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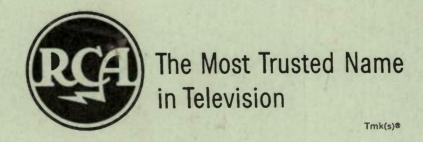
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VOL. 237 No. 7

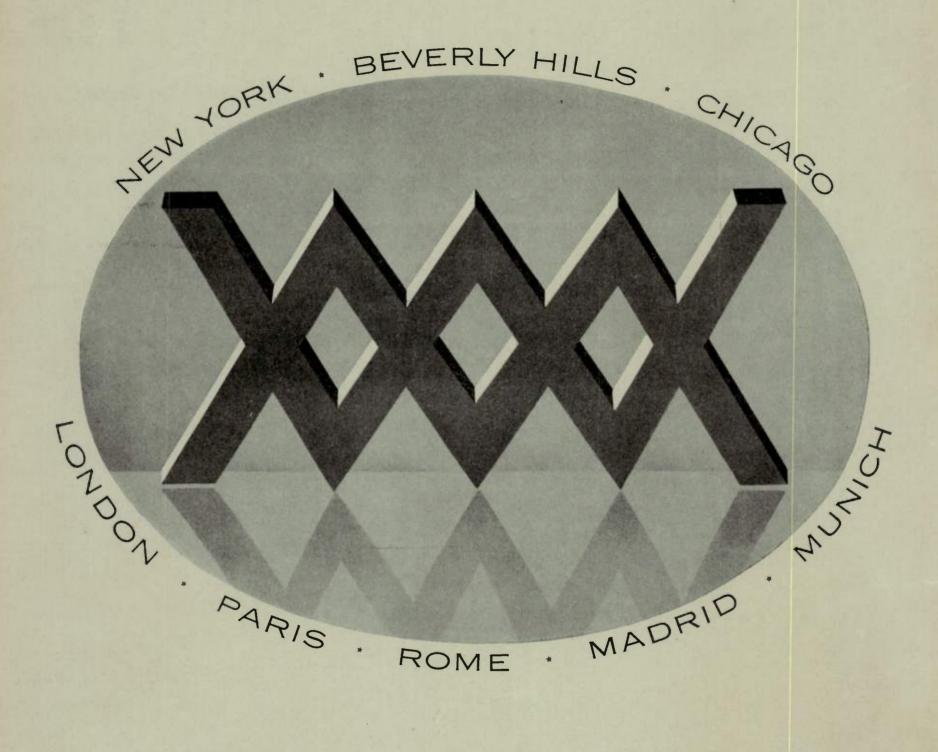
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1965

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WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY, INC.

VOL. 237 No. 7

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1965

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CAN-YOU-TOPLESS-THIS YEAR

'Give Till It Hurts' Frequently Injures 'Benefit' Actor Most

"Money isn't

every thing,'

when trying

to convince an

actor to work in the "bene-fit" for noth-

By HARRY HERSHFIELD

"Charity begins at home," but always ends up at the Americana, Waldorf-Astoria, Astor and Commodore Hotels.



ing.
They always
try to laugh the actor out of his legitimate moan.

They give him the old Joe E. Harry Hershfield . When the pan-"I haven't tasted Lewis routine. handler cried food in three days!" the answer is "Buddy, you haven't missed a thing—it tastes the same as it al-ways did."

All this, prelude to what? The growing amount of "benefit" performances and the actor's own sense of charity; and how much he can and should give of the only collateral he possesses—himself.

The demands on the present day performer is no less than his giving in the past. The unions and other commonsense agencies have stepped into the picture and have brought reason to this most un-

(Continued on page 62)

Met Jet Set Catches Brass Ring, Loses Breath On Int'l Merry-Go-Round By RICHARD TUCKER

Aboard transcontinental and transoceanic planes nowadays you might not recognize a noted Boris Godunov slouching in a conserva-



financial pages. But there they there are, being jetted from one city or being Richard Tucker

country to another in pursuit of their now truly international ca-

Nobody can deny that the jet age has notably changed the lives and the art of singers, but is this a disaster or a blessing in dis-guise? There is a dual issue involved: what rapid transportation and its concomitants mean to the already established, mature artist and what they signify for the younger, still striving, "junior" member of vocal fraternity.

In the so-ce of "golden" era of the 1880s and 1 0s, when the Met-

(Continued on page 80)

Caesar's Philosophy

Vet songsmith Irving Caesar who, as collaborator with the late George Gershwin and the late Vincent Youmans, among others, is regularly called upon to recount anecdota pertaining to them, has a summation that is most applicable to Youmans. The lyricist's prime reminiscence of his composercollaborator was not his wealth of melody or family background (Youmans The Hatter money) but his charm. And this inspired Caesar's

Charm is a skeleton key, That gets you into places Where you have no right

favorite couplet:

LBJ Dancingest **President**; White **House Show Galas**

By LES CARPENTER

Washington.
In their first year in the White House, President and Mrs. Johnson have added taste and style to their selection of entertainment for the Executive Mansion. They have, thus, shaken the hayseed image stemming from their Texas "home on the range" heritage.

