, Jackie Kahane (the holdover of the Chi hoodlum hierarchy beat him up, when he played a Loop nitery, because they didn't quite appreciate one gag about Capone's income tax deduction for "one St Valentine's Day party"), Phyllis Diller, Charlie Manna, Billy Gray, Allen & Rossi, Don Sherman, "Brother" Dave Gardner, Dave Barry, "Prof." Irwin Corey, Homer & Jethro, Wayne & Shuster, Spike Jones, and others. Bob Newhart was strictly "made" by his comedy LPs.

Today's crop of vinylite funsters is uninhibited on another level—profanity, indigo and oftimes downright smut. As one independent radio station program manager protested, "These comics knock themselves out of the box with total lack of good taste." He points to the Vaughn Meader ("The First Family") LP as a prime example of boffo humor—but clean. Allan Sherman's "My Son, The Folksinger" is another good example of "highly programmable" material. In addition Sherman has the value of being musical.

Recording the comics "live" in spots from the hungri i, Frisco, to Chi's The Premise to Gotham's Blue Angel and Village Vanguard, and the more carefully scripted Julius Monk's Upstairs at the Downstairs (Monk has since shifted to the Hotel Plaza, N.Y.) was an evolution of recording singers "live" in the plusneries or onstage. Thus, picked up in spots from the Copa to the Sands, from the Palace to the hungry i, from the Cocoanut Grove to the St. Regis, Persian Room and the Waldorf have been such chirpers as Peggy Lee, Marlene Dietrich, Noel Coward, Yves Montand (on Broadway legit stage), Tony Martin, Sammy Davis Jr., Lena Horne, Sophie Tucker, Ella Fitzgerald, Judy Garland (at the Palace and at Carnegie Hall), Sinatra, Dean Martin, Dizzy Gillespie (at Carnegie Hall). Not to mention the bands and others.

But at year-end, Allan Sherman and Vaughn Meader certainly put vinylite humor beaucoup in the groove with mass Americana. From Nichols & May's "My Son, The Pilot" and Sherman's "My Son, the Folksinger," the cycle seems endless. "My Son, The Celebrity" is Sherman's No. 2 release.

Roulette got into the sweepstakes with "At Home With That Other Family" and Laurie's "The Second Family," both treating with the Khrushchevs.

And a tv series, more melodramatic than comedic, is on the planing board—"My Son, the Detective," about a mother-and-son private-eye team making with the derring-do.

Anesthesia Hit Parade, Best Hypo To a Songwriter

By L. WOLFE GILBERT

Hollywood.

There is no sedation or medication which compares with the effect on a songwriter if and when one of his songs is being performed, and he hears it accidentally.

Patients in all walks of life, when hospitalized, need the comfort and aid of a tv set during those long and tedious hours. But if "Dr. Kildare" and "Ben Casey" will listen to me, they will forbid a tv set in a songwriter's hospital room. If he listens constantly and does not hear his tunes frequently, I contend, he will have a setback, beyond question. It's better that he has a record player with recordings of his songs, and keeps playing them to satisfy his ego.

All this leads me to a period when hearing your songs on the air is a shot in the arm to a veteran writer who has a catalog. Here I am in my 76th year, when the medicos decided I had gallbladder trouble, stones, etc., and that they should be removed. I was hospitalized for observation and preparation for surgery.

The first thing I did on arrival was a tv set and transistor. All the sedation and medication that doctors gave me was of no avail and was offset by what showed up on the air. Hour after hour I was glued to the set waiting for a ditty of mine to make its appearance, and the percentage was against me. My wife and children would call and say to me, "Did you hear Mitch Miller and Larry Welk do 'Waiting For The Robert E. Lee' last night? Yes, and a group did 'Jeannine I Dream Of Lilac Time' on the Gleason show." They heard, friends heard, nurses heard, but not me. Hour after hour I listened and saw—nothing. You never do, unless you are forewarned.

That certain morning when I was to be taken to surgery, and I was drugged to the hilt, suddenly out of the dim somewhere I heard Georgie Jessel singing "My Mother's Eyes." That was certainly a thriller. But no, it was a haze; it was an illusion; it was a drug dream. Jessel was in Israel. I was being carted down, down, down, and was in oblivion. A couple of hours on the table and believe me, I heard tunes of mine I had not heard or remembered in many years. All under anesthesia. This was an anesthesia medley of my hits which ASCAP does not survey or pay off for. Then the surgery being over, they took me to what they call the recovery room. I was there, they tell me, three hours and during that period, I reached the top of my class in ASCAP by hallucination medley.

Then to my private hospital room. Again, the tv set and the radio. Again waiting with bated breath to hear one of my tunes. Nothing doing. I was told that friends among the deejays had played records remembering my illness. I never heard them. Stanley Adams, president of ASCAP, phoned to say he was hearing several of my songs on various programs. George Hoffman, ASCAP's comptroller, phoned long distance about Eddie Fisher at New York's Winter Garden remembering me with a song of mine. I heard nothing.

Then came my hospital discharge. I was sent home. I was to take it easy; not to overdo it. So, again, I was glued to the set, and the radio. VARIETY had printed I was convalescing, and so many friends wrote, sent cards, phoned and wired. All consoling. All except those vicious instruments—tv and radio. I wish to report that there were no complications.

In the Spirit of '76 en route to my 77th, the future is very promising.

Anton Karas & Rudolf Sieczynski, Vienna's 2 Famed 1-Hit Writers

By EMIL W. MAAS

Vienna.

Several years ago, he was just a moderate zither player in one of the many open winegardens (called Heuriger) in Grinzing. "Heuridge wine" indicates this year's harvest. Today he owns the winehouse de luxe, named "The Third Man," and when he appears to entertain the sophisticated audience, the lights diminish and waiters stop serving food and drink for 10 minutes.

A melody without words, "The Harry Lime" theme, made him wealthy. It was the one great hit of his life. Publishers and lyricists naturally besieged him for other compositions, many were published, many sold so-so, but until the present day, he is a "one-hit composer."

Anton (Toni) Karas, born July 7, 1906 in Vienna, had made a living from zither playing since the age of 18. He owes his meteoric career to two rare coincidences.

One, Orson Welles and the producer of the motion picture, "The Third Man," had visited various winegardens. "How about the idea to use as background music zither only," one of them suggested. Karas was improvising Vienna songs. The talking stage over, Karas took a vacation and began writing the music.

Two, Karas had studied music for four years and had remembered an eight-measure melody in a zither etude book. He cleverly rearranged it — "The Harry Lime Theme" was born.

After the great success, as always, others claimed priority, so Pierre Bavlo and Gaston Claret in Paris. All of them discontinued visiting lawyer or writing letters in this matter.

Rudolf Sieczynski was born on Feb. 23, 1879, deceased May 4, 1952 in Vienna, son of an Austrian army officer, descendant of a Polish family (a part of Poland was Austrian territory up to 1920). He too might be classified as the most unique "one-hit composer," this, because his Opus I became, after Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltz," the "trademark of gay Vienna."

He wrote the lyrics to his waltz song, "Wien, Wien nur du allein, sollst stets die Stadt die meiner Traeume sein" himself. (Vienna, you only, shall be forever the city of my dreams).

Sieczynski's Slavic name never became popular; no one remembered it. While strolling along on the Kahlenberg mountain in 1912, he authored and composed this song. The song did not take on immediately, but in 1914, when World War I began, the soldiers began to sing it. In a way it was practically a career, like the "Lili Marlene" hit, during World War II. However, without radio, of course. Then the public latched on, and this Opus I was here to stay forever.

The author-composer wrote about 500 songs more, but not one of them had even a so-so popularity.

Sieczynski had been a clerk in state service at Moedling, near Vienna, but changed his profession in 1915 when he joined the Austrian Society of Authors, Composers and Music publishers as their director for "revenue collecting." He was later elected vice-president and held this position until 1951.

The Honorary Ring of the City of Vienna and many other high distinctions were bestowed upon him.

When he was buried, at Simmering Cemetery, his last wish was fulfilled: His Vienna song was *not* played.

GUY LOMBARDO
Currently
Guy Lombardo's Port O'Call
Tierra Verde, Florida
Newest Decca LP
"GUY LOMBARDO
PRESENTS AL CONTE"
BOOKING MAY, 1963:
Via Larry Owen
50 Broadway, New York—WH 4-6938

Hipsters Give Orchestra USA a SRO $9,601 Bow At Philharmonic Hall, N.Y.

Jazz fans rallied to defeat the New York newspaper blackout Dec. 23, as they provided the new Orchestra USA with an SRO debut at Philharmonic Hall. A crowd of 2,680 turned out for a gross of $9,601 with tickets scaled to a $4.50 top. Also on the bill, which was presented by Monte Kay and Harold Leventhal, was the Modern Jazz Quartet whose musical director, John Lewis, serves in a similar capacity with Orch USA.

Gunther Schuller was guest conductor for the new 25-piece jazz orchestra. He led the ensemble through four original compositions, three of which were by Lewis and the fourth by jazz trombonist J. J. Johnson. For three of the numbers the ensemble was joined by the MJQ. The unit performed with skill and effectiveness, under Schuller's baton, blending hip jazz via soloists like Phil Woods and Jim Hall, with more pop-oriented string work.

The debut was a solid one, although it left the listener with the feeling that the orch's potential hadn't really been tapped. Schuller's baton work was spirited and he moved the orch with ease.

Kali.

'First Comes The Check'

By IRVING CAESAR

"What comes first, the words or the music?" has been asked so often in the past that I've developed a stock answer, "First comes the check."

This is in line with Irving Berlin's classic observation that songsmithing is "not inspiration but perspiration," being a business where there's nothing more "inspirational" to creativity than a royalty advance. Of course I'm dwelling on a yesteryear period when there *were* checks around from the Henry Watersons, Ed Bitners, Joe Keits, Mose Gumbles, Saul Bornsteins, Leo Feists, Louis Bernsteins, Max Dreyfuses and other giants of the music biz.

They knew that bookmakers eventually must be paid and whether it was Walter Donaldson or Sam Lewis, George Meyer or Jimmy Monaco, somehow they wrote better songs when the publisher—not the bookie—had them in the "red."

However, no matter the importance of the check, the first thing really was the idea, born out of the conscious or unconscious (slang for drunken, sometimes) experience of the lyric writer.

Now time out for the truth, about my songs anyway. They were never autobiographical. Take "Swanee" which I wrote with George Gershwin. We had never seen the Swanee River, never been south of Canal Street in fact.

Take "Lady, Play Your Mandolin" written with Oscar Levant. I never knew a lady who could play a mandolin, I don't especially like the mandolin, and good as the song is, and it is, I got more of a bang out of hearing someone sing a parody, "Lady, Let Your Mendel In" than I did out of my original.

"Tea For Two" is strictly a figment of imagination, inspired more or less by Youmans' immortal melody. I didn't know a girl to sip a cup of tea with (I wrote this in the speakeasy era when we all drank anything but tea); I'm not the frustrated bachelor who would ever dream of the little woman getting up at daybreak just to "bake a cake for all the boys to see."

Alfred Bryan, a great writer of popular song lyrics, once said, "I don't want to be known as the writer of 'I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?'—I want to be the guy he was writing about."

Glaser's Expansion Pgm.

Joe Glaser, president of the Associated Booking Corp., is expanding film and television operations with added personnel. He is back from a visit to the Coast, where a preliminary survey was set up. He also has been considering acquisition of an existing office.

Glaser feels that he has been one of the major winners in the pitch for talent who became agentless when MCA folded. While present personnel is sufficient to take care of existing needs of his present roster, he is working on an expansion program which will enable ABC to broaden its services.

C & W STARS OF THE TWENTIES

The Story You Are About To Read Really Happened

[And the Names Have Not Been Changed]

By HARRY RUBY

They needed a piano player to play for the silent pictures—and a singer to sing with illustrated slides—at the Claremont Theatre, a nickelodeon that was sandwiched in between a delicatessen store and a butchershop on 174th St. near 3d Ave. in The Bronx. I tried out for the job with a singer by the name of Harry Cohn—later to become the founder and president of Columbia Pictures.

My piano playing and Harry Cohn's singing left quite a lot to be desired. But we stopped the show cold and got the job. EXPLANATION: We stopped the show cold because we had members of the Wendover Ave. Gang seated in strategic positions throughout the house (and anyone who didn't applaud got a jab in the ribs that left a mark and a memory). You will get a rough idea of what the year was from the following songs which were our featured numbers: "Trolley Car Glide," "Goodbye Rose" and "Ragtime Cowboy Joe."

I tickled the ivories seven days a week from 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. . . . with time off between 6 and 7 for "supper." Harry appeared five times a day. The salary for the team was $28 a week, which was split as follows by mutual agreement: I got $17 and Harry got $11. I got the lion's share because I was glued to the pianostool for 10 long hours daily improvising Indian and cowboy music. If I do say it myself, I was very inventive. For wedding sequences I played the Mendelssohn "Wedding March" and "Here Comes The Bride." For sad scenes I played "Hearts and Flowers."

We had a long run. EXPLANATION: The boss of the Claremont Theatre was as nice a guy as you'd ever want to meet. He was not very happy about our endeavors but he kept us on because if he had let us go the boys from the Wendover Ave. Gang would have broken up the joint.

However, after a while we quit the job. Success—the $20 we had saved up went to our heads. With the foolhardiness that youth mistakes for courage, we set out to make our way in the world . . . and got off the train at Baltimore. One week after arriving there, we landed a job in a cafe at the Plaza Hotel. The job, which called for us to "give out" nightly from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m., paid well. We got $12 a week—each of us—and a club sandwich at midnight. (That was the deal. I still have my copy of the contract for that job, which I treasure.)

One of the numbers we added to our repertoire was Irving Berlin's "Million Dollar Ball." Even without illustrated slides, the applause we got was never deafening. But we were doing fine (until one night the boss of the cafe, who was always drunk, sobered up and heard us perform). From that moment on, we were available; and we stayed available for quite some time.

Stickpin—Status Symbol

With the cost of living being what it was in those days—15c for breakfast, 20c for lunch, 30c for supper—and $2 a week for the room we shared in a boardinghouse, the money we had accumulated didn't last very long. When we were at our lowest financial ebb, we discovered a restaurant called Buck's where, after you ate, you told the cashier what you had eaten—and paid accordingly. As you may have guessed, we didn't tell the cashier exactly what we had eaten. One day, when our money was just about running out, we ate a very big meal, then told the cashier that all we had was a glass of water. Two detectives appeared from the shadows and nabbed us. We were escorted to the nearest stationhouse where a kindhearted judge, after hearing our story, let us off, but told us it would go hard on us of we were ever seen at Buck's restaurant again.

Luckily, Harry had a diamond stickpin, which in those days was a status symbol. It wasn't a costly one, but it brought enough at the hockshop to get us back to New York. En route, we talked things over. Harry made up his mind to quit show business; to cast his lot in other fields of endeavor. I decided to stay in show business—and that was the breakup, the end, sad to say, of the team of Cohn & Ruby.

In no time flat, I got a job playing the piano for singing waiters in a place called Gillighan's Historic Inn, at Clausen's Point, a fifth-rate summer resort on the shores of Long Island Sound. Then something happened that would be called phony and contrived if it appeared in a movie script (but it did happen): Harry Cohn got a job as a streetcar conductor on the 3d Ave. trolley line—which trolley line I took to work and back every day.

Almost daily I rode to work on the open car Harry was assigned to. Sometimes I rode both ways—depending on the hours of that day's assignment. I always offered to pay the nickel fare, which, with a characteristic gesture, Harry always refused to take. On one of those rides, I took a stand and insisted on paying my fare, explaining that I didn't want to be obligated. I cannot repeat here his vocal reaction to that nobel stand.

I was saddened by the news of Harry Cohn's death. At the services I though about so many things. I thought about how far he had come from such a humble beginning; about the tremendous success he had made, and the fortune he had amassed. Then I found myself reliving a memory—and a smile came over my face: Harry and I were having lunch at the delicatessen next to the Claremont Theatre. Harry insisted on treating me, but discovered he was a little short—so he borrowed 50c from me.

I do not remember whether or not Harry ever paid me back the 50c but if he didn't I am still 'way ahead on account of those free rides I had on his trolleycar.

Lena's Six Weeks, Waldorf Record

Lena Horne has been signed for a six-weeker at the Empire Room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, N.Y., first performer in the history of that room to be pacted for that length of time. She goes in Feb. 4, following run of Sergio Franchi, who opened Tuesday (8).

In negotiation is Pat Boone, who may come in some time in May during prom time to play his first nitery date in New York. He will be the last headliner in the room before the summer shuttering. Carol Channing is set during March and April.

Ilva Ligabue Debut In 'Aida' for Dallas Opera

Dallas.

Ilva Ligabue, the Italian soprano who was liked with Dallas Civic Opera in 1961 and 1962 seasons, will return in 1963 to make her debut in the title role of "Aida."

Lawrence Kelly, general manager of the opera company, reached agreement with Mme Ligabue on the role. Kelly also said the local "Aida" will be an all new production offered as the second opera of the season. Definite performance dates have not been assigned, but it is expected to be heard in mid-November, 1963.

Singer will prepare for appearance with Nicola Resclgno, Dallas artistic director, in Italy next summer.

Mme Ligabue sang Mimi in "La Boheme" here last season and Desdemona in both recent performances of "Otello."

THEIR HERITAGE TO '60 FOLKNIKS

By BILL RANDLE

While folk music and folk singers have been sporadically successful since the Depression, the last few years have seen unprecedented and overwhelming critical and commercial acceptance of the folk scene. Dozens of hit albums, SRO night club and concert appearances, reams of favorable reviews, a string of single hit records on the best seller charts, hundreds of new singing groups and soloists, and a continuing stream of top rank newspaper and magazine articles, give the impression that folk music (real and synthetic) is at an alltime peak of popularity.

New names like Peter, Paul & Mary, The Highwaymen, The Limeliters, and Joan Baez stand beside established figures like Harry Belafonte, The Weavers, Odetta, Mahalia Jackson, and the indestructible Kingston Trio. Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker share programs with Sabicas and Lonnie Donegan. Martha Schlamme covers the European scene and the Jean Ritchie songbook, and The New Lost City Ramblers remember the good old days of Gid Tanner and

(Continued on page 190)

German Disk Biz Slides Slightly; Twist Uber Alles

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin.

The German recording industry registered a decline in disk sales but still proved to be the best branch of German show biz last year. Statistics covering the first half of 1962 show sale of disks within these six months was 2.2% below the same period of the year before.

There are still the same six diskeries that rule the land: Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, Teldec, Electrola, Philips, Ariola and Metronome. All are associated with top stateside labels. While Deutsche Grammophon, Philips Metronome and Teldec have their headquarters in Hamburg, Ariola headquarters in Guetersloh and Electrola in Cologne, western Germany. Quite in contrast to former years which saw Polydor, Deutsche Grammophon's pop label, dominating the native market, the German disk scene has long become a mixed picture. No diskery really dominates anymore.

The twist was the big thing in Germany last year. "Speedy Gonzales" emerged as the biggest hit of the year. Caterina Valente and other top German recording stars came along with "Gonzalez" which proved a surefire click with them. The most successful "Gonzales" disk was that of Pat Boone. Within a few weeks it registered a sale of 300,000 copies in this country.

There's no doubt that the twist was longer in vogue here (and it's still very much alive) than expected. The Madison which came up here around August was not so successful. Nearly all the native top recording stars picked it up but it didn't click as much as some experts may have expected. The twist rhythm is undoubtedly more appealing to this country's hepcats.

Here are other top songs of the year: "Mexico" (Bob Moore) paced the disk race in January. February saw "Tanze mit mir in dem Morgen" (Dance With Me In the Morning with Gerhard Wendland), the big hit of the last months of 1961, again on top. "Zwei kleine Italiener" (Two Little Italians with Conny Froeboss) was the winner in March and April. "Heisser Sand" (Hot Sands with Mina) led the disk race in May, June, July and August, the month of September saw "Sweety" with Peter Kraus on top and then came "Speedy Gonzales."

Elvis Presley, the hero of former years, lost in popularity last year. Pat Boone (via his "Gonzales") climbed up again. Connie Francis maintained her position as most successful foreign songstress in the land. Her big click was "Paradiso." Two foreign songstresses singing for German diskeries were high in demand too: Greek Nana Mouskouri ("White Roses From Athens" and "I Look After the White Clouds") and Italy's Mina who had in "Heisser Sand" (Hot Sands) a sensational success.

More top songs of 1962: "Silver Moon" (Peter Kraus), "Geld wie Heu" (Gerd Boettcher), "Lady Sunshine and Mr. Moon" (Conny Froeboss), "Auf Wiedersehen, Marlene" (Bob Moore), "Linda" (Gus Backus), "Sauerkraut Polka" (ditto), "Piggy Bank Polka" (Chris Howland), to name some. Always interesting the high percentage of foreigners singing for German diskeries. Gus Backus and Bill Ramsey are Americans, Chris Howland is British. Vico Torriani Swiss, Leo Leandros Greek, Willy Hagara and Peter Alexander Austrian, to cite some examples. The forementioned Greek Nana Mouskouri, incidentally, is a songstress that wears—rare thing indeed—glasses. Latter have become her "trade mark." (At first the Philips weren't so sure whether she'd wear them.)

Back in 1961, Billy Vaughan's "Wheels," Ralph Bendix' "Babysitter Boogie" and "Life Begins At 17" (Ivo Robio) led the German disk race.

Lineup of the more important Berlin music publishers includes Peter Schaeffers, Will Meisel, Intro (the Meisel brothers, Will Meisel's sons), Rolf Budde and Paul Siegel.

London's Tin Pan Alley (Denmark St.) Being Razed; Chagrined Music Men Rue the Poor-Grade New Pop Crop

By JACK PILER

London.

In the not so distant future the bulldozers are going to gouge Tin Pan Alley out of existence to make way for a snazzy new road improvement scheme to make the traffic roll easier. Almost symbolically the local Alley—Denmark St.—is tightening up into a smaller, concentrated knot of operators huddling together to repel boarders.

For while the homegrown performing talent begins to make definite dents in international show markets, the one shortage here is of writing talent. Nothing can hide that, not all the trumpeting of the Songwriters' Guild nor the patriotic policies of the BBC. So whatever the changing mood, the shift in merchandise styles, the lead still comes from Stateside and the Alley here tries hard to follow.

Office in Their Tonsils

With every new recording artist or his disk manager trying his hand at writing too, and then forming companies to protect the royalties in toto, publishing companies here today are almost as numerous as new songs and the publishers themselves are turning more and more into talent scouts rather than music factors. "Honestly, I spend more time and money and physical and nervous energy tracking down 'promising' talent tipped to me than I do looking for songs," one top exec volunteered. "It's the new gimmick not only to perform but to write your own ditties so that every other aspirant I see clutches his or her own brave composition in clammy hands."

Yet the a&r men are desperately trying to find good material. Johnny Franz at Philips has been searching for six months for something new for Cleo Laine, in desperation asked Dave Brubeck if he could come up with something. He is still living in hopes.

The Twist & the Madison

Few companies over here are without a Stateside affiliate and it's from there the main flow emanates. The Twist, which while still squirming around, is skedded to give way to the Madison which is being pushed for the second time around, still without blazing success. And now the Bossa Nova which here seems to be regarded skeptically by the Alley as being all bossa and no melody. Lou Levy's Leeds think it's going to click when they can find somebody to go out with their first "O Barquinho" Anglicised to "Jealous Eyes." But whatever happens, all this is from the other side of the lake.

C & W Upbeat; Trad Still Here

The biggest thing of all in the back half of the year—and trad is included in the reckoning—is c&w in all its forms, either neat and unadulterated or popped up to make it palatable to the biggest possible public. In fact according to David Platz, top exec at Essex Music, the main country and western issuers here: "We are even publishing booklets on folk music at $1.60 a time and selling them by the ten thousands." Which is something when one considers that apart from instrumentals sheet sales are next to nothing, like in the States.

Comedy Songs

The biggest domestic product is the British humorous song like "Hole in the Ground," actor Bernard Cribbins' wry saga of a pick-swinger which enjoyed chart success a few months back, and Mike Sarne's "Come Outside." The pure chart-aimed pops such as Newley & Bricusse have turned out—the "Gonna Build a Mountain" and "What Kind of Fool Am I." kind of hit—are potently few and invariably, as with these examples and some of Lionel Bart's, products of complete legit musicals. Professionally prolific tunesmiths are still not to hand in Britain.

Disks themselves are selling more and more. Decca was able to crow just a while back that in the first 10 months of 1962 it had sold as many records as in the whole of 1961. And the mighty EMI and Philips and Pye outfits would go along with that kind of comparison.

Fallacious Values

But as one disk topper put it, with feeling: "The wrong sort of accent is being placed on the music and disk business in Britain. We ought to be trying to raise our standards and we can't do that if everybody wants to be everything at once . . . the way to perfection is through specialization."

But the golden gleam of shining bank accounts bedazzles the dreams of teenagers and of aging handlers who see the one chance of the kind of success that has always eluded them, the one magic break of finding a new talent, as a last chance ticket to a retirement pension. So patience on all sides becomes the least evident attribute down the Alley. The new "stars" want their own publishing companies the moment their first disks pass the 10,000-sales mark and half a dozen others from a&r men and agents down, want in.

So everybody is publishing and starring and managing and recording and the phonographs are silent in the pluggers' offices in the Alley. Nobody needs to hawk a song around like the old days wearing out demo disks, trying to get somebody to sing or play it on some label somewhere. There are the recognized outlets which never change and the performer is as much tied to his publishers as he is to his agent and managers.

And while on paper the companies increase, the true operators, the umbrella companies with a hundred associates sprouting with every other new tune or every new performer, really grow fewer.

So that one cynic summed it up: "There have been suggestions that when the Alley is cleared we'll be offered one large office block to house us all as in New York. I reckon by that time you'll be able to get us all into one big room."

Evolution of Yesteryear's Tin Pan Alley (And Its Services to Vaude) to the Present

When 'Special Material' Was Better Than Payola—Music Publishers' Obeisance To Vaude Headliners—'I've Got My Punchlines to Keep Me Warm' Is Vet Songsmith's Mellowing Summation of Rich Career

By JACK YELLEN

Like all amateurs we submitted songs to the New York publishers by mail and got them all back with the usual rejection slips. We tried Chicago. One brought a check from Will Rossiter for $50. On the title-page was a picture of Elizabeth M. Murray, a vaudeville headliner. Miss Murray came to town to top the bill at Shea's. I was then a reporter on the Buffalo Courier, whose city room could have provided a perfect set and cast for "Front Page." Billy Kelly, the sports editor and a friend of Mike Shea's, got us permission to go backstage to see Miss Murray. She proved to be a swell, middle-aged gal who obligingly listened to a song we had just gotten back from Remick's. She offered to take it back to New York and place it. The following week she wrote us that a publisher named J. Fred Helf was willing to give us $100 for the song outright. We jumped at the offer. Not long afterwards I stared bug-eyed at an ad in VARIETY, wherein Jerome H. Remick & Co. proudly announced that it had acquired from J. Fred Helf "All Aboard for Dixieland," Elizabeth Murray's interpolated hit in Arthur Hammerstein's production of Rudolf Friml's "High Jinks." Years later Mose Gumble told me that Remick had given Helf a $10,000 advance.

Naively believing that a welcome awaited us at Remick's, Cobb and I took a trip to New York, on an $8 10-day round-trip excursion on the Erie. After an all-night ride in the coach we rented a furnished room in the West Thirties and lay down for a nap. When I awoke Cobb was gone. On the day our tickets expired he showed up, tanned and beaming, from an all-expense-paid trip to Atlantic City with "a friend." When I cooled down we started for Remick's.

For the benefit of those who were born late, a music publisher's office in those days had a spacious ante-room surrounded by as many as a dozen rehearsal rooms, each with a piano. Today, a dozen publishers share one room and one phonograph. A piano is strictly a museum piece.

Remick's was crowded with actors, agents, bookmakers and songwriters. The last were all waiting for Fred Belcher, big boss and songpicker of the New York office. About five o'clock a flashy white Rolls Royce pulled up, with a pudgy elderly man and a gorgeous blonde by his side in the open tonneau—"for all the world to see." A liveried chauffeur opened the door and out stepped Fred Belcher.

Train To Hoboken

We had to make our train in Hoboken by eight o'clock. I copped a plea with Mose Gumble, the professional manager, and we were the first songwriters in Belcher's office. We entered in utter silence. Belcher sat at his desk staring out of the window. He had apparently had a strenuous night. His secretary motioned us to the grand piano and I sang "Are You From Dixie?" and finished to a deafening hush. Finally Belcher spoke.

"Get me a baked apple," he said to his secretary. She silently left to get the baked apple and Cobb and I silently left the office.

Outside, at the corner, I took a last lingering look at Broadway. My glance took in the Palace Theatre and a window on which was lettered M. Witmark & Sons, Music Publishers. On a sudden impulse we decided we'd give Witmark's a try.

A nice guy named Willie Horowitz bent a kindly ear to our song and in a few moments I was singing it for Julius Witmark. We left his office with a $50 advance and our first royalty contract. What a nice man. Cobb and I agreed on the train. When we got home we read the contract. It was for half-a-cent a copy and 12½% of the mechanicals—jointly.

Some months later Cobb wrote to Witmark asking for another $25 advance. In reply he got a check for $125 and a bill of sale, which he signed. In his letter Witmark said I could have the same deal. I wasn't interested. I had just been promoted to assistant sports editor.

JIMMY BLADE
And His Orchestra
Currently—10th Year
The Camellia House, The Drake
Chicago

My first piece of special material was a socko success. I got socked for writing it on the school fence. But it went over big with the kids and they sang it for months. Too bad there was not an ASCAP then. My current performances for 1902 would have been tremendous.

I was 10 years old and in the seventh grade. Our teacher was a five-by-five battle-axe, called Miss Brower in front of her bagpiped bosom and "Piggy" behind her beerbarreled posterior. Hardly a day passed without one of us getting a licking and she continually oscared us the dumbest class in Buffalo. One day I swiped a piece of chalk, sneaked into the school at night and wrote an obscene couplet.

Next morning to the first strain of "Yankee Doodle," there was a sing-along that would have filled Mitch Miller with envy. There was murder in "Piggy's" eyes when we filed into the classroom. Under the threat that she would have us all whipped, one kid ratted on me. "Piggy" summoned the principal. He brought along a heavy-metal-edged ruler and I went back to my seat with a burning bottom, but with a smirk that took the joy out of "Piggy's" vengeance.

"Mark my words, you little gutter-snipe," she screamed, "some day you'll come to no good!"

Her prophecy was not without substance. Fifteen years later I was hanging around Remick's writing special material for vaudevillians and burlesque comics. And for 40 years I've enjoyed the dubious distinction of authoring Sophie Tucker's songs.

I came to Tin Pan Alley after writing two hits with a fellow-Buffalonian named George L. Cobb. We sold them outright to New York publishers. There was no AGAC to shield idiots like us and heaven only was busy protecting the working girls. Our earlier efforts went to local publishers at a prix fixee of $5. Frankly they weren't worth any more. One of the publishers was a photographer who paid us off in certificates good for a dozen photos. It was my job to peddle the certificates for whatever I could get.

Paraphrasing the scriptural passage, it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a yokel songwriter to break into Tin Pan Alley. I rambled from one publisher to another and gazed in awe at Joe Young, Sam Lewis, Edgar Leslie, George Meyer, Walter Donaldson, Harry Ruby, Joe McCarthy, Fred Fisher, Grant Clarke, Jimmy Monaco and other writers whose names I had seen on sheet music. I learned they were all staff-writers on drawing accounts and quite capable of providing all the songs the publishers needed. I wrote home to say that in a barbershop on West 47th St. I had sat in a chair next to Irving Berlin—the world's greatest! I'll lay the odds that the Space Men find no greater on any other planet.

A Friendly Face

I encountered a friendly face at Remick's. It belonged to Bennie Bloom, who presided over the professional copy counter, a born Boy Scout and do-gooder.

"Why don't you try writing special material?" Bennie asked me one day, and I in return asked, "What's special material?" He told me.

Many of the successful lyric-writers had started by writing parodies, song-title medleys, recitations, and gags for vaudevillians. Some of them were still doing it for the bigtimers. Small acts got their special material from hacks hired by the publishers at modest salaries, or from freelancers who peddled their wares for what they could get. Wolfie Gilbert once took an old overcoat from Al Jolson in payment for a parody. Important performers spent their own dough on special songs by experts—like Blanche Merrill whose price tags ran into thousands of dollars. Fanny Brice was one of her steady—and smart—customers.

I told Bennie I'd gladly take a crack at any kind of writing. I had to eat and the landlady insisted on weekly payment in advance for the $5 fleabag I slept in. Bloom spoke to Gumble and Mose offered to try me out on a piece-work basis. My first job was for the Farber Girls—Irene and Connie. I wrote them some catchlines on one of Remick's plug songs and Mose gave me $10. The girls added another sawbuck. Other jobs followed, slowly. I made a few bucks on my own, writing stuff of one kind and other for smalltimers. Some paid me; others got lost in the wilds of the Pantages and Interstate circuits. And I wrote some pop songs with Al Gumble, Mose's brother. They meant nothing. Mel Morris got them into burlesque shows. Van & Schenck sang one, "Southern Gals," with a cute patter I wrote for them.

Buffalo Stopoff

I stopped off in Buffalo to see the folks and in Murray Whiteman's Song Shop I met Abe Olman, who had composed "Oh, Johnny!" and "Down Among the Sheltering Palms." Olman was a sergeant stationed at what is now the Bell Aircraft plant. He wasn't quartered in barracks. He was residing in a cozy flat, a key to which was circulating among his superiors.

Abe invited me to stick around and write with him. He was due to be mustered out. We wrote some songs and when his discharge came through we headed for New York. After placing "Johnny's In Town," at Feist's we found ourselves up against a brick wall. Olman got back his former job as professional manager for Forester Music Publisher in Chicago and I followed him to the Windy City.

One of the songs we had written was "Down by the O-HI-O (I've Got the Cutest Little O-My-O)." Abe took it to Al Jolson. "Jolie" liked it, especially after Abe offered him a 25% cut-in. He got the contract, sang the song a week and dropped it. (Subsequently we bought out his interest for $2,500.) Sophie Tucker came to Chicago and on her opening day Abe, with a copy of "Down By The O-Hi-O" was in the mob of songpluggers at the stagedoor. He came back to tell me that Soph said the catchlines were too tame for her. I had never seen the famous Sophie Tucker. I got a load of her in action that

DEE DEE SHARP
CAMEO RECORDS
Personal Managers
Kal Mann and Henry Colt

evening, went back to my hotel and wrote a pageful of catchlines that scorched the paper. Next day Olman took me along to her dressing room. A grunt was her acknowledgment of my introduction and she sat deadpanned while I reeled off my first special material for her. The first words she ever spoke to me were:

"You blankety-blank, where have you been hiding?"

Wherever I'd been hiding, I could never go back. I didn't realize it then, but I was hooked for life—a furnace stoker for a red hot mama.

Hundreds of acts sang "Down by the O-Hi-O," and almost each one had a special version of some kind. My experience at Remick's paid off. I ground out voluminous extra catchlines, patters, versions for males, females, two males, two females, male-and-female, male-and-two females, etcetera, etcetera. The title page carried a melange of seven vaudeville and revue stars, each of whom had his own special version. Among them were Eddie Cantor in a Shubert Revue and Van & Schenck on the Ziegfeld Roof.

Enter Milton Ager

My first royalty check on "Down by the O-HI-O" was around $10,000 and I went back to New York and met Milton Ager.

"The Little Professor," as his intimates affectionately called him, had already given ample evidence of his talent in "Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia" and "Anything Is Nice If It Comes from Dixieland," two songs that were not only big hits but sparkling samples of the craftsman's skill. The lyrics were by Grant Clarke, a legendary character in Tin Pan Alley lore who was, in my opinion, the Oscar Hammerstein of popular songs.

Ager and I got together around a piano at Feist's and wrote "Don't Put A Tax On The Beautiful Girls." It was fodder for vaudevillians. Milton got the assginment to do a score for a revue for John Murray Anderson and gave me my first chance at a Broadway musical. "What's In A Name?" was a gorgeous flop.

When the show closed we went back to pop songs, but against the curves that professional managers threw us we couldn't get to first base and we finally decided to become our own publishers. As a third partner, to be the business manager, we took in Ben Bornstein. It was an unhappy combination from the start. We scraped together a small bankroll and rented two broken-down rooms in a delapidated building on Broadway. Next to us were Clarke & Leslie, with Harry Warren as their piano player.

Our first plug-song was "Lovin' Sam (Sheik of Alabam')." I sent it to Miss Tucker, Van & Schenck and Cantor. They sang it, but sheet music sales didn't come in, recordings didn't materialize, and we were soon in hot water financially. One day Max Winslow phoned me for a copy—he wouldn't tell me for whom. I sent Billy Chandler, our professional manager, with it to Waterson, Berlin & Snyder's. Next thing we knew Grace Hayes was singing "Lovin' Sam" in a cabaret scene in a Jerome Kern show at the Dillingham. The song broke and acts started jamming our offices. I remember rehearsing Belle Baker, who had turned it down, with two other acts at the same time. Everybody had to have a different version and I found myself up to my pelvis in special material again.

We tried a ballad and got nowhere with it. For ballads you had to hand out payola (which, by the way, the disk jockeys did not invent)—weekly checks, clothes, perfume, wardrobe trunks, photographs, tickets for the fights and World Series, and numerous et ceteras. We couldn't compete with the bankrolls of the big firms, but we discovered we could be more than a match for them with comedy songs and special material. And so we wrote—"Louisville Lou," "Hard-Hearted Hannah," "Hula Lou," "Mama Goes Where Papa Goes," "Big Boy," "Big Bad Bill Is Sweet William Now" and other such songs. We didn't have to chase the acts. They came to us.

Billy Chandler one day dragged me to Loew's American to hear three of the five acts on the bill sing "Hula Lou," each with a different version. Margaret Young, Margie Coates and Frances Williams played vaudeville with repertoires made up exclusively of our published songs and special material, which eventually got them and others into difficulties.

Public Taste Changing

Public taste was pushing against the fences of Puritanism. Plays like "The Hairy Ape" became the big legit hits, books by F. Scott Fitzgerald and Michael Arlen the bestsellers. Vaudevillians began going overboard in gags and songs. E. F. Albee, concerned about the family trade, went on a morality binge. On the callboards of all his theatres appeared a list of songs that acts were ordered not to sing. More than half the songs on the list were Yellen & Ager's.

Sophie Tucker paid no attention to Albee's dictum. Her ultimatum was "I sing my songs, or else!" and she was in a position to make it stick. The cafes of Prohibition days, serving liquor in teacups, were clamoring for her.

When she said "my songs" she meant not only those I had written but also those of other writers which it had become my task to spice up for her. Sophie Tucker sang anybody's songs. Ted Shapiro was continually making the rounds of the publishers for new numbers and her door was always open to any songplugger or writer. For Tucker nobody needed payola. When you saw her out with a song-man you could gamble that she would pick up the check.

It was the perpetual search for songs that brought Tucker her biggest-of-all hits. Molly, her maid, told her of a colored boy who had a song, but was timid about approaching her because of the rebuffs he had suffered from other white stars. Tucker sent Molly to find and fetch him. He was Shelton Brooks and the song—"Some Of These Days."

On a plugging trip with Lew Pollack to Chicago, where Paul Ash and Jesse Crawford had the town tied up, I got an idea for a special song for Tucker, different from anything I'd written for her. I wrote the lyric and concocted a melody. Returning to the Sherman Hotel about three o'clock one morning, I asked Lew to make me a lead sheet. If the song was ever published, I told him, I'd put his name on and cut him in for a third. Lew patiently extracted the melody from my singing, humming and whistling. Five o'clock in the morning the lead sheet was done. There was an extension phone in the banquet room and I called up Tucker at the Claridge in New York. She damned me for spoiling a sleeping pill, and I sang her "Yiddisha Momme." When I finished she was weeping.

Tucker sang it at the Palace—the song and recitation in English, then a chorus in Yiddish. She made it a hit not only in this country but in Europe. Copies of

(Continued on page 210)

Following The Script

By ROBERT STOLZ

Vienna.

Without minimizing the importance of criticism and the work of the critics personally, one experience I encountered years ago lingers in memory.

My debut as the new conductor of the Theatre an der Wien was very well received by the local press. I had conducted Johann Strauss' "Gypsy Baron" with a name cast. The audience applauded strongly and during intermission people spoke about me—"conducting by heart"—no score on the desk. Music-loving Vienna rather likes to see conductors not turning the pages of scores. Next day newspaper criticism also was very good. Even the most severe of them all wrote favorably about me, the new man, but added that it would, after all, be advisable that Stolz uses the score when directing; it would no doubt help to make the performance exacter.

Two months later, another operetta by Johann Strauss, "The Bat" was on the repertory. I directed and in front of me, on the desk, I placed a huge score. I turned the pages and the show went on, again a success. During the intermission I met by chance my friend, the critic, who smilingly remarked to me, "You see, Stolz, my advice that you use the score was a good one. Now it is all much better." I lead him to the desk and showed him the score—it was Carl Milkers' "Begger Student." He was stupefied. I had put the score there, just pretending that I was using it.

Performers' Rights

By STANLEY ROTHENBERG

(Member, New York Bar)

When the Wagner-Nichols Recorder Corp. recorded without authorization a live radio broadcast of the Metropolitan Opera and then proceeded to manufacture and sell, also without authorization, phonograph records thereof, the Metropolitan and the broadcaster (ABC) commenced an action against Wagner-Nichols; Columbia Records, with whom the Met had an exclusive recording agreement, intervened as a plaintiff. The trial court (Supreme Court, New York County, 1950), upheld a claim of unfair competition asserted by the performer (Metropolitan), the broadcaster and the record manufacturer. In addition, the trial judge, Henry Clay Greenberg, held that the complaint stated a cause of action for unjustifiable interference with contractual rights because Wagner-Nichols acted with full knowledge of the Metropolitan-Columbia Records exclusive recording agreement. On appeal by Wagner-Nichols, the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court affirmed (5-0) the decision of the lower court. The case is generally recognized as the leading authority for the existence in New York of a "performers' right."

The Metropolitan case has been cited for the proposition that an unauthorized recording of a performer gives rise to an action for unfair competition, period. Actually, the rule of law in the case must be read in the light of the facts. If Metropolitan were not a plaintiff and if Wagner-Nichols did not act with full knowledge of the Metropolitan-Columbia Records exclusive recording agreement, then it is submitted that the act of recording "off the air" and manufacturing and selling such records would not have constituted—as against Columbia Records—either unfair competition or unjustifiable interference with contractual rights. And it was so held by the Appelate Division (3-2) in 1962 in the case of Roulette Records vs. Princess Production Corp. and Burt Balaban, and affirmed by the Court of Appeals (7-0), where the defendant motion picture producers were charged with unauthorizedly licensing the manufacture and sale of phonograph records containing Sarah Vaughan's performance from a motion picture soundtrack.

Thus, a performer such as the Metropolitan has rights in its performance, and so does a party such as the broadcaster which pays for the performance or furnishes the facilities. A record manufacturer, on the other hand, such as Columbia or Roulette, which has an exclusive recording agreement with a Metropolitan or a Sarah Vaughan does not have rights in a performance given for someone else, paid for by someone else, and which uses the facilities of the someone else. The basis for an action by such record manufacturer is unjustifiable interference with a contract.

But a contract is not really more than an exchange of mutual promises. And in the case of such an intangible property right, for interference to give rise to a cause of action, malice on the part of the defendant is a prerequisite—malice being defined as acting with full knowledge of the plaintiff's existing contract.

Where, however, the phonograph record of one manufacturer is duplicated by another manufacturer, the first manufacturer has a claim for unfair competition (Capitol Records Inc. vs. Mercury Records Corp., 2nd Circuit Court of Appeals, 1955). But in such instance, the performance was given for and paid for by the first manufacturer (or its predecessor in interest) and its facilities were used.

In the foregoing cases, the courts were not confronted with the issue of a performer's right to his style or manner of interpretation. With respect thereto, it has been frequently stated that imitation of a performance does not in and of itself constitute unfair competition (Supreme Records Inc. vs. Decca Records Inc., Federal Court, So. District of Cal., 1950). Where, however, the second performer, imitating Charlie Chaplin, calls himself Charlie Aplin, his conduct taken as a whole is deemed to constitute unfair competition (Chaplin vs. Amador, Cal. Appellate, 1928).