Perhaps never in a single year has the White House had as wide a range of types of performers. Involved have been a number of

innovations bearing the LBJ brand.
"The White House," starring
Helen Hayes, was the first play, in a conservative business suit, a renowned Tosca puzzling out the Times crossword or street to the conservative business suit, a renowned Tosca puzzling out the Times street to do an act there. "Oklahoma!", in a shortened form, was the first musical street to the conservation of the c shortened form, was the first musi-cal ever performed, complete with Jose deep in study of the finance:

(Continued on page 64)

France & Italy Appraise Yank Brand of Film Sex

Romance, mating and love in U.S. films have undergone drastic changes in recent years. Whether it is a reflection of changing social mores or the effect on American producers and directors of the French and Italian men as to adultery and promiscuity is a point. But "the new frankness," in fact, may be a more lasting phenomenon than the quickly dispersed wave." "new

Shirley MacLaine, once the all-(Continued on page 46)

Topless bathing suits and witless political campaigns marked 1964, the wotta year, also, of The Beatles. Extremism applied to more than philosophy and temperature-there was the frug, watusi, swim, wobble, slop and twist, the extremes of Vietnam and the Congo, the extremes of Presidential love of suspense in revealing that Humphrey was "it" only at the final possible delayed moment. Show business shared with all business in 1964 a fervent wish that Presidential campaigns be shortened and brightened.

Meanwhile a song-and-dance man, George Murphy, became U.S. Senator from California, knocking off one carpetbagger, Pierre Salinger, while two other carpetbaggers, Robert F. Kennedy and George Peppard (in Joe Levine's film) were mopups. And so what else was new? The World's Fair, the Tokyo Olympics, Liz and Dick as a married pair, discotheques, payola (again! or has it ever been away?), the film version of "My Fair Lady," Churchill at 90, and

(Continued on page 52)

Irish Installing Night Life Lure For U.S. Tourists

By MAXWELL SWEENEY

Ireland is making a big play for U.S. tourist coin and will step it up in 1965. During first six months of 1964 guest registrations at hotels by U.S. and Canadian visitors were up by 15% and they spent 16% more than in the same period of 1963.

Intercontinental Hotels are now operating three hotels, in Dublin, Cork and Limerick, and hotel construction has been stepped up sharply. Conrad Hilton has a site near Dublin Airport and the Sheraton chain has reportedly been negotiating for another site in the area. Substantial grants by Irish Tourist Board towards new hotel building and extensions have been bait in bringing in a number of interests. Philadelphian Bernard McDonough owns the lush Dromo-lan Castle Hotel in County Clare

(Continued on page 46)

Early Press Time

The 59th Anniversary Number went to press several days ahead of the normal Tuesday deadline, due to the size of the

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

Pseudo-Nationalism Doesn't Deter **Europe's Increasing Americanization**

Blacked Out

Johannesburg.
The Publications Control
Board of the Republic of So.
Africa has issued a "D" certificate for Joseph E. Levine's
"Zulu" which bars natives "Zulu" which bars na (Negroes) from seeing it.

Although thousands of natives were extras they will not be permitted to see the pic they saw being made.

Theatre Library **Treasure Trove** In Its New Home

By GEORGE FREEDLEY

Thirtythree years ago as a relatively young man I emerged from George Pierce Baker's Yale Drama School, considering university and community theatre work.



George Freedley

My cousin, Vinton Freedley, whom I'd just met backstage in the Yale Theatre, had told me I should try Broadway. After three years, I found myself in New Haven on Theatre

Guild business and took advantage of the opportunity to call on G. P. B. told him that I enjoyed stage managing, occasional acting of bit parts and outside professional playreading but wanted to do something that might have more lasting impact on the theatre which I loved and still do.

He was thoughtful and then said, "George, did you ever think (Continued on page 66)

No Break-In Theatres, No New Scot Comedians By GORDON IRVING

The decline of the Scott comedian, a traditional force for many years in Auld Lang Syne show biz, is one of the disappointing features about the current entertainment industry in the north of the U.K.

The decline is not so much a decline in quality, though this has been noted, too. It is rather a decline in numbers, there being no potential recruits in the younger age-bracket to a job that has spelt high coin and local fame for so many years. There are, in

(Continued on page 46)

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

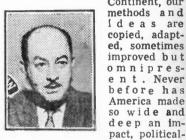
If imitation is the highest form flattery, then Americans ought to be flattered by what is happening in Europe today. All over the Continent, our

improved but

so wide and

ly, economical-

ly and socio-



David Schoenbrun

logically.

It is not just our productscornflakes, cars and cokes — that are embraced but it is our way of life which is supplanting old European traditions which no longer satisfy the appetites or aspirations of our times. From sales, distribution and production techniques, blue jeans and art, women's rights and jazz, to comfort and neuroses, we have set the style. But if America is flattered by

imitation, it does not follow that it is admired in the original. Euro-peans like their copies better. They must to save their own selfrespect. The price a powerful and young country must pay for its leadership is resentment and harsh (Continued on page 62)

No Skin Off Tyros In L. A. Pink Pussycat's 'College of Striptease' By MICHAEL FESSIER JR.

Hollywood.
Harold Feld, "dean" of the Pink
Pussycat's "College of Striptease,"
is a one-time Harvard instructor, training supervisor for the L.A. Dept. of Water & Power and holds a master's degree in education

After five years of arduous duty with his peeling proteges, Feld has the well barbered, slimly tailored look of a man satisfied with his station. He is, in fact, a somewhat stuffy person, perhaps overly impressed with the space his stripschool gimmick has grabbed in the nation's press. He intones that the school "has removed the stigma of the Main Street strip show from the art of stripping," and that the girls who flop under his academic tutelege just don't have the "vision."

His sister Alice, wife of owner Harry Schiller, brought him in to Harry Schiller, brought him in to aid the Pussycat's operation in 1959. Nothing that the girls "just didn't dance well," Feld enlisted Lenny Bruce's mother, Sally Bruce, former proprietor of a ballet school, to give the girls a few pointers.

few pointers. The idea caught on and Feld (Continued on page 66)

Shades of Hecht & MacArthur: Wha' Happened to Newspapering of Yore?

By JACK McPHAUL (Chi Sun-Times Columnist)

On Michigan Avenue which is also Press Row-and that in itself is evidence of how classy we have become - I encountered a news editor of

Jack McPhaul

one of the dailies. have playing blocks," been with he said, "and analyzing ink blots. They want to know

if I have an aptitude for newspa-per business." He's

on the sheet for some 15 years. In the other shops he's highly regarded as a judge of news. "Wonder if they'll tell me I'm in the wrong pew," he mused.

I've been intending to call the paper and ask for the news edi-I'll know that Binet and Rorschach ruled adversely.

In the business office seems no alien intruder. The counting room has no raffish legends although it is a part of the newspaper business as publishers actually asked the post command-have so often stated, mentioning at the same time the First the soldier trade. Amendment.

But an old newshand bemused by memories has difficulty coping with a newcomer to the local room. Somehow there was never sense of scientific manage-(Continued on page 64)

SET SATCHMO FOR IRON CURTAIN TOUR

Armstrong has been booked for a concert tour of the Iron Curtain countries. Junket, to start around March 12, will last to eight weeks. Joe Glaser, head of Associated Booking Corp. which handles the bandleader, said he could neither reveal under whose auspices Armstrong is junketing nor the itinerary.

Prior to the Iron Curtain country takeoff, Armstrong is slated to play a concert at Carnegie Hall March 9 with the American Symphony Orch conducted by Leopold Sto-

Armstrong last week returned from a tour of Japan to play a coming out party for two daughters of a wealthy Texas attorney, Edmund G. Ford. Ford paid Arman da

Literati Goes Show Biz-y

The N.Y. Public Library on 42d St. and 5th Ave. has had this placard on display most of the holiday period: The Main Reading Room Is Filled To Capacity

STANDING ROOM ONLY Book deliveries delayed

German Strips Blitz-Clip GIs

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

Poor GI Joe in Germany is the object of affection of the clippers, the gyppers, the strippers-and not so popular with anyone else.

The tawdriest, dingiest, dirtiest clubs and pubs in Germany are If a strange voice answers the ones that have their doors swinging wide open to the GIs. And some of the "better" night spots (higher - priced entertainment, more plush surroundings, more attractive girls, and drinks with less water in the glass) have

Not only that, but if GI Joe happens to be one of the thousands of colored American soldiers serving in Germany, he will find with a certain shock that even though he is supposedly "integrated" during the day, it's segregation for the night life. Most of the bars and night clubs here are separated into "for whites only" for "for Negroes only."

they do this at the request of the GIs themselves and the color bar is supported by some of the troops and club managers. Reason given is that it's likely to result in a free-for-all when a GI of one color

(Continued on page 66)

Victor Alessandro 186

Edward Anthony 43 Edward Anthony ... 7
Jules Archer 7

Cleveland Amory

Gerald Adler

Robert Baral.