A limitation on the Supreme Records case was recognized in a 1962 First Circuit Court of Appeals decision declaring as unfair competition an imitation of the Bert Lahr voice on the soundtrack of a television commercial. In the absence of any indication that the Lahr imitation is by John Doe it may be reasonable for a significant portion of the public to assume that it is hearing the voice of Lahr, which then places the case into the classic "passing off" posture—the basis historically for an action in unfair competition.

Accordingly, the decision is consistent with the Chaplin case. If Mr. Amador had clearly identified himself and had not created a likelihood of confusion as to who he was he probably would have been free to imitate Mr. Chaplin.

It should be emphasized that performers have extensive rights, but that frequently a performer is precluded from asserting his rights to a particular performance because he has *by contract* conferred fully such rights upon a record manufacturer, motion picture producer or broadcaster. Instances can be cited, however, where performers took pains, contractually, to preserve rights. For example, in 1937 Fred Waring was able to persuade the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania to restrain WDAS Broadcasting Station Inc. from broadcasting his records without his consent because his agreement with the record manufacturer restricted the records to home or noncommercial use (with a legend to that effect printed upon the label of the recording).

In sum, the creation of a "performers' right" may not really be necessary if performers would preserve the rights they already possess under another name—Unfair Competition.

LESTER LANIN

Internationally
Famous Society Orchestra
Our latest release: Volume No. 19
"High Society Country Style"
Currently at Hotel Americana,
New York

From East 46 St. To Southwest Fla.

By GUY LOMBARDO

In deciding to cast my lot with Clint Murchison Jr. and Louis Berlanti in their fabulous $100,000,000 Tierra Verde realty complex, which will feature Guy Lombardo's Port o' Call, I did so only after long, hard thinking. The l.h.t. was directed, for the most part, towards the fact that I would be terminating a longtime, pleasant, memorable association with the Hotel Roosevelt in New York.

How can I forget! . . .

. . .the day in 1929 that Al Quodbach, who operated the Granada Cafe in Chicago — and who thought of us as "my boys"—backed Jules Stein up against a wall and threatened mayhem, because Jules had booked us out of the Granada and into the Roosevelt. It was only when I shouted at Al I would never talk to him again if he harmed Jules that he relented and said to Jules, "OK. But if you don't make sure Guy and the boys are treated right in New York, I'll personally tear you apart."

. . .the Hotel Roosevelt's first ads on our band, which described our music as something that "smoulders and glows like a living coal . . . now soft with the lilting cadence of a dreamy melody . . . now vivid with pulsating jazz rhythms . . . in turn seductive and tumultous, alternately tender and unrestrained" (They don't make that kind of copywriter any more).

. . .the young fellow who used to show up at the Roosevelt Grill during our first season there to personally install the microphones and cables, William S. Paley.

. . .New Year's Eve, 1937, when Abe Lyman, sitting in with our

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Vet Music Man Traces U.S. Yen For 'The Latin Tinge'—Now It's Bossa Nova

By ARNOLD SHAW

When W. C. Handy wrote his immortal "St. Louis Blues" back in 1914, he made an irresistible witches' brew of three ingredients: ragtime-blues, four-beat New Orleans jazz, and what Jelly Roll Morton called "the Latin tinge," namely, the habanera rhythm or tango. Since then pop tunesters have constantly dipped into Latin metres as well as jazz rhythms to spice their dishes.

Now in the form of the Bossa Nova, we have a new appetizing three-layer sandwich made up in almost equal proportions of the samba beat, pop melody and cool jazz. If the Bossa Nova becomes added to the regular terpsichorean fare offered by Arthur Murray, Fred Astaire and the Dale Dance Studios—then it will be the first time that the land of the coffee-bean will have superceded the home of the Havana cigar in the taste of American dancers and music buyers. Up till now Afro-Cuban rhythms have found a much larger coterie of north-of-the-border customers than the Afro-Brazilian, Afro-Carib, or Afro-Argentinian beat.

As far back as the days when bandleader Jim Europe introduced "Memphis Blues" on a Victor recording, a move was made to import a Brazilian dance known as the maxixe. This early type of samba was performed by Irene & Vernon Castle to a tune "Maxixe" (by Dengoza) to be heard on a current Percy Faith LP "The Music of Brazil!" The Dancing Castles, who used the Jim Europe all-Negro band, not only showcased the "macheetch" (as the Portuguese pronounce it); they taught it at their fashionable dancing salons. But Irene Castle notes in her autobiog: "The footwork was easy enough but you had to have the suppleness of an acrobat to dance it correctly and it also required space. Since dance floors were packed solid by this time (sic!), the maxixe was not widely done."

The Tango seemed to fare better. For a time in the '20s the Ille-a-dance parlors were known as tango palaces. And when Rudolph Valentino and his sideburns galloped across the silent screen in "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and glided to the sultry rhythms of the Argentinian tango, it looked as if the nation's females could not resist either the Sheik's tent or his taste in terpsichore. But the tango was apparently too elegant for American dancers—as the maxixe had, perhaps, been too fast—and it did not catch on with a generation that preferred the Charleston and the Black Bottom (just as an earlier generation had favored the Turkey Trot, the Grizzly Bear and the Bunny Hug).

Youmans, Lecuona, Lara

The feeling for the Latin sound revealed itself through the '20s, however, in song imports (not all really Latin) like "Amapola" ('24) and "La Cumparsita," "El Relicario" and "Valencia," all big in '26 along with a hit show called "Rio Rita."

As the 20s modulated into the '30s, the songs of the Cuban giant Ernesto Lecuona ("Siboney," "Malaguena," "Andalucia") and the Mexican melodist Augustin Lara ("Granada") were taken up by American singers and listeners. Two musical pix of the early '30s "Cuban Love Song" ('31) and "Flying Down to Rio" ('33)—the latter featured the "Carioca"—keynoted the burgeoning interest in Latin-America and displayed the ability of American songsters like Vincent Youmans, Herbert Stothart and Jimmy McHugh to absorb foreign influences. Thirtyone was a big year for the Latino trend, with songhit importations that included "Mama Inez," "The Peanut Vendor" and "Yours" ("Quiereme Mucho") and a novelty smash in "The Third Little Show" called "When Yuba Plays the Rumba on the Tuba."

The Rhumba was the first Latin-American dance that made it here and that helped establish the pattern of the Latin relief band. A fiddling cartoonist named Xavier Cugat, who had previously served as accompanist to another caricaturist named Caruso, played a pivotal part in popularizing the rhumba.

Cugie's Impact

Observing that American dancers fell all over themselves in attempting to do the Cuban importation in its pristine form, Cugat added a beat that gave the dance a marchlike simplicity. In December '34 NBC confirmed the value of his contribution when on the "Let's Dance" coast-to-coast show that helped launch the Swing Era (via the Benny Goodman band), it assigned an hour of Latin music to the Rhumba King.

Afro-Cuban polyrhythms were by then "sending" the ears of American jazzmen. Motivated in part by his Puerto Rican trombonist Juan Tizol, Duke Ellington recorded "Caravan" and "Congo Bravo" while Cab Calloway, spurred by Cuban-born arranger Mario Bauza, cut "Do n' he Rhumba." Bauza, who had played with Noble Sissle and Chick ("Stompin' at the Savoy") Webb, brought Dizzy Gillespie into the Calloway band and later helped organize the extremely influential Latin-jazz band of Machito. Just as bop trumpeter Gillespie of the flatted fifth and the offbeat "Salt Peanuts" triplet began using Latin colors and rhythms to flavor his jazz, so Machito kept dipping into jazz resources to freshen his Afro-Cuban sound. Machito accompanied Charlie "Bird" Parker on disks while Dizzy featured Cuban drummer Chano Pozo at an electrifying Town Hall concert in '47.

But by then American dancers were becoming interested in a new Latin dance, the Mambo (grunt). Between the rhumba and the mambo, shortlived vogues were enjoyed by two dances: the beguine, which had its real beginning with Artie Shaw's famous double-faced version of the Cole Porter perennial, and the conga, a Cuban carnival dance. Considering Desi Arnaz's position in the Hollywood tv picture, it is sometimes forgotten that his fame began on the conga line

The Mambo and The Samba

Del Campo, who dropped dead on a Manhattan floor dancing the mambo to his own band's blowing, was one of five Latin bandleaders who played a well-publicized Afro-Cuban festival at Manhattan Center in '46. Machito was another. Testimonial to the mambo's developing vogue, the bash lasted through a long afternoon and evening for hours so eventful that the Commissioner of Licenses next day revoked all permits for "Tico-Tico" dances—as Latin gigs were then known after the songhit of the same name.

At about this time, the impact of Afro-Cuban polyrhythms was so great that many jazz combos and orks, including Woody Herman, Gene Krupa and Nat King Cole, began adding Cuban drummers to their sidemen. In '48, in fact, Stan Kenton borrowed several hidebeaters from the Machito band and came up with one of the few hit records of his long career—a

(Continued on page 190)

UDACHNDY SGODAFSHINYU — BG

Changing Campus & Deb Dansapation Styles

Yale's 'Official' Prom Maestro (For 50 Years) Notes Deteriorating Modes and Manners

By EDDIE WITTSTEIN

New Haven.

After receiving a violin scholarship at Yale University in 1904 I joined the Symphony and through my work at Yale started to enter the dance field as a livelihood and profession. My work, always of a private nature, brought me in contact with the younger dance set.

To me the biggest change has been in the college set. Years ago all proms and college dances were chaperoned the entire evening. The large proms were strictly formal, with one or two orchestras, good food and an excellent punch. A great deal of time and effort was put into a theme; decorations were well done; and everything revolved around a theme. There were plenty of flowers for decorative purposes and all the girls had corsages. All the guests were classmen or strictly by invitation, and the names were checked at the door. If by any chance one of the dancers got out of hand he was immediately ushered out, never to be invited again. A college prom was considered a big part of the social college life and all the young men and ladies were good dancers and thoroughly enjoyed an evening of dancing, featuring foxtrots, one-step and two-step, with a few waltzes.

Today it's different. There is very little planning put into the prom, either due to more outside activities or the fact that youth, as well as older people, just don't organize things the way they used to. The budget doesn't seem to ever afford the nicer things. There are no decorations and generally no corsages are permitted, which in itself cuts down a great deal on the festive atmosphere. The emphasis is more on the punch than on the food, which is generally either sandwiches or of a snack or hors d'oeuvres nature.

The dance is not chaperoned in the stricter sense and most often ends up not to the better tastes. The affairs are getting less formal each year and the dancers are not checked so there are always several crashers who invariably are responsible for the breaking-down of the "nice" atmosphere of the affairs of years gone by.

The young people today are generally poor dancers, especially the young men, so that too leads them to other things for their enjoyment. The formal dress of years ago would not permit the more radical dances of today such as The Twist.

Prep & Pvt. Schools Better

On the other hand the Prep School and Private School dances have changed very little over the years, although some of these also forbid corsages, but in general they remain quite formal, strictly chaperoned, and the deans prefer a program consisting of mostly foxtrots, a few waltzes, and no Latin, rock'n'roll or Twist.

The college campus dances have thoroughly disintegrated from a formal party strictly chaperoned with the guest list again checked-off, to where no one is checked, anything goes in the way of dress, too much liquor and a great tendency to misbehave in the real sense of the word. This breaking down in attire, supervision, etc., also results in the Latin, rock 'n' roll, Twist type of dancing.

Deb parties haven't changed too much except that in the old days only one girl would be presented, and every male guest entering had to be checked by the secretary. Today the more common practice is to have deb parties consisting of 25 to 100 girls. Some of the larger ones are even "sponsored" by commercial firms or for benefit of some charity nature. These parties concentrate on a pattern of foxtrots, a few Viennese Waltzes, very little Latin, and a Twist only if it is approved by the committee.

Indestructible St. Cecilia Ball

The only affair that has not changed in my experience has been the St. Cecilia Ball, for which I have been privileged to furnish the the music for the past 30 years. The organization has been in existence since 1762. Cleveland Amory covers the Ball very well in his book, "Who Killed Society?" The program remains the same year after year, plenty of foxtrots and waltzes, no jazz, Latin or any music of extreme rhythm. This ball represents the true American pattern of the early 1900s. No publicity or photographs of any kind are ever permitted. NBC-TV's film on "Debutante 1932" endeavored to photograph the ball but without success. This ball remains strictly formal to the nth degree.

In my opinion the young dance set does not set the fashion for dansa-pation; they just follow a leader. The youngsters still ask for foxtrots of the melodic type such as "Who?," "My Blue Heaven," "La Vie En Rose," "Small Hotel" etc., interspersed with crisp foxtrots such as "Just One of Those Things," "Mountain Greenery," "Just In Time," and of course the current show tunes which are always favorites.

Fleeting Vogues

Over the years such numbers as "Varsity Drag," "Black Bottom" have come and gone just as the "Bunny Hop" and "Mexican Hat Dance," only to revert to the old standards.

Latin types are not much in demand and already we find that The Twist is on the way out; in fact parents and chaperones always frowned on the Twist because of its sexual overtones.

Society has tolerated for short periods the samba, rhumba, meringue and cha-cha but strangely enough the past 10 years the young society dancing public prefer the smooth melody type foxtrot with a few waltzes mixed in. Through all the years the Viennese Waltz is like a good old friend; it has remained a real favorite over the past 50 years.

Despite all these manifestations of decorum I would be blind not to recognize that there seems to be a real unrest and drive for excitement present amoung the dancers. They have an urge to dance fast and hard and generally misbehave, undoubtedly due to conditions in general. Dance music is not much different than clothes, hats, shoes. There are always slight variations, but fundamentally remain the same.

The above observations are the result of my playing for proms, prep schools and debuts for the past 50 years, and I number amoung my proteges Artie Shaw, Harold Rome, Rudy Vallee, Charlie Spivak, Buddy Morrow Tony Pastor and many others.

SAMMY KAYE

Current Decca Smash Single
"SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER"
b/w "Big Deal"
Decca Album to be released in Feb.
"COME DANCE WITH ME"
Pers. Mgt.—DAVID KRENGEL, 1619 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.
Dir.—Associated Booking Corp.

CAMEO'S PACTEES

Cameo-Parkway Records is expanding its folk roster with the signing of Sunny Schwartz and Raun McKinnon. The folkniks work out of the purist songbag, concentrating on folk standards and rare ballad material. Each has cut an LP for the label, both set for release early this year.

C&W Stars

Continued from page 187

the Skillet Lickers, The Fruit Jar Drinkers, and J.E. Mainer's Mountaineers. Sales of guitars and banjos are skyrocketing and every campus has its clique of collectors, listeners, and singers.

One of the least written about periods in popular music history is the era of the early folk performers and their records. While the first records predate the '20s, it was during the "Roaring" era that popular and commercial folk music was preserved by major record companies and the Government archives. It was also during this time that the majority of early folk song scholarship took place in the United States. During the '20s, hundreds of books and articles were published cataloging and describing American folk song. Many of the songs collected in these early books are the basis of most of the modern folk song repertoire.

Actually, however, the most important folk material created during the '20s was not recognized by the collectors or scholars (with few exceptions). This material was produced almost completely by popular, commercially successful hillbilly and country performers and it was highly original, topical, and popular not only in the South but in most major cities in the United States as well as Europe.

Who were the performers who are today's culture heroes for the embryonic "hard swing" folksingers and researchers?

Clayton McMichen

They were men like Clayton McMichen who knew more about hillbilly playing and singing than anyone in his day, a musician who couldn't read music, a composer who couldn't "note" music, and a collector whose 80-year-old grandmother taught her vast stock of songs; Riley Puckett, the "Caruso of the South," who had huge crowds follow him through the streets wherever he appeared; Earl Shickey and Roy Herger; The Roane County Ramblers, the sad balladeers of the West Virginia Hills; Charlie Poole & the North Carolina Ramblers; Eck Robertson; the fast banjo players of North Carolina, Kentucky, and Tennessee; the swinging fiddle players of Georgia and the Lower Tier; singers like Buell Kazee and "The Minstrel of the Appalachians" Bascom Lunsford.

There were groups like Burnett & Rutherford, Stoneman's Mountaineers, The Carolina Tarheels, The Possum Hunters, and solo stars like Bradley Kincaid ("Don't call me a hillbilly singer!"), Jilson Setters ("the 'Singin' Fiddler of Lost Hope Hollow"), "Chubby" Parker & His Old Time Banjo, and Clarence Ashley.

Frank Walker & Ralph Peer

Pioneer A&R men like Frank Walker ("Uncle Fuzz" to his country artists) and Ralph S. Peer trekked to the backwoods during the '20s to find and record the "old timey" and "hillbilly" artists.

Jim Baylis and Pete Dieche were technical assistants to Walker on his frequent trips to the South (he went as often as 10 or 12 times a year) and they carried along 10 trunks of recording equipment. Recordings were made in furniture stores (rugs helped a lot to control the sound) and cabins, in big city cafes and back country juke joints.

Dan Hornsby was a talent scout for Walker and went a few weeks in advance to line up the talent. They were found and recorded at country dances, festivals (Walker found McMichen at the Calhoun, Ga., festival; and The Roane County Ramblers at the biggest of them all, the three-day Chattanooga Festival where 100 artists played each night). They recorded in San Antonio and Memphis, New Orleans, Dallas, Johnson City, wherever the talent was, or wherever the talent found them.

Walker, who sometimes played harmonica and accordion on the country dates, discovered and recorded over 500 artists during the '20s and produced as many as 400 single records a year. He was firmly convinced, as early as the mid-1920s, that some day the hillbilly artists would be recognized and that their music would be considered the really important folk music of its time.

By 1927 Okeh was releasing as many as 15 single records of hillbilly music at a time and the sales were enormous. The biggest of all the country hits was Vernon Dalhart's "The Prisoner's Song" but there were any number that sold over 500,000 copies in the '20s. "The Death of Floyd Collins," "Pictures From Life's Other Side," "Birmingham Jail," and "Bully of the Town" were smash hits, collectively going over 2,500,000 platters. "The Wreck of the Shenandoah," "The Little Rosewood Casket," "The Santa Barbara Earthquake," "The Sinking of the Titanic."

4 Major Categories

The four major categories of country songs were sacred, topical, ballad and instrumental, and while many of them show the influence of the Anglo-American folk song heritage, most represent a new popular music form, deriving from radio songs, Negro blues, and other contemporary popular music.

From 1925 the Grand Old Opry was a powerful force and early stars like the Carter Family (the major influence in country music), Uncle Dave Macon ("The "Dixie Dew Drop"), and Jimmie Rodgers became national figures and earned top fees for performances.

Fiddlin' John Carson was a sensation in person and on records. Other names like Uncle Bunt Stephens (Henry Ford's personal favorite), cajun stars Delma Lachney and Blind Uncle Gaspard, Taylor Griggs' Louisiana Melody Men, and Clemo Breaux & Joseph Falcon, and specialized groups like the Alabama Sacred Harp Singers vied with groups like Floyd Ming & His Pep Steppers and Uncle Jimmy Thompson. Even the Holy Rollers got into the act and some of the most exciting folk music ever recorded was done in the 1920s by Ernest Phipps & His Holiness Singers.

The success in recent years of folk music groups (and much other minority group culture) has been, in many ways a stimulating phenomenon. But the impact of r&b, the blending of Negro and country music, the Latin-American influences, and the urban products of many of the young rock 'n' rollers, has been an even more impressive example of how cultures change and blend when conditions are right. In the '20s a similar thing took place and much of what was popular in that period was valid and important to the mainstream of American culture.

There are still authentic folk performers in many parts of the United States; they can be found in shrimp boater's shacks off Louisiana bayous, in rural areas like Scrabble Creek in West Virginia (where Elzie Preast's Holiness people hold rattlesnakes in one hand, a glass of strychnine in the other, and sing and shout their way to their own special brand of Salvation), in Puerto Rican Pentecostal Churches in Spanish Harlem (where primitive store front paintings rival the Haitian "finds" of recent years). The store front churches in Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh and Cleveland hold some of the most exciting and powerful singers ever heard anywhere.

Until this is done the real folk music of our time will be created, as it was in the 1920s (and before) out of the maze of commercial popular music, the lower class church groups, the various ethnic and racial complexes, and he broad mass of American popular culture. There is still more validity and historical importance in some of the popular materials being produced today than there ever will be in the ballad reproduction of a Joan Baez or the folk singing of her many contemporaries.

VAN ALEXANDER

Composer—Conductor
TV—"Hazel"—"Donna Reed"—"Dennis the Menace" Motion Pictures—"The Candy Web"—Col. Capitol Record Albums—"The Savoy Stomp." Arranged & Conducted "Memories Are Made of These" George Chakaris. "Student Prince and Desert Song." Dorothy Kerstien and Gordon MacRae.
Management: ASHLEY-STEINER FAMOUS ARTISTS

Bossa Nova

Continued from page 189

novelty called "The Peanut Vendor."

The Samba was then for the second time stirring dancer interest, mainly through the explosive tactics of a comedienne known as the "Brazilian Bombshell." Possessed of a crazy collection of fruity hats, a thickly-inflected Portuguese English and a restless energy that prematurely ended her career with a heart attack, Carmen Miranda tried to put over the fast, exciting, but elegant dance. "Brazil," a song that engagingly embodies its pulsating rhythms, remains a standard. But the samba did not catch on as did the rhumba or mambo, and later the cha-cha-cha.

The Mambo climbed to a renewed peak of popularity in the mid and late '50s when an emigre from the Orquestra Casine de la Playa of Havana, Perez Prado, came up with a "grunt" version of "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White," "Mambo #5" and an original mambo instrumental hit "Patricia." Perry Como was provoked to capitalize on the vogue with "Papa Loves Mambo."

By now the tempo at which Afro-Caribbean and Cuban dances invaded the American scene increased. In rapid succession we had the Merengue from the Dominican Republic, the Cha-cha-cha, and more recently the short-lived Pachanga-Charanga craze.

The Cha-Cha Makes It

Of these the Cha-cha-cha has had the most lasting impact, not only through songhits like "Sweet and Gentle" and "The Tea for Two Cha-Cha-Cha" (with the Tommy Dorsey band) but through its reincarnation in the Cha-Lypso, a combination of Afro-Cuban and West Indian rhythms, and the Rock Cha-Cha, an admixture of Afro-Cuban and rock 'n' roll beats.

Although today's dancing generation is trying to do something that is a combination of the Twist, the Hitch-Hike and the Samba to the rhythms of "Desafinado" and other Bossa Nova instrumentals, it is obvious that the new samba concoction did not score at first on the dance floor. Instead it came here as an importation of American jazz musicians—brought in by guitarists Charlie Byrd and Jim Hall, among others, who made contact with it while on gigs through South America. The Bossa Nova was actually heard here several years ago—without registering—when an award-winning film "Black Orpheus" played the art-theatre circuit.

But the interesting fact that comes out of a survey of the two dozen Bossa Nova collections now on the market is that its proponents, at least initially, were either Latin Jazzmen, like west coast guitarist Laurindo Almeida and Lalo Schifrin (until recently Dizzy Gillespie's pianist-arranger), or American jazzmen who were part of what was known in the middle '50s as West Coast or Cool Jazz. In fact, a number of Pacific coasters claim that the characteristics of Bossa Nova—light rather than ponderous or driving rhythm, modern chord lines and moody, pop melodies—come from West Coast Jazz. Further, that the style actually originated on the Coast in experimental sessions held back in '53.

Without trying to settle this brouhaha of the beat (not beatniks), it is possible that this latest Latino trend, despite the avalanche of albums, may yet end as a one-song and one-LP overnight wonder.

From E. 46th St.

Continued from page 189

band, playfully smashed my fiddle over Carmen's head, bringing about not only a lump on Carmen's head, but my decision to stop carrying around that darned fiddle (which I never played anyhow), and to lead the band with a baton.

. . .the night Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz became so carried away with the mood when we dimmed the lights and practically darkened the dance floor at the Grill that they began to compose "Dancing In The Dark" right than and there.

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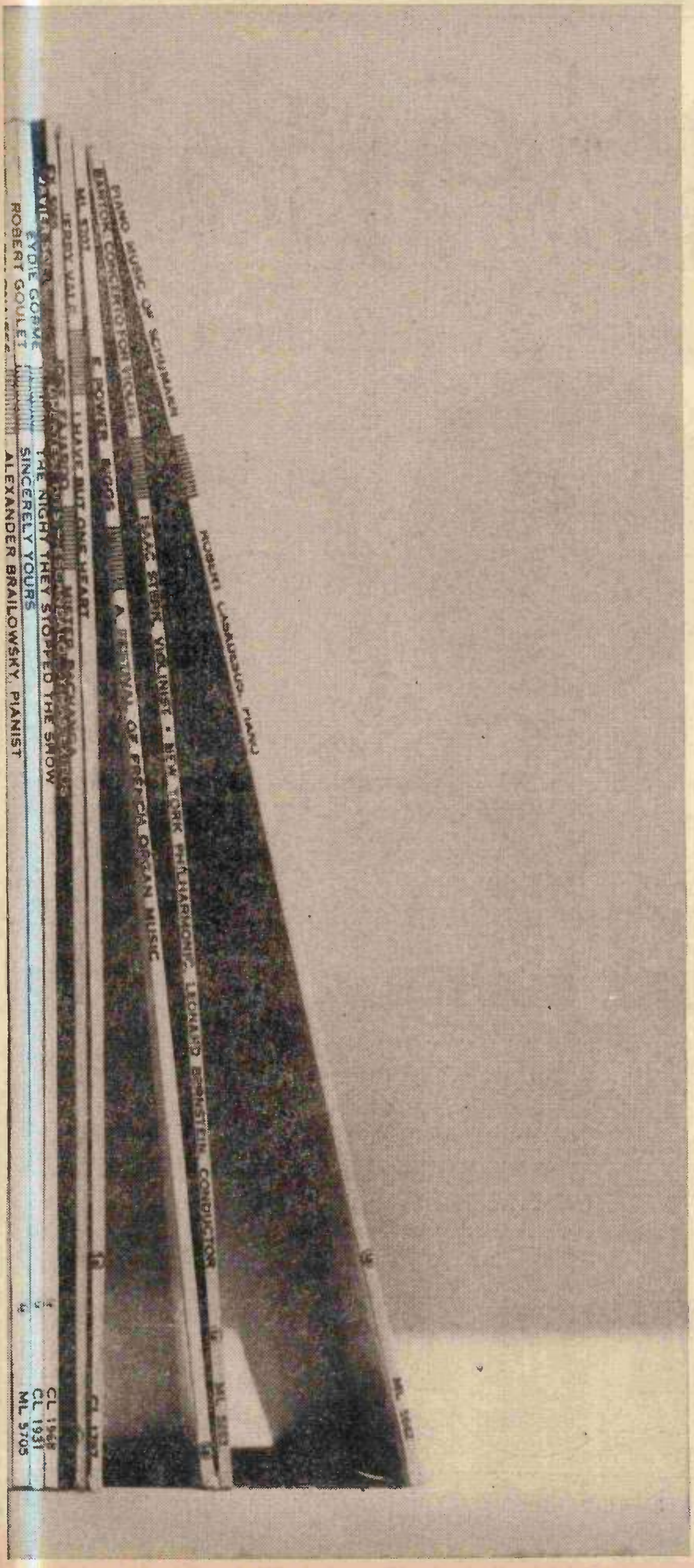

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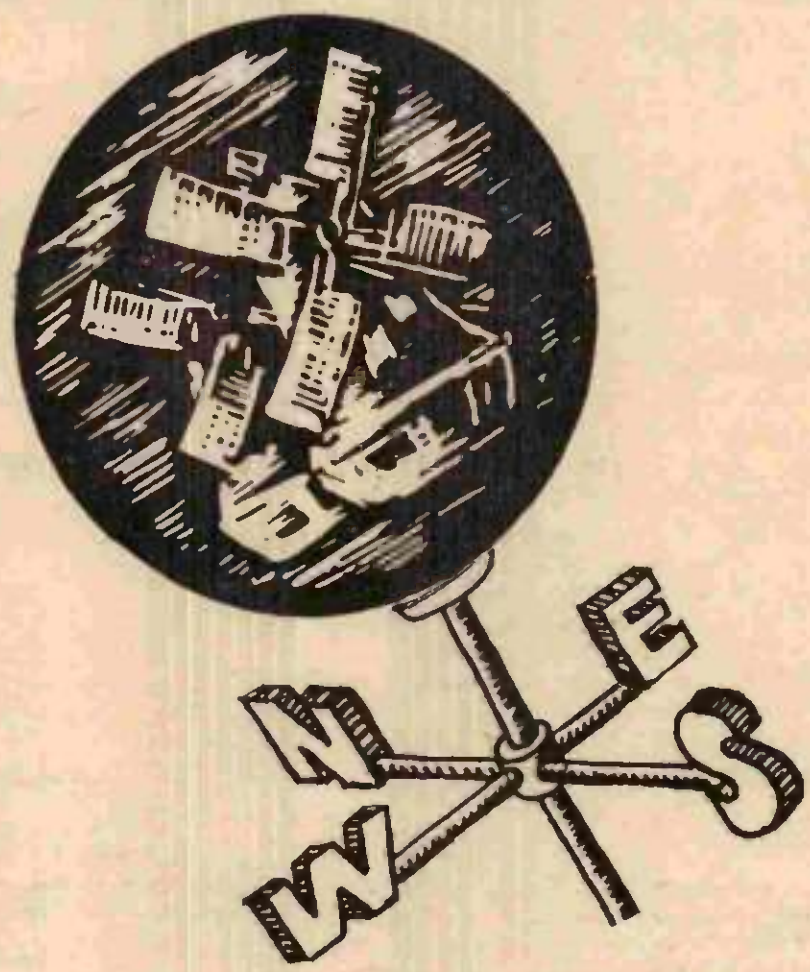

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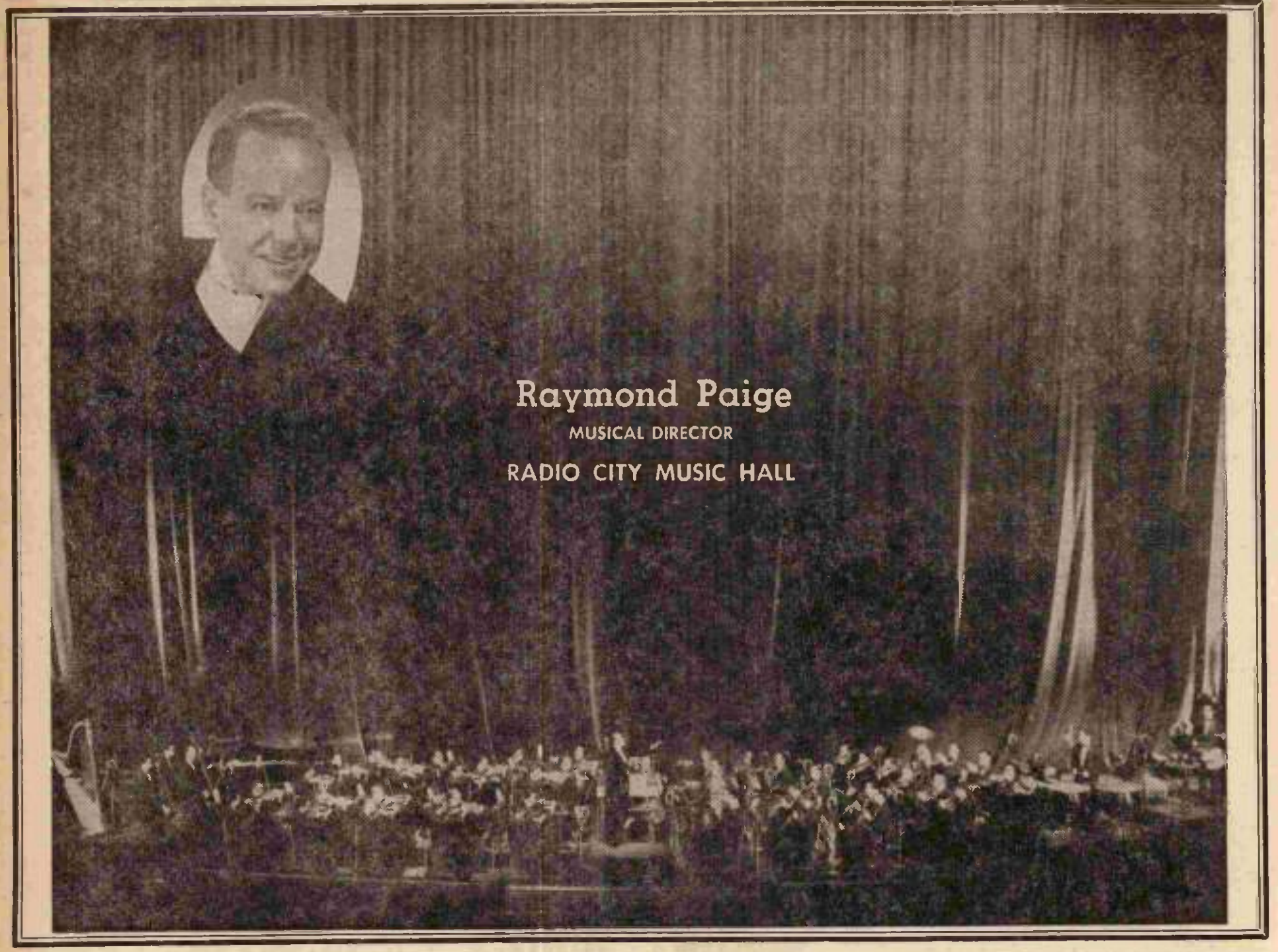

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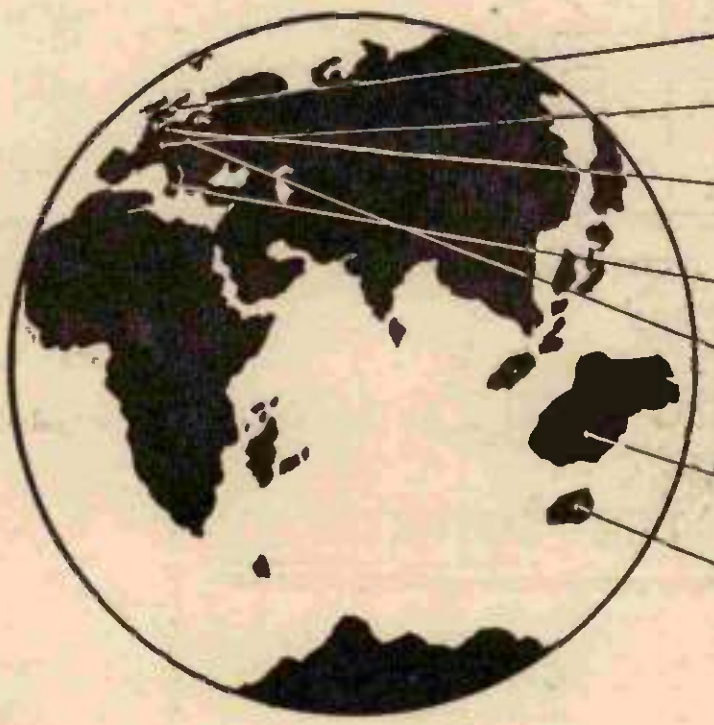

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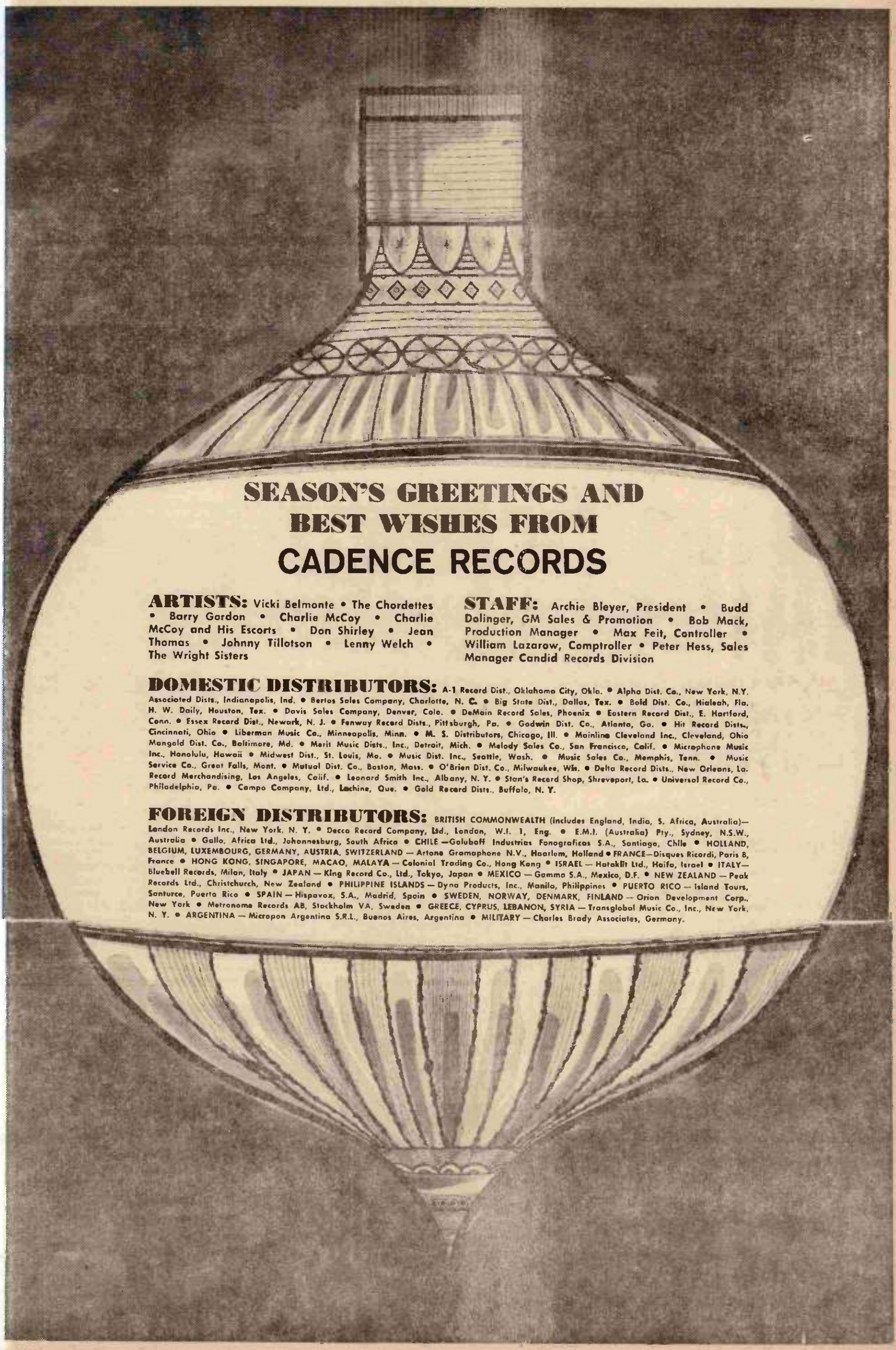

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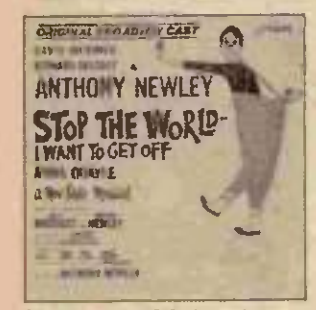

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Yesteryear Tin Pan Alley

Continued from page 188

"Yiddisha Momme" were burned with Jewish books in the Nazi bonfires. In Russia, where anything Yiddish is frowned upon, it is published under the title of "Liebechke Momme"; and the Russkies pay no royalties.

Irving Thalberg

For no reason that we could fathom Ager and I got a call from Irving Thalberg at MGM. He wanted us to do the songs for a yet-unwritten musical. During our conference he asked if there were any singing stars we might suggest. I lost no time in mentioning Van & Schenck who were due at the Orpheum the following Sunday. I got a batch of seats for the evening performance and studio bigshots filled them. Gus and Joe were promptly signed for the picture. So was a young comedian on the bill who toyed with a violin, named Jack Benny. The pictured turned out so-so. Again our songs were mostly special material, but they got us another job with Thalberg, a musical starring Bessie Love and Charley King.

By this time the rift between Ager and myself was as wide as the Mississippi and the songs we wrote for the picture showed it. While the picture was being shot, Thalberg phoned to tell me the director wanted a special song in a hurry—something for doughboys to sing when the first World War armistice was announced. I called Ager and he said he'd stop off at my house on his way to the golf course in the morning. I saw his car pull up and murmured to myself, "Here comes happy days." When he asked if I had a title, I said "Happy Days Are Here Again." He banged out a tune, I scribbled down some words to fit the notes, and Milton Ager and I had written our last song and biggest hit.

I wrote and coproduced a musical comedy. "You Said It" was a turkey but a laugh-feast for the boys in the Garment Center. Lou Holtz was great—with the assistance of a $250 singing-comedienne I picked up in Los Angeles. Her name was Lyda Roberti. My composer-collaborator was Harold Arlen. He has been more selective in his choice of lyricists since.

My publishing partners and I had our last brawl. I stepped out of the firm with my hat and the copyright of "Yiddisha Momme" and hid away on my farm, 30 miles from Buffalo.

I had a flareup with Tucker, too, and told her that henceforth she could get her special material from someone else. Her phone calls and letters went unanswered.

I was in the hayfield with my farmers one hot day when I heard my Great Danes yelping. A car had pulled into the driveway and, afraid of the dogs, the occupants remained inside. I strolled over to the car. Inside was Sophie Tucker.

I didn't tell her so, but I was glad to see her. I missed sweating over songs instead of a pitchfork. We talked things over, kissed and madeup. Up to that time I had never taken a cent from her for writing her material. She insisted that thereafter I accept a weekly stipend. I let her name it. It's been upped somewhat since.

Vaudeville was dead. Miss Tucker like other vaudevillians was in the cafes. Music publishers no long had novelty and comedy songs, and singers had to have them. Special material writers cropped up everywhere. Some were clever; others were not. The prevailing idea among the latter seemer to be that in a cafe anything goes, the dirtier the better. 'Tain't so. Fact is that the singer of filthy songs winds up in the striptease joints or on "party records." There's a vast difference between risque and dirty songs. You can tell by the laughs from the audience. Anybody who has worked Las Vegas knows the difference between a bellylaugh and a big titter.

I make no apologies for the songs I write for Tucker. She's been around a long time and who go to see and hear her know what to expect. They get it and come back for more. No one else can sing her songs. They're fashioned strictly for her, like her costumes and hairdos, fitted to her personality, voice, mannerisms, idiosyncradies, weight and age.

Which is the sine qua non of special songs. Eli Basse uses the same know-how in the great songs he writes for Joe E. Lewis.

I've lost track of the number of songs I've written for Sophie Tucker but I could never write enough to appease her unsatiable hunger for new material. For her every repeat engagement she has to have at enormous expense, new clothes, new jewels, new hairdos, new songs, new everything, except Ted Shapiro. My chore isn't exactly easy, and I welcome Mac Maruda's lifting some of the burden off my shoulders.

Milwaukee Makes It Mon.

Milwaukee.

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra will give 10 concerts in the 1963-'64 season, Mondays at Pabst Theatre. Formerly Thursday was night.

According to John Ogden, the board president, dates will alternate with the usual 10 Monday night concerts of Chicago Symphony Orchestra at the Pabst.

Changing Cafe Map of Manhattan-& A Look-Back at Cats' Alley (52d St.)

By ABEL GREEN

In the January, 1937 issue of Esquire a story by this writer, titled "America's Montmartre," led off, "It seems a curious paradox that when the Rockefellers were building the magnificent Center bearing their name, New York—or, as it's more popularly known, Radio City—this petroleum dynasty was unofficially building America's Montmartre. For that's how West 52d St., with its 24—count 'em!—24 niteries, bistros, cafes and restaurants, jampacked side by each, within the limited confines of one short block between 5th and 6th Avenues, came into being."

A quarter-of-a-century later, as part of the continuing remake of the midtown Manhattan scene, which started with Park Avenue, shifted to the rehabilitation of 3d Ave., and its environs, and has now veered to the west side, the former Swing Street is a less rueful rue.

Where 24 niteries and restaurants crowded No. 1 to No. 72 West 52d St., two alone remains of the originals. Toots Shor's is on the site of the defunct Leon & Eddie's (where Senor Shor was once the night manager, alternating as bouncer, an avocational perequisite that dates back to the Prohibition era). Rose's restaurant is a relative upstart, a straight eatery nextdoor, and the Chalet Suisse is the only other "original settler" along with "21."