Greetings across the seas and into five Continents.
Seasonal Best Wishes to my friends all over the world.

PAUL ANKA

South Africa's Native Beat Is Lost in Veldt

By RALPH TREWHELA

Johannesburg.

What has happened to the African beat? After the big breakthrough of "Skokiaan" it looked as though indigenous music of the Dark Continent had pegged a claim on the international musical map. But since then few African tunes have meant much outside their own territory.

Miriam Makeba has unearthed a ew tribal melodies from home, but these have remained more or The club owners maintain that never do this at the request of the supported by some of the troops of Beat," but these were only European imitations of the real Beat," free-for-all when a GI of one color decides to go into the night spot companies still await another

(Continued on page 46)

'VARIETY' ON ITS 59th

Another Presidential election, another global convolution, another Variety Anniversary-its 59th.

The single communications medium of great import and impact remains television, whether for home entertainment or in uence on any issue-political, educational, ideological. Certainly a Presidential year points it up anew.

But, with increasing acceptance of its service as a conveyor and disseminator of news and views, divertissment or diplomacy, the auditor has become increasingly selective.

This selectivity has created chameleon attitudes in public reaction to basic entertainment and, at the same time, has brought about a casual perspective on the medium itself. In seeking new diversion-and it is presumed that leisure hours in the next generation will pose an even greater problem, either for the industrious as well as the senior citizens—already there have been strong evidences of satiation with the status quo. Veering from tv, excepting for selective programming, the public is turning to old or revitalized diversion and entertainments. Films for example. Live shows-legit, concert, symphony. Sports.

Going-to-the-movies, the time-honored American (and global) No. 1 family entertainment, has seen a marked comeback. Hollywood has been spurred to compromising its standards to meet European competition. American attitudes, church and parental and educational restrictions notwithstanding, have been proportionately hybridized. It has found an answer at the boxoffice, but has also found some negative reflex concern about Hollywood's moral brinkmanship.

There are some things which are ahead of the parade. Tollvision for example, assuming that feevee, as presently constituted, can ever be made as commercially sound as free-vee. It would appear that a pay-see variation of today's commercially sponsored programming is not enough—a superior plateau, above and beyond the current concept, will have to be the convincer. This must embrace such offerings, now unattainable via commercial video, as Broadway legit, Metopera and Lincoln Center-style presentations, blockbuster firstrun films, top sports eventsnone of these blacked-out but available, for a tithe, in the home. Only then will the show biz millenium of "a boxoffice in every home" come to pass. But that is for the future.

And so, VARIETY, with 59 years behind it, continues to scan the show biz scene and span the oceans as it ties the artistic, professional and commercial pursuits—on all talent fronts into one weekly package.

From the mellower turn-of-the-century through two and a half world wars, from the Roaring '20s through the Thrifty '30s, the Frantic '40s, the Frenetic '50s and now the sizzling '60s, VARIETY has gone-to-press 52 times each year, with more than 3,000 issues, bringing the news and reviews, opinions and attitudes, creative and crassly commercial (the old b.o.) performances to the showmen and the show biz buffs in a comprehensive weekly package of 52 weeks each and every year.

Coming—the Diamond Jubilee.

Cecil Madden

The By-Liners In This Issue

Kay Campbell 15

a wealthy Texas attorney, Edund G. Ford. Ford paid Armong's fares to Corpus Christi do back to San Francisco, where appeared at a function in a man Francisco suburb last Wednesday (30). Glaser also declined to eal the costs of Satchmo's date of that party except to say it was "whopper."	Robert Baral 23 Howard H. Bell 106 Edward L. Bernays 243 Jim Bishop 156 Mary Blume 11 Guy Bolton 8 Harald A. Bowden 243 Paul Brock 10 Art Buchwald 85 Eugene Burr 90
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MICHAEL LANGHAM TO LINCOLN CENTER REP

Michael Langham, for the last five years artistic head of the Stratford (Ont.) Shakespearean Festival, was reported at VARIETY press time to be set to take over as director of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. It's understood he is to have the top executive post, with an associate to handle the financial and business aspect of the project.

An English-born director and former actor, Langham succeeded (Continued on page 46)

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Vaude 210

B.O. UP, BUT NOT PRODUCTION

New Markets & The Trained H'WOOD THEMES Executives They Require ALSO 'BOLDER'

By SIR CHARLES EVANS

(Director General British Film Producers Assn.)

London.

I entered the British film industry not more than 59 years ago, compared to the 59 years of VARIETY. So you may think it rash of me to air my views on the business when I have been part of it for such a short time. I am, however, one who, in an era from Pearl White to The Beatles, has sat on the edge of a cinema seat, too often surrounded by peanutshells, popcorn and, in some discomfort, clutching in my moist palm that torn half of a ticket for which I have paid cash. I, therefore, think that along with several million others I have been important to the film industry and am entitled to have some views.