Otherwise West 52d is flanked by the Tishman Bldg. on the 5th Ave. corner and the Esso Bldg., nearer 5th and the just completed Sperry-Rand (Uris) Building on 6th and the still building CBS skyscraper across the street. In between are banks and the Myers Bros. Garage (financed by the Teamsters' pension fund, which also has a stake in Shor's) and gone are such al fresco, colorful, and usually happy memorable oases as detailed below.

Cats' Alley That Was

There is social—and economic—commentary in this reprise from the then (January 1937) Esquire article. Reading from left to right, this writer then wrote, "The south side of the block is more ribald, swingo, hotcha and forthright in its hi-de-ho. The capital of the 'cats,'" who are the disciples of Farley & Riley (bandmen-authors of "Music Goes 'Round and Around"), Stuff Smith and Jonah Jones ("I'se A-Muggin'"), the blue-note worshippers of Red McKenzie, Art Tatum, the 6 Spirits of Rhythm and Wingy Mannone hold forth at the Onyx Club. All but Mannone have played there. The latter put the Famous Door, across the street at No. 35, on the map for the past few heated months, but somehow it was not to be, and the Door, with its multi-signatured Hancocks of the greats and near-greats of Tin Pan Alley, now swings over the Cafe Maria, with its $1 table d'hotes and 45c come-on luncheons." The chronological, street-number array a quarter-of-a-century ago was as follows (again from then Esquire mag quote):

No. 6, La Petite Suisse, 50c-$1 table d'hote.

No. 8, The Gangplank, 45c table d'hote luncheon; nitery with dansapation from 7 p.m. on.

No. 18, the 18 Club, Jack White, Pat Harrington, Frankie Hyers, Jackie Gleason and assorted madcap funsters.

No. 20, Billy Reed's Club Rhumba (in process of building at this writing).

No. 38, Yacht Club, Frances (Za Zu Zass) Faye and variety show.

No. 40, Covent Garden (sole English influence).

No. 40-42, Rey et Pierre, French table d'hote.

No. 44, Maison Jacques. ("In Paris, it's Prunier's on the rue Duphot; at sea it's the Ile de France; and in New York it's Maison Jacques," is the slogan). This and Rey & Pierre's are highly competitive, and the McCoy Gallic waiters ballyhoo, on a moderated version, the puller-in method to passers-by who can't make up their minds. Both have sidewalk cafes during the warmer months. The open-front on more than a half-dozen, of the 24 on West 52d, further accentuates that Cafe de la Paix atmosphere in New York from spring until past Labor Day when the potted plants and the open-faced landscaping come out.

No. 54, Du Pierrot, another sidewalk cafe, French table d'hote, which, for the winter, goes swingo with Red McKenzie's jammists.

No. 58, Reilly's Tavern—a good, oldfashioned saloon.

No. 60, Mammy's Chicken Koop.

No. 62, Clover Club, with Jackson, Irving & Reeve, headed by Eddie Jackson, of Clayton, Jackson & Durante, plus a couple of constantly shifting hotcha acts. (Nee Bonita's, until this trio shifted over from the Yacht Club). (This was the time when the Schnoz (solo) was under MGM contract, so Eddie Jackson formed his own trio for a spell—Ed.)

No. 64, Lou Richman's (Harry's brother) Dizzy Club; nothing like the Volsteadian madhouse adjacent to the old Club Richman on West 56th St., but a hotcha nitery.

No. 66, the Caliente, and like the name, tres chaud.

No. 70, Chez Lina.

No. 72, Onyx Club (where Eddie Condon, Stuff Smith & Jonah Jones, Art Tatum, Red McKenzie, Wingy Mannone et al. held forth at various times).

North Side of West 52d St.

The Esquire article bistro-by-bistro, restaurant - by - restaurant statistics continued with a reprise of the north side, starting at:

No. 1, Ella Barbour's prissy restaurant for luncheon and dinner; very conservative.

No. 9, Town Casino, which still retains as its interior decor a Hollywood version of a swank nitery, but the indirected lighting and the gingerbread background last set off Mamie Smith, the Beale Street Boys and allied Harlemites, until again forced to take the veil, by lack of public demand.

No. 21, the Iron Door, yclept Jack & Charlie's ("21 Club"). Now also includes its next-door, No. 19, a recent addition to the restaurant, not counting No. 23, still another brownstone building which houses "21 Brands Inc.", liquor merchants —Ballantine Scotch, Hine *fine*, et al.

No. 33, Leon & Eddie's. (Note: Leon Enken still operates quondam stripjoints in Miami and Miami Beach; Eddie Davis has been in retirement in Fort Lauderdale for some years).

No. 35, Cafe Maria, nee the Famous Door, now a pop priced table d'hote. (The northside Famous Door, of course, had been the citadel of Benny Goodman, Bessie Smith, Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, Bob Howard, Eddie Condon among others; Tommy Dorsey frequently sat-in for jam-sessions with the bands).

No. 41, Packard's, ditto.

No. 45, Tony's with its face lifted, while next-door No. 59 still shows its pre-repeal pushbutton to hark back to the good old days. An avenue in the back leads from the new Tony's into the old kitchen where the literati bunch was wont to watch its vittles being brewed.

Bisquit and Bootleg

Before appraising the present-day evolutionary scene, again quoting the Esquire article, "Thus, the geography of West 52d St. runs gamut of swank and smut; highhat and hotcha; class and cooch; string and swing; Bisquit and bootleg, in direct ratio to the personal bankroll and yen.

"In the joints — in the argot, every spot is a joint, and nobody gets sore—the 'talent' is equally pliable. In the main, it's double-entendre in its lyrics, or frankly bawdy in its words and actions. The legmania is of the heated Harlem style, forte on the trucking (the then popular dance vogue —Ed.), when it's not of frank Minsky calibre, with its bumps and strips. Songs are in the modern idiom of what is broadly labeled sophistication. What Dwight Fiske more literately retails at $1,500 a week to the snooty Savoy-Plaza Hotel (now the Savoy Hilton) customers is dispensed in less fancy wordage by the femme singles and male combos, whose professional careers are predicated solely on the ingenuity of their lyricists. Eddie Davis alone pays serious attention and delivery in this school of West 52d St. divertissement.

"That's the nocturnal phase. The daytime aspect of West 52d St. is soberer. There are 45c and 60c (sic!) luncheons to attract the busimen; Leon & Eddie's $1 club luncheons are a bargain come-on for the gals, so that they'll bring back their papas at night. The '21' alone is consistent in its tariffs at all hours."

Swing St. Into Strip Row

The carnival air of West 52d continued during and post-World War II when more and more complaints of gyps in the strip joints were heard—and quickly forgotten —but on occasion did get notoriety when GIs were involved, as they often were.

The inevitable facelifting of the street moved the peeleries on 52d St., west of 6th Ave., for a time, and into other nearby midtown side streets. It also had much to do with segueing 52d St.'s Restaurant Row into West 56th St., in the same 5th-6th Ave. between.

Now comes the belated mid-Manhattan facelift with its luxury new apartments on 6th Ave., in the 50s, right up to Central Park South, vieing with the many new office buildings, in the same environs. Latter thus come peripherally into the Rockefeller Center orbit. Radio City already is a euphemism, what with its bursting at the seams northward to 53d-54th streets. The Rockefellers are even partnered with the Uris Bros. and the Hilton Hotels chain in the just-building New York Hilton on 6th and 53d-54th, slated for spring '63 opening. That's a $75,000,000, 45 story (2,200 rooms) structure.

Loew's (Tisch) $50,000,000, 50-story skyscraper Americana (2,000 rooms) has already made impact, almost simultaneously with the debut of the Philharmonic, the first Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts' building.

When Martin Beck built the theatre bearing his name west of 8th Ave. (on 45th) he, along with William Randolph Hearst Sr., Arthur Brisbane, Marion Davies, among others, envisioned both 8th and 6th Ave. eclipsing Broadway in ultimate realty values.

Their longrange investments are paying off but the hope for 8th Ave. is last in coming, spurred in the main by what has been happening to the Lincoln Center redevelopment.

The Ziegfeld Theatre and the Warwick Hotel, on 6th and 54th (across the avenue from each other), were much ahead of their time, so much so that it is an educated guess that the former (now owned by Billy Rose) will ultimately become another new office building.

Meantime 8th Ave. is undergoing rehabilitation, sparked by Preston Robert (Bob) Tisch, president of Loew's Hotels Corp., and Laurence Alan Tisch, prez and board chairman of Loew's Theatres (which owns the hotel subsidiary) with new motels. This has also given courage to some new apartment building.

In turn, while the motor-hotels (even the Americana and N. Y. Hilton have recognized the necessity for built-in garaging) have clicked big, as have the new Americana and also the Tisch-Loew's new Summit on the east side. However, already there is concern. "What happens after the 1964-65 N.Y. World's Fair?"

Underhoteled Gotham, of course, made it a seller's market with rates for singles and doubles in top and medium hostelries as fancy figures. The competition is a concern for the hoteliers but a boon for the tourist. In turn, both are currently inhibited by the "expense account" rigors.

Footnote to the mid-6th Ave. razing has been the unearthing of some curious memoribilia of the Volstead era. Where the new posh Carnegie House (6th and 56th to 57th) now stands, a complete hideaway buried speakeasy, with secret entrance from a subway, was unearthed.

Footnote to the mid-Manhattan facellift is the continued stagnancy of Times Square itself.

This is answered by (1) estates being content to collect heavily from highly concentrated Times Square; (2) high land values which preclude assembling large plots for any new construction; (3), existing theatres further preclude land-plot parceling for other than theatrical building.

Realty still looks askance at anything "theatrical" where stolid office building investment is concerned. The Americana Hotel is the closest to Times Sq., on the 7th Ave. and 52d-53d St. outer rim, where once was the Broadway-7th Ave. trolley carbarns and later the Manhattan-Morgan Bros. Storage & Warehouse Co.

Multi-Billion Bldg. Boom to Hypo Chi's New Tourism Look & Show Biz

By LES BROWN

Chicago.

The renascence of "Chicago Style" skyscraper design, backed by a multi-billion dollar boom in high-rise construction here within the past decade, is titillating showmen, hoteliers and restaurateurs with its possible implications. The city's New Facade act is providing an architectural sideshow that promises to stir a revival of tourism to this central metropolis.

Although it has never lost its rank as the convention capital of the U.S.—a distinction that annually is worth some $200,000,000 in out-of-town coin—Chicago has in the years since World War II virtually ceased to attract hinterlanders for the weekend or week-long holiday, as it once did. The city has suffered a severe loss in show biz glamor since the days when it was a radio network production centre (with audience shows to offer the visitor to town), when legit shows played here in multiples, and when the picture houses downtown had vaude bills with top names.

A Between-Stopoff

In the jet age, the midwesterner with a checkbook and credit card has swift access to New York, Miami, Las Vegas and Hollywood, where there's an abundance of things to marvel at and spend money for. To the tourist, Chicago had taken on the significance of a stopoff city between plane connections.

These factors, plus the mass migration from the city to the suburbs, has caused the Loop to atrophy as a centre of nightlife, with the result that the trickle of tourists—in recent years—have found the downtown area a bit on the drab side, and disappointing in terms of what it affords for diversion. That is, unless they've had a particular penchant for niteries and discovered the pulsing Rush St. artery.

What Chi is beginning to tempt visitors with now are new landmarks and a high, wide and handsome variety for that least-expensive of tourist activities, neck-stretching. Such contemporary wonders as the Inland Steel, the Brunswick, the U.S. Gypsum, the Harris Trust and the Continental Insurance Bldg. have spiffed up the Loop with splashes of marble, slate, glazed brick, tinted glass, aluminum, concrete and granite. There'll be a still further dress-up from the complex of high risers that will make up the Federal Center, where once the Great Northern Theatre stood, and the Civic Center, which put the wreckers' ball to the Erlanger and the traditional after-theatre eatery, Henrici's, on Randolph St.

Real Facelifting

Just outside the boundaries of the "el" tracks are the Hartford Insurance Bldg., near the Opera House, with one of the swankiest new dineries in town; the United of America Bldg., billing itself as the tallest all-marble skyscraper in the world; and Marina City, the startling and highly-publicized twin cylindrical structures, representing the first major achievement in the new slip-core method of skyscraping being advanced here. (The latter, like Toots Shor's in Gotham, is being bankrolled by a labor union, the Building Service Employees; and its first 20 floors are given over to parking space.)

The era of new Chicago landmarks began exactly 10 years ago when the Prudential Bldg. outstripped the Board of Trade as the tallest in town, offering a dazzling view of the city from the smart, glassed-in restaurant and bar called Top of the Rock. It's soon to have neighbors in a trio of structures (apartments, office building and hotel) which Jupiter Corp. is building on the air rights over the Illinois Central tracks. Near Union Station, a New York syndicate similarly purchased air rights over the rail tracks for a $20,000,000 office building.

Wherever there are wide-open spaces on Michigan Ave. they're being closed by such classy new edifices as the John Blair Radio-TV Center, the Michigan Terrace Apartments, the Apollo Savings Bldg. (going up where the Music Corp. of America Bldg. once stood), and the Equitable Life Bldg. that will face the Wrigley Bldg. on the Chicago River bank.

Hoteliers' Investments

If this architectural facelift doesn't result in a boon to tourism, hotelmen here are backing the wrong horse. The Sheraton has added a sleek modern wing to its ornate older facility on North Michigan and renamed the twosome Sheraton-Chicago. The arresting Executive House on Wacker Drive is bidding, successfully, against the Ambassadors, Sherman House and Drake for the uppercrust trade, and presumably so will the new Continental, rising next door to the Drake. In the new wave of poshy downtown hostels (most of them less than two years old) are the Water Tower Inn, the Carriage House, Oxford House and the Essex.

Perhaps more heartening to the show biz interests than the promise of greater tourism is the bird-in-the-hand fact of snorky high-rise apartments going up in downtown business sectors that previously were unaccustomed to permanent residents. Marina City's pie-shaped units are already being tenanted, although the building still hasn't been completed; and the Michigan Terrace next door to the Sheraton is near ready.

The Mies van der Rohe steel-and-glass beauties on Lake Shore Drive (precursors to the Seagram Bldg. in New York) are already old stuff. Going north along the lakefront, the old brown-and gray-stone mansions have been leveled for an approximate mile of 15-story (and upward) dwellings. And the Ambassador Hotels have purchased a nearby parcel for high-rise apartments.

Not only does the increase in core-of-the-city dwelling indicate a reversal of the trend to exurbia, it means also a closer-than-ever proximity of the consumer to the dinery or show house. For tenants of Marina City, the Loop theatres become neighborhood houses and, similarly, the London House, Fritzel's and the Blackhawk will be the nabe eateries.

It may be a while before show biz fully realizes the effects of the current skyscraper boom, in terms of the audiences it should provide; but the new circle is beginning, and as the resident and tourist population increases downtown so does the opportunity for theatrical enterprise.

Bingo Supplants Vaude At Another Scot House

Dundee.

This East of Scotland city is now without a live vaude theatre for the first time in memory. The Palace, longtime music hall, has switched to bingo, with only part-time acts being staged.

"The ending of our stage shows means, ironically enough, more scope for the semiprofessional type of performer," said manager Gordon Reid. "Obviously, standards will not need to be so high as for fulltime variety; acts with reasonable entertainment value will be given a chance."

Only live theatre left in the city is the Dundee Repertory Theatre, also struggling to survive.

Circus Courage, Discipline & Morals

Washington Women Pretty Sneaky in Enforcing Local Rule Against Circus Children—New Generation Can Only Learn on Lot—Last Season Saw Plenty of Troupes Touring U.S.—Tanbark Turns Dominate Grandstand Shows at Fairs

By CLAIRE AND TONY CONWAY

Circus performers often talk about the high temperatures which occur beneath the Big Top, and with reason for on at least one occasion a thermometer carried up to the flying act rigging registered 100-plus. But it was just the opposite last January when we headed for the Ringling rehearsals.

But toward Sarasota the weather improved. Though we would base from Sarasota during our visit, we didn't stop there for we wanted at least a brief look at the Ringling rehearsals, that day. On through Sarasota, on through Venice, and there, at last, was the winterquarters of the "Greatest Show On Earth."

Rehearsals were going full tilt. Greeting all our friends with the show and the many who were visiting from other shows made for a most enjoyable occasion. Dick Barstow had already accomplished wonders, with the aid of Bob Dover and Maggie Smith, in a very few days.

Big Tourist Come-On

The crowds of local people and tourists were sizable throughout the rehearsal period but became immense during the last few days, including a dress rehearsal of the four productions. The last day in winterquarters was not really one of rehearsals, but was devoted to the taking of color and black-and-white photographs. For this purpose a full-size circus ring was assembled at one end of the building where spotlights had been specially attached to walls. Much time was devoted to composing the participants for each shot, trying this effect and that before deciding that all was in readiness.

We were interested in all of the preparations for the photography but we were just short of astounded when we learned that one "posing" would include at least one specimen of every animal on the show (with the exception of the big cats). The point here is not that there were a great many animals, but that most of the animal species do not get along with at least one of the other species. This could have become a real problem: horses do not like elephants, to put it mildly, add camels, throw in Herta Clauser's little bears, and—well it did work out nicely with no trouble for anyone.

Lou Jacob came in that day to do his part in the photo making and found it no clowning matter when he sat down in full costume, on an elephant tub which had just been freshly painted. Things were a bit sticky for a few minutes.

A Sociable Profession

All of our evenings and the days after the completion of rehearsals were crowded with visits of Ernst Franklin (Franklin & Astrid, acrobatic team) along with members of the Wallenda family, including Helen and Herman and Dieter and Jana, and others of the German-speaking showfolk.

We stopped at a shopping centre on the South Trail to visit the Hall's shopping centre unit and found at least a score of showfolk visiting. One of these visitors was Danny Chapman who insisted we trail him home and visit the whole family. Then Danny phoned Annie and Willie Robin to come over and a short visit became a real party. All of the Chapmans and the Robins are former aerialists; Willie Robin is now employed by the Post Office and Danny Chapman has been elected to the Sarasota City Council where he upholds the interests of the circus people both at the city and county levels. Sarasota is still home to a large number of circus folk; the move of the Ringling show from Sarasota to Venice some 20 miles down the Trail hasn't changed that.

One evening, a wonderful evening, was spent with "Father Ed" Sullivan, the circus priest, showing his movies and providing a running commentary that was loaded with jokes and little cracks. A wonderful man, Father Ed, as all circus people will tell you.

As so often happens, there was a day when an under-canvas show payed nearby while making its winter dates. This time it was the attractive little King Bros. Circus and the place was Bradenton, just about a nice distance for people from Gibsonton and no distance at all for the folks in the Sarasota area.

For a half an hour or so before show time that backyard looked like a national convention of some fraternal order; everytime you turned around there were more circus people arriving. Brenda & Pifka had their comedy trampoline with King for the winter dates only, and Pifka was enjoying himself immensely as he chatted with friends or showed them to seats in the big top. Brenda, on the other hand, was all queasy and upset for she expected to be facing the most critical audience of her career. Her worries were, as was to be expected, entirely unnecessary for both are excellent performers and they have a very nice act.

Eddie Billeti's attractive Animaland, U.S.A., played at the Venice shopping centre one week and showfolk were always stopping by for a visit. But not even Eddie is sure whether the visits were being made to see him or Big Ruth, the elephant. Either way, it's alright with Eddie for he knows that Ruth is the most respected elephant in the business and has earned a special place in the hearts of the showfolk.

It was the custom in the days of the under-canvas, flat-car version of Ringling-Barnum for everyone to be downtown at the railroad station to see the train off on its cross-country tour. Now the showfolk, and a much smaller number of townspeople, gather at the Sarasota station to see the silver painted tunnel-car show start its annual journey. The thought of "the big one" beginning another year is a pleasurable thing for most circus folk; a promise of the future for beginners and a nostalgic memory of past glories for those who have retired.

From Sarasota we proceeded to Miami and the 1962 opening of the Ringling show. No, there isn't the breathless excitement of a New York opening, but it is an eventful nevertheless—new acts making their debut, the costumes all sparkling and new.

One of the shiniest things in the show was George Hanneford Jr.'s chariot. George built the vehicle himself and the finished product showed the great care which he took. The chariot was not without its problems however; it spilled over once and required repairs and, later in the season, some of its ornamentation was lost or stolen. But what an entrance it provided for the Georgians' perch act, the chariot resplendent in red and gold and the horses running full tilt.

All four of the production numbers were bright and happy with lots of movement. Our personal favorite was the elephant number—one mass of orange and yellow feathers. One of the funniest sights in the whole show took place here as diminuitive Gracie Hanneford went hurtling along trying to keep up with the much-legged girl who was her partner; she made the most amazing leaps and bounds as she circled the hippodrome track. At the conclusion of this number not-so-little Little Ruth, the elephant, did her version of The Twist. (This seems to have started a fad among circus animals to do the Twist for later in the season on other shows we saw both chimps and horses do their Twist interpretations.)

Debatable Finale

The finale of the 1962 Ringling show might be described as a put-together-from-nothing number. Some people didn't care for it, since it called for all the performers to do abbreviated versions of their regular routines in the costumes from their respective acts. (And its wonderful what passes for clown makeup when the joeys have removed their makeup just a bit early so they can get out of the building more quickly to catch the bus back to the train.) Frankly, we thought the finale the most circusy finale the show has had in many years and we felt that the bits from the acts added to this effect.

From Miami we went home, stopping on the way at Daytona Beach to visit Jimmie Douglas and Red Gallagher and their dogs. We arrived at their woodland winterquarters about midnight and got to talking over coffee and cake so that it was around 2 a.m. when we crawled into bed in our Volkswagen bus. Next morning, we headed north.

It was only a few days after we returned home that the No. 1 story in the news was the tragic accident which happened to the Wallenda troupe and the resultant deaths of two of the troupe and the serious injury to Mario Wallenda. Though the doctors are extremely cautious in their statements, though Mario may not be walking as this article is being prepared, we believe—as do many of the circus people—that Mario will come through and that he will walk again. Circus people are like that. We know dozens of showfolk who have had falls whose doctors have said they would never walk and they are walking and working again.

Makes With The Jokes

Mario may have lost the use of his legs for a while, but he never lost his sense of humor. The story is told that early in his hospitalization Mario was handed a glass of medicine. "What is this for?," he inquired. The nurse said, "It is for your tummy." And with that Mario pulled down his covers and poured the liquid on himself. Since then he has been told "drink this," or "swallow this."

Next on our schedule was the Ringling performance in Washington, D.C. With the exception of one or two poor houses, business was good; in fact, we had the impression that attendance built throughout the date.

One matinee was attended by 16 or 18 children who were either members of the Kennedy clan or attached to the "official family" under the supervision of Robert F. Kennedy and a number of other adults. Not that you could pick out the Kennedy group for they all wore the feathered hats which the vendors found so lucrative throughout the season. All of the group had icecream and cotton candy and carried home circus souvenirs and a box containing one of Murray Fein's chameleons.

Other People's Keepers

As so often happens in the Nation's Capital, the younger members of the Ringling aggregation were beset by the women who enforce the strange law which forbids children under 16 from working in a circus and which requires those from 16 to 18 to have proper proof of age, etc. Ten or twelve of the kids had to "sit it out" but they found it amusing and posted a hand-lettered sign which read:

"Please 'Help' the new generation of the Ringling kids. List of them who need money. Please give your dimes."

There followed the signatures of the "kids" and a paper cup was attached for contributions. They even went so far as to appoint a treasurer and an even split was made of the coins which mounted up.

When Hamid-Morton played District of Columbia Armory several weeks later it was a different story. The "law enforcers" again turned up and if in the past their conduct was suspect, this time they were really pretty sneaky. They told none of the adult performers about the law restricting appearances because of age, they told none of the young performers either.

Instead they sat by, watching. If and when a "minor" worked, they then approached with a program in hand and asked the child for their autograph. This they turned against the child for there, in black and white, they had the child's signature. There were threats of fines and/or imprisonment and nerves were very short. One day these two women went, unannounced and uninvited and sat in the dressing rooms to catch children in wardrobe.

Here is the difficulty. The law relating to the appearance of minors in the District permits work on a stage, be it a legit house, a vaude house, a night club, or a school building. But there is no way of proving that a circus is any of these for where is the stage?

There isn't anything wrong with nightclub work, but is there anything wrong with appearing in a circus? Washington is the only city anywhere in the United States with this ordinance. As a direct result of the way in which these two women enforce the law, one act says it never again will attempt to play Washington. Dorchester, head of a riding act, was livid as he expounded on the subject: "Juvenile delinquents!", he snorted, "There are no juvenile delinquents in the circus!" Then he went on to compare the education of circus children with the education of the average child living in a permanent community. (The women who enforce the law always check on the schooling of the circus children. Most of them, of course, get some schooling in the town in which they winter and those who are on the road are schooled by mail, many from the respected Calvert School in Baltimore, which long has had show business children on its roster.)

At the heart of the matter is the fact that circus children can learn to be circus performers only in the circus. There are no schools which provide this training. To a circus child, the act is the one important thing. You do your part better and better each day. Being forbidden to perform is beyond the understanding of the circus child; this is what he wants to do. But the circus child cannot now perform in busybody Washington.

A Crowded April

During the month of April there were as many as four circuses playing in the New York metropolitan area at once. Ringling was in the Garden, Beatty-Cole was out on Long Island, Hunt's was out on Long Island, and Sells-Gray was under canvas at Palisades Amusement Park.

We made a fast trip to New York one weekend and arrived on the Sells-Gray lot in the early afternoon. As we stood outside the backdoor of the big top, a clown holding a little dog called: "Claire, you don't know me do you?" It was Bonnie Bonta and we had never seen her clown before. Bonnie is one of the showfolk who had a terrible accident but took it all in stride. She and Phil, her husband, had a very good perch act before the accident; now they both clown and Bonnie also has a dog act which they do in clown makeup.

Women clowns are still very few, though there does seem to have been some increase since we first became a part of the circus world.

Karl, Herman and Gunther Wallenda were with Sells-Gray for the Palisades date. Alberto Zoppe had his riding dogs there too. And Barbara Petry Morris was there with her seallons. We visited with Barbara between shows, left our Volkswagen bus on the lot, and caught a bus to Manhattan for a visit with Ringling. No matter how good Ringling looks in other buildings, the show always seems more beautiful in the Garden. Pat Valdo was up from Venice and we had a nice visit with him. After the show we went back to Palisades and visited some more with Barbara Petry Morris before returning to Baltimore.

Clyde Beatty

Beatty-Cole's first under-canvas date was just a few miles from us. Clyde Beatty looked just fine. We were interested to see the new lions being trained for the act. We visited at two or three locations nearby and later Claire spent a happy week with the show at Philadelphia.

The Beatty-Cole Philadelphia date was made noteworthy by Eddie Dullem celebrating his birthday all week long (his 39th, of course). Barbara Petry Morris arrived with her seallons at the beginning of the date, only to learn that one of the seallons in the act of her husband, Max (Red) Morris, had taken ill. As a result, both the Morris seallon acts cancelled.

Still the seallons had to eat, so Barbara and Claire spent the day looking for fish, chauffeured by a rather amazed taxidriver. Don't think he had ever gone hunting 10 pounds of butterfish with a couple of gals, roaming through the wilds of the town on the one day of the week (Monday) when fresh fish are hardest to find. There's nothing like two girl types getting into your cab and saying: "The nearest fish market, please."

Drove Off Sheriff

Animaland, USA, played our area for a number of weeks so we visited often. One evening when we arrived, both Eddie Billetti and John L. Sullivan were having difficulty keeping from laughing. "You've heard of shows being driven off by the sheriff; well we just drove off a sheriff (or at least a candidate for sheriff)."

It was then explained that all the children at one shopping centre had begun to show up carrying balloons each of which carried a slogan for the candidate for sheriff of this Maryland county. After several dozen appeared, Eddie began to fear for his balloon sales. How can you sell any balloons when someone is giving balloons away? Eddie looked around, found the man with the balloons and went over and explained how his sales were in danger of falling off, if not entirely disappearing and the campaigner, the candidate himself, readily agreed that this was unfair competition. Thus, for once, show business triumphed over the (would-be) sheriff.

Beers-Barnes came our way for one stand. Always a nice little show, it is fun to visit for everything seems to be done so casually and leisurely. Our favorite act on the show is a very relaxed elephant act where the animal is put through its paces by coowner Roger Barnes who works the entire performance in clown makeup.

A different group of acts worked the Hamid-Morton date at Alexandria, Va., than we had seen earlier in Washington. June and Geoff Dewsbury were among the members of clown alley and June was full of her usual good spirits driving a small donkey, named George, in the Wild West number.

Private Humor

The last day of this date marked the close of the show's season and a few things were done differently from the planned routine. One such "change" was that the web sitters went on as hula dancers, instead of the girls; their version of the dance was different. Young Karl Connoly looks lovely in a hula skirt.

We could give the title of fastest growing show to Hoxie-Bardex still painted lavender and green but with a performance twice as large as when we visited a year ago. The big hippo which Dave Bartok has as an extra attraction out on the midway was having eye trouble

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My Husband (The Comedian)

The Li'l Woman's Travail of Being An Ex-Officio Gag-Taster To a Comic

By FLORENCE MANNA
(Charlie's Wife)

Being married to a comedian is a precarious-type occupation and the wife may sometimes be compared to that extinct character, "Official Food-Taster To The King," tasseled cap and all.

The Food-Taster employed by the insecure King was usually hired on a "short-term, no residuals" deal. All he was required to do was taste the food to make sure that it was, indeed, fit for the King. (Of course, he had to keep "up" in his role by rehearsing the writhing-on-the-floor and clutching-at-the-throat bit.) Each performance (and they were three-a-day) was a cliffhanger without peer. If someone poisoned the King's food, the Food-Taster was, naturally, the first one to know it.

The Food-Taster lived a short life of ulcers and tensions which were only temporarily relieved if he got past the first burp. Being a natural born loser, often the Food-Taster's only happy moment was the moment of final relief—when that fateful burp-less meal was tasted and blessed rigor mortis in. His horrified understudy, observing all this fiddle-faddle, would be busy, fainting all over the palace floor. But after being thoroughly soaked, revived and betasseled, the shiny, new Food-Taster was promptly dropped into the seat just to the King's right and the whole hapless business would begin all over again.

Although the comedian's wife doesn't have the rigor mortis clause in the marriage contract, she, too, is a born loser. She, too, has the ulcers and tensions, and when she faints it's only not in the Palace but every other presentation house, including her own. For the wife of the comedian is "Official Joke-Taster." He tries out his quips, gags, japes, and routines on her. If she swallows 'em (i.e., laughs her silly head off), he confidently proceeds to use them in his act. What then?

Well, for drama's sake, let's assume the audience just stares at him instead of laughing. Does the comedian's wife know he's going to blame her? Yes! Does she drop dead? No. Does she try to hide? Yes! Does he finally find her? Yes! What does she do? Either faints or does something to make *him* laugh—like throwing herself out of a window which just happens to be at street level.

Comedian's Tragic Moments

Now let's look at the other side of this coin of the comedian's realm. This same sweet, lovable guy tries out a joke on her and as much as she loves him she just doesn't think it's very funny and because she has such a big mouth, not only does she tell him it's not funny, but she proceeds to dissect it so thoroughly and so loudly, that he storms out of the apartment in a rage—determined to prove her wrong!

Does he prove her wrong? Yes! *She* didn't think it was funny, but the audience *screamed!*

What happens to the Joke-Taster? You know darned *well* what happens.

In my case, my hero, Charlie Manna, comes home screaming . . . screaming that I don't have a sense of humor; I never had a sense of humor; my mother never had a sense of humor; and that he'll never, ever, ever again try out his material on me. Having heard this tirade before, I request that he put it in writing, and I give him that Mona Lisa smile of mine (only on me it's more like Bugs Bunny). Then he laughs, and I laugh, and we're friends again . . . until once more I hear that awful question, "Say, Florence, what do you think of this?"

Here again is a good, strategic time for the Joke-Taster to faint . . . When I do try to manage to collapse into our oldest chair because once I fainted on Charlie while he was bending over to tie his shoes and . . . well! I'm no longer a careless fainter.

There are compensations for being a Joke-Taster, for all this second guessing. It's not all reflected glory. I get a bit of the limelight. For instance:

Except for one line which I gave him Charlie never refers to his wife or his family in his act. When he does use this line and someone looks toward me for my reaction, I am prepared to give a brilliant performance. Just after he speaks this disparaging line about me, I either thumb my nose or shake my fist at him. This makes whoever's watching me very happy and it's good exercise for my right hand.

This may sound paranoic, but it's a terrible feeling knowing you're being watched all the time. I'll sit there watching Charlie perform when suddenly every hair on my rabbit-ermine fur stole stands on end! I just *know* someone's watching me, watching him.

I usually laugh at my husband's act. Besides being loyal, it has something to do with the law of self-preservation. But when I know I'm being observed, I laugh for two . . . or three . . . or . . . Anyway, I don't think I'm the only one with that problem. I'm positive that Snowden laughs at Margaret; that Jackie smiles at John; and that Mamie grins back at Ike . . . in public at any rate. I must confess I'm a superb laugher. In public, at any rate!

An Eve's-Dropping On Playboy Club

By NORMA SUE WOLFE

(Author is not a bunny but she does own a very large pair of ears, which she used one night of opening week at the New York Playboy Club—Ed.).

"If those dumb bunnies don't learn how to check coats quicker, I'm quitting," the bunny checking keys at the entrance to New York's new Playboy Club stage-whispered to her floor supervisor between keys.

Beyond the front door lies a maze of suspended rooms, overhanging lounges, circling stairways, and puzzled guests.

Wednesday the line at the coat check was five abreast, four-deep. In the fourth line stood a large man roaring, "But I checked my hat Monday night, and I still don't have it."

Upstairs, a confused guest asked the maitre d', "Where am I?" His guide answered, "This is the Playroom . . . Migawd, I5m lost, it's the Penthouse."

A bunny entertaining two male guests in a lounge while they waited to be seated in the V.I.P. room revealed, "You know, before this I never drank anything but champagne and bourbon. Now I'm up on all kinds of drinks—like Chateaubriand. . . ."

Pausing a minute before a lounge door marked "Playmates," a gentleman boldly swung it open and walked into the ladies' room.

Back in the Playroom, a plentiful bunny asked a customer, "Could you please order again? I just spilled your Scotch."

A portly woman in a fur coat swayed up from her seat at a table, looked around, and announced, "Think I'm schicker!"

Upstairs again, a bunny equipped with camera, bulbs, films, and negatives (who admitted she couldn't operate the camera) complained to two attentive male key-holders, "Just buying film I'm not even breaking even." "You wanna make $25?" came the helpful suggestion.

"Thanks for your drink order," Bunny Irving told two men sitting near the Piano Bar. "Now (leaning her scantily clad torso over backwards to point in the direction of the buffet) it's one of those things where you have to serve yourself." "Man, I'd like to serve myself," one replied, not quite lunging out of his chair.

"They're all from Australia. Like those I'll tails, don't ya?" one stag guest guffawed at another, tweaking the cottontail of his waitress.

Three firemen walked through a dining room to inspect for violation of city regulations.

Sum total: Playboy Pandemonium.

Heard from two men retreating from the Club: "Sam, I know a quiet little place a couple of blocks from here. . . ."

JACKIE MASON

"I want to wish me the best of luck on VARIETY's 57th ANNIVERSARY. . . . I hope this year will be the kind of year I should have had last year."

Caribe Hilton's Albors To Eye Talent in U.S.

San Juan.

Nick Albors, recently appointed entertainment director of the Caribe Hilton here, is on a swing around New York, Chicago and Dallas to scout talent. Albors, who places talent in the Caribe Hilton's Club Caribe, will line up shows for the Club's spring and summer roster.

Albors recently replaced Felix Alegria who joined Dave Baumgarten's Agency for Performing Arts in New York as Latin American bookings director.

CHUBBY CHECKER
PARKWAY RECORDS
Personal Managers: HENRY COLT and KAL MANN

Nothing But Grief For German Circuses

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

Animal Protection Assn. in the German town of Kaiserslautern recently made a strange request. Would any farmers who had a surplus of hay, straw, oats or turnips donate some of them to feed the hungry camels?

The little Alberti Circus was stranded in the town square of Kaiserslautern, unable to raise the money to feed the 22 expensive animals, including the trained horses, the pair of camels, and the ape. And even worse, none of the zoos in West Germany wanted any of the trained beasts, even free of charge, because so many German circuses have gone broke lately and tried to give away the wild animals.

The Circus Alberti's fate was a particularly sad one, because the entire family—papa Walter Frank and his three sons, and many of the animals—had risked their lives to flee from East Germany.

In the Soviet Zone where they wound up after the war, circus personnel are not eligible for "artists' passes" which would allow them to cross the borders separating East and West Germany as freely as actors and singers did until a year and a half ago, when the Berlin wall went up.

And two of the Frank sons, who performed as clowns, were even forbidden this mild form of entertainment because the Communist regime decided that their jokes "did not have enough political significance." So the whole family, with animals, crossed into West Germany. And there, they went broke.

The Great Circus of A. Fischer ground to a halt in the village of Hildesheim last year. Fischer found himself a job in France, and the rest of the menage has disappeared.

The grand old man of the circus business in Germany is 78-year-old Willy Hagenbeck, whose acts were renowned through the world. Perhaps no other circus man has ever produced such a remarkable team of perfectly trained and beautifully matched horses. Hagenbeck's stepson and logical heir has taken over an animal park in Holland, along with part of the menagerie. The world-famed bear group has been turned over to the Franz Althoff Circus. And many of the other artists and animals have been split between two warring circuses, the Roland Circus of Bremen, and the circus operated by Oskar Hoppe, who formerly ran the Paula Busch Circus of Berlin, and who is now adopting the name of Hagenbeck for his troupe.

Hoppe maintains he has "80% of the circus wagons, 60% of the machines, and 70% of the animals from Hagenbeck."

Roland, though, has taken four of the favorite animal numbers from Hagenbeck. His new circus features a famed German comedian and parodist, Werner Kroll, appearing for the first time with a circus. And, the program announces, daily costs for keeping the big top going roll around $1,500.

Not only are the few remaining circuses feuding with each other over the acts and animals, but they are arguing with the cities for playdates as well.

In Frankfurt, which with its 700,000 population and international business is generally considered a good circus town, the city authorities offered the key location—a square in the heart of the city—to only two circuses during 1962.

What's Happened To Nite Life?

Far Cry From the Jumpin' Joints During The Prohibition Era

By ABEL GREEN

What's happened to New York night life?

Every time Jimmy Durante comes to Manhattan that's a pet topic of discussion as he recalls, "Heck, people used to get dressed and first start to go out at 11 p.m., and our 3 a.m. shows at the Dover or the Parody or the Club Durante were as packed as the first two. That went for Harry Richman or Ted Lewis or George Olsen or Moss & Fontana or Sophie Tucker or any top saloon star."

He was refering, of course, to the Prohibition era brand of stay-out-lates, and that may well be the key. The rumrunning hoodlums and the mobs who controlled so many of the key spots at least had a healthy respect for running a "nice joint." The people may have been "suckers" but they weren't victims of today's brand of mugging and targets of reefer-happy or junkie punks.

Result has been, definitely in New York, a mass disinclination to risk late-hours save for a few pet spots and, because of this evolutionary aversion, the dinner habit has been growing, with result that "late" business has dwindled.

Flight of population was the beginning. This created a regional brand of patronage. The millions who now live in Brooklyn, Queens and Long Island take their entertainment nearer home, with result that any number of lavish, medium and intimate spots have sprung up, and with it a definite weekend business, i.e. semi-"names" (actually one-hit recording personalities, in the main), has been the pattern. The operators know they do little from Monday-to-Thursday so the "attraction" gets booked only for the weekend. Same is true for Bronx, Westchester, Jersey and any other locales.

Lindy's and Reuben's and kindred sandwicheries, usually the "windup spots" for the gadabouts, have long since noticed that "they go home early." It's no longer just the tv thing, because the video habit has long been kicked in favor of anything that's worth while going out for—excepting that those lures are minimal.

The economics are a hard realistic factor. Just as the picture theatres talk about "doing something" to wean the growing generations back on the movie habit, it is chiefly wishful thinking. Where food used to be a come-on for the booze (where lies the profit), the high cost of everything—labor included—has long since made the pop priced table d'hote a thing of the past.

Even with existing tariffs, it's no gag that "you can afford the menu but you can't afford the tips."

The tax revenooers' crackdown on the entertainment "swindle sheet" has thus hurt all along the line—from hotel conventions to the fancy groceries circuit.

Unless it's a vacation-happy clientele, as in Miami Beach, or the relatively pop prices for the Las Vegas casinos' come-on, the national nite life has trimmed down to either regional, offbeat, the "hotel circuit," or the one or two garish or de luxe spots the town can afford. Manhattan typifies the latter with only the Latin Quarter, Copacabana and International-Restaurant as the "big show" spots.

Then it becomes the battle of the hotels (Waldorf, Americana, etc.) and even here the budgetitus has become the thing, with still unproved results in the instance where two key hotels essayed straight dansapation policies (St. Regis and Savoy Hilton) and the Pierre essayed a musical "pops" policy because of frank inability or refusal to "bid for the same names." Whatever the Pierre sought the policy flopped.

TALENT WILL OUT (ALWAYS)

He Didn't Know The Territory

During the Tense Twenties, I was playing the B. & K. Theatres in Chicago. It was during the wintertime, at the Tivoli on the south side. One night I got a phone call at the Sherman Hotel. A man who would not give his name told me not to wear my "ice," as he called it, the following night. Even though I was worried, I thought it would be best to get advice. So I called my friend, Bill Thompson, then Mayor of Chicago. He told me not to take any chances, and that he would send me a squad car to take me to and from work.

A couple of nights later I got another phone call. It was the same voice. He said he wanted to see me. Frankly, I thought it was a gag to get some money out of me but I asked him to come up to my suite. I wanted to feel him out. First I thanked him for the warning, and then asked him if I could do anything for him in return. He said, "No." So I asked him to tell me what it was all about. And he did.

He said he was sitting in a booth in a bar on North Clark St. and overheard two hoods say that they were going to "heist" Sophie Tucker.

He said, "Well, we couldn't stand for that. As you know, Soph, we all like you for a regular fellow, and you stand in good with the Big Fellow. So we would not let that happen. Besides, they were *out-of-town boys.*"

Sophie Tucker

Kannon Fodder

By JACKIE KANNON

Humor can be anything . . . harmless, harmful, insulting, endearing, happy, sad, exciting, calming, serious, shallow. You name it and there's somebody writing or telling jokes about it. But in today's show business, comedians are mainly of two types. There are those who take everything serious and do political jokes, nuclear jokes, economic jokes and just plain jokes about every serious question confronting people today.

The other type of comedian is the one who doesn't take himself seriously. I go along with this philosophy. My theory is that there are too many serious things going on today to get serious about humor. Humor should be used to relax from the everyday worries, not to remind us about them. Here's the way it went at a recent interview:

Q: What do you think of the current crop of "sick" comics?

A: Most of them are very funny which makes me very sick.

Q: Have they contributed anything to comedy?

A: Yes. For comics of my school, they have opened up a whole new area of unemployment.

Q: It's a known fact that in some areas of the country, audiences are a little tough to get to, and in some instances become very antagonistic towards performers. When you learn of this, what approach do you take?

A: Before going on stage, I put on a pair of track shoes.

Q: Isn't it kind of heart-breaking for an artist to perform before an unenthusiastic or "tough" audience? How do you react to such a situation?

A: In any business, you take the bad with the good. Whenever I get a tough audience, I finish my act, go to my dressing-room, pour a drink, recall some of the funny shows I did in the past and silently slash my wrists.

Q: Is it true that many performers, especially comedians, are heavy drinkers?

A: Nothing could be further from the truth. It's a legend perpetrated solely for laugh-getting. Very few comics are drinkers. Most are good family men and very seldom drink . . . it's their families that are the drunks.

Q. In the many clubs that you've appeared is there one dramatic episode that stands out in your mind?

A: Yes. One evening a nightclub owner bought me a drink.

Q: How did you get going in show business?

A: Friends and relatives gave me a head start . . . ran me out of town. Played all the little bars, bar mitzvahs and weddings, then the big break, a national tv exposure. The offers started pouring in, fabulous offers, from bars, bar mitzvahs and weddings.

Q. Do you feel you're qualified to become a really big star?

A: I wouldn't want to be if I had the chance. I'm content going along at this pace. Every big star I know suffers from an incurable, insufferable disease — Humility. I learned a long time ago, it's easy to be humble when you're successful, the trick is to be arrogant when you're a flop.

Q: Aside from your nightclubs and tv exposures, you also make recordings, write books and in the last few years became a publisher with many hit books to your credit, among them, the bestseller, "JFK Coloring Book" (Kanrom Inc.). Tell me, what prompted you to expand into such varying fields?

A: GREED!

Q: Now that you are successful in a number of creative fields, do you feel fulfilled?

A: No. Being 5'7", I hanker to jump centre for the Globetrotters.

Q: Do you feel that money brings happiness?

A: No, but as long as you're miserable you may as well be comfortable.

Q: Do you have a word of advice for hungry young comedians?

A: Eat something.

Q: Is there some motto or creed that you live by?

A: Yes. I would like to quote the words of a young Chinese philosopher, Orville Fenderlob who many years ago said:

"When life is going against you and fortune deserts you a bit;
If at first you don't succeed, stand up like a man and quit."

NO 'BREAK-IN' IS A CANARD

By JOE COHEN

About time that show bizzers muted the corny refrain that there's no place for new talent to break in. The fact is there are plenty of spots where tyros can develop and where an established performer can break-in new material or test new acts. The only part of that myth which is true is the fact that vaudeville, long the accepted stamping grounds, has all but died off, and burlesque no longer offers the opportunities, as heretofore.

For example, there are approximately 1,200 cabaret licenses in the City of New York alone. There are scores of places in the Catskills and other summer resorts where talent can matriculate. There are club dates galore, there is off-Broadway, college and school musicals, and other exposures where more than a few acts have suddenly found that they're good enough to get into the pro class.

Some lazy agents, or the same kind of personal manager, live in the era when all that was necessary to give an act experience was to send him on the lesser known circuits. In one afternoon, the percenter could book one, two or more years of work, and forget about him except for the commission checks which were fairly regular. After that period, the act came in as a seasoned entertainer, ready for the Palace and the major circuits. That was the easy and, admittedly, the best way of developing an act. The reports of the house managers were circulated and close tabs were kept on every act that hit the road.

Agents' Responsibilities

But that kind of show business is gone, probably never to return again. Today an agent has to fight for every date. He has to plot the course of every act step by step. Some dates have to be played at a loss, others at a small profit and all of them are situations in themselves. Agents have to discover new time and outlets all the time as he gets new kinds of talent. Sometimes the going is tough, because not all employers are receptive to certain kinds of acts. They have to break down doors, convince operators to change policies, and keep in touch with the new

(Continued on page 230)

Dream of Magic Illusions

By MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER

How do hocus-pocusers think up new tricks?

Houdini was at his creative best on dreary train rides between dates. He would relax, shut his eyes and imagine himself in the front row of a crowded theatre. He would visualize the curtains opening and try to conjure up a feat that would make the audience cheer.

The master escapologist was especially good at concocting news-making escape challenges—from the inside of a whale, the back of a wild horse in Russia, from an arm of a spinning windmill in Holland. Early in his career he thundered that he could escape from any box, shackle or restraint. Later he smartened up, switched his strategy and arranged for box and barrel builders and police department officials to challenge him. He became the symbolic "little man" fighting immense odds with the public rooting him on.

Brilliant British illusionist David Devant was told one morning by his puzzled wife that during the night, he had crawled out of bed, walked to a nearby table and touched a lighted match to a candle. The flame seemed to fascinate him. He gazed at it for several minutes then went back to bed.

Devant had no memory of his nocturnal candle-staring, but he did recall an exciting dream. Candle in hand, he had pursued a girl garbed as a moth. The flame of his candle enticed her closer as it flickered. There was a blinding flash of light as the flame enveloped her and she vanished.

Devant set to work putting dream plot into practice and soon came up with "The Mascot Moth," one of his most celebrated spectacles.

Thurston would experiment with models or actual stage-size devices when working out a new illusion. Such crowd-pleasing features as the "Vanishing Horse" and his version of "The East Indian Rope Trick" were perfected by the try and try again process.

Oswald Williams, who followed Devant as Maskelyne and Devant's year-round theatre of magic in London, wanted quick results. He would wheel out a new illusion when its paint was scarcely dry. If it didn't get across on the first presentation he would often scrap it without a second showing.

Charles Morritt was intrigued with a single optical principle. He built half a dozen devices, which looked different to the audience, based on the same well-masked pattern. Again, when he made a hit with his "Disappearing Donkey" he logically followed up with a "Vanishing Elephant." He sold the elephant gimmick to Houdini, who featured it at the old New York Hippodrome.

Curtains Help

From "The Miser's Dream," an ancient sleight-of-hand procedure in which the wizard produces coins at his finger tips, came countless variations. The continuous production of lighted cigarettes, cigars and illuminated electric bulbs are currently popular developments. Science and sleight of hand are blended to achieve the latter effect.

It is said that Ben Ali (Max Auzinger) framed his "Black Art" act after it was discovered that a Negro in a dark costume vanished completely except for his gleaming white teeth when he walked in front of a black curtain on a dimly lighted stage.

Buatier de Kolta, who used the principle, too, insisted that it was equally good with red, green or gray curtains, with proper lighting. Could be, but I have never seen it put in practice except with a Stygian set.

Constant use of a sleight of hand skill can lead to marvelous deftness. Other wizards could vest coins or cards but "Vester" Adams was so good he could whisk away a stack of steaming buckwheat cakes without a false move.

Horace Goldin's press agent trumpeted that the illusionist got the idea for sawing a woman in half by hiding in a palaquin atop an elephant in India as he watched a tyrant actually halve a victim with no thought of ultimate restoration. Matter of fact, Goldin heard that Selbit had scored with a sawing in London. He quickly worked out a method—not the one Selbit used—and beat the British baffler to the boxoffice punch in the U. S.

The most shocking illusion that Will Goldston, the London dealer, ever saw was a quick-change sequence created for The Great Cecley's show. At the first run-through Cecley's pretty assistant was clad in three break-away costumes, one over the other. The release of a single button would change her British army uniform to Belgian war clothes. A second button changed the Belgian outfit to a "Britannia, Queen of the Ocean" gown. A third button would permit a split second, behind the scenes strip-off of the gown so she could make another change for the finale.

On her first attempt the nervous girl yanked too hard. All three costumes fell in a heap on the floor. Leaving her covered only with a spreading blush.

I thought of one of my best illusions "Miracle in Las Vegas" while traveling in a cable car to the top of Rios' Sugarloaf Mountain. It came like a bolt from the upper blue. I'd show an empty slot machine and produce from it a girl who would throw dollar bills in the air as she burst into view. Later I added the touch of first conjuring up a few real lemons from the one-armed bandit as I showed what happened when the average tourist patronized the machine.

Recently I had another inspiration. A show-stopping illusion. Only trouble I need four girls just 12 inches tall to put it across. I felt fine in the morning.

Bankhead-Winwood Star In 'Here Today,' Phoenix

Richard Charlton's Sombrero Playhouse, Phoenix, opens its 15th season Tuesday (8) with "Here Today," starring Tallulah Bankhead and featuring Estelle Winwood.

Jack Sydow is directing the George Oppenheimer comedy.

Never Think While You Write

By LAWRENCE M. JANIFER

I keep a number of mottos tacked up on the wall near my typewriter, mostly to remind me of what I'm supposed to be doing when I am busily banging out fiction for a variety of more-or-less jaded tastes. One of them comes from the works of Don Marquis, and it reads as follows:

"I never think while I write. No man can do two things at the same time."

This one applies to all forms of writing. But it applies with special force, perhaps, to the area of humor.

Now, humor is one of my favorite occupations. I like to laugh, and I'm very fond of getting other people to laugh, too. Being, however, an analytic type, I sometimes wonder what they're laughing at. What *is* humor, anyhow? And how do you tell if it's funny?

Most writers are occupied with this question at some time or another in the course of their work; even the most serious novel these days seems to have a few funny scenes in it, or at least an occasional lightness of touch. And nothing, absolutely nothing, is worse than a joke that doesn't come off. If a serious paragraph misses by a hair the result may be pallid; it may even be "interesting." If a joke misses by a hair the result is going to be painful.

There ought to be some way of finding out in advance whether or not you're going to cause pain to that harmless and innocent creature, the reader.

One of my techniques for discovering this is simplicity itself. I grab up the latest handful of pages and sally forth to a local coffeeshop or to some other gathering -place where my acquaintances are likely to be finding themselves. I inflict the pages on them, and I watch narrowly for laughs.

If they laugh, it's funny. If they don't, back I go to the typewriter for another try.

The Dogs Rebel

This technique, however, while certainly direct, leaves something to be desired. For one thing, acquaintances will only stand for a certain amount of this sort of thing before they either flatly refuse to do any more manuscript reading, or else (even more horrible) ask for a percentage of the take. For another, it offers me no rewrite help. If a line isn't funny, it isn't funny—and how do you fix it?

Happily, there are, if not rules, at least a few indications. Let's take a look at them and see what we can find. And, in order to do so most easily, let's take a section of script and follow it through the rewrite process. This isn't even fiction, by the way: it's a piece of a biographical page written for a novel I did with science-fiction writer Randall Garrett. And this is draft one:

"Mark Phillips" is actually two writers, Randall Garrett and Laurence M. Janifer. Their joint pen-name, derived from their middle names (Philip and Mark) was coined soon after they had first been introduced, in an abandoned sewer. They met at the instance of a man named Valjean, who thought they might get on well together.

Now, that looks as if it *ought* to be funny, all right, but it isn't, not very. I sat around and stared at it, I took it out and showed it to three friends, I came back and stared at it some more. After a while I even began to think about it.

The necessary facts are, of course, necessarily present. But the last sentence-and-a-bit has nothing to do with the facts: it's pure mania, bearing no relation whatever to reality. That last phrase is the key one, and leads to our first rule: Humor must spring from a real situation.

People laugh at the same sort of things they cry at (and many times by the way, at the same things: see Chaplin). Laughter is an emotional response, and a strong one; and you can't have emotions about matters you don't believe in, about matters which are not real to you.

The sewer bit, then, has to go

JOAN BISHOP

Mezzo-Soprano, Pianist
Currently 16th week
BILTMORE HOTEL, N. Y.
Thanks Imperial Artists Corp.
Mystery Guest (as ex-Quiz Kid "Flashback"). Canadian Broadcasting Corporation TV, October 16, 1962.

(excusing the expression) down the drain. Now, how did Randy and I *actually* meet for the first time?

Well, that happened at the New York Science-Fiction Convention, some years ago. Like most conventions, these yearly gatherings of science-fiction writers, artists, editors and fans are pretty wild and drunken affairs, and this one was no exception. I was playing at the piano in the ballroom of the convention hotel, and Randy barrelled up for some songs and struck up a conversation. I won't say either of us was sober; at a convention, sobriety is a solecism.

Progress of Reasoning

Okay. Now we rewrite the biography, to bring it closer to reality.

". . . coined soon after they had first been introduced, at a science-fiction convention. Neither was entirely sober at the time."

It is now perfectly real. It is also, now, not funny.

The real world, obviously, is funny only in spots. But the humorist's world is funny all over, because he distorts what he sees to fit his own habits of mind. In other words, we now have a new rule: Humor is an exaggeration, or a distortion, of reality.

Two pieces of reality can be distorted in that paragraph: the convention, and the drunkenness. But the convention will, in itself, be unfamiliar to most readers: they won't recognize a distortion because they don't know the original. (In passing, Rule Three: The basic facts must be familiar to your audience. Nobody can have an emotional response to Martian wiffles.)

So there has to be some sort of joke about drunkenness. Rather than reach into the gag-file, let's make up a new one.

I sat down at the typewriter and began to mutter. "Drunks," I said to myself. "We met because we were drunk. Or, anyhow, we met *when* we were drunk. If we were sober maybe we would have hated each other. Suppose we stayed together because we stayed drunk? This is also not funny, but it sounds promising, as if it may go somewhere. Possibly it is going straight for my wastebasket, but let's follow it up.

Maybe we write the way we do because we *are* drunk. This is even better: it's self-denigration, always a fertile humorous field. It's also a pretty old idea. But suppose only *one* of us stayed drunk?

Which one? It becomes rapidly obvious that, whichever one I pick to have become sober, the result is going to be dull. What difference does it make to the reader which of us is the drunk, which the sober party?

So—taking one more step into the logic of insanity—if it makes no difference, let it make no difference. Let the reader be unable to tell which one is sober. Let the authors be unable to tell, too. (This tied back to reality: the average drunk is convinced he is sober, and is likely to accuse the sober partner of being drunk.) So we have one more rewrite:

". . . introduced at a science-fiction convention. Both men were drunk at the time, and a matter for constant contention between the collaborators is which one has since sobered up."

This has immediately to be rewritten again, according to a Rule Four I seem to have turned up while looking at the sentence: plant your facts first, then make fun of them. The reader needs guidelines: he needs to know in advance what material is going to be used for the joke. So we rewrite as follows:

". . . drunk at the time, and only one have ever sobered up. A matter for constant contention between the collaborators is which one."

Fine. Now we have one laugh in the first paragraph.

That paragraph is four lines long. It needs more than one laugh.

Back we go to the opening. We reread. And we make a discovery: the paragraph has an oddly donnish tone: such words as "contention" and "derived," the addition, in parentheses, of the actual middle names—the tone is, just a littl, fussy and overexact.

I never think while I write . . .

All I can do is take advantage of what comes out. I think first, write, and then think again. And now, given a perfectly real tone of fussy donnish exactitude (given, in other words, me and my normal tone), I can apply rule two and exaggerate a little. For one thing, I can fiddle with a verb-form:

"Mark Phillips' is, or are, two writers . . ."

For another, I can push that parenthesis a little farther:

". . . middle names (Philip and Mark, in reverse order, with a few letters added to confuse readers) . . ."

And we now have a full paragraph. It is hardly hysterically funny, but it has three small laughs in it, and sets the tone for the rest of the biography. I now have some idea of where I am going—and, surprise of surprises, it's funny.

Has anybody noticed that we still do not know *why* it's funny?

Well, to be brutally frank, we're not going to.

In other words, humor is not something everybody can handle. those who can have profited, and will continue to profit, by rules like the ones I've set down here. Those who can't will find out by applying my simple test: showing their word to acquaintances and waiting for the laughs. When the laughs don't come, they'll know.

Truthfully, I prefer performing humor to writing it.

But they're both fun. And maybe, come to think of it, this is an easier and a more final test of ability. Nobody can write humor who doesn't like it. It won't bear full analysis: it won't, in short, bear thinking about.

I never think while I write. If you have to, you're in the wrong business. The job of the writer (of any performer) is to think first, point himself in a definite direction—and then let his knowledge, his needs, his attitudes, take over.

After that comes more thinking, of course. But thought is part of the polishing process, for humor or for anything else—and you can't polish what simply isn't there.

Hazards of Vaudeville

As you know I was one orchestra leader who could dance, juggle, play any musical instrument and tell stories. I was the versatile type. Well during the World War II I had a tough time getting juggling balls. I was down to my last three. While appearing at the Palace, Rockford, Ill., part of my routine was juggling three balls. One of them bounced into the audience. A little boy grabbed it and ran out of the theatre. I was frantic. I called the manager and told him what happened. He had a friend on a local radio station who made an appeal that there wouldn't be any punishment to the little boy, what's more I would pay a reward. That night the stagedoorman told me there was a woman to see me with a little crying boy who handed me back the juggling ball. You should have seen it—it must have gone through a grinding machine.

In 1926 I opened the Marks Bros.' Granada, Chicago. Opening show I did a bit where I jumped into a trampoline in the pit that would bounce me back on the stage. Well, the pit was a mechanical bandstand and it was at an angle that when I jumped into it I fell on the people in the front row. It got a tremendous laugh. I almost broke my neck. After the show the Marks freres came back stage to tell me to keep that trick in; it was terrific. They didn't believe it was almost a catastrophe. *Benny Meroff.*

Season's Greetings
JO LOMBARDI
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Dodgers Singing Sad at Vegas

Las Vegas.

The opening parody (to the tunes of "Oklahoma," "San Francisco," "In Love With A Wonderful Guy," and "Nothing Like A Dame") sung by the six L.A. Dodgers (Don Drysdale, Sandy Koufax, Duke Snider, Willie Davis, Frank Howard, Maury Wills) in the new Milton Berle show at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn goes like this:

Oh, oh, those Giants . . .
What those mean old Giants did to us!
We could call those birds
Some nasty words
But we're athletes
And we mustn't cuss.

* * *

San Francisco! We were four games ahead—
We thought those guys were dead . . .
San Francisco, guess it just had to be
Like Richard Nixon . . .
We just didn't win.

* * *

There was Mays, Cepeda,
And Hiller and Haller . . .
And there's Alou who
Just loves to catch flies . . .
If you'll excuse an expression we use,
We got this from those wonderful guys!

* * *

There was nothing like that game,
Oh, that playoff game . . .
We had our hands on the cash,
And along came the crash!
Up in Candlestick Park
We brightened Alvin Dark
We thought the flag we'd unfurl
But now we're slaving for Berle . . .
He doesn't pay as much as Chavez Ravine,
Just enough for the nickel machine . . .
Oh, what dough we're owing
And it's all from blowing
That game!

No Takeout Curb; Australia Dandy For U.S. Talent

By ERIC GORRICK

Sydney.

From Sydney to Perth (that's equal to N.Y. to San Francisco), American talent will be playing the key theatres throughout 1963 as the territory opens wide to fresh faces to upbeat local show biz.

Sydney (the Manhattan of the Pacific), regarded in some quarters as "more American than America," is especially keen on U.S. toppers—ask Danny Kaye and a host of other stars from Bob Hope to Frank Sinatra, just how keen the Aussie payees are. Even Liberace "just adored the Aussies."

No Freeze

Australia is a free country; there's no coin freeze and performers are free to take away their earnings minus governmental hindrance after payment of income tax (no higher than any other country). There are no Sabbath shows, no split weeks and in vaude acts may play anything from six to eight weeks in the one keyer.

Equity Edict

Australia is powerfully union-minded, reason why incoming artists must join Aussie Actors' Equity during their stopover in the territory. Failure to do so means stage crews and musicians would refuse to work with you. Equity will not permit a complete overseas' troupe—from stars down to chorus—to perform here unless a certain percentage of local talent is also employed, reason why top legit operators of the calibre of J. C. Williamson Ltd. and Garnet Carroll import leads and fill in the balance with locals.

In vaude it's different. An eight act bill can be imported en toto provided a pony ballet is also employed to make up a local percentage of A.A.E. members.

Nightclubs

There's plenty of work available for wellknown performers in the key nightspots such as the Chevron-Hilton, Andres, Chequers and the Latin Quarter. Ruth Wallis, for example, played six weeks at Chequers on repeat run. Patrice Weymore clicked three weeks at the C-H. Nelson Eddy is another topper to play Chequers, and so the success story goes and will build stronger as the year progresses and top talent jets in from the States.

Side Pickings

Commercial teevee offers additional revenue to visiting stars and key Returned Soldiers' clubs pay a high figure to the visitors for a solo Sabbath show. For instance, Winifred Atwill was paid 1,000 dollars for one show in a major soldiers' club.

Performers can jet to this territory from N.Y. in around 18 hours. There's jets in and out every day. Yankee performers will feel at home here because the stores are filled with U.S. goods, the Aussies speak and understand the U.S. lingo, and there are no kangaroos roaming the streets.

Vaude Boomed RRs

One of the big contributing factors to the anemic condition of our railroads is the demise of vaudeville.

In the heyday of variety there were 52,000 acts traveling around the country. With weekstands, splitweeks, and onenighters there was continuous business for the carriers. As there were no planes, or buslines, the entire take went into the railroad coffers.

And how the railroads catered to the actor! He didn't have to bother with a thing. A railroad representative would call at the theatre and make all the arrangements for his next jump. Tickets, Pullman reservations, and baggage were all taken care of by the railroad traffic agent.

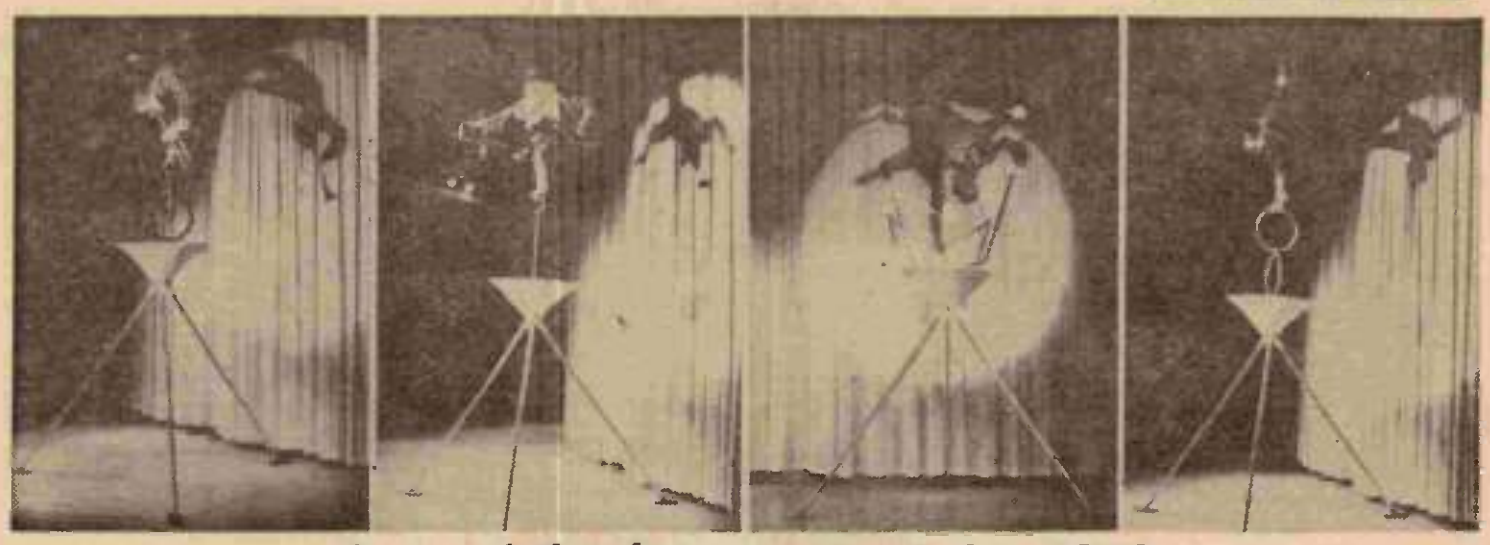
The comparatively few vaudevillians who are still playing dates rarely use the railroads. They now travel in their own cars, planes or busses.

Vaudeville was not only a source of entertainment, but was plenty of sauce for the railroads.

Senator Ed Ford.

— *Currently Appearing* **LATIN QUARTER**, New York —

The Sensational
CAL CLAUDE



• *Some of the dates contracted in 1962* •

ED SULLIVAN TV SHOW
Feb. 11, 1962

SHOWBOAT CLUB
LAS VEGAS, Nev., March 13-25, 1962

CAPTAIN KANGAROO-TV
April 28, 1962

FALL and WINTER RECREATION SHOW
Kansas City, Mo., Oct. 16-21, 1962

HAMID-MORTON CIRCUS TOUR
From Feb. to June, 1963

"Cal Claude brings the house down with his acrobatic feats."
DON HEARN
Washington, D.C. newspaper

"Executes balancing feats that are as amazing as his Rube Goldberg revolving steel apparatus."
GLEN C. PULLEN
Cleveland, Ohio paper

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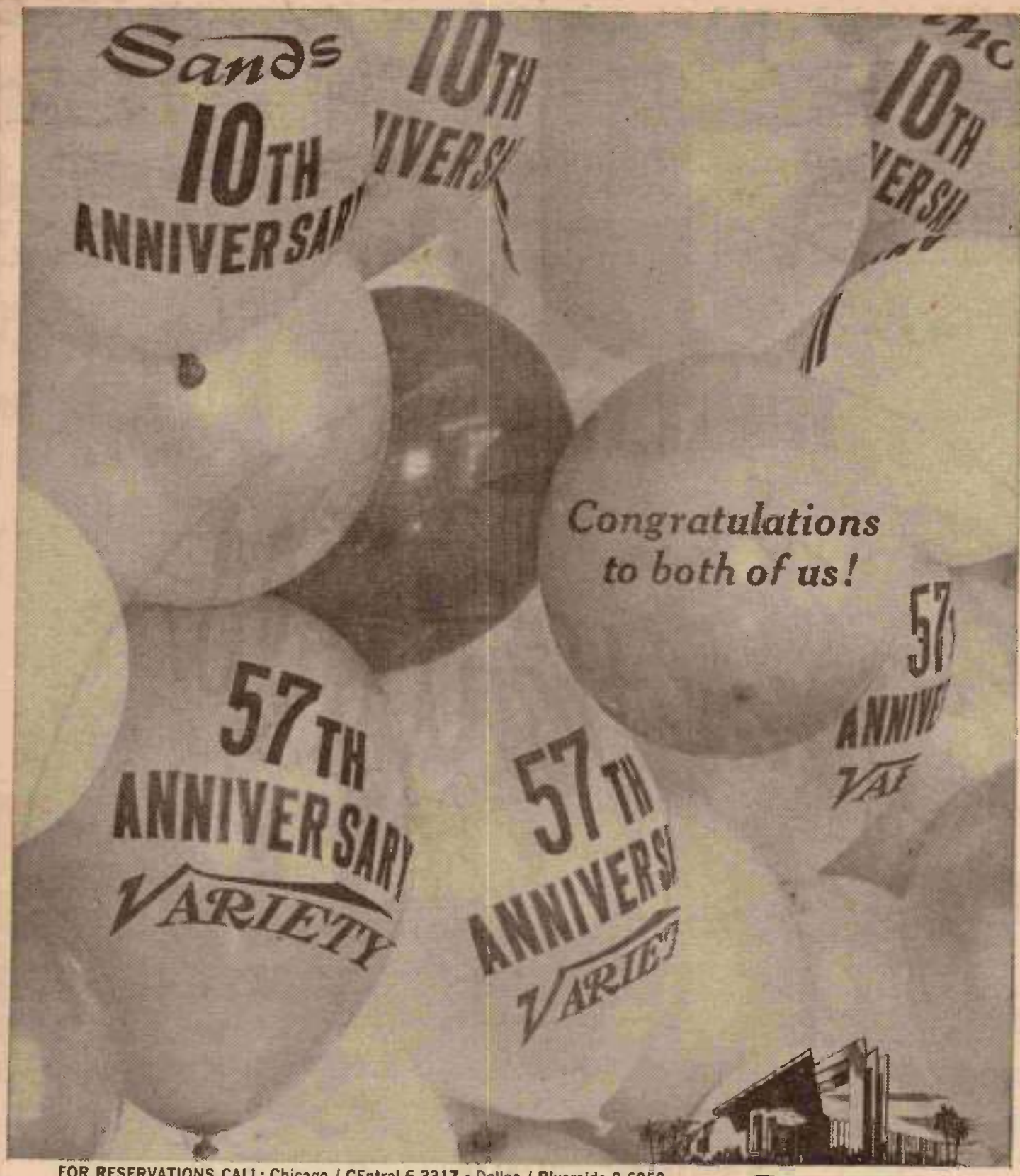

FOR RESERVATIONS CALL: Chicago / CEntral 6-3317 • Dallas / RIverside 2-6959
Las Vegas / REgent 5-9111 • Los Angeles / BRadshaw 2-8611 • New York / PLaza 7-4454
Pittsburgh / EXpress 1-4028 • San Francisco / EXbrook 7-2287
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THE Sands
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The STAGE

★

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Chicago

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Chicago

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and
THE TROUBADORS

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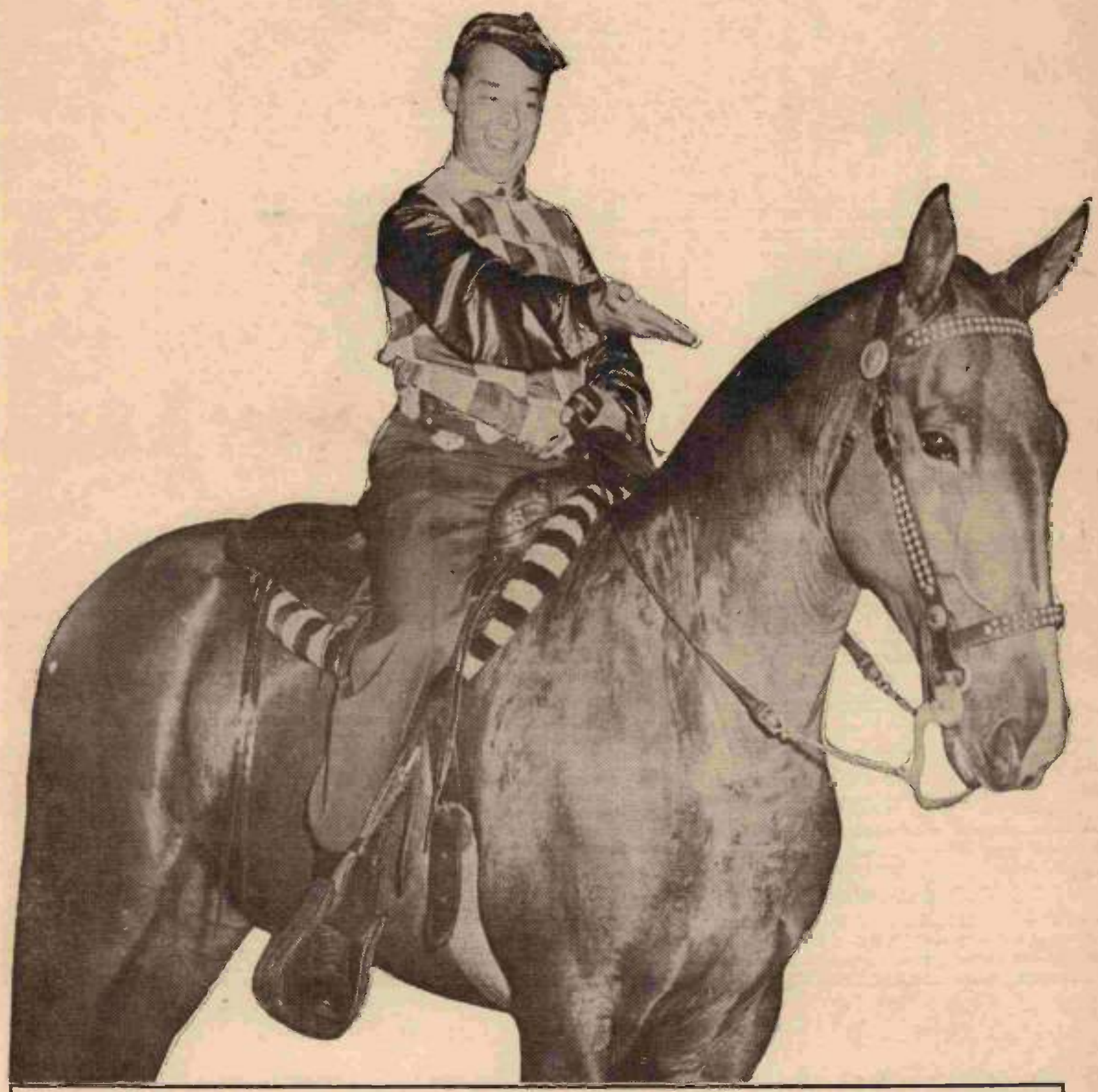

BOTTOMS with JOE E. LEWIS UP

AUSTIN MACK: *Trainer*

Thank you 1962 - Hello 1963!

BUD and CECE ROBINSON

April 11, 1962
VARIETY
"Jack Entratter brings **Bud & Cece Robinson** back to the Strip for this one, and first-nighters gave their refreshing song blends and dance patterns **maximum mitting.**" *Duke.*

December 11, 1962
Tony Zoppi
The "Dallas Morning News"
"The Robinsons traced the history of dancing through the roaring twenties to the present and it's been years since a dance team matched their brilliance on a Dallas floor.
"Bud's interpretation of Joe Frisco's jazz dance is worth the trip downtown."

April 7, 1962
Gene Tuttle, Las Vegas
"It's a welcome sight to see a dancing pair that can really swing it in every phase of dance—and that's just what **Bud and Cece Robinson do to perfection.**"

Chuck New
San Juan "Star"
"The **big highlight of the show** for me was the young, and very talented dance team of **Bud and Cece Robinson.** It has been a long time since San Juan has seen this fresh, mad and zany type of dance team. The audience was so delighted with their performance that they were brought back for three encores."

October 27, 1962
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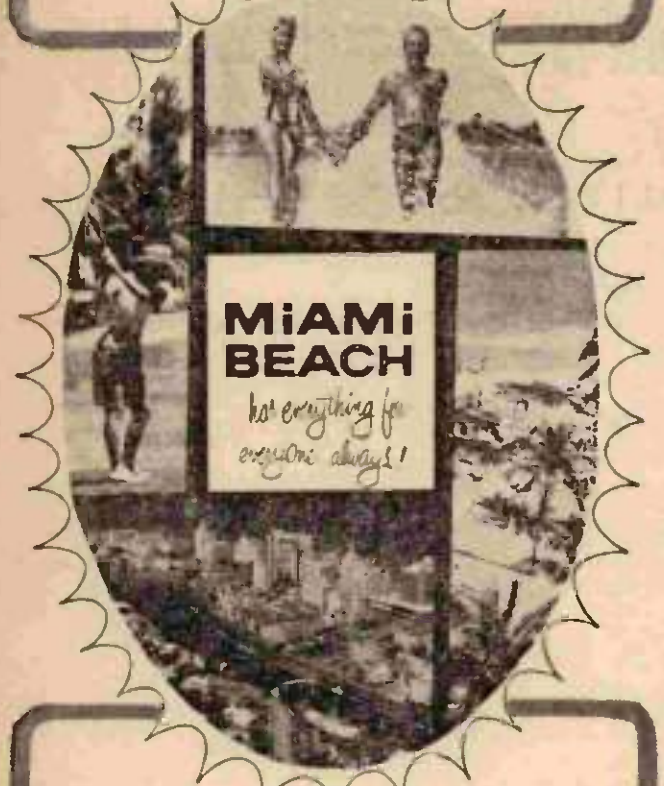

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Talent Will Out

Continued from page 215

and changing times. Mourning for the old days and decrying the paucity of break-in time (i.e. "spots where acts can be lousy in") will not help the present breed of performer.

For example, most agents have mourned the fact that the teenage singer cannot legally work in a saloon, but few enterprising agents packaged these chirps in ballrooms. Thus there is today a thriving circuit where acts get the necessary experience before their brand of audiences.

New Stars Always

Admittedly, it's all more difficult, but not impossible. This is proven by the fact that names have never stopped coming to the fore—long since the demise of vaudeville and burlesque. It's even possible to get to become "hot" without benefit of records. Carol Burnett and Jackie Mason did it sans disks. At least a quintet of comedians have done it on records. This year, Allan Sherman and Vaughan Meader splashed across the horizons in a big way through disks. In the previous year, there were Shelley Berman, Mort Sahl and Bob Newhart to reckon with.

The number of singers and groups that have come to the fore in the past few years is quite formidable. The era of rock 'n' roll developed a lot of acts who are still good b.o. today even though that form is not as potent as it used to be. Even in the era of rockers, there emerged the balladeers and folksinger. They took over in a field where heretofore Burl Ives and Richard Dyer-Bennett had impact. Harry Belafonte is a prime example. A host of others who are heavy b.o. on the concert and in-time cafe circuits followed. But in order for the new crop to develop, some smart agent had to develop the college circuits.

Divers Audiences

At present there are more fields available today than at any time in the history of entertainment. The variety talent is culled from the lucrative field of club dates through niteries, through lounges, resorts, cruises, arenas, ballrooms and probably in every type of situation in which facilities exist.

There is playing time and there is opportunity. It's a rougher and more difficult kind of business, but there are still places for new acts to develop. What's more, there will be as long as the need for talent exists, which will be as long as there is any kind of show business.

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Greetings

ERROLL GARNER

Playwrights I Have Loved And Lost

ONE WHO THINKS HER FILES PROVE THE CASE DECLARES AN AGENT USUALLY 'DISCOVERS' NEW DRAMATISTS FOR SOMEBODY ELSE'S PROFIT — OLD CORRESPONDENCE OFFERED FOR BITTER-SWEET FLAVOR OF RELATIONSHIPS — THE CARE AND FEEDING OF TENDER EGOS DESCRIBED BY BROADWAY SCRIPT HANDLER — POWERHOUSE VERSUS LITTLE AGENTS

By CLAIRE LEONARD

(Numerous pieces scattered through this 57th Anniversary Edition recite, with or without humor, what authors have against producers, publishers, agents, stars and other phenomena along the literary path. The text which follows presents an agent's case against writers who "black out" on gratitude to the first "discoverer."—Ed)

During 23 years of dedicated service I have found that each of my discoveries had an individual style of writing. In other respects they were consistently alike: They possessed refreshing new theatre talent, personal charm and an ingratiating manner—at the start. They were unknown until I launched them; when they became known, they defected. They wrote like angels and frequently behaved like devils. I believe playwrights today are the most mercenary "artists" in the theatre.

I had no time to feel sorry for myself when they "done me wrong" by deserting me, or to stop to question myself, Why? Perhaps it was their escape from moral indebtedness. Perhaps the answer, cruel and partially true, is revealed in the letter at the end of this article.

With poignant pride I look up at familiar names that light up the Broadway horizon frequently through the years: Robert E. McEnroe, Sidney Michaels; Robert Thom, James Leo Herlihy. I am awed by the massive signs of Philip Yordan's "King of Kings" and "El Cid," half across the buildings; the many-page ads in VARIETY and the constant press heraldings of my ex-client's success.

My Golden Halo

It's considered to be a "square" to be sentimental. I'm sentimental. I wear a gold band on my left finger, like a halo, engraved with the names of Thom, A. B. Shiffrin, McEnroe, Michaels, John Lynn, Norman Vane, Cornel Wilde, Jack Perry, Robert C. Lesser, Michel Lucas, Aldyth Morris and Yordan. (No room for several others). Five of these are still with me. I am trying for their success, even at the risk of losing them, too.

I offer some brief testimony here, also testimonials, to one author-agency relationship.

When Sidney Harmon asked me to try to place Philip Yordan's first play, I was delighted, and Yordan was delighted when I arranged for a mere tryout. It did not fare well. After 43 rejections of "Anna Lucasta" he suggested I throw it away. I paid no attention. I brought it to the American Negro Theatre, suggesting the conversion to a Negro family. The rest is theatrical history.

Then everybody tried to appropriate the author—and did. Yordan's good fortune in motion pictures is mounting and at this writing I can't reach him even to consult him about an inquiry I received (19 years Anno Domini "Anna Lucasta") for the rights to a musical version of the play. Still, I prefer to remember him as of Oct. 4, 1941, in a letter from the Coast:

"Dear Claire . . . If God grants me success I want to share it with those who have helped me, and I want to share it not for any fixed period but for years to come so long as I have something to share. I want to send you a check every week. Not for any fixed sum or just for a year—I do not consider our relationship a business one. I want to send it to you for a purely selfish reason. It will make me feel good.

* * *

"When we meet again perhaps Dieterle may take me to New York on his next trip. Now relax, Claire—you'll get a helluva lot more than any agent gets from any writer—a lifelong friend."

I treasure the copy of the published book of "Anna Lucasta," inscribed "To Claire—who made it all come true . . . Phil." In all fairness, he remembered to pay my commissions on "Anna."

William Worthington, then Guthrie McClintic's playreader, recommended me to Robert E. McEnroe. I placed his "Silver Whistle" with The Theatre Guild. It later sold to pictures, which Irving Lazar co-agented. The play is highly successful in amateur stock; also in television. Another play of his was optioned nine times—but no production.

On a later play I wrote him (8-27-51):

"I enjoyed very much the first act and was delighted with the McEnroe humor. And then I got indignant that a joyous writer like you should let years go by, and then come up with a play about summer theatre! . . . I hate plays about the theatre, about writers, about artists. So maybe the whole thing is my fault. But since I'm not making money anyway, I can at least stick to my preferences, since my authors are doing all right."

To which Bob replied (7-24-52): "I am sorry to say that I cannot agree in full. I shall be glad to submit any script which my present agent rejects. . . . I would rather write a hundred poor plays the way I want to write them than write a masterpiece under your supervision and advice. . . . If you would care to have a future play submitted to you please let me know. It would be a completed script however and nothing that you masterminded. I hope you are well and I look forward to seeing you again."

Note: I never received another play from him.

On March 21,1952, I received a note from a friend, Harold Gary, an established actor: "Have met a playwright Sidney Michaels, whom I consider potentially the 'white hope' of the theatre. I would like him to meet you." Ten days later I wrote to David Merrick: "Here is a list of some of the things my young genius has done. He's the most exciting playwright I have had to date. I hope you will find him worth meeting and then in showing advance interest in his later work."

Ten *years* later (10-29-62) among the fine notices on David Merrick's production of "Tchin-Tchin" by Sidney Michaels, reviewer Ward Morehouse said, "The theatre has achieved a triumphant recovery." I bought myself a standing-room ticket. The author forgot to invite me.

My most devoted client was Philip Van Dyke. But it was I, who couldn't make the grade for him. Perhaps because his poetic writing and stylized form were too way-out for the realistic theatre of that period. "Such a little letter to you on such a momentous occasion as renewing a contract with you!" he wrote me (8-14-45). . . . "You deserve plenty for all these years, and you're sure the sweetest and best little friend of any of the agent gang, and friendship means more than all the cash. If it cost me half of what I earned to see you got your rightful share of me, I'd jes' sit an' smile."

An early client was Richard Dwenger, whom I met through Dane Clark. He was a brilliant writer, a potentially important playwright, a well-bred and vital person. After many submissions of several plays, but no options, he received one summer tryout in which Gene Kelly played his first dramatic role. Later, when I recommended Dwenger to William Dieterle as a screen-writer, Dick refused an apprentice job with training for a brighter future. At this time he was working for Kelly in a musical at $12 a week and did not wish to desert him. Then Dick enlisted in the Navy. His ship went down off the coast of Italy—a sad personal loss to the world, and a professional loss to the theatre.

The first client who "arrived" through me, was S. Lewis Meltzer, whom I met through a director who knew me when I was with the Group Theatre. The author's small hotel room was always full of actor friends, among them Richard Conte. With each daily visit I brought my little agency contract for signature and walked out with a promise of "tomorrow." I submitted one full-length play, and one act of a second play to Cheryl Crawford. She optioned the latter based on Meltzer's talent. Production contracts were drawn up; I was not called in—because others tried to take him over. But at a public party I met Irwin Shaw who congratulated me and introduced me to several people as Meltzer's agent.

The play went into rehearsal—the author was too busy to sign my contract. The play was produced out of town. The author then secured a screen-writing contract through a "step-agent." I threatened suit, but was forced to accept $135 commission on the production I had precipitated, and to sign away all claims on his mature earnings. Coudert Brothers, my attorneys, advised. "For your future guidance I would suggest that you have all arrangements with your client reduced to writing. A few lines adequately expressing the terms and conditions of an agreement are far more valuable than lengthy expressions of good faith and good will before witnesses."

Norman Vane. After 294 submissions, a few tryouts and one Broadway production, this author was frightened away to Europe after worse notices than he truly deserved on his first Broadway venture, "Harbor Lights." But the handsome amount he received on the motion picture sale has obviously been keeping him circulating abroad.

Robert Thom represented all I ever sought in a playwright: distinguished dramatic-poetic writing: integrity; an assurance that he "would not ever go to Hollywood." This was my "pride and joy." I heard of him through Hedgerow, which had discovered him after a production at Yale. With diligent exploitation and 655 submissions of his plays the name of Robert Thom and his talent became widespread. We got numerous options netting him several thousand dollars; a tryout at Westport; Michael Myerberg became interested in him; followed "Compulsion" and

(Continued on page 240)

'Oliver' Paid Off, Has 100G Profit

The Broadway production of "Oliver" doesn't have to worry about going hungry. It's come to New York after a lengthy tryout tour with what is believed to be a record profit figure for a show opening on Broadway in the black. More than $100,000 has thus far been netted by the musical on an investment, already repaid, of $250,000.