The picture business in the U.S. and Britain, and in many parts of Western Europe, has gone through hard times in competition with the mass viewing of television. We have seen in the lean years a de-cline in the number of films made and the closing of many cinemas. But I believe that the decline has now stopped and that the wind of change is starting to smell sweet. I hope, however, that this will not lead to complacency and that we will not forget the bitter lessons learned in the lean years.

I believe that in many respects the film industry is basically an oldfashioned one. When I became a professional aviator some 35 years ago we flew through the seat of our pants but we gradually learned to fly on instruments. I believe that far too many people in the film industry are still operating through the seats of their pants. A visit to a modern tele-vision studio must surely cast some doubt about the equipment and technical methods in use at some of our film studios.

Not Training

Again, our methods in technical training for those entering the industry should cause us concern. Here I can only talk for the British industry but it seems crazy to me that in a country with virtually full employment where most industries are competing for the services of the graduate that we should accept the hit-and-miss method with the inevitable wastage involved, of regarding work at the bottom rung of a ladder which may well lead nowhere, as a tea boy or clapper boy, as being the right sort of training for the creative artist. I am sure that in Britain the situation will never be improved until we have a na-tional film school where technicians receive a thorough and orderly training and where embry-onic directors can get a proper grounding in the trade.

I suspect that this need for better technical training in the film industry is not confined to Britain, although I am, of course, aware of the excellent facilities provided at U.C.L.A., Southern California, Columbia and NYU, to mention only a few of your schools, and also in some European countries. In this connection we must not think only in terms of the entertainment use of films, for today they are an established part of teaching and any government committed to the program of technological progress cannot surely fail to recognize the importance of the proper training of film technicians.

The flim today is an international commodity. It is surely in every country's interest to promote a healthy flow of export trade, since great values accrue in export for small use of raw materials and at small freight charges. The number of American films exhibited in Britain and in Western Europe shows that the value of export is understood by film makers even in countries such as the U.S.A. with its enormous film market. Britain has a rela- vision.

tively small domestic market and export is the life blood of our film industry.

Fresh Outlets Needed

I feel that both our countries must look for markets beyond the U.S.A., Britain and Western Europe and that the countries of Eastern Europe should, therefore, be of special interest to us. We both export films to those countries but in relatively small numbers and for a ridiculously low price. If we remember that Russia, for example, has nearly twice many cinemas as the U.S.A. this is a matter for concern. As a further example I was in recently Czechoslovakia British Film Week at which seven films were shown in the largest towns. In every occasion, although the films ranged from a ballet film to a Beatle film, the cinemas were full to capacity but I am sure that this was not reflected in the price for which the films were subsequently bought. This problem is a tough one to crack since these countries have all got nationalized film industries but I believe that the most hopeful solution lies in co-production. This would not have been a profitable thought in the sort of East-West political climate which existed a few years ago but I believe that conditions today make it worthy of serious consideration.

Eastern Europe

The difficulty of getting a British film into Eastern Europe is compounded by the fact that, not unnaturally, the countries are concerned with the interests of their own film industries and might look for some reciprocal arrangement by which their own films can be shown in Britain. The British public, however, with a choice of so many American and British films, is generally unwilling, with the exception of the audiences of a very few art theatres, to sit through either a dubbed or sub-titled foreign film and I suspect that this also applies to American audiences. A film produced as a co-production might well be a different matter. However, those of us that go to see foreign films may agree that whilst their subject matter, presentation and often the tedious propaganda aspect included makes them a doubtful commercial proposition, they nevertheless often show a spark of originality and technical achievement. I feel, therefore, that it would be wrong to assume that Eastern European filmmakers have nothing to con-tribute to the progress of Western

films as an art form. I joined the British film industry just as thoughts were turning to pay television. It is certain that the British film industry cannot afford to ignore pay television's promise of an addition to its revenues but neither can they afford to see traditional exhibition patents prejudiced. We are fortunate to have the opportunity to benefit from American and Canadian experience although the California experiment is perhaps a measure of how tough it may prove to get pay telev sion off the pad as a commercial groposition. If we believe, however, as I emphatically do, that pay television will inevitably, sooner or later, form part of our exhibition pattern, then we should be giving urgent thought to what form of entertainment pay television can offer to subscribers that is substantially more attractive than that of the established commercial television networks. We have reached a clearer idea of the type of film which can be expected to fill cinemas even in an era of mass viewing of "free" television. It is a matter of importance and urgency that we should now make the best informed estimate of what the type of entertainment is which is peculiarly suited to "pay" rather than to "free" tele-

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Hollywood.

The overall financial health of the motion picture business improved tremendously during 1964, with bellwether outfits such as MGM, United Artists and Paramount reporting very comfortable net earnings cushions in sharp contrast with their loss positions the year before.

Optimism has been building steadily in Hollywood and is at its highest point in more than decade. In fact, the quickest way to become an outcast is to raise some question about the foundation for this bubbling optimism. Even the away" filming is not as pronounced

as it had been of recent years.
But what are the facts? An examination of Variety's weekly film production charts actually shows that production in Hollywood was off last year, with 89 features filmed here by major studios and their indie associates as against 107 during calendar 1963. These same sources also put 48 features before cameras o'seas in 1964 (five fewer than the year before); shot two others in New York and one in Chicago. Overall total comes to 140 for the principal production forces, and to this Size, Shape, should be added some 30 features, not all made in Hollywood or within the U.S., undertaken by indie producers who do not have financing distribution ties with the

(Continued on page 42)

N. Y. World's Fair Showcased **Wondrous Sizes and Techniques** In Specially - Created Films

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

critical reactions all the way from admiring to abusive. Putting these broader questions to one side, it was evident that film in various ways and sizes was one of the dominating elements. The range was varied indeed.

Some audiences found themselves sitting in standard-type seats (sitting still, that is), others in seats that moved along passages, past screens, under screens; in continuous or spaced movement to a different viewing spot. Other audiences stood in one spot, others stood while they were moved along by a traveling sidewalk. Others semi-reclined to watch spaceships zocming through the universe or turned around and around trying to take in every angle of a 360-degree screen. Audiences who ventured into any of the exhibits which showed motion pictures could never be sure what was going to happen to them. In general, whatever happened, whatever they saw, gave them

Size, Shape, Color Films shown at the Fair were not only varied in size, shape and Exhibitors experimented color. with visual effects, sound effects, emotional impact, sensory reactions. They educated, entertained,

During its first year the New enthralled, shocked, scared, tanta-York World's Fair was subject to lized and gave much to think about afterwards. Some of the films almost didn't get shown because advance information released on them upset some sensitive types who, as usual, sprang to the defence of impressionable minds, only to find out they were tilting at windmills.

Although not the best film shown at the World's Fair, the most debated one, possibly, was the Protestant Council of the City of New York's "Parable," shown at the Protestant Center. Made by Fred A. Niles Productions and directed by Tom Roof and Rolf Forsberg, the 22-minute color film was a parable, Christ portrayed as a clown. After much early argument (during which the film conto be shown), comment passed on by viewers cooled the dispute. Attendance was boosted by the resulting publicity.

Johnson Wax

Most popular, and very possibly the best, film shown was the Johnson Wax exhibit's "To Be Alive." Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid's three-screen delightful tale of a boy growing up was 18 minutes in length when the Fair opened but the demand for viewing it became so great that several minutes had been lopped off for faster turnover of audiences by the end of October.

Saul Bass was an active producer of films for the Fair. His "The Searching Eye" for Eastman Kodak's ground-level theatre had expanding screens which divided into several sections, sometimes with each one different. Considerable use was made of time-lapse and strobosopic photography. For Eastman's upper-level theatre, "The Story of the Atom" projected on a planetarium-style curved screen. Bass also made "From Here To There" for United Airlines' theatre in the Transportation & Travel Building, an airplane ride across the country with, again, an expandable screen.

'To The Moon and Beyond'

Cinerama produced KLM's "To The Moon and Beyond," also shown in the T&T Building, a trip through space projected on the ceiling from a projector under the floor, requiring viewers to almost recline (although seats were not ideally designed for this position). Besides the space visit, viewers were also taken into the world of microphotography, cluding a visit down an anthole. Just about every type of projection was used somewhere at the Fair. Billy Graham's "Man In The Fifth Dimension" was shown in Todd-AO at his pavilion.

Projection in 360-degrees, nothing new (any visitor to Disneyland can tell you that) but always effective, was used in both the Port of New York Authority's exhibit and the New York State building. Latter showed film very similar at Disneyland but with much less visual impact as often one or more of the eight projectors used was out of focus.

U.S. Federal Pavilion's "A Ride Through America's Past" kept the audience literally moving, passing by all sizes of screens, more than 150, some showing motion pictures, others projected stills. Bell Telephone had a similar idea but with a less interesting

Capra's 'Space'

Frank Capra produced "Adventures In Space," for the Hall of Science's space theatre, but as exhibit did not open until September most 1964 Fair's visitors St. Genesius is entombed in the Altar of the Chapel of St. Lawrence which was built by Camilla Peretti, sister of Pope Sixtus the Church of Santa Susanna every combined with live actors. A (Continued on page 67)

Patron Saint of Actors

Hostess of Bricktop's (First in Paris, Now in Rome) Sparks St. Genesius Day

By ADA SMITH DU CONGE

Rome. While the tomb of St. Genesius has been in the Church of Santa Susanna, the American Roman Catholic Church in Rome in charge of the Paulist Fathers, since 1585, Lothing had been done until this year to celebrate his Feast Day on the part of the large acting community which is now part of Rome.