"Oliver," which began touring last Aug. 6 in Los Angeles, moved from there to San Francisco, Detroit and then Toronto, where it completed its road hop Dec. 22. The David Merrick-Donald Albery carbon of the London hit had been scheduled to open Dec. 27 at the Imperial, N. Y., but because of the N. Y. newspaper strike the preem was pushed back to Sunday evening (6).

The Lionel Bart adaptation of Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist," costarring Clive Revill and Georgia Brown, has been giving preview performances at the Imperial since Dec. 25. The show has an advance sale of about $1,000,000, approximately half of which is in parties. It cost about $250,000 to produce.

The show can net $16,000-$17,000 weekly at the Imperial on a potential capacity gross of about $69,000.

Actors—And Acting Teachers

[The 'Workshop' Gimmick]

By CRANE JACKSON

By the time a young actor like myself chalks up five years trying to make the grade as a steadily-employed performer, his life has been so shaped as to make those five years perhaps the most important in his life. There's a reason for this and it comes as a direct result of the theatrical profession as it stands for the newcomer.

Crane Jackson

It's a case of self-inspection from the first day he steps into an agent's office. Every aspect of self-consciousness he thought himself rid of, now comes to the fore as the agent gives his almost traditional "no." He wonders about the turndown. Wonders what would have happened had he been a Rock Hudson or, if a girl, an Elizabeth Taylor. Would that "no" still be given?

Everything he or she has learned about keeping a cool head and not being "conceited" as the gang put it back in college or high school now gets thrown out the window. By the time five years are up, you know yourself and your potential for making the grade. Nobody has to tell you. The dreams are almost completely shattered and you either pick up the amusement trade paper every week "to see what's doing" or you start scanning the Sunday want-ads. This is not to say that you still don't need luck. You certainly do, but if you stick it out you've got a better chance of having that luck than ever before.

The constant self-inspection comes after your first season of stock in which you've had roles which producers wouldn't hire you for on the main stem. In my six seasons of summer stock, not one season has gone by where the stock producer, the customers and the critics don't make some mention of comparison with a name star. "He's another————" say the onlookers and you start wondering if maybe they're not right. All of a sudden you haunt their films or their plays, imitate their mannerisms and try to "be" that person. But by the time you've done that, somebody says you're someone else's type and there you go again.

I can remember when a producer of an Equity off-Broadway show asked for a "John Garfield type." There I was along with redheads, blondes, skinny John Garfields and fat John Garfields. Each person evidently felt they contained enough of John Garfield to get the job.

Help—For A Fee!

But in the self-inspection, when you recognize what a contest it is to get to the top, you recognize your inadequacies as a performer and with no place to improve you join either a class by an acting teacher or you join a "workshop" run by a fellow who (on the side for a price) teaches acting. Ah, there's the rub.

New York (and across the country, I'm told) acting schools flourish with the intensity of a crowd at a butchershop opening. Recently, I visited a dramatic workshop and found myself looking at direct imitations of Natalie Wood (a ringer, this one with that sideswept haircut), Elizabeth Taylor (as she looked in "National Velvet") and sundry other characters looking to be considered "another————." All of these fledglings were under the tutelage of a woman director who was looking for the glory road for these people.

When I started in New York, they must have sent a red flag out because I ran—mark that!—ran to every con man and fraud in the city. All were considered "acting teachers." My savings dwindled under the artistic direction of these frauds.

And while I was paying a handsome $40 per month to one teacher who would come to class as snazzy as Cary Grant (on my money and about 30 others), I began to notice about this guy that despite a favorable reputation as an actor I could guess his criticism based on the circumstances. For example, when an actor who was planning on going away to stock or another professional engagement, completed a scene the "teacher" would say, "Gee, terrific. Best thing I've seen you do. When you come back, we'll really get to work." And he knew that the actor, feeling his inadequacies in his self-inspection would return. One day I closed my eyes and completely guessed the criticisms correctly. I hadn't even looked at the scenes that day. It was the last day I went to class.

$25 An Hour

Another teacher showed me letters from casting directors praising his work and stars he had helped. He showed me little more in that class for which I naively paid him $25 an hour. His advertisements promised me to make me a star!

Unfortunately, New York and the rest of the nation have let these charlatans exist and flourish. There is no accredition for these people. The advertisements in the come-on (not really trade) papers scream, "Come to me. I'll make you a star!" One acting teacher gave me a "scholarship" (one of six I've won) but I had to pay for a workshop so that agents could come and see me work. Nobody but my friends came.

The Attorney General (of New York) recently lowered the boom on a "teacher" who was producing a film in which all his students would be cast. The film was a fraud as was the "famed Hollywood director" who was supposed to undertake the work. He was an unemployed actor who had never directed before and had never been to Hollywood.

But after five years in the big town, when you know what you've got and know who will give you work and who won't, and which agent is working for you and which agent is merely drawing income from one or two moneymakers who are sought after, then life is easier. If you've stayed in it for this span of time, you know your worth. You know whether it's wise to get into another job or whether you've only a need for "luck" which will eventually come along.

Five years isn't a long time, really, but when you've counted every day waiting for the break. When you've had to work for peanuts in another field you despise for a man you can't stand only because you know there's a greater glory, when you by-pass the frauds in agentry and in teaching and go to a teacher you trust, then you're a pro in this game. You have to be. There just is no other way.

Inge — Formative Period

"'Summer Brave' and 11 Short Plays" by William Inge (Random House; $5) will interest Broadway readers on several counts. Title script is reworking of author's 1953 Pulitzer Prize-Critics' Circle Award-winning play, "Picnic." In present form, with emphasis shifted to women characters, it was offered at Hyde Park (N.Y.) summer theatre, August, 1962. Inge believes success accorded original script would not be given "Summer Brave" but he believes latter is "more humorously true," fulfilling his "original intention." It will be recalled that late George Jean Nathan once wrote of another form of same play, called "Front Porch," performed in a Texas tryout, as superior to New York version, "Picnic."

Book also contains genesis of Inge's next Broadway show, "Bus Riley's Back in Town," and embryo playlet, "People in the Wind," that became "Bus Stop."

Most of these entries were written in early 1950s. At least three will not be expanded from their present short forms. Inge states in preface that he hopes to fully develop "The Boy in the Basement." Valuable tome for study of important contemporary playwright in transit. *Rodo.*

With Unions, Jets, Inflation:

Built-In Paradox Of Grand Opera

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Grand opera, or lyric drama, born 1587 among the Italian dilletanti. A hybrid art, with occasional ballet intervals. Aristocratic, tradition-ruled, deficit-haunted. The form of musical repertory whose survival into the present era of unionized labor, globe-hopping tenors and irreversible inflation is an improbability shading into a paradox. Essentially as remote from the American masses as bullfights, the cancellation threat of a season at the Metropolitan was nonetheless such a prospective national disgrace that it brought the precedental intervention of the U. S. Secretary of Labor.

The Met cannot afford to cancel one performance, once scheduled, because of some $22,000 in refunds. Yet the performance itself costs $32,000. Here is the nightly paradox of a company which sells 97% of all its tickets, something unknown to opera elsewhere. More than that, the Met disposes of some 68% of all tickets on season subscriptions, collecting vast sums in advance of hoisting the first curtain. With ticket sales, spring tour guarantees, standees, food, liquor, libretto, hatcheck and radio rights, the gross revenues run well above $6,000,000. Best guess for this season's deficit: $600,000.

Wotons in Depth

The $22,000 refund penalty for cancellation of any single performance helps explain the Met being so well prepared with substitute singers. The system protects every role two and three deep, and up to five. Nor are Met substitutes inferior artists. Recently when a first Woton and then a second came down ill, the company called in a third Woton of equal artistry. It was in no sense exceptional for a repertory company with 110 principal singers, including most of the world's greatest.

Despite nightly changes of bill, plus Saturday matinees, it is seldom that the Met falters either backstage or in the pit. Its standard remains remarkably firstrate, occasionally superb. Unsubsidized in the European term, the Met has the longest season of any major opera, greatest frequency of performances, the best quality of voices. There are 17 different subscription series, odd Mondays, even Mondays, and so on.

True, there are mental reservations as to its ballet, the brass section, the competence of the conducting over-all. Some of the scenery is older than the oldest soprano. Some of the revivals were better unexhumed. In a desperate quest of novelty Met repertory may perpetrate a mediocrity like "The Gypsy Baron," with Walter Slezak fondling a piglet in lieu of singing.

Managing director Rudolf Bing, the Austro-Briton, has turned on numerous occasions to the talents and insights of legitimate theatre stagers, librettists and performers. His results have been vague-to-diverting-novel. Neither conductors nor singers go along too graciously with much tampering. Even the most ingenious revisionists are, in the end, stuck with the plot. Ann Ronell "modernized" the book and lyrics of an English language "Martha" only to have the European conductor pretty much shrug off her every reform when he went to work, with a typical lack of enough rehearsal time. Richard Tucker chose the first performance to interpolate in Italian, to the general confusion.

A pet import from legit has been the stylish Cyril Ritchard who contrived to be amusing, as he usually is, but somewhat puzzling in the confines of grand opera. His presence probably signified only the yearning of the Met ruling elite for a detour to chi-chi.

Bing is a crisp, dapper, fast-witted executive of 60 who is guiding the organization through these final years in the old yellow brick edifice in the Broadway garment district prior to the eventual move, in 1965, or 1966, or 1967 (take no bets) to Lincoln Center. He is necessarily of modern times a moderne. With Gatti-Gazzaza, an impresario with a soprano-wife in the company, and Edward Johnson, a Canadian tenor turned administrator, Bing is only the third in a series of managing directors holding the reins back to 1908.

Composer Still Star

Actually the Metropolitan Opera does not have a star system, in the theatrical tradition that a star is one whose name is billed over the title. It continues to star the composer. But meanwhile its dependence upon great singers (the Bing-preferred term) is obvious. And great singers have been emancipated by the jet airplane from staying in one place for long.

The whole world is their market. The sensational Australian coloratura, Joan Sutherland, limited the Met last season to a mere four performances and during her brief sojourn in Manhattan, also sang with the American Opera Society.

The Bing regime has rendered common-place American, Negro and svelte-figured opera singers. The Italianate influence continues strong, and Verdi the most-often-heard composer. Singers come and go, departure being typically silent.

Long familiar members have a tendency simply to drop from sight. Lily Pons was retired in practical effect several years before the fact was confirmed. In opera, as in the rest of show business, careers may level off as respects prestige and yet certain singers perservere 20 years and more. The Met's most devastating loss occurred when Leonard Warren, the finest baritone in the world, dramatically dropped dead on stage, but first completing his aria, a great artist to his final gasp.

The Met makes no pretense of training singers. Typically Americans first establish themselves in the opera houses of Germany and Italy, and then will be "called home" by the Met, or the Lyric in Chicago, or San Francisco, as may be.

Detractors do not intend it admiringly when they characterize Bing as a good business man. Wags quip that when he declined to take second billing to Maria Callas, the temperamental Greek-American coloratura, he meant to show her who was the true star, himself, at the Met.

None of this is to be taken too seriously. Any opera house is apt to vibrate with intrigue and catty sibillances in the background. No managing director can please everybody. Most of all the Met must live within the dictates of popularity and boxoffice in a way which subsidized houses may, in some degree, ignore. Though usually a sell out, the public stays away from certain works in significant numbers, and this frightens the board of directors, as well it might.

No backslapper or dispenser of glib generalities, Bing is quite candid within the frame of whatever question is put to him. He refrains from broad claims for credit, though proud of his new productions of old works and the general criterion of Met repertory. When this writer suggested that he, Bing, seemed to have curbed the claque, Bing snapped, "The claque is just as bad as ever."

During his regime obvious efforts have been made to bring the extroverted dowagers, the former delight of photographers, under control, and to bring certain name singers to rehearsals. One of Bing's achievements has been lining up wealthy individuals and foundations as "sponsors" of fresh production, these averaging around $100,000 each.

The Bing prestige has had its high and lows. The schedule this season plainly is calculated to produce a peak after the dismal period in the fall and summer of 1961 when the season was "cancelled." Bing and his associates did not succeed in their effort to make the pit musicians the villains. For public and press, "cancellation" was an intolerable solution, though the threat of it was not new. This must have been one of Bing's unhappiest times, as to which the true inside stuff remains hidden. Many hope that Bing will ultimately write his memoirs and explain his relation to certain members of the Met board.

The situation was curious. Bing was in Europe both before and after attending the famous August press conference in Manhattan. He kept reiterating that it was "too late" to have a season almost until the hour in Denver when Secretary of Labor Arthur Goldberg and Anthony Bliss were secretly hatching the scheme to throw the American Federation of Musicians into arbitration.

An Inherited Enthusiasm

Anthony Bliss is the young fiftyish attorney who is the most active force behind the Met, a role he inherited from his father, Cornelius Bliss, who was prominent during the depression maneuvers which brought the Met, as realestate, and the Met, as operator, into fusion for the first time. During prep and college days young Bliss often slipped into the family box in the golden horseshoe. He thus imbibed the uproar of opera economics as part of his patrimony. Questioned by this writer as to how much time he put into Met opera problems, Bliss commented cryptically, "Too much."

It was Bliss who offered an arresting remark at the press conference. "We are trying to finance a 19th Century enterprise at the brink of the 21st Century." This lifted the discussion above a nasty local quarrel with the musicians over the "unreasonableness" of their demands and the debatable "competence" of a French horn player whom the Met insisted upon firing. The Met's lack of "subsidy" was foregrounded as never before in press dispatches.

The Headaches Ahead

But can the Met subsist in its prospective new $40,000,000 home without Government funds? Many doubt it. Bliss himself concedes that the future of grand opera may require some measure of such aid. With proper safeguards of artistic independence, he does not fear "subsidy." As a matter of precedent, Lincoln Center itself owes much to whopping grants of taxpayer funds from both the state and city of New York.

Wealthy individuals are a limited potential under current income tax. Foundations are a sometime thing. Business corporations are only just accepting the notion that gifts to culture may be an appropriate posture in image-making. As for the cost of tickets, how much more than the present $11 top for an orchestra seat is possible?

The opening night (Monday) every season is now non-subscription. Originally this added about $80,000 to the coffers. But the single occasion cost has steadily risen from $25 to $35 to $45 and on Oct. 15 last to $50. It will certainly be $100 a seat at the Lincoln Center inaugural, with the recent example of Philharmonic Hall to go by.

Questions for Tomorrow

Nobody dares hazard a guess as to the new home's economics. There will be great advantages, like airconditioning to lengthen the rental periods and make summer performances possible. But Bliss reminds fellow-students of the matched cultural dollar that airconditioning also adds to overhead.

Will the cafe and bar facilities at the new opera house produce much more revenue? They might be considerably enhanced but for the rule of the N. Y. State Liquor Authority that a bar must open either upon the street or an eating place. Hence the new Met, as the old, may be unable to operate bars on the balcony and gallery tiers.

What of television revenues and tollvision rights at the new Met? This must stand in abeyance with only this writer's speculation that it is an apparent certainty. Philharmonic Hall opened Sept. 22 last in a blaze of coast-to-coast sponsored television.

In recent years the Met has been shut off from an earlier source of side-money—recordings of its own operas and singers. Much bitterness against Local 802 has resulted. In any event nearly all operatics nowadays are recorded in Rome, Vienna, Paris.

Because the Met is the world's most tightly-scheduled opera repertory it's a grueling grind for the men in the pit. They perform every night, rehearse every day. Conductors alternate, not sidemen. In 1961 they asked $248 weekly, up from the prevailing $170, and $6.80 an hour for rehearsing, up from $3.30.

For the seven-week spring tour the travel allowance of $10.25 was characterized as condemning musicians to "fleabags" and "greasy spoons." A per diem of $18 was demanded. But under the Goldberg arbitration these demands were denied and only nominal adjustments, no more than the Met had earlier offered, were granted.

The open hostility between the management and the pit musicians is close to a scandal, although the recent bad blood at Vienna Statoper should not be forgotten. A vital necessity of the future in Lincoln Center would be the creation, for the first time, of some apparatus of reconciliation. In their post-Goldberg settlement mood, the pitmen could hardly be expected to forego any inviting opportunity for revenge.

Better relations with the musicians may be subsidiary to the choice of stronger conductors, with more authority. It is perhaps significant that the man responsible for the performance, the conductor, typically collects about $600 while the leading singers collect $1,500 each for the evening.

Radical Surgery

It's worse than regrettable, it's impossible, to have the Met hating its orchestra and its orchestra hating the Met.

Plainly the French horn player issue ought never to have attained the dimensions of a cause celebre. Under a system of strong conductors, the musicians would be less inclined to dispute a dismissal. What made this particular case unpleasant was that Lester Solomon was secretary of the Orchestra Committee standing behind the 802 negotiators, and a man of considerable combativeness, as he was of 10 years' tenure in the pit.

Secretary Goldberg did not arbitrate the French horn case on the grounds of technical lack of qualification but the man who did give the musician short shrift (and an ironic parting compliment) was equally unqualified technically. The situation could hardly have been more brutally surgical in terms of good employe relationship.

Stagehands More Fun?

Curiously, or revealingly, the Met management seems to get along relatively well with the stagehands, though there are whispers of anti-featherbedding automation in blueprint for Lincoln Center. An ordinary Verdi opera calls for about 65 stagehands; a Wagner production around 85. The infinitely tricky scene shifting necessary for the modern opera "Wozzeck" demanded 100.

Unionization is naturally a great X factor at the Met for the remaining years on Broadway and for the time ahead. Negotiations had been concluded with 14 unions up to the point of the impasse with the musicians in 1961. It was the desperation of inflated overhead which prompted the Met board to think in terms of scratching an entire season and starting a year later with presumably chastened labor to deal with.

Wigs and Rigs

Turning to other matters of fixed overhead: the Met now makes and stores its own wigs after decades of costly rentals, often as much as $100 a night. Its own shops create much of the scenery and attire. The elaborate silks of "Turandot" have to be contracted outside but the simpler costuming of "Girl of the Golden West" is fully handled en famille.

Trucking of scenery is a constant aggravation. Repertory specifies that what was used last night and will be needed again next week most go to storage, often up to 129th and Broadway where the Met shares a warehouse with Radio City Music Hall.

Other people's rights keep frustrating the regime. As an instance the Met is unable to clear the necessary rights and untangle the artist claims so that albums might be made and retailed of the incredibly rich repository of great performances during 23 years of Saturday matinees for Texaco radio sponsorship. This implies literally millions of dollars of potential opera income gone begging.

A Blissful Prospect

The present structure has already been sold under an elaborate deferment scheme which will feed into the Met Endowment fund an averaged annual payment, for 25 years, of $450,000. These monies begin to accrue to the association at the moment it vacates the present premises and not, as typical in realty practice, upon completion of the replacement structure.

There is the hazard of public clamor to save the old Met, as was Carnegie Hall, from demolition. This would require an act of the state legislature in Albany enabling the sale of municipal bonds. Bliss is not too worried about lightning striking twice in this way but he is frankly hostile to any spoiling of his neat scheme to give the Met spending money it knows about ahead of time.

Nobody apparently contemplates rival opera should the old house be saved. The Met would serve ballet, special events, meetings, concerts, some operetta. Its rehabilitation, including airconditioning, would naturally be extremely expensive, though it's still in better state than was Carnegie. On the one occasion when the Met faced nightly competition from another major company, Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera, circa 1910, the traumatic effects were fairly shattering. This was during the golden era of Caruso.

But back to the paradox that a nation that goes mad only over baseball, football, basketball, hockey and speed boats becomes abruptly ashamed of a cultural blackeye round the world should the Met close. This is the same house which has repeatedly passed the silk hat to little people all over the land, radio listeners who never have, and never will, enter the place.

The point of the 1961 crisis was that saving the Met had become cable news, part of the cold war, a frantic dialog at the White House between Jack and Jackie.

Padlocked vs. Piracy, Ziegfeld Hoarded Old Costumes With Fiscal Fondness

By ROBERT BARAL

(Bob Baral has become the trade's best-documented archivist in the highly special realm of "The Revue," a practically extinct form of legitimate entertainment. His reprises on Ziegfeld, Earl Carroll, the London greats in the same genre, have provided edifying prose in a number of previous Anniversary Editions. He is also one of the most widely travelled of film field men. Name the burg, he's been there.—Ed.)

When a Ziegfeld show closed (or folded) whatever happened to those fabulous costumes?

Robert Baral

Well, Flo put them in storage and bolted the door — that is, what was left after his creditors closed in. A detailed file was kept though, just in case. Piracy was rampant during The Great Broadway Period and those locks, legally as well as mechanically, had to be strong.

Ziegfeld haute couture in its day set the pace and every producer, especially the vaudeville and tab-producers, hankered for some of these cast-off creations to spark their touring units. But Ziggy had on iron-clad rule from 1915 on when his "Ziegfeld Follies" went into high gear, that his discarded ribbons and bows be guarded. In 1922 this policy paid off.

The Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic folded in 1922 because of prohibition. More than the mere shuttering of the garden atop the New Amsterdam Theatre, it was a sentimental event nostlagic with the early magic of Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Ford Dabney's Orchestra, Mary Hay and many others who made their debuts up there.

In February of that year Flo sent out a "Ziegfeld Frolic" (minus the Midnight tag) for a brief period with Will Rogers and a chorus of 55 girls. The show comprised the outstanding items of 16 editions of the "Frolic" which had made history for eight straight years upstairs over the "Follies." Gene Buck's original material was revived for the book, Ned Wayburn and Leon Errol staged and Ralph Spence and Will Rogers provided special material. Washington, D.C. was the main stop.

The 1922 edition of the major "Follies" was one of Flo's biggest money-makers. Gallagher & Shean and Gilda Gray were the hottest personalities on Broadway and this edition went into fall, winter, summer and ensuing spring editions. It seemed destined to run forever.

Great Costumers

The road wanted a Ziegfeld revue, the roof had folded, so Flo unlocked that warehouse and resurrected those rare creations designed by Lucille, Lady Duff Gordon, Pascaud of Paris, Madame Frances (Mrs. Nate Spingold, now the Brandeis U. benefactress), James Reynolds, Ben Ali Haggin, Madame Sherri, Charles LeMaire, Schneider & Anderson among other ranking designers. Joseph Urban continued to tint the stage with his opulent brush.

Two of Flo's most ravishing production numbers were revived for this road stint. "Jewels," inspired by Cartier's necklace of rare gems —and "Beautiful Birds," both of which featured the 1919 edition of the "Frolic."

In the original productions, Dolores, high priestess of the Ziegfeld garden, hypnotized patrons with her frosty elegance. Her appearance as The White Peacock in the latter number was sensational, in fact many consider this one single appearance a symbol of the entire Ziegfeld Age. In the memorial edition of the touring "Ziegfeld Frolic" her assignments were taken by Lotta Miles (no relation to the Goodyear dynasty)! She had jazzy overtones.

Other outstanding "Frolic" numbers revived included "Springtime," "Luanna Lou," "Honey Bunch," "Lovelight" (everything from sunlight to electric light), "Violet Ray" (you guessed it—radium costumes sprayed with photochemical by Clark C. Minter), "Telephone Doll" (see those ruffles), "Rivers of the World" (Lotta Miles again in Dolores' shoes this time as "The Amazon") and "Emancipation Day."

ED BEGLEY

Greetings to VARIETY on its Anniversary

Included in the platoon of American beauties were: Annette Bade, Helen Gates, Eva Clark, Olive Osborne, Doris Lloyd, Diana Gordon, Mary McDonald, Pearl Eaton, Phoebe Lee, June Roberts, Marcelle Earle, Hallie Manning, Lucille Harmon among others. Besides Will Rogers, Brandon Tynan, Jimmy Duffy, Al Ochs, Arthur West and Alexander Gray were also present to carry the remaining assignments.

But right after this short tour, back to the vaults for the costumes. This was 40 years ago—where they are now is anybody's guess. Next Flo was about to enter his most trying period. Flops!

However, even Flo's flops, "Betsy," "The Comic Supplement," "Annie Dear," "Louis the 14th" and "Show Girl," were all lavish shows and carried a certain distinction. This is when the little foxes stood on the sidelines and tried every way to acquire some of this rich loot for the Orpheum or Pantages circuit.

Incidentally The White Peacock costume is the most durable inspiration of all Ziegfeld styling. It still crops up in nighteries or period musicals, but the fan spread is never as breath-taking as the original Pascaud design. Anna Held copied this same idea for one of her scenes in "Follow Me." The Museum of the City of New York now has this in storage.

When Mary Hay was first signed by Flo for the "Frolic" he told her to go out and buy a simple gingham dress. She made her debut in this outfit a sharp contrast to the elaborate garb of the other showgirls. Her sister, Mrs. C. Fredrick Beach of Farmington, Conn., has kept this for years.

After a lapse the real Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic re-opened with Johns & Cristo in charge of the restaurant. The midnight shows were resumed and lasted until until 1929. In the final version Flo went overboard with his flair for plugging his own hits (actually his chart was up and down—either a smash or a costly flop).

Here's a touch of nostalgic whimsy sparked with ritzy Barnum. In the "Reminiscing" number of the 1929 edition, Paul Gregory, the Cary Grant of Ziegfeld musicals, sang the title number, stepped back and out they came . . . six former wardrobe mistresses who had appeared in six one-time musical smashes. They wore street garb.

After the grandmas took a short bow, the show picked up the 1929 gait with a spirited dancing flash from "Whoopee," Eddie Cantor's smash musical. Then out they came—the real Ziegfeld stunners.

Flo's final sextette of glorified girls included: Merle Finley ("Show Boat"); Claudia Dell ("The Three Musketeers"); Hazel Forbes ("Rosalie"); Jean Ackerman ("Rio Rita"); Myrna Darby ("Ziegfeld Follies") and Gladys Glad ("Whoopee"). When Flo had the hits he advertised them in his revues. To say he knew all the angles isn't exactly complete—he created many of them!

Now wait a minute—back came those six wardrobe mistresses, all gussied up in feathers, frills, and fancy headgear: Emma Fernandus ("Mlle. Modiste"); Nora Toomey ("Madame Sherry"); Mary Graham ("The Pink Lady"); Mary Bennett ("Florodora"); Phoebe Keller ("The Wizard of Oz") and Margaret McKelvy ("The Merry Widow"). The orchestration was littered with reprises.

Then as the strains of "Reminiscing" seeped through the medley, the Ziegfeld Girls sashayed into the spotlight and escorted the old-timers around the ringside tables. The 1929 bevy kissed them and embraced them. It was bingo night on the roof—plus balloons. Helen Morgan, Lillian Roth and Paul Whiteman who headlined the show had to wait for their final bows—the applause was so lusty.

Walter Winchell, covering the show, said the number left a lump in his larynx.

John Harkrider designed the 1929 swan song of the "Frolic." His pet accents were miles of Belgian lace and swags of ermine tails. I wonder where those costumes ended up?

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

1912 Show Biz Statistic

The September 1962 issue of Stage Pictorial reported:

"Musical comedies are probably the most expensive. Production costs run from $2,000 to $3,000 and up to $50,000 and $60,000. Liebler & Co. claim to have spent nearly $100,000 on 'The Garden of Allah" before the curtain went up on the first performance."

Note: "Garden of Allah" was a big hit after its debut Oct. 21, 1911, at the Century Theatre, New York (now the site of the Century Apts. on Central Park West) and ran for 241 performances before taking to the road.

Philharmonic Hall And Its Forebears

Manhattan Island's facilities for presentation of symphonic music and concerts generally were notably expanded on Sept. 23, 1962 when the new Philharmonic Hall opened as the initial unit of the complex of seven structures which will ultimately constitute the Lincoln Center for Performing Arts. This hall's capacity (2,646) is divided as follows: main floor, 1,384; loges, 392; first terrace, 454; second terrace, 416. Contrasting data as to concert halls elsewhere:

Binyanei Ha'oomah (Jerusalem)	3.142
Academy of Music (Philadelphia)	2.984
Carnegie Hall (New York)	2.760
Royal Festival Hall (London)	2.678
Symphony Hall (Boston)	2.631
Festival Hall (Tokyo)	2.326
St. Andrews' Hall (Glasgow)	2.133
Concertgebouw (Amsterdam)	2.206
Musikvereinsaal (Vienna)	1.680

Inaugural program book at Philharmonic looked back upon earlier N.Y. concert halls, which trace the northward trek of culture, Castle Garden, the shell of an old fort was a concert hall in 1850 when P. T. Barnum presented Jenny Lind. Other Longhair sites:

Astor Place Opera House—1845

Steinway Hall—where the N.Y. Philharmonic first played was below 14th near Lexington. 1866

Academy of Music — This 14th Street establishment, circa 1859, identified with Patti, and with a grand ball to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII.

Manhattan Opera House—citadel on 34th Street of French opera, 1906-1910, when the first Oscar Hammerstein mounted his uncomfortable competition with the Met.

Aeolian Hall — also below 42d Street. In the books now for debut of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," 1924.

Metropolitan Opera — Opened 1883 at Broadway and 39th. Presently due for razing in 1966, when Met moves to Lincoln Center.

Hippodrome—Enormous auditorium on 6th Ave at 43-44, spanned period 1904-1939. Often used for big concerts, ballets, etc.

Town Hall — Small site, still flourishing, on W. 43. Classic premiere spot for soloists. Opened 1921.

Lexington Opera House—Opened in 1918. Amelita Galli-Curci debut. Later film house under Loew's. Present site of Summit Hotel.

City Center—Erected as Mecca Temple by the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. Converted by Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia in 1944. Divided now between grand opera, operetta, ballet and rentals.

Carnegie Hall—Opened in 1892, saved from destruction in 1961 by joint action of state and city of New York. Long HQ of Philharmonic. Now airconditioned, spruced up and in there pitching for the rental events in rivalry with Philharmonic Hall. Andrew Carnegie put up 100Gs and hence was honored.

New (Later Century) Theatre—In the early years of the present century an imposing edifice was reared on Central Park West, site of the present Century Apartments. Mismanaged from the start, alternating between diletantes and occasional artistic events, its coup was Diaghliven's Ballet Russe in 1916.

What's All Right About Reviewers

By HENRY SHEREK

London.

For a start, the New York critics are head and shoulders above their colleagues in London. (Having said this I have booked a one-way ticket to New Hope, Pa., hoping that Mike Ellis might give me a job.)

The main reason for this profound thought is that the majority of the New York critics really want to enjoy any play they may see in exercising their critical function. This does not, of course, go for all of them, because there is always a cur amongst even the finest pack of hounds.

Besides this, although the majority of them have very little time to write their reviews, they do seem to have an invigorating flavor and are able to paint a picture of the play they have just seen.

When I say this to London critics —and I do so repeatedly, which I suppose accounts for the bad reviews my plays in London mostly get—they always say that they could be just as good if they had the amount of space given to American critics. This is of course nonsense. The trouble with the London critics is that they try to be ever-so-witty, but to do so often entails being even harsher in their criticisms than they may even have intended to be.

There is a little bunch of new critics who are trying to mould the London theatre to their particular tastes, which are by no means concomitant with the tastes of the majority of their readers. Their main objective is an attack on the well-made play which has a beginning, a middle and an end, and anything that has not a great amount of filth in it drives them stark raving mad with fury.

The results are not helpful to the English theatre, and if they are allowed to carry on in their present despicable way, they might easily close up a large number of theatres and thus be deprived of their jobs.

The main trouble they cause is that there are playwrights who might write good plays for popular consumption, but are so terrified of being panned in the popular press that they do not dare so to do. In this way they fall between two stools because they try to please the critics by writing shapeless dirty plays, which usually do not go down well with the public. It may please them to read praise in the popular journals, but you can't eat reviews, so they write dainty little morsels for television which pay off quite well nowadays. This at least enables them to eat fairly regularly.

The Sunday papers here have different critics, from those who write for the daily. They have the whole week to think about what they are going to write, but it does not seem to help them much, because the two main ones have set obsessions about certain European authors who they continue to plug and plug and plug.

What is a producer to do in this parlous condition of the London theatre? Fall back on doing revivals? Quite fun, but not nearly as exciting as producing new plays, because true art must be creative. Of the 115 plays I have done since the war, I do not suppose I have done more than about 10 revivals, one of them particularly badly.

There is an old English dish called Shepherd's Pie, which is a rechauffage of a piece of roast beef, part of which was eaten hot on Sunday, cold on Monday, and then minced up and baked in an oven with hunks of potatoes atop of it.

It makes one burp but it is filling at the price, and sometimes so as to live, putting on a revival is necessary for me although it has the unpleasing physical after effects which I have described.

If I am associated with a play in New York and it gets bad reviews, it never really upsets me—much. I always feel I have had a fair trial and if I have been found guilty it is not because the critics have any personal bias against me or my productions. I know that they prefer to give me good reviews, but they have their old-fashioned integrity to fight against and the fact that they do not do so is to their credit, but of course there is still always the odd cur yapping away happily at other people's misery.

BRITAIN'S LORD BLUE-PENCIL

Put Amateur Actors On A Paying Basis

(THEY PAY THE HIRED AUDIENCE)

By CARL WINSTON

My cure for amateur theatre is to change the concept so that the audience will not pay to attend performances but be paid. About $5 a head would be the nominal rate for sitting through the whole performance. Those who flea after the first act would forfeit $3, after the second act, $1. This would put the audience under some sort of practical discipline.

The real financial core of my reform of the amateur theatre would be a series of fees assessed against the players and other artie folk. These are tentative prices:

DIRECTORS Directors who have never been backstage, but attend the theatre regularly and therefore have a complete command of all aspects of the drama—$350. If they have strident voices, a petulant manner and are bothered with personal problems—$500.

PLUMP MATRONS For plump housewives who essay roles originally played by Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell or Tallulah Bankhead — $250. If they dare discuss the size of their names on the billing—$350. If they expect interviews and pictures in the paper—$500.

CIVIC LEADERS For teachers, ministers, scoutmasters and civic leaders who have neither talent nor desire but want to show themselves off as good sports—$175.

DEN MOTHERS For Den Mothers and cocktail circuit luminaries who yearn to get out of the rut they're in—$100.

GREASEPAINTERS For anyone, male or female, who says: "Count me in. I've never done anything in the theatre, but I've always been fascinated by the smell of greasepaint"—$225.

ADMITTED N.T.'S For those who admit they have no talent but will gladly work as assistants, stagehands, makeup artists, etc.—$25.

'SUREFIRE' MUSICALS

By EDWIN BRONNER

"We're calling it 'Streetcar!' . . . With an exclamation point, of course . . . Don't worry; with Jane Pickens as Blanche and Robert Morse as Stanley, how could Tennessee possibly say no!"

* * *

"Whadaya mean you can't see 'The Shrike' as a Comden & Green show?"

* * *

"That's right—'Johnny Belinda!' It's about this poor, little deaf mute . . . Dolores Gray's up for the part. That's right—she'll *hum* the lyrics."

* * *

"It may *seem* an unlikely subject but, actually, the typhoid epidemic story's a natural. It's got humor, pathos, heroism — *everything!* Phil Silvers is practically set for the lead so we're changing the title from 'Yellow Jack' to 'Glad To See You!'"

* * *

"I know Massey was great in it. But can Richard Boone *sing*?"

* * *

"Here's a VARIETY exclusive about our musical-comedy production of 'White Cargo.' Edward Albee, Eric Bentley, Paddy Chayevsky and Gore Vidal have agreed to collaborate on the book!"

* * *

"Ibsen's 'Ghosts'? With Ethel Merman as Mrs. Alving??"

* * *

"It's an operetta based on 'The Good Earth'. We're calling it 'Locust Time'."

* * *

"Would Lloyd Bridges be interested in our aquacade version of 'A Hatful Of Rain'?"

* * *

"It's just a thought, Arthur, but since we're talking about 'A Smile and a Shoeshine' anyway, what about Milton Berle as Willy Loman?"

* * *

"Frankly, our 'Tobacco Road' score isn't quite ready yet. The boys are still trying to come up with a number for Jeeter Lester to sing to Ellie May. Something like "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face" . . . Incidentally, would Tammy Grimes mind playing Ellie May with a harelip?"

* * *

"What's so damn funny about Hermione Gingold as Mother Goddam in "The Shanghai Gesture'? You'd prefer Molly Picon, maybe?"

* * *

"Carol Burnett as Sadie Thompson? Rudy Vallee as Reverend Davidson? Type casting! Anyway, 'Rain's' already been done as a musical!"

* * *

"No, it's *after* Doc's drunken softshoe routine that the chorus comes on dressed as puppies and does the reprise of Lola's 'Little Sheba' theme song."

* * *

"Well, if you can sign Julie Andrews as Elizabeth Barrett and Richard Burton as Robert Browning, maybe 'How Do I Love Ya' could be booked into the Winter Garden next season!"

EASED, BUT STAGE ALONE CENSORED

By DICK RICHARDS

London.

When Lord Cobbold, an ex-Governor of the Bank of England, took over from the Earl of Scarborough as Lord Chamberlain he moved into a hot if "obsolete" seat. Many intelligent people regard the job as dated as long woollen underwear. Yet, as Lord Chamberlain, Cobbold automatically becomes censor of the British theatre and with absolute authority From him there is no right of appeal. He has to okay every new stage play and, according to law, that covers "every tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, burletta, interlude, melodrama, pantomime or other entertainment of the stage, or any part thereof." It is a heavy responsibility.

The censor is concerned only with public entertainments, which means that private club theatres can stage what they like, providing nobody raps them for indecency. Nor can he thumb down any play written before 1843, when the Theatres Act was passed. There again any protests would have to come from the public or the police.

Whole idea dates back to Tudor times. Master of the King's Revels was appointed by Henry VII to give the once over to entertainments staged at the Royal Court. But suppression of heretic or seditious drama in Tudor and Stuart days became so fanatical that the job proved too heavy for the Master of the King's Revels and it was passed to the Lord Chamberlain.

In James I's Time

In James I's reign the first Act was passed concerning the theatre. It was designed "to restrain the abuses of players . . . for preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the Holy Name of God in Stage Plays etc . . . "

The theatre got rather more lively early in the 18th century and it was then that strolling players were "termed" rogues and vagabonds," and became police-suspected figures. In 1737 the heat was really on. Actors could only perform by law in places that had been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, and "no new plays, or additions to old plays" might be acted without official okay. In 1843 an Act was passed which is the one which still applies to the modern

(Continued on page 240)

London B.O. Prices Rising Steadily, But Still Bargain for U.S. Tourists

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

The casual visitor might be forgiven for not appreciating that there has been any appreciable change in the London legit scene. After all, "The Mousetrap," now in its 11th year, is still firmly in residence at the Ambassadors Theatre, "My Fair Lady" is confidently advertising its "last two years" at the Drury Lane, and "Oliver" has passed its 1,000th performance at the New Theatre.

Yet, almost imperceptibly, there have been several major changes in the West End theatre over the past few years. Not so long ago, the average top admission price was in the region of $2 or just a little more, but it has been creeping up gradually, and without so much as batting an eyelid, West End impresarios are asking—and getting — more than double that amount for some of the more lavish presentations. By New York standards, even a top of $4 may be regarded as a bargain, though such charges represent a strain on the purse of many Londoners, and a severe test of loyalty to the theatre.

Ticket Costs Rise

The steadily rising admission prices must, however, be regarded as a part of a general trend, and as an inevitable development of the continuing increase in the cost of living. Production costs are substantially more today than they were a decade back, and the doubling of seat prices has not eliminated the financial hazard of backing a West End production. The number of failures in any season still outstrips the successes, and as often as not, the losses are higher than the profits. But every impresario optimistically hopes that one day a "Mousetrap" or "Fair Lady" or an "Oliver!" will drop into his lap and help redress the balance of the misadventures of past years.

Another feature of the changing West End scene relates to the later starting hour of evening performances. The pre-war habit of an 8:30 to 8:45 curtain was dropped at the start of hostilities, and most shows began at or near 7 p.m., to give audiences a chance of getting to their homes whilst the trains were still running, and before the bombing got too heavy.

That practice lingered on for some considerable time, and it was a comparatively daring management that introduced a break with custom a few years back, and opened a show with an 8 p.m. curtain time. Many rival managements were convinced that the experiment was doomed to failure, but now the majority have fallen into line, and an 8 o'clock start is more the rule than the exception. The trend towards later opening is, indeed, increasing, and there are today quite a few productions starting as late as 8:40 p.m.

Other Changes

The Royal Court Theatre, operated by the English Stage Co., has performed a notable service for the London theatre in staging the first presentations of many distinguished productions. It was the Royal Court, for example, which introduced the works of Osborne and Wesker, and it was at the same theatre that several other distinguished playwrights got their first real chance of a professional presentation. It's easy to criticize the theatre for its failures, but its successes cannot be overlooked or ignored. Though the last John Osborne program, "Plays for England," may have received some harsh treatment from the critics, the latest Wesker play, "Chips With Everything," was voted the best new play of the year in VARIETY's annual poll of the London legit reviewers and transferred for a regular West End engagement.

Just as there are horses for courses, there must be shows for showgoers. What the Royal Court has to offer to its patrons in Sloane Square would not do for the Whitehall Theatre, which has survived most profitably for more than a decade on outrageous, farcical comedy. And the audience that makes its way down Whitehall would probably not be seen within a mile or two of the Fortune Theatre, where "Beyond the Fringe" continues as a smash attraction, notwithstanding the fact that the original cast is now repeating its London triumph in New York. And by the same token, the public that has sustained "The Mousetrap" for more than 10 years is hardly likely to be the same as that which has made the two Peter Shaffer one-act plays, "The Private Ear and The Public Eye," a hit at the Globe Theatre. But that's show business, and the entrepreneurs must know their market.

From the point of view of the British impresario, one encouraging feature of the changing scene is the increasing interest by Broadway managements in the West End theatre. The two-way traffic of today is in marked contrast to the single route across the Atlantic of just a few years back, when the London theatre was dominated by top American shows, and when no musical had a chance unless it could open with the slogan "imported from Broadway." Today, "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off" and "Oliver" now current on the Main Stem, are imports from the West End, as is "Beyond the Fringe," "A Man for All Seasons," "The Affair" and "Calculated Risk," with "School for Scandal" making its elegant and classical bow later in the month. On the reverse side of the ledger, London audiences now have on view "Come Blow Your Horn," "Fiorello!," "My Fair Lady," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Noel Coward's "Sail Away" and "The Sound of Music." The scorecard is relatively equal, with just a slight edge in favor of the American show. But that represents quite a big switch over the past few years, and is a point which has been pleasurably noted in British legit circles.

JERRY HERMAN

WRH

MAYHEM BY TYPEWRITER

Dorothy Parker: "'House Beautiful,' play lousy." Ditto: "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B." (referring to Katherine Hepburn in "The Lake").

John Mason Brown: "Tallulah Bankhead barged down the Nile last night as Cleopatra—and sank.'

Eugene Field: "He played the King as though somebody led with the ace" (anent a Shakespearean revival).

Brooks Atkinson: "When Mr. Wilbur calls his play 'Halfway to Hell,' he underestimates the distance."

Percy Hammond: "I have knocked everything except the knees of the chorus girls, and God anticipated me there" (in re a certain musical comedy).

Anon: "For the first time in my life I envied my feet—they were asleep."

Anon: "It's a run-of-the-morgue whodunit."

Walter Winchell: "So I'll wait three days and go to their closings" (re the time he was barred out of certain legit openings).

John Chapman (reviewing "Step On A Crack"): "George Jenkins' setting of a house and yard all decorated up for a 4th of July party is so good that maybe he can jack it up and run a new play under it."

Kelcy Allen (when John Barrymore revived "Macbeth"; in act 5, scene 8, Macbeth declaims, 'Lay on, Macduff; and damn'd be him that first cries," etc.) was heard very audibly to wheeze: "Lay on, Macbeth; lay off McBride."

Percy Hammond (reviewing a vaudeville act): "They have played it so often that they can play it in their sleep, which they did."

Richard Haydn (discussing a juvenile): "What a personality that boy needs."

Walter Kerr (reviewing "Hook 'n' Ladder"): "The sort of a play that gives failures a bad name."

Tallulah Bankhead to Alec Woollcott (following the performance of a Maeterlinck play): "There is less in this than meets the eye."

Dorothy Parker, who signed her reviews "Constant Reader" (in covering an A.A. Milne play): "Constant Weader fwowed up."