Early last summer it occurred to me, as it might have to many others, that something should be done about this, and when I took the problem to the Santa Susanna Guild, composed of American women, they were cooperative. With their help and that of Rev. Father James F. Cunningham, who had been the procuratore general of the Paulist Order in Rome for the past dozen years, something was done for the first time in 1964.

On the Feast Day of St. Genesius, himself an actor, who was beheaded by the Roman Emperor Diocletian on Aug. 25, 301, a mass was held in his memory. It was conducted by Father Cunningham as his last well as a considerable representation of the acting community of all creeds. Although there is some dispute as to the exact date on which the feast should be held it was decided to have the mass on Sept. 1 and from this point forward it will be an annual event at the church.

The Paulist Fathers publish a little pamphlet with the story of St. Genesius which is always avail- of acting which is so important able at the church. They have also coined a small commemorative medal which is also to be had there. Both were distributed to all who attended the initial mass as they will in the future.

Fifth. Although the Saint's origins first day of September.

are unknown he came to public attention as an actor who was the outstanding comedian of his day. Genesius, who had the status of a Roman knight, was seeking to entertain the Emperor who had no love for Christianity and he proceeded to offer a performance which vilified the religion. In the course of preparing this play he took the various church teachings

to present his burlesque. It was during his burlesque preparation that he became ill and decided to forego the performance in order to become a Christian, having been impressed by the material he had studied. Although all laughed at his declaration, thinking it was part of the comedy, Genesius was quite serious about it. When he was brought before Diocletian he made a long speech in which he professed his converruler and to the sion to the

assembled crowd. The other actors, when they realized that Genesius was not feigning religion, made their burlesque broader to disassociate themselves from him. At this point new post i. Chicago and it was thrown in prison. The next day he attended by many Americans as continued to profess his faith before the Prefect Plutiano and on the torture rack. The refusal of Genesius to recant was reported by the Prefect to the Emperor who ordered his decapitation.

He is the patron saint of all performers and he has been accepted in the United States as the patron of the Catholic Actors Guild of America. Here in Rome he remains as a symbol of the entire profession with the growth of the film colony and the various branches of music and recordings. Since Rome has had no celebration whatsoever in honor of the performing arts in the various houses of religion, it is

Gratitude for Boomy Outlook; **But Rue New Backdoor Censors**

By RALPH HETZEL

(Acting President, Motion Picture Assn. of America)

for the motion picture industry. In no year in the past decade had the improvement over the previous year been as great and the improvement over the previous year been as great and the outlook for the coming year so promising dustry is producing many more improvement. the coming year so promising. Producers, distributors and exhibitors all shared in the business upturn. It was nearly 25% ahead of 1963

It would be easy to say that this revival of interest in motion pic-tures was due entirely to better films. True there were many ex ceptional films released that did exceptional business. But this was not the only answer. The films were better presented by the theatres and more effectively promoted and pre-sold by distributors-from the day the film was announced right down to the grand opening and followed up with exceptional advertising in all media. Increased television and radio budgets helped many films get started.

New and refurbished theatres once again made movie-going a worthwhile and satisfying experience. Greater cleanliness, comfort, brighter and larger projection with carefully modulated sound — all combined to make every picture more enjoyable.

Weekly attendance in the United States has been rising and has been reported to average well above 40,000.000 admissions per week. This is greater than all the people who attended all the baseball games played by both major

leagues in the entire 1964 season.
Overseas the gross billings for
American films increased slightly in total in the face of many serious difficulties in many areas of the

The statistics show there has been a substantial decline from the

Next time you travel...

Films by Inflight Motion Pictures, Inc. such as 20th Century Fox's

"Goodbye Charlie," starring Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds and Pat Boone.

The best from Hollywood and Europe are on TWA's wide

screen. In color, if that's how they were made! TWA shows

movies the way you see them in your neighborhood theater,

but we show them on selected flights within the U.S., coast-

to-coast non-stops and transatlantic and Polar Route jets to

Europe. Next time you take a trip, take in a good movie. Call

TWA for a reserved seat. Or call your travel agent.

First-run movies

on TWA jets!

take in a good show

dustry is producing many more important films and fewer routine subjects than formerly.