Harry Ruby (to a producer): "How do you think a smash hit would go today?"

Robert Benchley (after having panned "Abie's Irish Rose" and being compelled each week to write a capsule review for old Life magazine, after several years added): "Well, anyway, it won't run forever."

Claudia Cassidy (Chi Trib) (of a legit director): "He was a rock of disaster in a sea of ineptitude."

Anon: "Main thing wrong with last night's play was that the curtain was up."

Andre Sennwald (of a Clifford Odets work): "Odets, where is thy sting?"

Gilbert W. Gabriel: "Playwrights are just a lot of disappointed critics."

Ashton Stevens: "No one can run downhill as fast as a thoroughbred." (Referring to John Barrymore in "My Dead Children.")

Gene Fowler: "Bert Lahr, the Cyclops of Comedy."

Madison Wisconsin News heading: "Ham-Lit" (re high-spirited performance by Ben Greet in "Hamlet.")

Percy Hammond: "Dramatic criticism is the venom from contented rattlesnakes."

Alexander Woollcott: "Mother has a brain of solid popcorn." (re "Life With Father" with Lillian Gish.)

Sydney Harris: "An actor is a man who sends you a telegram to explain why he hasn't been able to send you a letter."

Mark Twain: "I'd rather see Lillian Russell naked than General Ulysses S. Grant in full dress uniform."

Ashton Stevens: "They shot the wrong man at the La Salle last night." (re hoodlum shooting outside theatre on opening night.) (Years later he also used the same line on Samuel Insull's architects at the opening of the Civic Opera House in 1929.)

Percy Hammond: "'Desire Under the Elms' is a play about a man who thought he became a father but who found out he was only a grandfather."

Ashton Stevens: "The ads read limited engagement, they might better have announced limited performance." (re Leslie Howard in "Hamlet.")

James Whittaker: referred to the new Al Jolson Theatre as a "mausoleum" and thereby got himself barred when that mortuary word had been defined by the Shuberts' Claude P. Greneker.

FPA: "Helen Hayes is suffering from fallen archness."

Irvin Cobb: (description of the attitude of New York press toward visiting authors from the west): "Calmness with a touch of lethargy."

Percy Hammond: "They expose to the baffled beholder the most erratic accumulation of naked and malformed shanks, knees and fetlocks ever seen outside a doctor book." (re Gertrude Hoffman & Co.)

Noel Coward: "He's every other inch a gentleman." (re Michael Arlen.)

Ashton Stevens: "The show ran late, the audience early." (re "Round The Town" with Heywood Broun.)

Ethel Barrymore: "How that man loves to hear himself write." (re William Winter.)

Alfred Lunt: "Playing light comedy to some people is like feeding souffle to a horse." (re "O Mistress Mine.")

James Whittaker: "When I married Ina Claire she told me she was an actress, but there was nothing to prove this in her performance at the Belasco last night." (Revealing recent marriage: "Polly With a Past.")

Groucho Marx who credited **George S. Kaufman:** "I didn't like it—but then I saw it under adverse conditions—the curtain was up."

Clifton Webb: "Gertie is a mess of talent." (Gertrude Lawrence in "Lady In The Dark.")

Anon: "Gertrude Lawrence doesn't take vitamins—vitamins take Gertrude Lawrence." (re overacting).

When Dan Frohman barred **Alan Dale, Sam Chamberlain,** editor of the American, rejoined with a three-column halftone, which he captioned, "This is not a caricature, but a photograph of Mr. Daniel Frohman."

Aston Stevens: "Durante's Cyranose gets altogether too much attention from the press. This most original of comedians could do it with a snub nose."

Percy Hammond: "Miss Tucker's repertory comes under the classification of chamber music, since its contents are intimate almost to the point of privacy."

Richard Henry Little: "'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine' opened at the Chicago Opera House last night and the plot was as follows: 'Durn ye, drap that gun!'" (Notice in full.)

Burns Mantle: "Harry Richman appeared from under the bed in a bedroom blackout with a potty on his head. Mr. Richman may not realize how becoming it is."

Anon: "She can tear a passion to titters."

Ashton Stevens: "Beautiful *Orine* Elliot! She is now more beauty than actress, but if she doesn't look to her diet she will soon be more actress than beauty." (Maxine Elliot, better known for her beauty than acting.)

Anon: Sarah Bernhardt, who is old enough to know better, played "Hamlet" last night.

Percy Hammond: "She is a plump, almost Circassian blonde whose ample figure overflows her girdles in graceful cascades and whose laborious ambulations suggest that she has sore feet." (Mae West in "The Constant Sinner.")

Sidney Grundy: "That's right. The devil with finesse. Kick it in the seat."

Wilton Lackaye: "Produce it! They can't even pronounce it." (When asked if Klaw & Erlanger would produce his dramatization of "Les Miserables.")

Laurette Taylor: "Blame makes me belligerent—Praise weakens me." (To **Ashton Stevens** re "Glass Menagerie.")

Anon: "The producer who tells you he has his finger on the public pulse is generally taking his own temperature."

Ashton Stevens: "You don't exactly live when you see 'See Naples and Die.' (re Federal Theatre production.)

Anon friend: "Sorry to hear your play is receiving bad word of mouth."

Anon playwright: "Only by those who have seen it."

George Tyler once placed an ad in the New York papers: "George Arliss, the notorious bad actor may be seen in a hackneyed theme of Americana by the well-known hackneyed writer Booth Tarkington."

Richard Mansfield once placed an ad in the Philadelphia papers: "Mr. Mansfield is sorry to disturb the inhabitants in Philadelphia, but he is playing "Richard III" every night at the Walnut Theatre."

Percy Hammond: "A dancer who, if she were not so comely, so humorous and so expert, would be something like Miss Ruth St. Dennis." (re Miss Nina Payne.)

Ashton Stevens: "A half Portia." (re Helen Hayes in "Merchant of Venice.")

Ashton Stevens: "Anecdote and antidote." (re Hartley Manners and Laurette Taylor in order named.)

Percy Hammond: "To a few others the 'Vanities' is an emetic rather than an entertainment. Although Mr. Carroll's gorgeous new theatre is equipped with numerous conveniences, it lacks a vomitarium." (Earl Carroll's Vanities, 1931)

Ashton Stevens: "Romeo never loved Juliet, nor Dante Beatrice, nor Tristan Isolde, nor Cross, Blackwell, as Jan loves Klepura." (re Jan Klepura in "Polonaise")

Gilbert Gabriel: "Now I can be hated for myself alone." (after giving up daily criticism.)

Anon (of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" performance): "The splendid bloodhounds were supported by an adequate cast of humans."

Kay Ashton-Stevens: "The William Winter of my discontent."

Mrs. Stella Cambell: "Make love to me if you must, but not in the newspaper. It detracts from the value of your criticism" (re her first appearance in San Francisco.)

Aristotle (384-322 B.C., **on** the continuous decline of the theatre): "It (the happy ending) has had a vogue only by the imbecility of the judgment of the spectators, and those who practise it are gratifying the tastes of their audiences."

True story: During the opening of "Cheerio," with Marjorie Rambeau, an acidulous Chicago critic left the theatre earlier than usual. The manager asked is there anything wrong? The critic replied over his shoulder, "My seats are terrible, I can hear every word."

Also true: The manager who was brooding over a severe Alan Dale pan and beat up a luckless actor whom he mistook for the critic. When the matter was brought to the N. Y. Journal critic's attention he demanded an apology from both the assaulter and the assaulted!

DELFONT'S VIDRAMAS INTO WEST END LEGIT

London.

Impresario Bernard Delfont who's staged a legit version of the click tv series, "The Rag Trade," is sold on the idea that the theatre and television should get together on a happy boxoffice honeymoon.

He intends, next year, to put on a stage production of "Steptoe & Son." This is a popular BBC series which features two men, Steptoe (Wilfrid Brambell), a conniving junkman, and his son (Harry C. Corbett) who wants to get ahead in life.

Future of the stage version of "The Rag Trade" will probably determine whether or not "Steptoe & Son," as a stage venture, ever gets out of the dreaming stage.

Wichita's Same-Night SRO For Hayes-Evans and Stern

Wichita.

It might be an eyeopener to those who think of the city of Wichita as a cultural desert that two events slated for the same evening are SRO more than two months in advance.

While it seldom happens here that a legit and a longhair booking conflict, the night of Feb. 4 has Isaac Stern playing a recital at the 2,400-seat East High Auditorium and Maurice Evans and Helen Hayes in their "Program For Two Players" at the 1,600-seat Univ. of Wichita Auditorium. Stern will also give a matinee performance on the preceding day.

The legit one-nighter, auspiced by the Wichita Community Theatre, was sold out in October.

Hannen Swaffer, Vintage 1927

When Hannen Swaffer died early in 1962 he reaped in the London press the extravagant harvest of his own magnificent egotism. For amidst the many recollections of his doings and sayings which sundry editors, columnists, showmen and miscellaneous illuminati rushed to express, there seemed unanimous agreement that the greatest quality of the great Swaff was his superb, unabashed self esteem. It drew gasps of astonishment even in circles notorious for egotism.

This quality of Swaffer had amused the founder-editor of VARIETY, *Sime Silverman. He allowed the Englishman to vent his "I" fulsomely in a series of columns which ran in* VARIETY *for some time during the 1920's. Although at time of the demise, this paper joined with the London journals in memories of Swaffer, much more might then have been said. Republished now is a sample from Swaffer's then regular "London As It Looks."*

(From VARIETY, Jan. 19, 1927)

London As It Looks

By HANNEN SWAFFER

London.

The Man Who Knows

Jack Hylton is appearing tonight at a big ball at the Albert Hall. The language on the circular is most flamboyant. "Royalty will be present," is one of the inducements to go. "Everybody that matters will be there, founders of the Mustard Club among them."

However, I am sure the ball was a great success, because a most elaborately printed souvenir of Jack Hylton's band, which reached me yesterday morning and which must have been printed a week ago, said: "My successful Happy New Year festivity at the Albert Hall was probably the biggest musical event ever undertaken." A thing must be a great success if Jack knows it was, a week before it happened!

Jazz Approaching Its Funeral

The truth is, of course, that all the London journals now predict the end of jazz. You can scarcely pick up a newspaper without some indication of the fact that the British public will shortly be heartily sick of the entire thing.

I must congratulate your American publishers on their astuteness in causing the London publishers to load up thousands and thousands of copies of jazz music which they will never sell.

Boys singing carols in the streets have been given twice as many pennies this year merely because the passers-by like to hear an English tune for a change, never mind how badly it was sung.

Plain Words About 'Liliom'

How on earth did your Theatre Guild produce "Liliom" so that people took it seriously? Ivor Novello's friends, resenting what they call by bitter attack on its crudity, say "Surely you know Molnar is a classic."

I wonder what a classic is. In England it means the race for 2,000 Guineas, the 1,000 Guineas, the Derby, the Oaks or the Leger.

Certainly there aren't 2,000 guineas, or even 1,000 guineas, in this show. It is merely an 'oax with nothing to show in the ledger.

I cannot understand why a hungry Hungarian should be called a classic because he grows his hair long.

It All Ends in Smoke

Anyway, London audiences are now angry because the smoke that filled the theatre in the railway embankment scene on the first night has been cut out. I thought it was the best part of the show.

Another curious thing is that, whereas a lot of nonsense has been written about the "artistic" embankment scene, it is really merely an arrangement of straight lines which cost a lot of money, and so arranged that, when Ivor Novello committed suicide on the embankment scarcely anybody in the gallery could see what he was doing.

The Dry Drinkwater

We saw John Drinkwater in quite another light on Boxing Day when they staged "Puss in Boots," a children's show which he wrote when he and Barry Hackson were amateurs playing in The Pilgrims, which was the beginning of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, as far ago as 1911.

It was a failure when originally produced, but since then it has been altered.

Certainly it is much better than a pantomime, for in the modern English pantomime the story is lost so the comedian's red nose may be found.

Besides, they pay $1,500 a week to artists who are not worth more than $100, and as a rule, make the children whose fathers make them wonder what their parents are not laughing at.

Sybil Thorndike Does It Again

Sybil Thorndike has again annoyed her enemies in the London theatre by producing a "Macbeth" worthy of Tree's "Richard II," which was his highest achievement in production.

Miss Thorndike has no idea of the resentment that goes around certain circles of the London stage whenever she marches on to another triumph. She doesn't belong to any gangs, you see. She is a member of no clique. She is merely a religious-minded woman, with a husband and children, who respects her calling, dislikes publicity, and does her job.

That is why Shaw wrote for "St. Joan" which was this country's greatest contribution to the drama since Shakespeare died.

Actor Descended From a King

As for Lewis Casson, her husband, who produced the play—well, if he has been a Russian, or a Greek, or a Zulu, they would have put "Iskis" all over the bill.

Charles Ricketts' scenery and costumes, Granville Bantock's music, and the acting of Sybil Thorndike as Lady Macbeth, Hency Ainley as the Scottish king who wants a crown, or a half-crown, that he hasn't got, and Basil Gill as Macduff—they were all worthy of the great master whose play they conspired to stage.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, who is a lineal descendant of King Duncan, whose murder is the first tragedy of the play, sat with his family in a box.

All the Shakespeareans were there, anti-Shubert to a man.

During one of the earlier performances Fred Terry and his daughter, Phyllis, stood in the queue to get seats in the pit! That is just the unobtrusive thing the dear old thing would do. He is a Terry.

Ruth Terry's Letters

Ruth Terry, it would seem, writes quaint letters in schoolgirl spelling to her friends.

She has sent me one protesting against my notice of "The Gold Diggers," and saying that she has never done any harm in her life, telling me frightful fairy tales of how "her Pa was a cop and Ma was his wife" and how "then I went out into the big racket. I saw such terrible things. Things what sent our brothers and sisters to asylums and jails. People what killed themselves. Little children what died. Cripples and blind ones. Then the war and tears and screams. But in the meantime, I learnt to laff, bustin' rite out."

And so, it seems, she goes on laffing.

"So some day maybe," she says, "I'll get a blanket of blue violets which says on it in white ones, 'Gone to rest from the Press Agents.'"

Channing Pollock should read this.

STAGE, CONCERT, CIRCUS LADIES

So I Took The $50,000

By ROBERT DOWNING

When, last October, VARIETY, the N.Y. Times, and some of the wire services informed a breathless world that the University of Texas had paid $50,000 for the theatre collection of a reasonably colorless Broadway stage manager, certain events were sure to occur.

However, the press failed to clarify the following:

(1.) Payments will be made in small amounts over several years, not only for obvious tax reasons, but to spare even so affluent a school as Texas the burden of putting out all that moola at one time.

(2.) Since the collection included almost 10,000 books (not to mention literally dozens of cases of peripheral material) gathered during the past 20 years, it might correctly be assumed that I had spent a certain amount of money putting this library together. Suppose I spent only $2 a volume (and some of them, I assure you, cost considerably more). Deduct $20,000 from $50,000, and the profit grows smaller. Deduct, also, the approximately $5,000 spent during two decades on insurance, moving, storing and upkeep, and the total sum is halved.

It is difficult to say what the cross-indexed card catalogue, personally prepared during countless hours of work, and amounting to thousands of cards, would be worth. In my tenure as an amateur librarian, I met several professionals in the field. They are reasonably paid, and they eat prodigiously. They also drink. Throw in, if you are generous, the painfully-acquired "know how" that made the collection of genuine value in theatre research (which mainly is why Texas was interested), and I figure the score is about even.

I am happy to have "donated" the result of my hobby, grown into an avocation, mushroomed into a major responsibility, to a school with an excellent theatre arts library (the Hoblitzelle), and a lively drama department. It's where it belongs, and, luckily, it's landed on a target for which I prepared the collection during those long, fusty years spent in bookstores, thrift shops, in catalogue-browsing, and behind my desk. Not to mention the physical fitness I invited by lifting, carrying, packing and handling the sheer tonnage when I had it.

Agent Fee Off Top

(3.) The deal was handled by an agent. Agents get fees. My agent deserves his. It comes off the top.

(4.) Voluntarily, and without additional remuneration, I have agreed to continue adding to the collection each year: assuming the cost of initial purchases in the field, and of shipping same to Austin. Also, I am willing to go to Texas to help arrange the material, and to speak to drama students there, as I have at other colleges, if the management so desires.

Ever since the headlines concerning the transaction appeared, I have had phone calls from insurance salesmen and stock brokers. That was to be expected. What shook me was a call from a man selling cemetery lots. I didn't think my picture in The Times was especially flattering, but neither did I think it depicted me as mausoleum bait. Well, you never know.

The mail has also brought fascinating communications. I have been asked by a collector for advice in disposing of his hoard of scrapbooks containing "important" front pages of American newspapers dating back to the McKinley assassination. Because it was stated, in print, that my squirrel-like tendencies had caused me to preserve directors' jottings on match books, actors' laundry lists, and similar ephemera, I was offered, via correspondence, large caches of tattered and worthless souvenirs, declared by the owners to have had some remote connection with theatre people. For this junk, the asking prices were astronomical.

On the plus side, Alan Brasseau, a veteran member of the New York local of the stagehands' union, read the press releases and was prompted to give me a good deal of valuable material pertaining to his early years in the brotherhood. This is the kind of reference backlog seldom available to researchers, and it goes forward to Texas with sincere gratitude for Brasseau's understanding of the constructive uses of such an accumulation.

In my continuing activities as a stage manager, I have had to live with any number of standard ribbings of the variety one might expect. However, the false notion that I had won a sweepstakes or struck oil, so to speak, gained instant circulation. Perhaps some of what I have set down here will serve to indicate that I still have to work for a living. Also, I still have creditors.

In summation, I'm grateful for the experience of learning more about my profession through amassing the collection and working with it for 20 years. I'm hopeful that its presence in a progressive school may aid future theatre professionals. And I'm relieved that the burden of caring for all that material has been taken over by a pro. Dr. Frederick Hunter of Texas, and his staff.

Honest, I didn't really *take* the $50,000!

P.S.—*When the first check in payment for my Theatre Collection arrived the other day I was only mildly shaken to discover that the Treasurer of the State of Texas is a man named Jesse James!*

Convert N.Y. Film House For 2 Off-B'way Spots; One Opens This Month

The Comet Theatre, a former 550-seat film grindhouse in New York's downtown eastside area, is being converted into two separate legit houses. The change is being made by Twin Theatres Inc., formed recently by Louis L. Lloyd, Arthur Conescu and Omar K. Lerman to operate adjoining 190 and 299-seaters.

Twin Theatres intends spending nearly $100,000 on the necessary renovations. The smaller house, to front on Third Avenue, will be called the Pocket Theatre and is scheduled to be ready for occupancy later this month. The 299-seater, which will have an entrance on East 13th St., has not yet been titled. Work on that phase of the dual operation is slated to be completed in the spring.

The partners in Twin Theatres all have show business credits. Lloyd, who's been a program assistant at CBS-TV for the last two years, has produced off-Broadway, as has Conescu. Lerman, who's been coproducer at the Corning (N.Y.) Summer Theatre for the last 12 years, is currently a consultant on the professional touring arts program of the N.Y. State Council on the Arts. He was also associate managing director for the Phoenix Theatre, N.Y., during the last two years of a six-year association with that organization.

Shelagh Delaney's 'Lion' Planned for Off-B'way

An early March opening at an undesignated off-Broadway theatre is planned by Gerald Krone, Dorothy Olim and Irving Dorfman for their production of Shelagh Delaney's "The Lion in Love." Krone and Miss Olim have been partnered in other off-Broadway productions while Dorfman, a Broadway pressagent, will be making his managerial debut as coproducer of the comedy.

Miss Delaney is scheduled to arrive from England early in February for the start of rehearsals. The production is to be directed by Ann Giudici.

A TRUE LOVER FORGETS FLAWS

By HUMPHREY DOULENS
(*V.P., Columbia Artist Mgmt.*)

As a longtime manager of incandescent, combustible and expensive First Ladies, I feel the urge to observe my silver jubilee on Broadway and 57th St. with a little recollection and some fond appraisal. Never in the same league with such classy agents as Bill McCaffrey, Barron Polan, P. Alonzo or Fally Markus, and not quite yet eligible for the Percy Williams Home or Bertha Foster's retreat down in Coral Gables, I am still plugging along the rialto trying to justify John Chapman's whilom appraisal as "The Rich Man's Salmaggi."

Whether it was on the high road with Gorman Bros.' Circus (seven alleged Gorman brothers all named Tom), swiping a whole Pullman car on the Pennsy for Lily Pons, rewriting "The Desert Song" with Privates Joshua Logan and Alan Campbell in an incredible wartime bastion, driving Hildegarde's Mack truck between one-night stands with "Hildy" herself riding in the cab to keep me awake, piping a new top soprano in Kay Thompson's Rhythm Singers named Dorothy Kirsten, tuning a beatup piano for Mary Martin in a dingy bar in Nome, Alaska, or staging a Command Performance for the Queen of England, I have earned, I think, a few pet opinions. I have forgotten almost all of the gripes, the heartaches, the frustrations and those awful Sundays in Detroit, and I am richer for having had them. It's certainly better than being with The Prudential, even at the Home Office in Newark.

For reasons best known to myself, I should hereby like to list the 20 most fascinating women with whom I have been associated over these long and colorful years. I do not observe any order of appearance and jot the dear girls down as they come back to me with all of their moods and tantrums, their kindnesses and their demands, their skill and their gayety, their stardust and their fees.

Grace Moore: She taught me most about the business and certainly had more impact than any lady I managed. Mercurial, generous, fun, shrewd and difficult beyong measure, I loved her dearly and was usually to be found in the back of the theatre listening to her with total enchantment when I should have been counting the house.

Lily Pons: My special pet. We

(Continued on page 238)

'Mansions' Premiere in Stockholm Continued Sweden's O'Neill Romance

By FREDERIC FLEISHER

Stockholm.

The world openings of Eugene O'Neill's posthumous plays at the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm have marked the high point of several Swedish theatre seasons in recent years.

During the autumn another O'Neill work, "More Stately Mansions," had its first and probably only showing at the Stockholm theatre. Mrs. Carlotta Monterey O'Neill, the playwright's widow, has donated all the profits from the Stockholm productions of the posthumous plays to a Eugene O'Neill Scholarship Fund for deserving actors at the Royal Dramatic Theatre.

Shortly before his death on Nov. 27, 1953, Eugene O'Neill is said to have expressed the desire that "Long Day's Journey Into Night" should have its world premiere at the Royal Dramatic Theatre, where more of his plays had been presented than on any stage in the world. Since this play was performed there has been an O'Neill renaissance and there is good reason ask why it started in Sweden.

During the last years of his life, O'Neill seems to have felt that he was rather forgotten in theatrical circles of the United States. Many critics were quite sharp in their latterday evaluations. They claimed that he overloaded his characters with surface conflicts instead of intensifying their inner conflicts and they tended to topple over as a result. He used contrived effects and had an archaic style. Yet for more than 20 years O'Neill had been regarded America's most important dramatist and this was represented by some critics as having a disastrous effect on American drama.

There are several possible reasons why O'Neill took a special interest in the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm. "Strange Interlude," "Mourning Becomes Electra," and "The Iceman Cometh" had their European opening at this theatre. Furthermore, several other Swedish theatres had shown numerous of O'Neill's plays.

However, another factor that may have been of greater importance is that the Royal Dramatic Theatre and the Malmo Civic Theatre put on "A Moon for the Misbegotten" when there was no apparent interest in the play in the United States. It had died on the road in 1947.

The Malmo Civic Theatre staged the play during the early part of 1953. This also marked its first performance outside of the United States. Although the Malmo production was not very successful, the Royal Dramatic Theatre staged it a couple of months later under the direction of veteran Olof Molander. The cast also featured Lars Hanson, Eva Dahlbeck and Uno Henning. The Stockholm production was highly praised by most Swedish critics and the success delighted O'Neill in the last months before his death.

Still another factor that may have influenced O'Neill's decision was that he had been awarded a Nobel prize in literature. O'Neill also felt a great debt to August Strindberg which he expressed in a speech to be read at the Nobel ceremonies that the playwright had been unable to attend. O'Neill wrote:

> *"This thought of original inspiration brings me to what is, for me, the greatest happiness this occasion affords, and that is the opportunity it gives me to acknowledge, gratitude and pride, to you and to the people of Sweden, the debt my work owes to that greatest genius of all dramatists, your August Strindberg. . . . If there is anything of lasting worth in my work, it is due to that original impulse from him."*

A Two-Way Search

At the time of O'Neill's death the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm knew nothing of the playwright's desire to have "Long Day's Journey Into Night" open in Stockholm. Karl Ragnar Gierow, head of the Stockholm theatre, had a feeling that O'Neill must have left some unpublished manuscripts. Through his friend Dag Hammarskjold, the late Secretary-General of the United Nations, Gierow contacted the widow. When Gierow later met Mrs. O'Neill he learned of "Journey Into Night," and that O'Neill had wanted it to have its world premiere at the Stockholm theatre.

Shortly after "Night" opened in February, 1956, at the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm, Gierow received a letter from Mrs. O'Neill in which she wrote:

"The longer I live, the more amazing I find life. For example, in 1954 you were searching for me and I was searching for you, not even knowing for whom I was searching. Then Dag Hammarskjold found me and we discovered, [illegible] I [illegible] but not [illegible] wanted the same thing."

Set Season Tour For 'Child Buyer'

The Paul Shyre dramatization of John Hersey's novel, "The Child Buyer," presented for five weeks last spring at the Univ. of California at Los Angeles, is scheduled for a 20-week tour next season. The hinterland trek for the play, which Peter Katz is producing, is being booked by the William Morris Agency and is scheduled to start in October.

The Theatre Group, an extension of the adult education program at UCLA under the direction of John Houseman, presented the play at the university by arrangement with Katz. A number of prominent performers appeared, under the direction of Shyre. Next season's road entry, for which two stars and 13 supporting players are to be cast, will be staged by William Ball.

Split-week stands, with numerous one-night dates, have been set for the touring production, mostly at colleges and universities. Bookings are being made primarily on a guarantee basis, which Katz says virtually ensures a profit for the road venture. The play will probably be done on Broadway during the 1964-65 season.

FIRST PLAYS

By EDWIN BRONNER

"To be able to write a play for performance in a theatre, a man must be sensitive, imaginative, naive, gullible, passionate; he must be something of an imbecile, something of a poet, something of a liar, something of a damn fool. . . . He must be independent and brave, and sure of himself and of the importance of his work, because if he isn't, he will never survive the scorching blasts of derision that will probably greet his first efforts."

—Robert E. Sherwood

When a playwright's first play is panned by the reviewers, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is in distinguished company. After all, Ibsen was castigated by his contemporaries as a writer of "garbage and offal," Chekhov was driven almost to the verge of suicide by the taunts of the cognoscenti, and—as Mr. Sherwood's remarks indicate—a substantial number of present-day playwrights have been battered and bruised by their first bout with Broadway.

William Inge has a theory about this. In his preface to "Four Plays" (Random House), Inge states that it is "probably a bad omen" if an author's first play is a hit, adding that it usually takes one or two plays by a new author before audiences can feel "sufficiently comfortable with him to consider fairly what he has to say."

To illustrate his thesis, Mr. Inge reminds that "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1950) was brickbatted by several critics and that "some of the reviews showed an almost violent repugnance" to the Shirley Booth-Sidney Blackmer starrer. Moreover, the production did good business for only a few weeks and then "houses began to dwindle to the size of tea parties."

Since critic-baiting is a pointless pastime, let's sidestep the question of whether or not Mr. Inge's first play deserved the "scorching blasts of derision" it received from certain quarters. On the whole, "Sheba" fared better with the press and public than most initial efforts by new dramatists.

Arthur Miller's "The Man Who Had All The Luck (1944), Tennessee Williams' "Battle Of Angels" (1940), Mary Chase's "Now You've Done It" (1937), Dore Schary's "Too Many Heroes" (1937), Ben Hecht's "The Egotist (1922), Sidney Howard's "Swords" (1921)—these and many other dramaturgical debuts were something less than triumphs, unfortunately. Sometimes, of course the script itself was at fault; sometimes an inept production got in the way of the author and his audience; and sometimes the play was simply ahead of its time.

The latter may have been the trouble with "The Trumpet Shall Sound," a short-lived entry of the 1926 season. Only one or two of the more recondite reporters pointed out that despite its shortcomings, the drama contained some "beautifully written" scenes, and that it might not be a bad idea to encourage its young author, Thornton Wilder, to continue playwriting.

Saroyan Ahead of His Time?

William Saroyan's "My Heart's In The Highlands" (1939) probably was ahead of its time, too. While some critics saluted the piece in glowing terms, others dismissed it as "Jimmy Savo trying to interpret Gertrude Stein." One of the experts quoted a line by the author ("What is the God-damn meaning of this stuff?") to express his own bewilderment. Another reviewer went so far as to caution The Group Theatre to "pay no further attention to Mr. Saroyan's babbling." Though everyone had kind words for the cast (including Philip Loeb as The Poet and Sidney Lumet as The Son), and for the brilliant staging of Robert Lewis (his first Broadway assignment), "My Heart's In The Highlands" was forced to call it quits after only 44 performances.

Maxwell Anderson's first play, "The White Desert" (1923), also received sharply divided notices. Produced by Brock Pemberton (with George Abbott in the leading role), this tragedy of marital infidelity shocked some of the more conservative reviewers. "Unclean . . . openly off-color . . . touched up with words we cannot print," wailed these gentlemen of the press. Curiously, they took no offense the following season at the equally earthy lingo of Mr. Anderson's next play—the unforgettable "What Price Glory?," written in collaboration with Laurence Stallings.

Another play which outraged the conservatives was "Widowers' Houses" (1892), a fiery attack on the evils of slum-landlordism by Bernard ("Nothing exasperates me more than to be Georged in print") Shaw. When Shaw's first play was produced in New York by Sam & Lee Shubert (sic), one critic not only cast aspersions on the author's mind, but on his appearance as well:

"His face is long and narrow; the eyes shifty; the nose large, broad and blunt at the tip; the hair and beard scant . . ."

A N.Y. Times reviewer summed up the majority opinion by declaring emphatically: "This carnivorous vegetarian . . . cannot hope to win renown as a dramatist!"

(London's top drama critic, meanwhile, had duly informed his readers that Shaw had no "specific talent for the theatre," and the British production of "Widowers' Houses" had been withdrawn after only two showings.)

Maugham and Coward

Another dramatist's first play, "A Man Of Honour" (1904), had a similarly brief run. "After two performances . . . and the notices in the press, it was as dead as mutton," recalls the author, W. S. Maugham. A light-comedy concoction, "I'll Leave It To You" (1920), served as Noel Coward's introduction to the perils of playwriting. It was, Coward confesses, "enthusiastically acclaimed by the critics —and ran five weeks."

"I'll Leave It To You" (based on a story-idea by Gilbert Miller) was not too different in style from some of Mr. Coward's subsequent charades. Not infrequently, however, a playwright's first theatre effort seems to have nothing whatever in common with his later literary labors. Take "The Amber Empress" (1916), for example. Is there anything in this forgettable operetta to suggest that its librettist, "Marcus C. Connelly," would eventually fashion the unforgettable "Green Pastures?" And what about Clare Boothe's first play, "Abide With Me" (1935)? A gloomy psychological melodrama about a sadistic dipsomaniac, it gave no indication of its author's flair for comedy as evidenced by "The Women," "Margin For Error" and "Kiss The Boys Goodbye."

Other Dramatists

Let's take a look at some early endeavors by other top-drawer dramatists:

John Patrick:—"Hell Freezes Over" (1935)—A dirigible crashes near the South Pole. One by one, the survivors (among them such stalwarts as Louis Calhern, Myron McCormick and George Tobias) face death in the Arctic wasteland. . . . This was the plot of Mr. Patrick's first play which, incidentally, marked Joshua Logan's debut as a director. . . . "Hell Freezes Over" was a little too grimly glacial to win popular support. And a far cry indeed from that warm and gentle "August Moon" Mr. Patrick conjured up for us a few years later.

George S. Kaufman: "Someone In The House" (1918)—Burns Mantle (then a reader for a play-agent) got Kaufman his first playwriting job revising this shrieks-in-the-night thriller. . . . In the cast: Dudley Digges, Hassard Short and a young ingenue by the name of Lynn Fontanne.

A number of playwrights have chosen the flora-and-fauna of Beverly Hills as subject-matter for their first plays. Chodorov & Fields' "Schoolhouse On The Lot" (1938); Norman Krasna's "Louder, Please" (1931) and F. Hugh Herbert's "Quiet, Please" (1940) all attempted to make Malice In Wonderland both comprehensible and amusing to theatre-goers.

Ivor Novello: "The Rat" (1924)—Totally uncharacteristic of its author's Graustarkian bent was this simple but effective melodrama of the Parisian underworld. It was written under the combined pseudonym of "David Lestrange" by Novello (who starred in the show) and Constance Collier, and scored a definite London success. In addition, various screen counterparts ("The Rat," "The Triumph Of The Rat," "The Return Of The Rat") titillated moviegoers from Nottingham to Nairobi. . . . Incidentally, when Hollywood signed this urbane "Keep The Home Fires Burning" lad, they handed him "Tarzan, The Ape Man" as the first screen-writing assignment. (That's almost as bizarre as what the cinemoguls did to S. N. Behrman in the early days of the "soundies." That scintillating, sophisticated dialogian was put to work adapting "Daddy Long Legs" and "Rebecca Of Sunnybrook Farm")

Paul Osborn: "Hotbed" (1928)—This was a sincere, intensely earnest problem play about the evils of bigotry. It gave, however, no clues to its author's penchant for comedy ("The Vinegar Tree") or whimsy ("On Borrowed Time"). . . "Hotbed" had the good taste to have Josephine Hull in its cast. Also, in a smaller role, Preston Sturges. A couple of months after "Hotbed" retired from the Rialto, Sturges raised the money to produce an amiable little comedy, "The Guinea Pig," written by—you guessed it—Preston Sturges.

Channing Pollock: "The Pit" (1904)—Quite different from the religioso dramas which brought fame and fortune to Mr. Pollock in later years was this hard-hitting study of the "ravening wolves" of the business world. With Wilton Lackaye and Douglas Fairbanks in the leads, the play opened on Pollock's 21st birthday and, over a period of four years, earned in the neighborhood of $500,000 This was in pre-Dramatists Guild days, however, and Pollock received only $1,000 (in 20 weekly payments of $50 each) for his scripting services.

Bella & Samuel Spewack: "The War Song" (1928) —About as far removed from the bracing humors of "Boy Meets Girl" and "Kiss Me, Kate" as possible was this somber, dispirited accounting of the problems facing a World War I soldier (George Jessel) and his unmarried, pregnant sister (Shirley Booth).

Christopher Fry: "She Shall Have Music" (1935) —"I'll Snatch The Man From The Moon," "You Must Be Very, Very Careful," and "Splashing In the Sea" were some of the ditties contributed by Mr. Fry to this London extravaganza of the '35 season. Having unbounded admiration for his talents, this reporter hazards the guess that Mr. Fry's lyrics were witty and his melodies graceful. But what a curious show biz baptism for this metaphysically minded poet-dramatist.

This memorable would be misanthropic, however, if it did not emphasize the obvious fact that not all first plays by new playwrights fail. Clifford Odets' "Awake And Sing" (1935), Philip Barry's "You And I" (1923), Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour" (1935), Sean O'Casey's "Shadow Of A Gunman" (1923), Robert E. Sherwood's "The Road To Rome" (1927), Elmer Rice's "On Trial" (1914), S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man" (1927) and Garson Kanin's "Born Yesterday" (1946) tip the scales encouragingly in the opposite direction.

And let's not forget the fact that five "unknown" authors (Eugene O'Neill, Zona Gale, Paul Green, Sidney Kingsley and Joseph Kramm) won the Pulitzer Prize with their first full-length plays—"Beyond The Horizon" (1920), "Miss Lulu Bett" (1920), "In Abraham's Bosom" (1926), "Men In White" (1933) and "The Shrike" (1952).

Humphrey Doulens' Crushes

Continued from page 237

were together for 23 years and I heard her sing more times than any other person. She was the most fastidious artist I ever beheld.

Ella Bradna: If you never saw Madame Bradna riding her white Arabian stallion in The Circus, if you never saw her at the Palace stealing bows as her trained pastel-tinted doves sailed down from the balcony and landed on her parasol, if you never saw her ride into the centre ring of Madison Square Garden, well past the age of 70, then chums, you never saw the American Circus at its zenith.

Marie Saxon: One of the great loves of my life. Remember her enchanting ballet near the close of "Merry Merry" at the Vanderbilt, how plaintively she sang "All Alone Monday" in "The Ramblers?" When I ventured into outdoor musicals long before the St. John Terrells and the Ben Siegels, she came to illuminate the "Theatre in the Woods" in Winnipauk. Here was one of the sett glamorous stars in the most glamorous time of the Broadway theatre.

Hildegarde: Best trouper of them all. No town was too dreary, no jump too difficult, no hall too impossible for "Hildy" to generate her unique brand of enchantment. And Anna Sosenko must be specially credited for creating one of the entertainment legends of all time.

Dorothy Kirsten: I have been with this golden girl since the first days of her career and have had the complete satisfaction of seeing her take her place among the finest singing actresses of American music history. She is very special to me, this Kirsten.

Marguerite Keller: One half of the imperial vaudeville team of (Homer) Mason & Keeler which the great John F. Royal labels one of the "class acts" of history. Alas, "class acts" such as these have vanished from the scene but Marguerite Keeler is still alive and wonderful out there in the San Fernando Valley.

Lotte Lenya: Brilliant theatre woman with her own special brand of theatre magic.

Lillian & Dorothy Gish: I never really managed them but it seems as if I did for I have been part of their lives since the days they made movies for Griffith at the old Orienta Point studios in Mamaroneck. They are patricians in the trade and do more good for the profession than has ever been known or told.

Gladys Swarthout: One of the rewards for the merciless wear and tear an agent receives from some of his subjects. She never caused me a moment's trouble, never made an outrageous demand, easily transferred her own serenity to the audience whenever she sang.

Mary Martin: A superb trouper and a matchless performer. Only Miss Pons is as fastidious a stage princess. After weary miles of travel Miss Martin would rehearse each day in each new hall, check sound and lights, look for drafts and sweep the stage if necessary. All this before she rested or ate her dressing room dinner.

Antoinette Concello: The greatest flyer the circus world has ever known. She could do a two and a half somersault through space any day, sometimes a triple. This incredible feat has never been duplicated. She was glamorous in the ring, gentle backstage, a heroine all her life on the Ringling lot.

Edna Ferber: The most wonderful lady I have ever known in the kind of lucky and wonderful theatre world I have lived in.

Maryla Jonas: In many ways the most interesting artist I ever managed, certainly the most tragic, and the most gifted woman pianist in my memory. Tortured by the Nazis in her native Poland, she wandered half way around the world before she regained her sanity. Acclaimed by the N. Y. Herald Tribune as the greatest woman pianist since Teresa Carreno, there were 44 persons at her Carnegie Hall debut. One year later to the day her Carnegie Hall recital was sold out. Five years later I buried her.

Emma Eames: I would have managed her, she said, if I had been in her time. She was 85 when I came to know her, the last proud diva of the Golden Age. She who had been the Met's great Tosca, Aida, Desdemona at the turn of the century, who made her debut in Paris in 1889 as Juliet with Gounod himself conducting the performance.

Faye Emerson: Best of sports, adaptable though difficult, great fun on tour, and a sound performer..

Jane Froman: I was in love with her from the front for years and claim that she was the classiest single I ever beheld and the only perfect enchantress. She was about ready to retire by the time I could claim her for concerts.

Jessie Royce Landis: An agent's actress. Thoroughly professional, precise, stagey, fun, loyal, she always gave as good a performance off stage as upon.

Lucia Albanese: The gentlest of the Metropolitan Opera singers and a good, good friend.

Henriette Wakefield: The first artist I ever managed. A legendary Metropolitan singer she fired my imagination and made me an agent and at the same time brought me to Creatore, the heroic bandmaster. Now, years later, I manage Paul LaValle his spiritual successor.

Katharine Cornell: All my life I ached to represent this most distinguished of First Actresses. Then four years ago I got my first opportunity. The race narrowed down to one of my most formidable rivals and myself. I was certain that Miss Cornell favored me and my confidence was unbridled. Alas, her staff chose otherwise. I never told them nor her that I saw some of my rival's window cards in Atlantic City and that they spelled her hallowed name "Katharine Cornell."

Carnegie Study Of Legit Costs

Decline of the U.S. legitimate theatre audience, and the skyrocketing costs of productions are being studied, under a Rockefeller Foundation grant, by the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh. Research has centered on non-musicals. Thomas Gale Moore of latter faculty gave some preliminary findings in a recent Arts Management newsletter, though it is not explained what sources were used to obtain the fiscal data analyzed. Data reproduced below is for production costs of straight plays during 1960-61 season:

BEFORE OPENING NIGHT	
Scenery	$ 23,123
Advertising	12,199
Costumes	9,386
Cast	6,102
Crew and stagehands	5,372
Electricity and sound	5,186
Props	4,775
Directors	4,381
Stage, company and general managers	4,202
Scenery designer	4,060
Legal and audit	3,189
Theatre	1,852
Office	1,689
Press agent	1,455
Remainder not itemized	15,092
Total	$102,063

AFTER OPENING NIGHT	
Actors' salaries	$ 6,691
Publicity	3,029
Authors' royalties	2,140
Crew and stagehands' salaries	1,163
Stage and company managers	893
Director's royalties	525
Designer's royalties	102
Remainder not itemized	3,512
Total	$18,055

Equity Offers Pointers On Legit Construction

The Actors Equity committee to extend the professional theatre has compiled a list of recommended specifications for the backstage and stage areas in the construction of theatres. The union intends distributing the recommendations to architects, community centers or any other group which contemplates building a theatre.

The Equity committee is under the chairmanship of Conrad Bain and Eugene Raskin is the union's consultant on the construction specifications.

Bringing Culture To Cornbelt

By NED ALVORD

In that antediluvian era when saloons were light enough for a man to see the green stamp on an honest full-quart of 12-year-old bourbon, there were two tribes of theatrical harbingers.

If Manhattan was responsible for most of the $1.50 and $2-top outfits, Chicago was the turkey capital of the world. Not all productions were in the gobbler class. A great many were six-bit and $1-tops with reasonable facsimilies of New York hits.

At the bottom was the real poultry. The number of ten-twent-thirt reptiles repertory to the intellegentsia) was legion, both drama and comic opera. The tricks that sparked the feathered moniker were the quickies hooked up on short dough and worse talent to sally forth around Thanksgiving and Christmas-New Year's to grab loose holiday shekels. Thus the toothsome fowl got himself into show business.

On the road the New York *courrier avant* was identified on the program as "business manager" and wore chamois gloves. Much of his effort was directed on helping city passenger agents balloon their swindlesheets for spiritous beverages.

But the Chicago advance agent was a different breed of feline. Many could and did post bills in hamlets lacking a billstabber. Not a few had "learned the case" and were able to set their own "readers." On such journals as the Towner (N.D) Pink Paper and Jefferson (Tex.) Jimplecute this was of considerable advantage. What with the pressure of Hogwallow Brevities, County Personals and "legals," free theatrical blurbs might otherwise fail to print.

Wildcatting was peculiar to the Chicago species. Spot booking had many advantages over the more rigid homeoffice system. If the Chicago Great Western changed its payday the agent of "Light Of The Moon" could shift dates to conform. If a wildcatter saw a Chautauqua banner stretched across the street as he alighted from the Vandalia at Effingham he got right back aboard, Terre Haute bound. A smallpox scare that might keep timid towners from public assemblages counseled switch from Baraga to L'Anse. (This practice made it possible for a sizable girl-show to go through the 1918-19 flu scourge in the Old South without the loss of a single performance. New York-booked attractions closed permanently or laid off half the time.)

Business managers rated higher compensation than their lowly cornfed brethren. Many a rep agent got—even if he wasn't contented with—$10-a-week-and-cakes plus 5% of the show's share on the opener. Onenighters offered $25 or even $30 and pay-your-own. The latter feature was much favored. Any scout worth his salt could wangle free room and board at the Boody House or Commercial Hotel in return for not listing rival hostelries on advices sent back to the show.

Colonel Davis' Style

James Leslie Davis headquartered on the banks of the fragrant Wild Onion, but he wasn't a typical Chicago agent. He didn't post bills or set type. He had a patsy or second-man to do such menial chores, including packing his Gladstone. Seldom did he advance a show that his salary was not more than top Broadway pay plus a substantial cut of the profits to boot.

Col. Davis looked more like a colonel than any alumnus of West Point or the Citadel; even the Kentucky brand were no more kunnelesque. Like the latter he was not averse to a chalice of Nelson County's noble product on occasion. A Buffalo Bill moustache and goatee, dignity without pomposity, an extrovert with a horsetrader's guile. An admirer observed, "Davis isn't just an agent, he's a swindler."

Archives do not reveal Davis' military aid in the Civil War. Some of his detractors spread the canard that the nearest he ever came to sanguinary involvement was when in his cups he fell downstairs at the Panorama of the Battle of Gettysburg on South Wabash.

Be that as it may he had no compunctions about pulling his rank—pseudo or the McCoy.

Like Masons and Elks later—much to their fiscal anguish—the Grand Army of the Republic went on an operahouse building spree. As a rule the custodian-manager-stagecarpenter-billposter was a comrade shy member and long on thirst, who would otherwise tenant the poor farm. Out of pocket expense for playing traveling shows was almost nil. Stagehands, ushers and orchestra worked for the privilege of seeing the show free. The teller of the Farmers & Drovers Bank might get half a dollar and a ducat for his wife in consideration of vending the billets.

Strawberry Point (Ia.) had two playhouses having a combined capacity larger than the population of the town. Rivalry resulted in deals that were highly favorable to the troupe—on paper at least. A trick that had been guaranteed $100 grossed $80. The house man tendered the latter sum. When the company manager demanded the missing $20 the local explained: "Oh, I gawranteed it if it come in."

Col. Davis took great pains to put his victims into the proper mood for the slaughter. Prints were not supposed to be sold to showmen. A "civilian" could buy as many as he desired, at four-bits a throw. Davis did not reveal his professional status when he acquired a large and diverse collection. A portfolio filled with spectacular scenes from Anna Held in "The Little Duchess," Montgomery & Stone in Victor Herbert's "Red Mill," Billy Norris & Mabel Barrison in "Land O' Nod," Frank Moulan in George Ade's "Sultan of Sulu," Joe Howard's "The Time, The Place and The Girl," and many other big city productions.

Davis operated on the give-him-enough-rope technique. On his arrival at Oberlin (Kans.) or Neleigh (Neb.) he would remove the album from a fibre samplecase and lay it on the desk. The cover had the provocative figure displaying spacious areas of feminine cuticle. It was at this juncture that he was assailed with the urge of nature.

No sooner had the "swindler" passed into the sanitary cubicle than the town Barnum hastened to open the picture book. When taxed with being a Judas goat luring fellow creatures to the shambles, his bland reply was, "I never invited a man to open my portfolio. I never *claimed* the photos were of *my* show."

Strictly an 80-20 Man

He didn't rush matters. Crops, industrial conditions or, in the case of a G.A.R. house, his exploits with Grant at Vicksburg, Shiloh and Appomattox further softened the towner to the extent that he offered 80 rather than customary 75%.

"Fair, eminently fair, too fair by God," expostulated Davis. "If you were just a commercial manager, I'd accept—and quick. But with you, a comrade? I'm going to give *you* first money. What's the nut of your operahouse?"

A moment's mental calculation—and double multiplication—the villager 'lowed as how it would come to all of $10.

"All right. I'll do better. You take the first 15—in fact I'll guarantee it. Then, if there's a prairie fire or the bank busts or there's an epidemic of grippe, you'll be entitled to take my nut." The protected. After that I should be sucker nodded.

Colonel turned his patsy loose on a high pressure billing campaign. The engagement was a sellout at $310 gross; the show took $293, the house $17. On straight 80%-20% the theatre's cut would have been $62.

Those Prop Telegrams

Davis contributed no little to the dividends of Western Union and Postal Telegraph. Wires had the reaction of "Hearts and Flowers" during a love sequence on the bedsheet at the Bijou Dream Nickelodeon. Timed to be delivered at Hampton as he was bargaining with the local, would come a message from the company manager at Decorah. Tearing open the yellow envelope he read and tossed it nonchalantly to the other: SELLOUT FOUR SIX TWO WANTS

MIMI BENZELL
Currently Starring In Hit Musical
"MILK AND HONEY"
Management
Harriet Kaplan—Lily Veidt

RETURN DECEMBER TEN REGARDS.

It was a coincidence that the very date now being discussed was the same as that desired by Decorah. He hastened to deal—on Colonel's terms.

The Ole Heart-to-Heart

One Davis dido to impress locals with his show's boxoffice potency consisted of three pocket datebooks. "You know Jake, some of the boys say I press our business. Well, as a matter of fact I do. That is to the chumps. Look at this," and Colonel handed the towner the book with the red cover. "That's pressed a hundred. Now I'll show you the pure quill." The article with the green cover was produced. Since Davis had been so confidential, Jake figured himself one of the smart ones Davis didn't dare fool.

Not for public scrutiny, safe in an inside pocket, was the record of the actual receipts—$200 less than the green "pure quill." Brainwashing is not a new invention of the Bolshoviki or the Chinese Agrarian Reformers.

"A Wise Woman" had a cast of five actors and a staff of seven agents. To this day no finer line of amusement lithography has adorned windows and billboards. This was a Davis venture. Marie Lamoure, a gorgeous Danville beauty, was the star. She had never been on the stage before. Her talent as an actress was commensurate with her experience. But, on the printing at least, she made Aphrodite, Helen of Troy, Mme. Pompadour and Lillian Russell look like Hogarth's harridans.

Every few days for a month in advance a representative of "A Wise Woman," some in grenadier's uniform, appeared. Local managers, bemused by the dynamic approach, neglected to give Lincoln J. Carter's "Fast Mail" or Fitz & Webster's "A Breezy Time" the proper attention; all efforts were concentrated on "A Wise Woman."

One-Nighters, Toujours

In bookings the Colonel stuck to the one-nighters. So it was that Superior, Council Bluffs and Waukesha were regaled with the Davis masterpiece but not Duluth, Omaha or Milwaukee. It would be nice to relate that Marie went on to behold her name in lights on Randolph St. if not Broadway. The author of these lines having a pathological affection for veracity must report that such was not the case. Well meaning—or were they?—friends of Marie sold her a bill of goods. It was she who was causing chumps to buy tickets, not Davis. Her first season as a star was her last.

Of all his achievements the al fresco performance of "As You Like It" would have rated the Pulitzer Prize for Hocus Pocus.

It was during the hardest of the Democratic Hard Times of the not-always-Gay '90s. Even Davis couldn't connect with a deal. To provide nutriment for an invalid wife and self he would invade a rolling mill or railroad headquarters where only men were employed and peddle an early-stage version of men's zippers. The dramatic hokum sold zippers and Colonel and his spouse were never minus pabulum.

Stratford-on-the-Prairie

But, though the wolf was thwarted of its prey, peddling fasteners was not his forte. Without disclosing his plan he inveigled William Owen, the Edwin Booth of Eldora and Concordia, who conducted a school of elocution on Chicago's Michigan Blvd. Owen was to get a troupe up in "As You Like It" within a fortnight. The Shakespearean star had costumes for most of the Bard's works. As an added starter Davis touched Owen for a sawbuck. Most of the loan went to the C. B. & Q. for a ticket to Macomb (Ill.). The Normal School was holding a summer session.

His first quest was the local Mrs. Astor. It was in her rococo parlor in the gingerbread mansion on the hill that he made his pitch. Not only was the chatelaine the social arbiter of McDonough County but she ran hogwild for culture with an upper case C. She ramroded the Browning Society and Minerva League. Her patsy was the chancellor of the Normal School. Nor was her majesty less because she was joined in holy wedlock to the president of Granters & Merchants Bank & Trust Co.

Col. Davis proposed to make Macomb a sort of No. 2 or road (now euphemistically called "national") company Stratford-on-Avon. (Perhaps this is where the doubledomes got the idea for the Ontario and Connecticut spreads.) He held out the suggestion that the lady Maecenas might even rate a two-column, chalk-plate cut in the Quincy Whig.

There was no quibble about terms. Davis would deliver the performance f.o.b. Macomb; the teacher's brain factory would provide the greensward. The show was to take the gross, including privileges such as souvenir book, cushions, commercial signs on the sylvan environment and branch water *cum* citric acid. The Committee for the Advancement of Dramatic Art would be entitled to 100% of the kudos.

Steaming Up

The patroness' myrmidons were required to devastate the county like the grasshoppers in Kansas. Anyone wearing a white collar—linen, paper or celluloid—would have his arm twisted for at least a pair at a buck a copy. Refusal would make a man lose caste as though he caroled "Marching Through Georgia" at the corner of Peachtree & Marietta. Davis wasn't the originator of this pistol-at-the-head salesmanship. Chautauqua had used it for years.

Subscription blanks were so drawn that in law one signature was liable for all the others. With this prime collateral Davis had no difficulty in discounting the paper almost at face value. Now it would be able to buy transportation for the troupe and spring the actors out of hock at the Revere House, Palace, Richmond and Ontario hotels. Then too it would enable the entrepreneur to catch the early evening train out of town.

Davis took a double-take. After the 1,000 customers at $1 per had been cared for with in reserved seats, there was an acre or more of lawn that could be tenanted with half-dollar general admissions. If he could attract the hoi polloi that might not be too interested in the classic, it could add up to a tidy boodle. He needed more pull than Shakespeare.

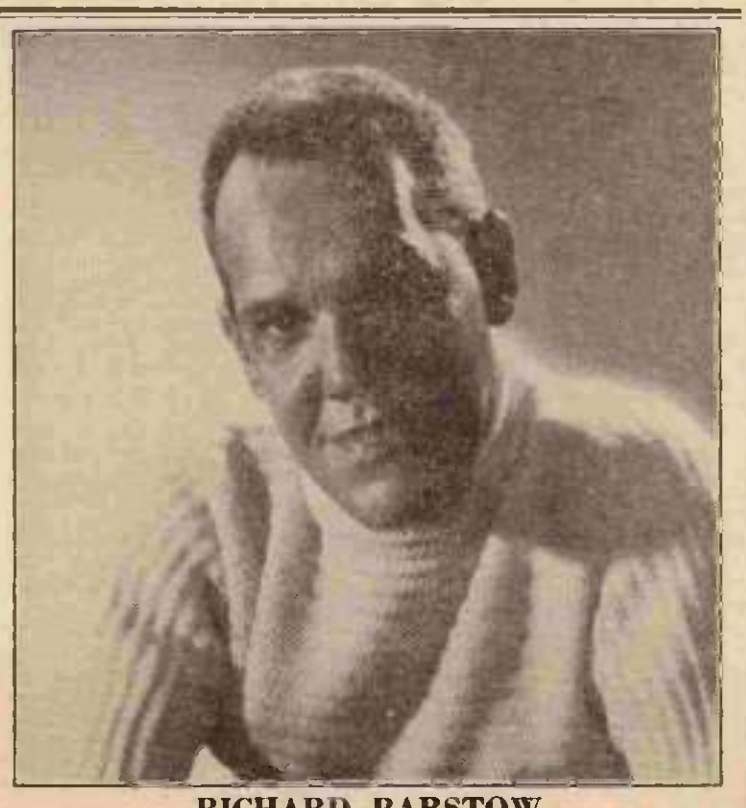
To bait the blue-collar element he sought a youth who, as he manicured Percherons' hooves and massaged the bellows, had dreams of being the champion half-nelson artist of the world. He was engaged to play Charles, the wrestler.

Zybyzko Rewrites Bard

The wouldbe Frank Gotch—a country boy like himself—was at first reluctant to do a Brodie, even if it was in the script. His scruples were at last overcome by the potent argument of a double-eagle.

The surreptitiously planted rumor that the athlete intended to flaunt Shakespeare and toss Orlando into the bracken detracted not a whit from the interest of the four-bitters. Some of the grappler's partisans even went so far as to lay a few kopeks and quetzals on their man. When Charles took the proper flop his discombobulated supporters stirred up quite a civic commotion. By the time several citizens were hors de combat Colonel, clutching his much traveled Gladstone tightly, was well past Galesburg.

So successful was the Macomb venture that Davis and Owen went on to establish No. 2 Stratford-on-Avons at Cedar Falls (Ia.), Stevens Point (Wis.), Bloomington (Ill.) and Kearney (Neb.), all harboring Normal Schools. (Like advancing a stagehand on the nomenclative Totem Pole to "technician," undertaker to "mortician," reporter to "newsman" or even "journalist," or a wanton to "party girl," such institutions are now "State Teachers' Colleges.")



RICHARD BARSTOW
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New Stylized Staging for Concert Platform Opera, and Its Problems

By DR. EDWIN LEVY

(Stage Director, Concert Opera Assn., and Associate Professor in Theatre, University of Denver)

Denver.

With its premiere performance in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall last Oct. 22, New York's new Concert Opera Assn. inaugurated what its founder and music director, Thomas Scherman, intends to be a significant step forward in adding sound theatricality to highly meritorious, though woefully neglected, operatic scores of marked significance.

Dr. Edwin Levy

One such opera is "La Vestale," the definitive work of Gasparo Luigi Pacifico Spontini (1774-1851), last performed in this country at the Metropolitan on December 3, 1926. At that time, Manager Gatti-Casazza assigned a stellar cast to four of the leading roles—Rosa Ponselle, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Margarete Matzenauer, and Ezio Pinza (the latter making his debut with the company as the High Priest—and the opera was received with significant critical approval. Lawrence Gilman, then reviewing for the Herald-Tribune, asserted that "Vestale" was "well worth doing" and praised the "splendor and massiveness" of Spontini's "long, gravely-sculptured melodies" as well as his "power of dramatic augmentation."

Opera lovers in this country have long been denied even partial productions not only of Spontini's masterwork, but also Rossini's "William Tell" and Richard Strauss' "Intermezzo." Of these two works, comprising the remainder of this season's Concert Opera repertoire, "Tell" was last heard at the Met on December 5, 1931 (with Lauri-Volpi, Pinza, Editha Fleischer, Giuseppe Denise, and Fania Petroval, and the Strauss opera has never been presented in this country.

As is to be expected, the main reason for the impracticality of mounting full productions of these three works is the forbidding financial cost. When a revival of "Die Meistersinger" costs upwards of $125,000, it is not unreasonable to assume that a new production of "Intermezzo," "Tell" or "Vestale" would require a similarly imposing amount. But done in a freer, more theatrical approach to concert form, the cost is pared considerably. Actually, each of the three remaining operas will be presented at Lincoln Center this season for a relatively small percentage of the cost of restoring the Wagnerian work at the Met.

Of course, at Philharmonic Hall, the productions will be without scenery, and the singers not authentically costumed, but dressed in conventional evening clothes. (In our first production of Monteverdi's "Il Ballo delle Ingrate" both James Wainner (Amor) and Ara Berberian (Pluto) wore tails, but Wainner's boutonniere was white, Berberian's was red.) The orchestra is placed upstage, or to one side of the stage, partly on risers, and the chorus remains in static positions, banked on either side of the orchestra or placed still farther upstage. This arrangement allows ample room for the principals to move about freely on the downstage plane, making use of the spacious apron area.

Limited, Though New

Philharmonic Hall was designed primarily to accommodate concerts, and despite its magnificent decor and continuing experimental improvements in acoustics, it is not ideally equipped for intricate theatrical production. However, since we are abetted by the imaginative work of lighting designer Donald Oenslager, assisted by Klaus Holm, there already has been gratifying commendation for the "artistic integrity" in the use of lighting and movement to establish mood, sense of time and place, and dramatic conflict.

One requirement in such a stylized approach makes it imperative to stress two basic elements of opera—music and drama. Greater emphasis is given music by placing the orchestra onstage, not subdued to a pit. And the soloists, by employing movement designed to allow greater fluidity, are now challenged to develop more full-bodied, three-dimensional characters. Furthermore, character relationships become more dramatic, and through suggestion, stage composition develops infinitely more variety. How can a singer achieve proper depth of character—either in singing or acting—when he is glued to a music stand? In the experiments this season by the Concert Opera Association, performers will have plenty of opportunity to strengthen characterizations through a coordinated use of space, lighting, and movement.

Another appealing quality to stylized concert opera is that the absence of realistic scenery, costumes, and properties will permit audiences a wider, more challenging use of their imaginations. And the vivid use of imagination involves any audience more closely in the recreation of musical drama.

Many worthy operas, too long unheard, await restoration. How long has it been since you last saw—or heard "L'Africaine," "La Damnation de Faust," "Dinorah," "Les Huguenots," "La Juive," "Linda di Chamounix," "Mefistofele," "Les Pecheurs de Perles," "Pique-Dame," "Le Prophete," "La Rondine," etc. Any other suggestions?

Backers Exempt If 'Horse' Fails To Reach B'way

Capitalization for the production of "A Gift Horse" will not be applied to the play's tryout if the presentation fails to reach Broadway. The Albert E. Lewin-Burt Styler comedy, which John Lotus is producing, in association with Don G. Weller, is to be tested as a stock presentation at the Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J., and the Mineola (L.I.) Playhouse.

The Laurence Henry Co., which is partnered in the operation of both the Paper Mill and Mineola theatres, will produce the show at stock costs for its test run at the two spots. "Horse" is to open Jan. 15 in Mineola for a two-week stand, to be followed by another fortnight at the Paper Mill, starting Jan. 29.

About 80% of the required income to cover operating expenses and amortization of the stock production costs for the four-week tryout is guaranteed by the Laurence Henry firm. Thus, Lotus and Weller would be obligated to cover a maximum of around 20% of the necessary stock revenue. If coin is required from them for the stock run, it would represent a personal outlay in the event the production did not continue on to Broadway.

However, if the presentation does reach New York as planned it will then be treated as a Broadway venture on a retroactive basis. The difference between certain stock expenses, including salaries, and normal production costs would be paid out of the Broadway venture's $100,000 capitalization.

The same procedure will apply to Philip Rose's production of Frank Tarloff's "The Heroine," which begins a two-week stand Jan. 15 at the Paper Mill. It moves from there Jan. 29 for another two weeks in Mineola, prior to a scheduled Feb. 13 bow at the Lyceum, N.Y., Rose figures the Paper Mill-Mineola arrangement will permit him to bring the show into New York for under $50,000.

Kay Medford and Larry Blyden will costar in "Heroine" and Bert Wheeler and Glenda Farrell will costar in "Horse."

Martin Landau to Offer 2 Ronald Duncan Plays

London.

Martin Landau, who several seasons ago staged the Philip King play, "Serious Charge," has formed Marlan Productions, Ltd., to present two scripts by Ronald Duncan, "Seven Deadly Virtues" and "Menage a Trois."

The first venture will be "Menage," first staged several years ago at the Arts Theatre under the title "Catalyst." At that time it was confined to a club presentation because it had been banned by the Lord Chamberlain. The veto has now been lifted without a single alteration.

The production is scheduled to go into rehearsal in mid-February, will open an out-of-town tryout a month later, and is due in the West End by mid-April. Coral Browne and Eric Porter are being signed for two of the three principal roles, and Jack Minster will stage the play. Eric Glass is the agent representing the author and producers jointly.

Claire Leonard

Continued from page 232

confusion. Thom was being sought after, and the threat of my losing him became apparent. To reassure me, he gave me an additional contract—"For Life"—not legally valid, but comforting.

Then the inevitable happened. Came Hollywood—and estrangement from me—precipitated by outside influence I could hardly compete with. I grieved on this and lost faith—to the point of reducing my activities to a minimum from then on.

A. B. Shiffrin has survived comfortably with options on most of his plays; several productions as a result of 742 submissions; many amateur and stock, radio and television performances. And here's a switch: He is presently dramatizing Robert Thom's very beautiful novel, "Paradise on Earth."

I believe the following, which I quote with permission from the author, sums up more or less, the collective attitude of the contemporary spoiled "darlings of the theatre," the playwrights.

(9-18-59—Hollywood Inspired).

Author Vs. Agent

"This particular Brutus is not independently wealthy, and has to think in terms of 10 and 15 and 20 years from now. And I am no longer 19, nor even 20. In addition to which, my tastes have always been expensive. . . . If I were to tote up my earnings with you, the sum would be about enough to live on for four months—this, after an association of six or seven years, no short period in anyone's life. I do not say this is your fault. Many years have gone by and the combination of my plays, talent and personality and your agenting have not given me much as a toehold in New York. Peripheral skirmishes—but hardly a career. Perhaps my plays are lacking, perhaps I am, and perhaps the theatre is.

"You say you can service me as well as the best agent in the theatre—and perhaps that is so. I do not know that in this decade, in this time, a small agent can operate as efficiently as heretofore. People do not *buy* plays—they buy properties and packages—directors, stars, theatre parties, they buy friends. It may be ugly and it may be wrong, but it's true. One needs some kind of power to break-in. I don't have that power and you have not been able to give it to me.

"You complain that writers desert you—but then you must ask yourself, Why? A writer doesn't *sell out*—he's already sold out when he comes to an agent. The agent's job—*is to sell* him, to make money for the writer and for himself. . . . We, as a combination, have not done this. As an agent, you have scarcely been able to support yourself. And one should not have to speak of loyalties—one should stay with an agent: It is the financial tie that should bind. That we respect, admire, like each other personally, has confused the issue.

"I have just turned down a $100,000 deal here at MGM—because artistically I am not happy. I have taken my name off of a screenplay because another writer was allowed to rewrite—so I have not and never will sell out—in that way.

Britain's Lord Blue-Pencil

Continued from page 235

theatre. After 120 years, small wonder that many people regard it as absurd and archaic.

The Present Statute

The 1843 Act laid down that the Lord Chamberlain should work *"for the preservation of good manners, decorum or the public peace."* Since that is still his only written instruction it is clear that much depends on the commonsense of the Lord Chamberlain and his two or three readers, who only get around their task in between, among other duties, running the Queen's social life and State Visits. That's why many people feel that the job of stage censorship should be in the hands of one who is perhaps more in touch with showbiz.

Opinion over the desirability of stage censorship is fiercely varied. Those "anti" protest that book publishers are not subject to any restriction apart from the ordinary laws of libel and pornography. Television companies handle their own "good taste" restrictions individually. Films? There is a Board of Censorship set up from within the industry and some would like to see a similar setup in the theatre.

Those who would have stage censorship done away with completely insist that theatre managements would still be liable to be prosecuted under the law if they overstep the mark. But there are theatre impresarios who prefer things the way they are. They argue: "The police are unlikely to take action over any play licensed by the Lord Chamberlain." They also fear that if the Lord Chamberlain ceased to function the power of local watch committees would increase and difficulties might arise in the case of touring plays. And some, like Henry Sherek, who are not addicted to the avant-garde "kitchen sink" form of drama, think that the Lord Chamberlain has recently been too lenient in giving the thumbs up to filth and suggestiveness.

More Liberal

He has certainly shown a more liberal approach to his job. Even those who have had brushes with him admit that he has always been reasonable and polite in his attitude to their problems. The spoken word has become riper, though naturally obscenity in speech or obscene gestures are vetoed. Playwrights have the encouragement of knowing that they can now tackle controversial social themes with more confidence than of old. Homosexuality, for instance, is now acceptable, whereas only a few years ago "View From the Bridge" and "Tea and Sympathy" were limited to club showings.

But the censor's attitude to the representation of the Deity and living or recently dead people is still pretty tough and references to Heads of Foreign States are keenly watched. This can lead to annoying anomalies.

The Lord Chamberlain suddenly woke up to the fact (after three months) that much of the American revue, "The Premise" was being improvised. "Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be" had been running a long while before the censor suddenly insisted on wholesale cuts, one concerning the complaint that a plank was being carried in a way to make it seem a phallic symbol. Harold Pinter was indignant that he was not allowed to use the word "arse" in "The Caretaker" but it was considered okay for Eliza Doolittle to use it in "My Fair Lady." The revues "The Premise" and "See You Inside" ran into trouble over skits on President Kennedy and his wife. John Osborne has had frequent tussles with the Lord Chamberlain, but has admitted to one newspaper scribe that he is now more tolerant. He thinks, for instance, that his recent double bill, "Plays for England," would have run into tough trouble a few years ago. It is four years since there was any real trouble. Then the Theatre Workshop copped a fine for improvising in "You Won't Always Be On Top."

It would need a new Act of Parliament to cause any change in the present blue pencilling system and there seem to be few Members of Parliament with sufficient interest to press for it. Benn Levy and Wayland Young dreamed up a draft bill in 1958 but it failed to pass the test.

So it remains for Lord Cobbold to wield his blue pencil with commonsense, tact, a sense of humor and the realization that much free thinking has developed between the years 1843 and 1963. And Lord Cobbold would also do well to remember that censorship can be a vague and wispy affair. Several years ago the late Sir George Robey was summoned for a Command Performance at Windsor Castle. Next day this reporter asked the veteran, red-nosed comedian what he had left out of his robustly vulgar act. The ebullient knight replied gravely: "One wink and two lifts of my eyebrows." Which seems, Lord Cobbold, to prove that there can be no arbitrary rules for blue-pencilling.

Roland Petit New Try Only So-So

Paris.

A lot was riding on Roland Petit's specially formed Festival Populaire de Ballets. It has backing from the Culture Ministry via Andre Malraux, and the use of the 2,800-seater Palais De Chaillot within the season of the nationalized Theatre Populaire National. It did not quite come off.

Dance buffs and fans have been protesting for years about the lamentable state of French ballet. The nationalized Opera Ballet is felt desiccated, the Opera Comique no longer has a corps de ballet, and the top dancers have usually been forced to emigrate or go into films, musicals or music hall. This applied to Petit these last few years.

Now, handed 45 dancers, 50 musicians and carte blanche in choice, Petit comes up with a fairly pretentious group of four ballets that sacrifice dash, movement, grace levitation to some lugubrious, grandiloquent attempts at translating poetry to dance, too much mime, a generally earthbound look, and, as yet, sans the discipline needed for a company.

Ballets are in for five weeks, alternating with the TNP plays. Audience gave the ballets a good reception, tarnished only by a few boos. But critics generally lambasted it, if some were with it on Petit's past standing.

He begins with a simple group exercise to three Hector Berlioz overtures. There are charming costumes and youthful dancers cavorting about the immense stage. But a lack of choral unity, or any outstanding personal turns, have this relying mainly on costuming.

"Maldoror" is based on some poems of the strange, half-mad 19th century poet Lautreamont with music by contemporary composer Maurice Jarre. Eleven short scenes evoke an eerie nightmare world supposedly brought about via man's revolt against God. Man fights all sorts of monsters, finds a blood brother only to have him die in his arms, is crucified, stops planets in their flight, but finally falls victim to a gigantic spider. Petit dances this one himself and does have a dramatic flair and brooding presence. But too much grinding and bumps and rolling on the floor and overdone pantomime seem to relegate dance to the background.

Polished classic dancers Rosella Hightower and Attilio Labis, borrowed from the Opera, do a pas de deux "Le Violon" to music of Paganini paraphrased by Marius Constant. Miss Hightower portrays the soul of the violin. But here too Petit has made this bright duo go in for too much contortion and acrobatics rather than a cleanly danced duet, and only let's them show some height and fine carrying at the very end.

The final ballet utilized Maurice Ravel's "Rhapsodie Espagnole" which does have some witty terp takeoffs on general Hispano national and terp motifs.

Petit has failed to collect a company with truly promising dancers. They are good but none seem standout, except, of course, for guest stars Miss Hightower and Labis, and Petit himself. Too much grinding of haunches and elaborate contortions have watered down the dance.

Petit recently staged a hit vaude show with wife, Renee Jeanmaire, which showed his feel for simple, dynamic ballets cleverly transposed to popular needs. Mosk.

ONEOPERAMANSHIP

By RAY RUSSELL

Beverly Hills.

There is a nasty little game played by most opera lovers, including me. We can't be blamed too much, perhaps—being stuck, so to speak, with a shattering passion for a musical form grudgingly tolerated or opening loathed by the rest of 20th century American society, a musical form which even Dr. Johnson called "an exotick and irrational entertainment." We are constantly on the defensive, and the result is a snobbish and petty rivalry even among ourselves. I call it Oneoperamanship, and it's appallingly easy to play.

The idea is to nail your fellow opera buff to the wall with an obscure opera you know about but he doesn't. In tyro groups, this can be accomplished by a casual reference to Tschaikowsky's "Iolanthe," perhaps, but the going gets rougher when you move in more informed opera circles. You can't expect to get any kind of reaction from mentioning Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," for instance, since it has enjoyed revival recently. But the same composer's "Don Sebastiano" might serve you well in such spots. I, myself, can bellow an entire number from its score (a baritone aria called "O Lisbona, alfin ti miro," complete with recitative), and if you don't believe me, drop around some time and I'll give you the full treatment.

The "multiple opera" ploy is usually effective. You know: those stories which have been set to music by more than one composer, like Massenet's "Manon" and Puccini's "Manon Lescaut," the "Queens of Sheba" of Gounod and Goldmark, the "Barbers of Seville" of Rossini and Paisiello, the "Bohemes" of Puccini and Leoncavallo, the "Otellos" of Rossini and Verdi.

Watch out for anyone who whistles a little scrap of melody and waits for you to ask him what it is. He's sure to reply, "Oh, it's that little thing Falstaff sings." If you, unlike the angels, foolishly rush in and say, "No, no, I know every note of Verdi's 'Falstaff,' and that's not in the score," you've laid yourself wide open. Even if, in the nick of time, you remember Nicolai's "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," you may still have fallen into a trap, because he may come back with, "Oh, it's from 'Falstaff,' all right. But not Verdi's. And not that Nicolai thing. This is the 'Falstaff' of Michael William Balfe — the 'Bohemian Girl' composer, you know — set, oddly enough, to an Italian text by a librettist named Maggioni. London, 1838 old man."

The Sonny Liston Leitmotif

As you pick yourself off the canvas, you'll probably want to get back at him, and since you went down for the count on a Shakespearean opera, it may seem just to K.O. him with a similar punch. You ask, "Know this tune?" and you warble a short excerpt. If luck is with you, he may have to admit he doesn't. "Oh," you say, echoing his former smugness, "it's that little thing Romeo sings." "What?" he roars, "That's not from Gounod's 'Romeo et Juliette'!" "Did I say it was?" you grin, infuriatingly. He'll probably know about Bellini's" "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi," but it won't do him any good. He may try Pizzetti's "Giulietta a Romeo," but again he's out to lunch. It's not likely he'll have heard of the Romeo operas by D'Ivry, Steibett, or Vaccaj, but even if he has, you've got him dead to rights. "Give up?" you ask. While-lipped, he nods. You slip him the coup de grace: "Giulietta e Romeo' by Zandonai. Florence, 1924, old man."

Dig Dick Wagner

If he's boned up for the exam, he may wreak vengeance by daring you to name the single Shakesperean opera by Richard Wagner. Unless you're a walking encyclopedia, you won't be able to tell him it's "Das Liebesverbot," based on "Measure for Measure."

Resorting to Anglo-American opera of this century is akin to hitting below the belt, but all's fair in love and Oneoperamanship. You won't get anywhere with Menotti, Britten, "Vanessa" or "The Ballad of Baby Doe," however. All that more-or-less recent stuff is too well-known. On the other hand, if you were fortunate enough, as I was, to have been weaned on the ninth edition of The Victor Book of the Opera, your skull will be packed with deadly ammunition.

HAL MARCH
Currently Starring in
National Company
"Come Blow Your Horn"
At Civic Theatre, Chicago

Hum (don't sing; the English words will provide too good a clue) a bit of the arias "'Tis an Earth Defiled" or "Oh! Caesar, Great Wert Thou!" or "This Very Vivid Morn." Dollars to doughnuts you won't find many opera addicts who will be able to tell you these arias are from, respectively, Howard Hanson's "Merry Mount," Deems Taylor's "The King's Henchman," and Richard Hageman's "Caponsacchi"—and yet the first two arias were recorded by the late Lawrence Tibbett and the third one by Helen Jepson. Come to think of it, don't hum "Oh! Caesar, Great Wert Thou!" because some wise guy-or-doll may do you in by identifying it as a non-operatic song called "Johnny Was a Shoemaker" (Deems Taylor set the tune to two different lyrics). Play it safe by humming "Nay, Maccus, Lay Him Down," also from "The King's Henchman": Mr. Tibbett recorded that one, too—on the flip side.

I've only scratched the surface (no record pun intended) and the rest is up to you. After you've mastered this first phase of Oneoperamanship, little-known operas, you'll be ready for phase two—little-known facts about *well*-known operas. This gets quite tricky—I'll have to go into it some other time. And, if the editor has everything to say about it, in some other publication.

THE THEATRE AND SOCIETY

By HAROLD CLURMAN

In looking over the unabridged typescript of my book "The Fervent Years" I find a passage which was not included in the published version of the book.

These pages are self-explanatory. I choose to have them printed because they are the most concise statement of my feeling about the theatre I have ever written. Although they hark back to a memory of 1927 I hardly feel very differently today.

Here is the passage:

In 1927 I had a job in a Jed Harris production named Spread Eagle. It had been directed by George Abbott. The play was not very successful. Abbott spoke of his next assignment, the direction of a play for John Golden with Muni Weisenfreund (now Paul Muni) in the lead. I asked Abbott the usual actor's question. "Is there anything in it for me?" He replied that there would be. "And for my friends, Strasberg and Meisner?" Abbott remembered them well, since they had all been engaged in "Processional." Yes, he could use them too.

We were doing an out-of-town tryout of a play later to be known as "Four Walls." I was happy because I had my friends with me, and playing in Atlantic City in May was very pleasant. We were strolling the boardwalk in a youthful state of well-being, and I turned suddenly to Strasberg and Meisner and said, "You know, the theatre is like society itself. The laws of the theatre are really the laws of society. Theatre discipline is fundamental morality. There must be leadership based on consent.

"There must be some degree of sacrifice, a sense of what is valuable for the enterprise as a whole; there must be strong individuals who through an understanding and love of the common undertaking learn to contribute their strength to it. Society is held together by a common need; this must be equally true of the theatre.

"The common need and the character of the people express themselves ultimately in some sort of belief—a philosophy, a constitution or what not. The best citizens are those who are informed with the spirit of that belief and either learn to act by it or are able to do so spontaneously.

"In addition to good will, administration is necessary, but administration must neither be abstract or imposed but should arise from the nature of the society's objectives. The theatre is a world within a world, and a good theatre will somehow correspond to the shape of its world. Since in society, man's problem is to relate his sense of himself, his own desire, to that of the society in which he finds himself (without which he is not even conceivable), so in the theatre each participant or actor can only realize himself through a unit to which he feels intimately bound. In society and the theatre, the individual must learn what he owes himself and what he owes it, not with any sense of contradiction but rather the one of completion.

"Living in society or in the theatre are both group functions. The theatre with its interrelation of element — not excluding the physical and financial—shows us something of what society needs, and a study of society may lead us to see what the theatre needs, or at any rate, what the theatre can be!"

My friends nodded their heads in assent. They did not have to agree. They liked it.

I Can Dream, Can't I?

By PHILIP DUNNING

GALE GLADSTONE
As Tiffany in National Company of
"MARY MARY"
Blackstone Theatre—Chicago
Management—ASHLEY-STEINER

Wouldn't it be wonderful if when the Broadway theatres are dark, they didn't look as if they were just waiting for the wrecking crew to demolish them?

Phil Dunning

If all the producers gave a fair trial to the early curtain idea in the hope of winning back the huge "lost" audience who work in Manhattan but live in Suburbia?

If theatregoers could enjoy a pleasant stroll along the rialto, as they used to do, while waiting for curtain time, instead of elbowing through the depressing jungle that 42d St. and Broadway has become?

If the New York City newspapers rendered some first aid to the "fabulous invalid" by offering legit attractions the same low advertising rates that are now enjoyed by department stores and discount houses?

If the newspapers placed the Theatre directory with the alphabetical listing of legit plays at the top of a permanent page, giving them the same prominence they accord TV and Radio programs?

If the folks in the boxoffices at the smash hits would treat the timid cash customers venturing to ask for inexpensive seats like something other than panhandlers?

If there were more "accommodations" in the ladies restrooms (Note: This beef is from the little woman) to take care of the distressed gals who have to choose between kidney trouble and missing the second act curtain?

If the soft drinks hawked during the intermissions tasted a little less like dishwater?

If theatre managements made an attempt to gain good will by adopting free hat and coat checking service?

If during the intermissions the sidewalks in front of theatres were cleared of beggars?

If there were more taxis available after the shows break?

If the "ice" situation could be melted to everyone's satisfaction?

If John Q. Public didn't use those exaggerated reports of hits costing $100 a ticket as an excuse for staying home?

If the thousands of out-of-town visitors, all potential theatregoers, were made to feel safe while in the city?

If the New York police force was increased from 24,000 to 40,000 to help make the largest and most fabulous city in the world all that it is cracked up to be?

If the shills planted in the Times Square area by the broadcasting companies to hawk free tv show tickets could be sentenced to watch the tv shows they're hawking?

If everyone in the business would help to cut production and operating costs so more shows could be produced?

If show biz had a lobby in Washington that was as effective in obtaining tax relief legislation as the limburger cheese lobby?

If the New York hotels and resturants realized how much their business depended on the Broadway theatres and did something to publicize the current attractions.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if a couple of these If's came true?

Russia Protects Talent, But Rehearsals Constant

By JEROME HINES

When you go to Russia for the first time, as I did this past September, it's very hard to know what to expect—and of course, not at all easy to survey the entire Russian operatic scene while you're preparing for your own debut. Nonetheless, I was fortunate in having a five weeks' tour — starting as "Boris Godunov" at the Bolshoi in Moscow and covering Leningrad, Riga, Minsk and Tiflis as well—and came away with many impressions, some facts, and a strong desire to return some day.

Jerome Hines

I had gained a fairly good working knowledge of Russian while I studied "Boris" in its original language—as against the English in which I sing it at the Metropolitan, and I certainly think that this was an enormous help, both offstage and on. But aside from this, what can an artist expect when he first steps backstage in a Russian opera house? First of all, he can expect and will receive great courtesy and friendliness, consideration and curiosity. There was never any suggestion that political differences affected their attitude toward me as an artist, and whatever the purposes behind it, I was startled and pleasantly surprised to have Premier Khrushchev come backstage after my final "Boris" in Moscow to congratulate me, less than 24 hours after the eruption of the Cuban crisis.

One of the major differences between their system and ours is that the artist—whatever his rank in the company—is in almost constant rehearsal, although he does not perform as often as is customary in the States. He is expected to be at the theatre, working and observing, on a continuous basis, generally about seven hours a day. This is even more astounding when you realize that many artists devote their entire careers to the perfection and repetition of a very limited number of roles — sometimes one or two operas in all in which they appear for many years' duration. As a matter of fact, I received the distinct impression that many of the artists felt that there was too much rehearsal, and that this rigid schedule is more a matter of policy than artistic necessity, tending to minimize spontaneity and increase the danger of monotony and routine performance.

Numerous Companies

Since opera companies are, in terms of personnel, much more rigidly formalized than in our system, the aspiring singer must make his way to the top via an admittance board at the local music institute which determines his talents, abilities and potential. Once admitted to the institute, the singer's career can follow a fairly regular course, with opportunities in the great number of opera companies throughout Russia. In fact, this abundance of opera companies tends to spread the vocal talent fairly thin— with more places to fill than really outstanding singers to fill them. Instruction with a private teacher or coach is not encouraged, reflecting their insistence on the group rather than the individual. Exceptional stu-

(Continued on page 256)

GOWER CHAMPION TO STAGE HELLMAN PLAY

Choreographer-director Gower Champion's next Broadway venture will be a comedy. He's been set as stager for the Kermit Bloomgarden production of "My Mother, My Father and Me," Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Burt Blechman's book, "How Much?" The cast, as well as a New York opening date and berth, haven't been set yet for the presentation which is scheduled to tryout for three weeks at the Shubert Theatre, Boston, beginning Feb. 23.

Champion became available for the Bloomgarden production with the postponement, presumably until next season, of the Richard Rodgers-Alan Jay Lerner musical, "I Picked a Daisy," which he's to direct.

The Glamour That Was In a B'way Opening: Weber & Fields

A Chapter From the Upcoming Memoirs, 'Famous First Nights in the New York Theatre (1900-1960),' by Vet Producer Al Lewis, Ex-Lewis & (Max) Gordon

By ALBERT LEWIS

The new season 1900-1901 officially began on Sep- 3 with the arrival at the Garrick Theatre of "All On Account of Eliza" with Louis Mann and Clara Lipman. Three nights later, on Sept. 6 Weber & Fields unveiled their annual contribution at the Music Hall, which bore their name. It was "Fiddle-Dee-Dee," an extravaganza with book and lyrics by Edgar Smith and John Stromberg's music. Assembled for this year's company were such favorite stars as DeWolf Hopper, David Warfield, John T. Kelly, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Bonnie Maginn, Charles J. Ross and Bessie Clayton. The run continued for the entire season with hardly a vacant seat available at any time.

Burlesques of current hit plays still remained a popular feature of the show, and this year's crop of spoofs were "Quo-Vas-Is" and "Hairizona." The Weber & Fields aggregation which came into being in October of 1896 had at this time assumed institutional proportions, and was the centre of light entertainment, catering to the sporty carriage trade, the society elect: "Pousse Cafe" in 1897, "Hurly Burly" in 1898, and "Whirl-i-gig" in 1899, brought together the finest musical comedy talent and the most beautiful assemblage of ladies of the chorus one could hope to find anywhere in the world. Such an organization of comparable names would at the present time require the seating capacity of a Madison Square Garden to defray operating expenses.

Opening night at Weber & Fields', usually a special event, brought a carnival spirit to this one. The night was so very warm that physical contact was almost a trial of endurance. In spite of the heat, the music hall was packed to suffocation, and the audience remained from eight until midnight, content with the several giant paddle-shaped electric fans waffing and whirling overhead to relieve the prevailing heat.

Outside, the din of voices in the gathering crowds of sightseers and rubberneckers marked this opening as something special.

Everyone throbbed with excitement as the carriages drew up in long lines, to discharge their gaily dressed occupants amid the lure and glare of the dazzling lights. Loaded streetcars stopped at the corner of 29th St. to discharge those so unlucky as not to own a private means of conveyance. The chatter of the laughing, hastening and perspiring pedestrians filled the air, as they elbowed their way through the crowd and into the narrow lobby to mingle with financiers, playboys, professional ladies and women, with and without their escorts. Celebrities of the arts such as the portly Stanford White, famous architect, and his friend the dapper Frederick Gebhard, were known to hold front row orchestra seats for every performance. Inveterate first-nighters like Frank Gould, Larry Waterbury, the polo player, Charley Thorley, the 5th Ave. florist, and little Abe Hummel, the criminal lawyer, exchanged greetings with the first citizen of Broadway, "Diamond Jim" Brady and his lady friend, Edna McCauley, for whom an opening night curtain would frequently be held until they were comfortably seated.

The noise and behavior of the assembled audience bespoke an informality which was very much a part of the show. They came prepared to countenance anything they liked and to show their displeasure if they didn't. Backstage there was the usual flutter and din of excitement, the extraordinary atmosphere which happens in the theatre apparently of its own accord, and which makes that particular evening an occasion.

The program stated that Weber & Fields' All Star Co. would endeavor to deliver a knockout blow to the demons of care and melancholy, with "Fiddle-Dee-Dee," a potpourri of dramatic folderol, about the Paris Exposition, in two exhibits. While the book was nothing more than bits and pieces strung together by Edgar Smith, it was in the spirit and tradition of the other shows produced at this popular place of amusement.

There was a hush when the house lights were lowered and a burst of applause for the composer John Stromberg, as he emerged from the orchestra pit in the glare of arclights; beads of perspiration glimmering like fireflies streaked through his neatly trimmed beard as he raised his baton to conduct the overture.

Program Patterns

The opening scene was the Rue-de-Paris. John T. Kelly, as an Irish politician doing the Continent for the first time, sang about the vulnerable American tourist, and the woes of a man with a bulging pocketbook who must keep track of all the tips he hands out on his expense account. He was surrounded by the girls who were dressed in the latest individual styles shown at the Paris marts, and were indeed an eyefilling group.

Lillian Russell as Mrs. Waldorf Meadowbrook, a young widow with a longing to do something in Paris to startle society, looked sumptuous in a beautiful figure-flaunt gown, her pinched waistline not having grown a day older. In good voice and to many encores, she sang, "I Sigh For a Change." Later in the evening she stopped the show with her rendition of "Come Back My Honey Boy To Me."

Fay Templeton, with her cherub face and naughty twinkle, was "Belle ZaZra," a Parisian chanteuse. She looked young and enticingly chubby in a colorful, fluffy knee-length dress of many ruffles. She sang "Je ne le Comprends Pas" in French, and followed with the infectious "My Blushing Rosie" with Charles Fostelle, and was joined in a rousing encore by DeWolf Hopper and the entire ensemble.

The house went wild with applause. It was a moment to remember, and for many of the older generation who were there, one they could never forget. I was too immature to have been a spectator myself, but I do recall the consideration given by the press and by those who remembered, to the funny scene in which David Warfield, who had become quite a favorite at the musical hall, portrayed a typical Jewish character who blundered into an exclusive swim club at Deauville, dressed in a loud, ill-fitting bathing suit, his bare feet enlarged to twice their size, carrying a towel and a cake of soap, looking for the beach. Joe Weber and Lew Fields, dressed in children's wigs and Fauntelroy suits, playing tossball, kept bouncing the ball off Weber's pouch onto Warfield's head and couldn't make him mad.

The Swiss Comedy Bit

Another comedy gem which was long remembered was the Swiss village scene at the exposition, where Lew Fields was demonstrating two automatic dolls (played by Bonnie Maginn and Belle Robinson) and warned that no one touch the figures while in motion. Warfield tried to make the doll say "Mama," with bad results, and Weber managed to get his finger caught in her mouth. It was a hilarious bit of mime.

It was Warfield's performance in "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" which decided David Belasco as to the comedian's potential as a legitimate character actor. He placed him under his management and the following year presented Warfield as a star in "The Auctioneer," beginning an association which was to last many decades.

Bessie Clayton, making her first appearance at Weber & Fields' brought repeated cheers for her exotic "La Danse d'Afrique," adding not a little to the sultry atmosphere of the evening. Judging by the ovation it was apparent that Weber & Fields had another, if not their biggest hit. It took 10 minutes to pass the lavish floral display across the footlight at the end of the performance and speeches were called from everybody.

Rehearsed Ad Libs Then Also

Mr. Hopper delivered one of his carefully prepared impromptu comedy addresses in which he did not fail to mention the state of the weather. It seemed like the evening's entertainment was starting all over again. The nervous and perspiring Julian Mitchell who staged the show was called out by Lew Fields to be given credit for the smooth and sparkling performance. The curtain remained up while regular firstnighters sauntered onstage to personally greet the actors. It was very like a large family gathering. Nothing as intimate and fraternal between patron and performer existed anywhere, but at Weber & Fields'.

Much beyond the hour of midnight, while other theatre marquees along the stem had long since darkened, the lanes converging on 29th St. and the Weber & Fields stage entrance were again traffic jammed. The line of hansom cabs and coupes extended as far as 6th Ave. A light drizzle of Indian Summer rain added a moist, sultry air to the humidity, but not enough to dampen the ardor of the brigade of eager Johnnies in evening clothes, congregating at the stagedoor, waiting to escort some favorite charmer of the chorus to one of the midnight cafes or lobster palaces for a bit of refreshment, and after-theatre frivolity.

Turn-Of-The Century Parties

Opening night parties were already in progress at such havens of joy as Shanley's in Longacre Square and Bustanoby's Cafe des Beaux Arts. And at the Whitestone Holland House, renowned for its aristocratic tone, its exclusive cafe had extended curfew on this night for the special party given for his friends by DeWolf Hopper.

The bar at Haan's famous Sample Room on Herald Square was crowded with its usual quota of regulars discussing the merits and demerits of the show, stimulated by their favorite potables.

No place on the street, however, was as festive as Rector's at this hour. Ordinarily the meeting place for show people and their followers, after any opening. It took on a look of resplendence on this night, with arrivals crowding its door. One could hear the rattle of vehicles conveying the throngs of well dressed patrons from midnight to dawn. Rector's, with its walled-in, floor-to-ceiling mirrors and crystal chandeliers, was known as the Cathedral of Froth and Frivolity. A long yellow building situated on the east side of Longacre Square, between 43d and 44th Sts., it was the supreme shrine of the cult of pleasure.

Such was Rector's fame that its name was never inscribed on the building, and was identified only by the electrically illuminated griffin suspended from its facade. Tonight many party tables were reserved and occupied by members and friends of the Weber & Fields company. Lew Fields himself presided as host at a private table for his immediate family and a few intimate friends.

Lillian Russell on the arm of her escort, the millionaire Jesse Lewisohn, was a late arrival. She bowed right and left to greet familiar faces at the tables as she majestically moved along the centre aisle to join her closest friends, "Diamond Jim" Brady and Edna McCauley.

At Lew Fields' table, his father, who seldom invaded the theatre world except on such occasions, was beaming with pride. His only regret was that Joe Weber could not be with them to enjoy the pleasure. Weber had to hurry home after the performance because Mrs. Weber was not well. When Fields, looking unhappy, remarked that he was disappointed in the specialty dancer they imported from England to work in Bessie Clayton's number, his father asked, "What's the matter with her?"

"She stinks!" emphasized Fields.

"So what do you care, as long as she is good on the stage?" innocently advised old man Fields.

NEXT YEAR'S TOUGHEST TICKET

By JEROME LAWRENCE and ROBERT E. LEE
(Authors of last year's easiest)

The daily prints report that Lionel Bart ("Oliver," "Blitz") will next musicalize Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." A source close to David Merrick hints that Broadway may soon be chuckling at a new piece of musical meringue based freely on "The Essays of Spinoza."

All but the blind will see a trend here. People aren't going to sit still much longer for that Shaw and Shakespeare trivia. Alert, as playwrights must be to these hungers, we have already completed a fast-moving libretto of Spengler's "Decline of the West," but we haven't been able to find the girl.

Meanwhile, we've plucked the international stage rights to a real plum. We hope that investors will not shove one another in an ungentlemanly manner while queueing up for units. Checks should be made payable to the JEREZ TO LIBE COMPANY.

JEREZ TO LIBE, as every schoolboy knows, is the title of one of the best-loved books in the English language: Volume XIII of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. What scope is here! What sweep! What grandeur! Here, at last, the book-writer comes into his own.

Characters? Joan of Arc, Joanna the Mad, Samuel Johnson, Andrew Johnson, Judas Iscariot, Job (with additional lyrics by Archibald MacLeish), John Paul Jones, Immanuel Kant, Kubla Khan, Lafayette, Leif Erickson, Lily Langtry, Jean LaFitte, Josephine.

All The Ingredients

Settings? Jericho, Jersey City, Jerusalem, Kansas, Kentucky, Klondike, Kilarney, Kilkenny and Kildare, Kokomo, Land's End, Las Vegas, Leadville, Leavenworth.

Conflict? In a single volume you've got the Jews, the Knights of Columbus, and the Ku Klux Klan!

Choreography? What dance director wouldn't give his *entrechat* to tangle with Laocoon, Jiu Jitsu, and Lemmings rushing to the sea?

Gems! A trio number with Lenin, La Rochefoucauld, and Krafft-Ebing. A dream ballet: "Kidneys, Diseases of." A whopping production number: "Kosher!" A contagious waltz, "Leprosy." And a real rouser of a finale: "Liberty, Statue of"—the whole cast right down there at the footlights singing the latest national anthem by Francis Scott Key. (See pg. 356.)

Since JEREZ TO LIBE is based on the 14th Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Kennedy and Khrushchev weren't in the book yet. But we've whipped up a nifty patter number for them, to be sung from stage-right and stage-left, respectively.

The production will be designed by Lautrec, Toulouse and Leonardo da Vinci. Tunes? Kreisler, Lalo, Lehar, Leoncavallo. And if the second act looks soft in Philadelphia, Volume XIII promises us additional material by Kafka, Kipling, Kierkegaarde, Thomas Kyd, Charles Lamb, Ring Lardner, Sinclair Lewis, and Lao-Tse.

Credit for the basic libretto, of course, goes to General Robert E. Lee and St. Jerome.

Astute backers may be cheered to note that JEREZ TO LIBE also includes a British Admiral, 4th son of the 7th Marquis of Lothian, named Walter Kerr. He died in 1928.

Circus Courage

Continued from page 213

when Hoxie-Bardex played near Washington and Ted Roth, general curator, and Charles Thomas, senior keeper, came out from the National Zoo to give advice as to treatment of the condition.

Cristiani-Wallace was within driving distance both in the early part of the season and towards the end of the summer. Some acts left and others were added during the interval and it is our impression that the show was stronger later in the season. Eddie Kuhn's mixed cats, the Great Arturo high wire act, and the Arturo twins, preteen mixed twins doing double-trapeze, are an excellent reason for this belief.

Letters and postcards received throughout the season gave welcome evidence that shows which we could not visit were doing well. Seacow wrote from Rudy Bros., Dime Wilson from Gil Gray, and Father Ed Sullivan sent along a postcard listing six or eight western and midwestern shows which he had visited which were faring well.

Grandstands

Circus acts again constituted the backbone of the grandstand presentations at fairs. We found the Rudynoffs, those past-masters of equestrianship, at Gaithersburg, Md.; the Alcidos high act was at Timonium, Md.; the Platos, double trapeze, and the Kristensen-Ussin troupe of bareback riders at York, Pa.; and Astrid, hand-balancing, at Frederick, Md., along with other fine acts which we knew from circus appearances in past seasons.

Amusement parks also feature circus acts and we caught the Aerial Earls at Clementon Lake Park (N. J.). After watching this very dangerous act, we visited with Doris and Bob Earl in their trailer for such a length of time that we were locked in the park and required the nightwatchman to swing the gates open for us.

Then came Mills Bros. Circus. Young Zerbini has done much to improve the show-owned cat act. John Herriott's liberty horses are presented in the European manner. And Peggy & Harry Baker (the Juggling Bakers) are back after time spent with West Coast shows. Peggy gleefully tells how she only recently learned to drive a car and shortly afterwards drove right in through the front of a big supermarket. Sounds smashing!

Hunt Bros. closed their season on Labor Day after a successful tour of the Middle Atlantic and New England states. Mills, which played the midwest early in the season, wound up its tour at the end of September after swinging from New England into Maryland and Virginia. The fall tobacco harvest found Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. Circus, Cristiani-Wallace, and Sells-Gray all vieing for the audiences. Kelly-Miller, King Bros. and George W. Coe were in the Louisiana-Texas-Arkansas area.

After a long string of California dates, Polack Bros. turned eastwards, winding up the season at Baltimore, Md. Another indoor outfit, Hamid-Morton, had a fall route which included Boston. Ringling-Barnum went all the way to the Coast, then turned south for the last eight or 10 weeks of its '62 tour.

Yes sir!, clowns and elephants, horses and pretty girls, and the man on the flying trapeze were welcomed coast to coast in '62. It was a good season for everybody.

SHUBERT ENTERPRISES

"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM"

Company

ALVIN THEATRE, N.Y.C.

"Take Her, She's Mine"

Company

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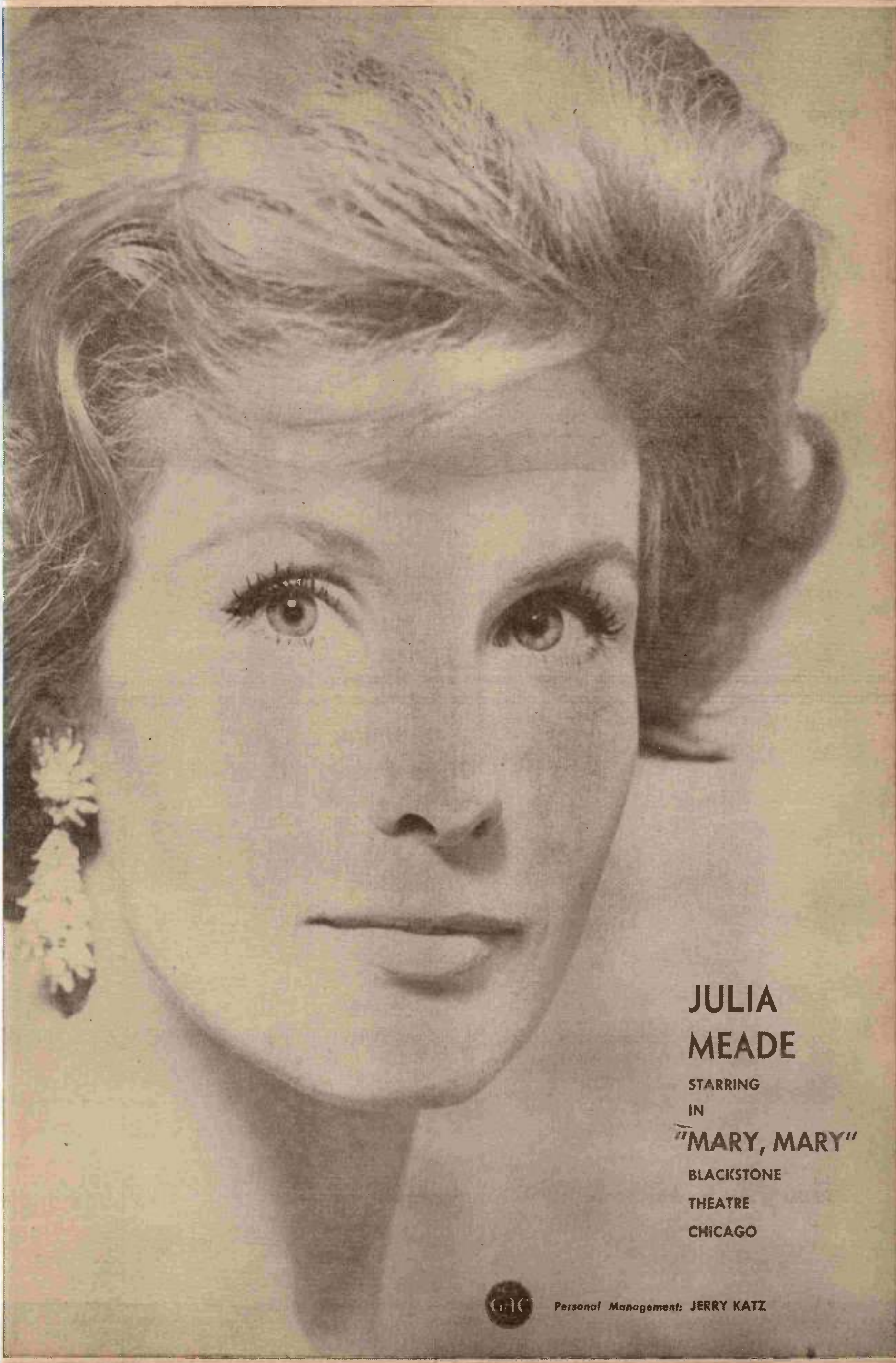
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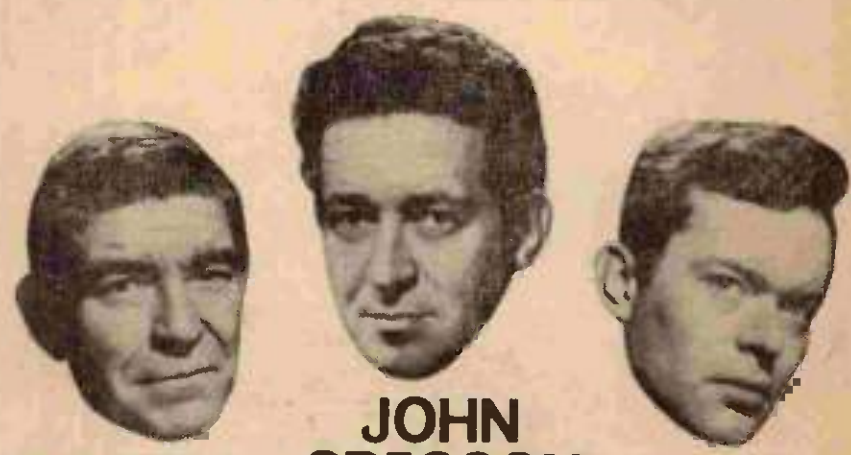

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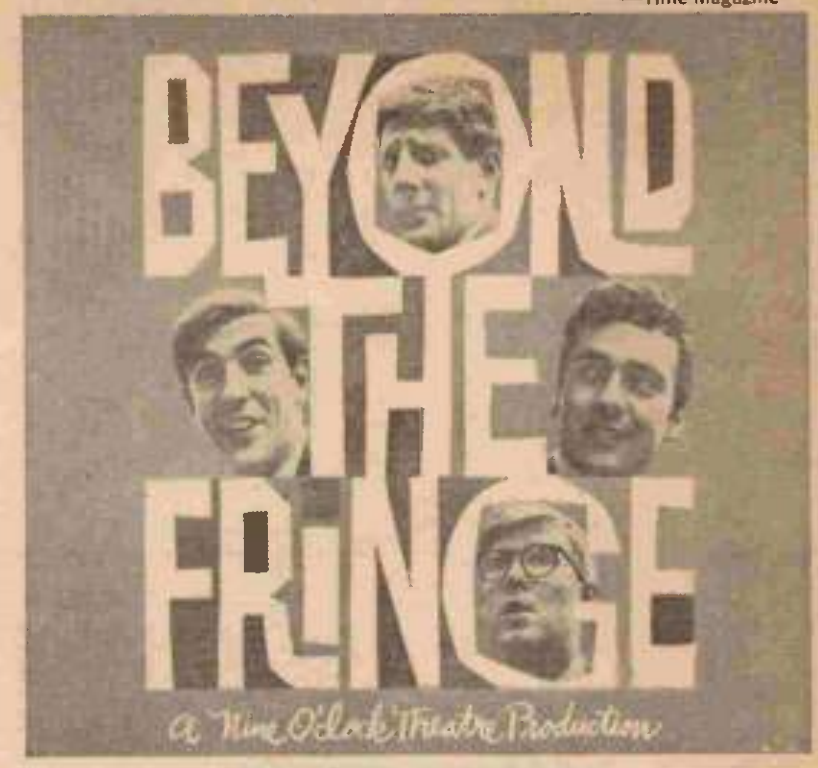

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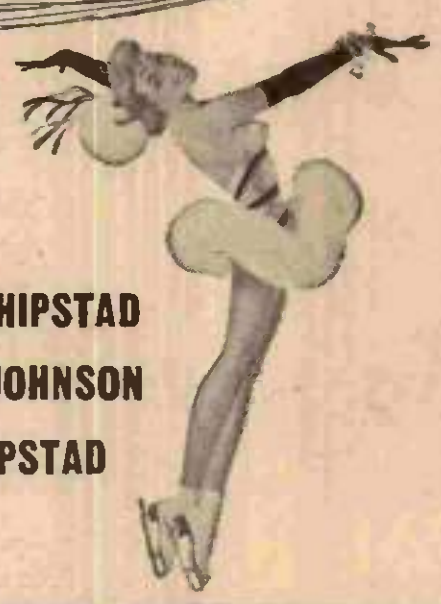

Thirteen cities remaining on 27th Edition schedule:

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Jan. 8-20
SYRACUSE, N.Y.	Jan. 22-27
TORONTO, CANADA	Jan. 28-Feb. 3
MONTREAL, CANADA	Feb. 3-12
BOSTON, MASS.	Feb. 14-24
BALTIMORE, MD.	Feb. 26-Mar. 6
PITTSBURGH, PA.	Mar. 8-10
CLEVELAND, OHIO	Mar. 12-24
BUFFALO, N.Y.	Mar. 26-31
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	Apr. 3-21
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"A FUNNY THING HAPPENED
ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM"

"TAKE HER, SHE'S MINE"

USSR 'Paternally' Demanding

Continued from page 241

dents are sometimes sent to Italy to study for a year, and those artists I met who had had this opportunity certainly seemed to have benefited from it in terms of their knowledge of Italian, their feeling for Italian opera, and their understanding of the roles to which they were assigned.

Production standards in the Russian opera houses in which I appeared were very high in some theatres, although the approach is distinctly different from ours. For instance, the Bolshoi sets are extremely lavish and expensive, using rich fabrics, elaborate props, etc. They strive for complete authenticity in sets and costumes with regard to Russian operas — but while this is striking and often extremely beautiful, it tends to leave nothing to the imagination. The use of lighting as a suggestive, descriptive design element is largely unknown, and the unit set which we have found valuable in many cases to achieve a free-flowing, rapid-moving stage picture is distinctly uncommon from what I could gather during my stay. One notable exception was a "Barber of Seville" in which I appeared in Leningrad—a production definitely 1962 in approach and approximating modern standards in every way. Nonetheless, the Leningrad "Faust" represented the traditional pattern of production.

Stages all over Russia are much larger than stages in the United States, although seating capacity generally runs about 1,500 to 2,500. Microphones and amplification are, of course, not used. The size of the orchestra, larger at the Bolshoi than at the Metropolitan, presents an acoustical problem for the singer, and may account for the relative lack of strength of many of the voices. It seemed to me that the singers had accepted this as a way of their operatic lives and decided, wisely enough, against forcing their voices to compete with orchestra in sheer volume.

Large Stage Areas

The rendition of "Boris" and the other operas I sang in Russia were done my way because the Russians were interested in knowing just how we produced them. The director would take down all my directions and suggestions even to the slightest and smallest details. I was particularly amazed to find that, when I sang in "Faust" in Leningrad, the second company was also being rehearsed with my suggestions — furthermore, that with their heavy rehearsal schedule, they soon became as proficient in the new staging as the first cast.

Once admitted to the company, the singer is secure for the rest of his life; he goes from performing to management, coaching, etc., eventually. The star singer, as everywhere, is interested in the outside world as well, and would welcome every possible opportunity to sing abroad and expand his personal artistic horizons.

Incomes & Benefits

As far as I could gather, and of course there was no way for me to be certain about this, the average Russian star receives about 350 rubles a month, not a huge sum but not to be dismissed in terms of purchasing power there. He does, of course, benefit from honorary titles and awards given by the government, including the "People's Singer" titles, and even a "Singer of the Month" theme, with their pictures posted in the streets just as the "Worker of the Month." Stars in Russia can own their own cars, and some have handsome country homes, or dachas, as I understand. Also, appearing on a calendar is apparently equivalent to having "arrived" in Russia—the epitome of success and official approval.

The Russian audience has a very strong interest in opera, and a great appreciation of opera. This is certainly helped by every opera's being sung in Russian or the language of the particular region, which has always seemed an eminently sensible idea to me. As a visiting artist, I did sing "Boris" in Russian while a Georgian company sang in Georgian, but this is not the general pattern and far more the exception than the rule. Contrarily, they do not applaud with the wild enthusiasm of Western audiences for their own artists. Happily, their attitude toward the visiting artist was much more eager and open-hearted and for myself, I could never complain about the tremendous ovation at my debut or the subsequent reception everywhere I went. Having police called out to calm crowds trying to get into a performance, as happened several times during my tour, is certainly enormously gratifying evidence for any artist that he has been accepted and welcomed by his audience. They seemed particularly impressed by serious acting allied with vocal ability on the operatic stage, and from my own experience with their artists and the few additional performances I was able to catch myself, there is much still to be done in this area of operatic production in Russia.

Temperament, as the movies and popular fiction have stressed it, is not really the basic force backstage at any opera house — there's too much work to be done —although it is a natural part of an artist's makeup and adds, when channeled and guided, to his on-stage performance. In Russia, temperament was almost completely nonexistent, again perhaps because of the long rehearsal schedule and the group orientation, and also very possibly because I was a guest and, as good hosts, the Russians tried to avoid bringing it to the fore. This was noteworthy too when you realize that in Russia, singers use their voices full out in rehearsal, a rarity in other countries where the voice is generally saved for actual performance, a necessity with our much more frequent performance schedule.

Chance to Grow

Permanence has its seeming advantages on the operatic scene; it certainly made possible schedule alterations which have been impossible at such short notice elsewhere. That it tends to stifle personal ambition, however is true; what artist doesn't want the chance to grow and develop, to meet new audiences and try new roles. Government influence seemed to me to be inherent in the opera companies as a silent but nonetheless present force. However, there was one opera in particular where I felt that it had actually made its presence felt on stage. The ending of "Faust," with its strong Christian feeling and direction, was never performed as written; sometimes Faust and Marguerite simply made a final appearance before the curtain in a rather forced "reunion" — and once, in Riga, the opera ended with a tableau showing the cosmos complete with sputnik. Of course, my experiences couldn't qualify me as an expert on this aspect of Russian operatic life—and again, I must say that I couldn't have been more considerately treated and helped everywhere I went.

The obvious final question for any artist is, do you want to return to Russia? And any artist, remembering the genuine sincerity and warmth of Russian opera and its audience, could hardly answer anything but "Da."

Dave Willis' Resort Date

Whitley Bay, Eng.

Dave Willis, veteran Scot comedian, has been pacted to star in summer show at this northeast England holiday resort in June. Layout will be presented by Jean Kerr Productions in the Priory Theatre.

'Yankees,' With McGavin, Opens at Swan, Milw'kee

Milwaukee.

Darren McGavin in "Damn Yankees" opened the second winter season at the Swan Theatre. Other offerings scheduled for the winter spread include Fernando Lamas in "The Happy Time," Julie Nemar in "Bell, Book and Candle," James Whitmore in "The Desperate Hours," Joan Bennett in "The Reluctant Debutante" and Monique Van Voohrin in "Can-Can."

The Swan, under the direction of Ray Boyle, concluded its fall series Dec. 15 with Joe E. Brown in "Harvey" and remained dark for the Christmas period. Floyd Ackerman is New York representative for the theatre.

OBITUARIES

DICK POWELL

Dick Powell, 58, who parlayed a banjo and singing voice into a multi-million-dollar business, died of cancer Wednesday (2) at his Hollywood home. At his bedside were his actress-wife, June Allyson, their children and his two brothers.

First intimation that he was ill came in late summer when it was disclosed that Powell, then prexy of Four Star Television, was suffering from the malady, but he maintained he was confident of whipping the ailment and was continuing his career without interruption. He was hospitalized in November with what at first was diagnosed as a muscular spasm of his back, but on Dec. 19 his physician reported him to be a "very sick man."

During the 31 years he had been in Hollywood, Powell successively was crooner-actor, dramatic star, film director and producer, stage director, and an all-out figure in television. He was regarded one of the leaders of both the film and tv industries and one of Hollywood's recognized spokesmen.

He was the moving figure in Four Star Television, which he organized with Charles Boyer and David Niven first as "Four Star Playhouse" in 1952, and guided its progress into one of the major video firms of the industry. He retired from prexyship last October to become board chairman, Thomas A. McDermott taking over as prez.

Born in Little Rock, Powell entered his professional career as a singer, doing engagements with local dance orchs, later joining the Kentucky Cardinals, a band, when he was 20, and following year ('25) shifting to Charlie Davis' orch in Indianapolis as a singer and banjo player.

Moving from one band to another in the midwest, he landed a job as singing emcee for stage shows at the Stanley and Enright Theatres, Pittsburgh. A Warner Bros. talent scout caught him and he made his film bow in "Blessed Event" as a crooner, which led to doing such musicals as "42d Street," "Golddiggers," "20 Million Sweethearts," "Flirtation Walk" and "Shipmates Forever."

When Warners refused to cast him in dramatic roles, still referring to him as a crooner, Powell made the step by signing with RKO for star role in "Murder, My Sweet," which presented him as a tough private eye. He was soon doing radio shows—earlier he emceed "Hollywood Hotel" for several years on the airwaves—such as "Richard Rogue" and "Richard Diamond, Private Detective." Simultaneously, his career continued in dramatic channels on the screen.

In the same year—1952—that he formed "Four Star Playhouse," Powell inked a director pact with RKO, first pic being "Split Second," and following year his contract was rewritten as a producer-director. Under this arrangement, he turned out "The Conqueror."

He took a leave-of-absence to direct the original legit company of "The Caine Mutiny Court Martial," then returned to RKO to star in "Susan Slept Here." In 1955, he moved to Columbia, where he produced-directed "You Can't Run Away From It."

Powell in 1956 signed a longterm producer-director ticket at 20th-Fox, where he did "The Enemy Below" and "The Hunters," but his Four Star activities kept him so busy that in 1960 he obtained an extended leave-of-absence.

Among his Hollywood operations, following completion of "Four Star Playhouse" as a series, were "Dick Powell's Zane Grey Theatre," in 1956, and in 1961, "Dick Powell Show," hour-long anthology series, which he also emceed. He was forced to bow out of this in early December, due to continuing poor health. His last appearance as an actor was "The Court Martial of Captain Wycliff" on this series, Dec. 11.

As a further indication of Four Star's growth under Powell's leadership, capital stock was offered the public for first time in September, 1960. Issue was sold out the first day it was offered.

Surviving are his widow, actress June Allyson (he formerly was married and divorced from Joan Blondell); and four children: Ellen, Norman (Miss Blondell's first by a former marriage but whom Powell adopted); Pamela, whom he and Miss Allyson adopted, and Richard, 12. The two brothers are Howard, a v.p. of the Illinois Central Railroad and Luther, retired v.p. of the International Harvester Co.

JACK CARSON

Jack Carson, 52, veteran character actor who won stardom in films, legit and tv, died of cancer Jan. 2 at his Encino, Cal., home. He discovered he had the disease last October when he underwent an operation on his esophagus. However, he kept the nature of his illness a secret from his friends for more than two months.

Carson, whose last tv appearance was on Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color" four months ago, collapsed last August on the stage of the Grist Mill Theatre, Andover, N.J., where he was rehearsing "Critic's Choice" at the strawhatter. Doctors then diagnosed his illness as a stomach disorder.

A native of Carman, Manitoba, Canada, he had more than a score of screen credits including "Saint in New York," "Vivacious Lady," "Carefree," "Destry Rides Again," "Strawberry Blonde," "Male Animal," "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "A Star Is Born." He was especially known for his costar roles with Dennis Morgan in such pictures as "Two Guys from Texas."

Wed three times, he is survived by his third wife, Sandra Tucker; two children by his first marriage to singer Kay St. Germain, John and Kathryn; a brother, Robert, and his mother. His marriage to Miss St. Germain was terminated by divorce as was the union to actress Lola Albright, his second wife.

COL. JAMES H. STEINMAN

Col. James Hale Steinman, 76, president and co-publisher of Lancaster Newspapers Inc., pioneer broadcasting and telecasting executive, died Dec. 31 in Lancaster, Pa.

Among survivors is his brother, John F. Steinman, with whom he published Daily Intelligencer Journal (a.m.); Lancaster New Era (p.m.), and Lancaster Sunday News. The brothers also operated a broadcasting-television complex of several stations (Steinman Stations Inc.), keyed to pioneer WGAL (radio) and WGAL-TV, in Lancaster.

At the time of his death, and for some years past, he was treasurer of the American Newspaper Publishers' Assn. and was formerly treasurer of the board of the Bureau of Advertising of ANPA.

Death of the publisher was unexpected, although he had been seriously ill earlier last year. He had returned to his duties, and was planning a tour of Europe with his wife, the former Louise McClure Tinsley, of Baltimore, Md.

Survivors include three daughters, his brother, and a sister.

ARTHUR GOTTLIEB

Arthur Gottlieb, 63, film and tv producer, died Dec. 24 of a heart attack in New York, where he had gone on a business trip from his estate in a Toronto suburb. He was the husband of Gladys Glad, onetime Ziegfeld "Follies" star and widow of writer Mark Hellinger.

Brooklyn-born, he entered the Canadian film industry in 1932. Founder and prexy of Film Laboratories of Canada Ltd., he built a $2,000,000 plant in Toronto in 1955 where he subsequently produced such tv series as "Tugboat Annie," "Cannonball," "Last of the Mohicans" and "Undercover," using Canadian and Hollywood actors.

At the time of his death, he was considering filming some of Hellinger's works left to Miss Glad.

Survived by his wife, an adopted son and daughter.

JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON

Jean Forbes-Roberston, 57, actress, died Dec. 24 in London. A member of the celebrated theatrical family, she was the daughter of Sir James Forbes-Robertson and his actress wife, Gertrude Elliott.

She made her stage debut in South Africa in 1921 and, after touring Australia and New Zealand, returned to make her London debut in "Dancing Mothers" in 1925. She was one of the more famous Peter Pans, playing the role nine times.

Miss Forbes-Robertson, a versatile performer, portrayed classical roles and modern parts with equal facility. She was acclaimed as Juliet, Viola, Jessica, Lady Teazle, Puck, Hedda in "Hedda Gabler" and Susan Throssel in "Quality Street."

Her first big success was in 1926 when she played Helen Pettigrew in "Berkeley Square." She appeared in Grand Guignol and as Jim Hawkins in Treasure Island" with equal success.

Survived by her second husband, actor-producer Andre Van Gyseghem.

MARY S. ELMS

Mary Sherwood Elms, 39, daughter of the late author-playwright Robert E. Sherwood, was found dead Dec. 26 in her New York apartment. Police, who said her wrists had been slashed with a razor, ruled her death an apparent suicide.

A maid who found the body reportedly said that Mrs. Elms had been despondent.

ROBERT GINZLER

Robert Ginzler, 53, orchestrator of Broadway shows died of a heart attack in New York, Dec. 30. He had been working on a musical in England shortly before he died. Among the shows orchestrated by Ginzler were "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "Bye Bye Birdie."

Survived by wife.

MARGUERITE N. KOWALEWSKA

Dr. Marguerite N. Kowalewska, 62, organist and composer, died Dec. 26 in Philadelphia. A native of Paris, she was a graduate of the National Conservatory. She wrote several Masses, a number of compositions for organ, piano, orchestra and voice.

Three sons and two daughters survive.

EDWARD HOWITT

Edward Howitt, 85, actor, died Dec. 14 in England. He toured his own companies and was also resident at various theatres, including Britain's Gateshead Metropole and Jarrow Roya.

Survived by wife, son and daughter.

GEORGE GELDART

George Geldart, 89, veteran musician, died recently in Whitby, Eng. A former member of Whitby Spa Orchestra, he was also drummer and tympanist with the Whitby Municipal Orchestra for years.

He composed many xylophone solos, best known being "Twixt Heather and Sea."

ETHEL CRANE

Ethel Crane, onetime concert singer who appeared with the New York Oratorio Society under direction of the late Walter Damrosch, died Dec. 25 in South Nyack, N.Y. A soprano, she also sang with a number of choral groups.

Four cousins survive.

Wife, of John Allison, of the law firm of Marshall, Bratter, Allison, Greene & Tucker, attorneys for General Artists Corp. and other theatrical clients, died Dec. 13 in New York.

Priscilla H. Anderson, 58, violinist and actress, died Dec. 11 in Burlington, Vt., from injuries sustained in an auto accident while returning from a concert date in Stowe, Vt.

Mrs. Marthe McSpadden, owner of the Grand Theatre, Electra, Tex., and an exhibitor for nearly 40 years, died recently in Electra. Her son and a sister survive.

Manie M. Gottlieb, 69, former district manager for Universal Film Exchanges Inc., in Chicago, before founding his own firm, Associated Amusements Inc., died recently in that city.

Bryan Powley, 91, actor, died recently in London. He started in musicomedy, then joined the BBC Repertory Company until he retired some years ago.

John Carbrey, 77, legit dancing-comedy headliner of the '20s, died in Covina, Cal., Dec. 12. His wife, former dancing partner Pauline, and daughter survive.

Luz Veloso, 83, retired legit actress who was a member of Lisbon's Teatro Nacional for the last 20 years, died Nov. 25 in Lisbon after a long illness.

Joseph A. Sternberg, who for years operated the Franjo Theatre in Boonville, N.Y., died recently in Daytona Beach, Fla. Wife and a brother survive.

Frank W. Cleasby, 64, a Derry, N.H., carnival operator, died Nov. 24 in Hollywood, Fla., where he had planned to spend the winter.

Mother, 68, of Aldo Bruschi, co-owner with Arturo Sacco of In Boboli, N.Y. nitery, died Dec. 12 in New York after a brief illness.

Virginia Lee Curtis Testers, 54, film makeup artist, died Dec. 25 in Hollywood. Her husband, son, brother and two sisters survive.

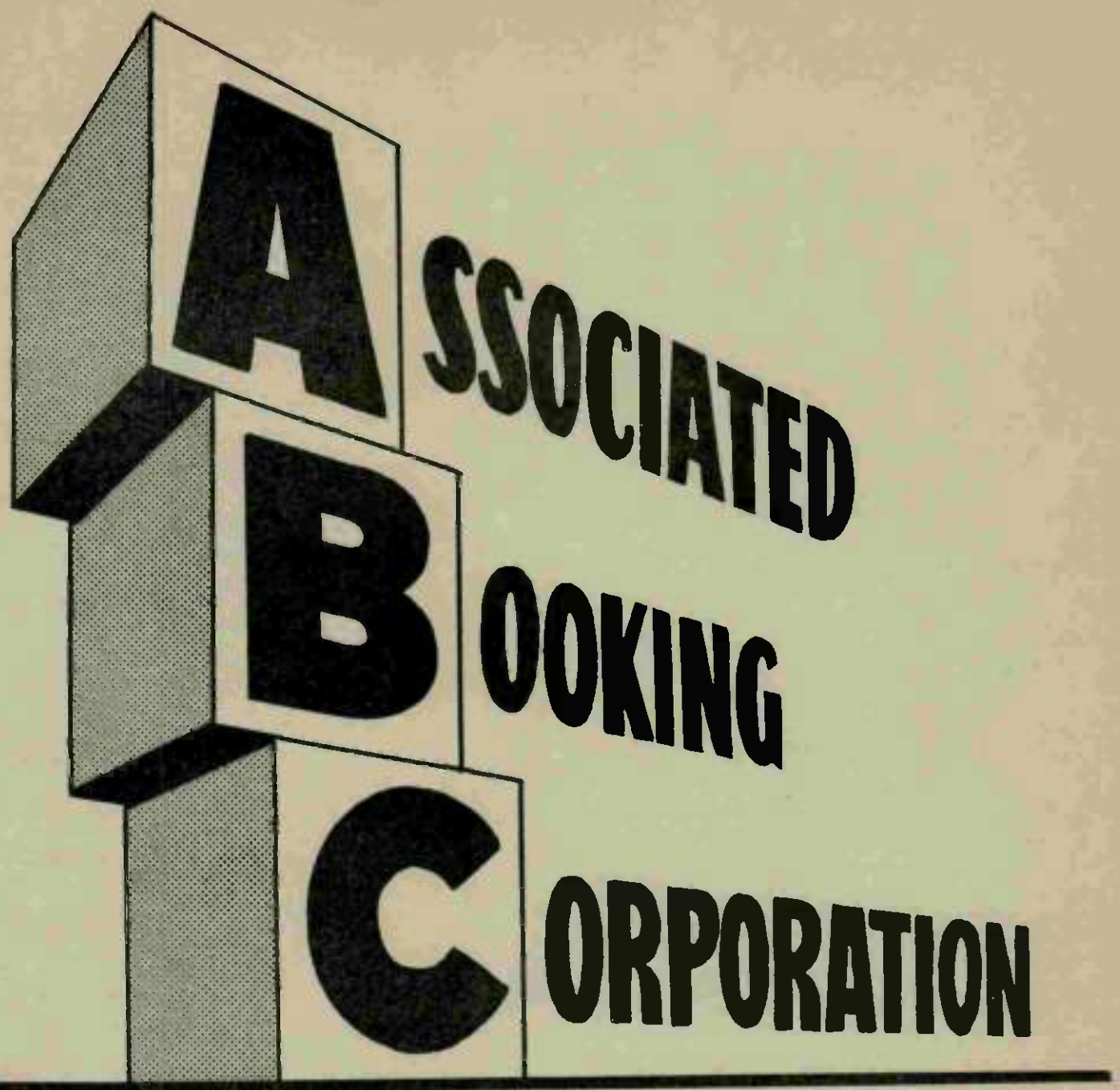
Pilar Monteiro, 86, retired actress who had appeared in many revues and films in the 1920s and '30s, died recently in Lisbon.

Harriet L. Jewell, 90, bandleader who conducted orchestras in Boston for nearly a half-century, died Dec. 15 in Exeter, N.H.

Lucilla Simoes, 84, veteran legit actress who retired from the Portuguese stage in 1954, died recently in Lisbon.

Ken Walters, 60, pioneer assistant director, died of a heart attack Dec. 22 in Hollywood. Wife and son survive.

George H. Moses, oboist with the New Hampshire Symphony Orchestra, died Dec. 8 in Manchester, N.H.



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HAROLD DAVISON

"WHY BE IN THE WORLD IF YOU CAN'T SPREAD JOY?"

WALDORF ASTORIA
New York

"Miss Bailey has rarely been in better form . . . entertainment that held the preem audience for a one-hour show. She is the mistress of the outrageous image and expert at the asides." —*JOSE, Variety*

"Pearl Bailey busting Waldorf records."
—*ED SULLIVAN, N.Y. Daily News*

"You'll be missing a great treat if you don't catch Pearl Bailey in her riotous song and laugh act at the Waldorf's Empire Room. We enjoyed every hilarious second of it last night. You've never heard 'Indian Love Call' sung like Pearl Bailey does the famed chant. The most hilarious spoof of a serious number that ever tickled the risibilities."
—*LOUIS SOBOL, N.Y. Journal-American*

"Pearl Bailey—great as always." —*EARL WILSON, N.Y. Post*

"Pearl Bailey's a great clown . . . a hilarious doll whose sense of insanity is self-aimed and delightful, a remarkable lady clown whose casually comic plan is deceptive, reflecting far more of a blueprint than its random, seemingly improvised effect might seem, the mark of the true comedienne."
—*JACK O'BRIAN, N.Y. Journal-American*

"Pearl, who opened last night with a bang at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, is an impeccable rhythm singer. Take 'I Left My Heart in San Francisco.' Someone set the style by singing it as a drawn-out paean to the West Coast city. Pearl doesn't see it that way. She does it for its beat, not because she's pining for the town . . . She has never been better."
—*LEONARD HARRIS, N.Y. World-Telegram & Sun*

SHOREHAM HOTEL
Washington D. C.

"If there is a more entertaining lass than Pearl Bailey in all of show business, she hasn't put in an appearance around here. Miss Bailey's considerable talent, unique style and deftness with a tossed-away comedy line are well known via TV and movies. In person, face to face across a dance floor, the skill and inimitable manner are magnified. Miss Bailey makes time fly at well over the speed of sound . . . She could stay on four hours without wearing out her welcome . . . her audience still would be eager for more . . . Pearl Bailey's terrific, that's what all of this means."
—*HARRY MacARTHUR, The Washington D.C. Evening Star*

"Pearl Bailey, who is making her first appearance at the Shoreham Hotel, is an artist who improves the current after-dark scene enormously . . . she will be the solid smash of the season . . . An immensely winning performer, she has command of things the moment she sashays into view . . . A show-stopper if there ever was one . . . A genial, certainly personable, gentleman named Nick DiMaio is her conductor, and Lloyd Phillips is her pianist of 11 years. This show will make Shoreham history . . . Miss Bailey is nothing short of fabulous . . . Luckily—for all of you."
—*DON HEARN, Washington D.C. Daily News*

HOLIDAY HOUSE
Pittsburgh

"Talented may be a pretty thinly worn expression for showfolk but on Pearl Bailey it fits fine. Few, if any, performers making the rounds today can outdo this energetic and versatile songstress-actress-comedienne who is packing the Holiday House this week."
—*HENRY WARD, Pittsburgh Press*

"Pearlie Mae, oh my, Pearlie Mae, she's enough to spoil a night club audience for anyone else, and that's known as an understatement. The large supper club room at the Holiday House has been filled to the last seat for every show. To say the show is good isn't good enough. It's double-barrelled A-1, with Pearlie Mae making all the bulls-eyes. She's an incomparable entertainer. It's a wise bet that she'll be drawing sell-out crowds for the Holiday House every night of her engagement there and no one in the whole wide-world of entertainment deserves them more."
—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

CURRENT SMASH!

LAMINGO HOTEL
Las Vegas

"Pearl Bailey's many appearances as a headliner in Las Vegas—her first was 16 years ago—have solidified her rep as one of the Strip's few dependable blockbusters. At her peak in this latest outing, her showmanship is something rising nitery performers profitably could study and absorb. In staging show, she wisely gives herself more time and more singing. Her distinctive vocal styling, with just the right amount of personalized comedy asides, makes her act a wonderful hunk of entertainment."
—*FORREST DUKE, Daily Variety*

THANKS FELLAS, FOR THE LOVE LETTERS!

Pearl Bailey