Budgets today run four and five times as high as the average feature of the '40s. If better pictures get longer theatre runs, fewer films may take up the available playing time.

Rise of 'Indie'

One of the most significant changes is the growing importance of the independent producer. This important development has encouraged a trend to a much greater variety of subject matter coming to the screen.

It is interesting to note, however, that there has been a fairly wide selection of films available for all age groups according to the findings of the Film Estimate Board of National Organizations who prepare the monthly Green Sheet. During the first 10 months of 1964 the Green Sheet reviewed 192 features. Of this total 20.8% were rated A (Adults), 38.2% for A & MY (Adults and Mature Young People), 25% were rated A-MY-Y (Adults, Mature Young People, Young People), and 16.15% for GA and C (General Audience and Children).

It is to be expected that producers will make films suitable for all segments of the motion picture audience. This past year saw more producers making films appealing directly to those under 20 years of age. This is an interesting trend in view of the fact that half of the

(Continued on page 50)

The Left Bank

By FERRIS HARTMAN

I ran into my bantam, whitehaired friend and sculptor outside the Old Navy on the Boulevard St. Germain the other day. He suggested that we sit at a sidewalk table and share a demi to celebrate a special occasion.

"I'll be one-year-old on Thursday," he said.

Actually, he's pushing 80, but he still exhibits with the Jeunes Sculptures, and he looks the right age for it.

My friend explained that he believes in starting a new life at least once every 10 years. Every five years is better, and every three years is better still.

"You pick up the newspapers and find the same columnists writing the same columns they did then." he said. "By now, all that they're writing is their own daily obituaries, and I'm sorry for

My little friend was once an actor, and he was surprised to find his old theatrical cronies still doing the same sort of stuff year in and year out on tv.

"An actor dies if he plays the same role in the same script too he said. "I've noticed from observation that man becomes a mechanical corpse if he plays the same part in real life for too many years, too."

My friend knows pretty well when it is time to drop one life and start another.

"When you're really alive and people ask you what you are, you either feel puzzled by the question or else you answer straight out that you're a man," he said. "If you answer that you are a hoofer or a huckster or a stone-cutter, well then you can be pretty sure that it's time to change your act because you've forgotten that you're a free man."

My friend thinks that prosperity and success may be the things that keep his old pals in America from getting themselves newborn, from making a fresh start and leading

a new life.
"Success is a man-eating tiger," he said. "They've got a man-eating tiger by the tail, and they are

afraid to let go."

He added that his pals told him they couldn't quit what they're doing because they have responsibilities to their firms and families.

"For awhile, I felt pretty low about such stupid excuses," he said. "If they looked a minute, they would see that the games they're in are no more important than tag or touch-football, except that in the business games they're causing each other a lot more hurt and damage."

My friend ordered another demi and said, "Talk to the kids, and and said, "Talk to the kids, and they're taking to liquor and delinquency because they're bored with Pop and the deadly routine life he's giving them. They all want to get away, and they'd love a dad with spunk enough to set is a game," he said. "When the popular discontinuous productions with the popular discontinuous productions with the popular discontinuous productions and we have invented the game of money just the way kids do with shiny bits of paper.

"Sure, I play the game of money as far as necessary, but you find it isn't necessary very far once you see it's a game," he said. "When the popular discontinuous productions with the popular discontinuous productions and they are they are the popular discontinuous productions."

Then there is the problem of money and paying the bills.

"I've had temporary acquaint-ances with big money, but the price it demanded of me was too high," said the little fellow. "After living the first few lives, I saw that free time and liberty are more important than money in discovering the rich, full lives."

Free time and liberty are things that the wealthy graphs of recommends the control of the con

that the wealthy cronies of my friend are very poor in.

"True, you need a little money but not too much or it slows you down and kills adventure," he said. "Last week a millionaire took me to dinner and ran up a \$60 tab. I could have taken him to dinner for \$3, and the only difference would have been that he wouldn't have got snubbed by the headwaiter."

To my friend, we are all little children who have never grown

The American Scene

- By BOB ORBEN -

Have you seen that tv commercial where the arm comes up out of a washing machine? If you listen real close you can hear a voice gurgle: "Are you sure this is the way Lloyd Bridges started?"

Just found out how to get 73 shaves from one of those new steel

April 16th is the day you sit down to count your blessings cause nothing else is left!

Isn't it interesting how words mean different things in different places? Like in Hollywood, "Strangelove" is the name of a movie. In Greenwich Village, it's a way of life.

I just got the notice for my kids' summer camps that they're gonna be open for another season. You've heard of summer camps—the Tee Shirt Mafia! These places are so lavish, you can't even call them summer camps anymore. They're more like Little League Grossingers!

It's amazing how important movies have become to flying. Yesterday they grounded a plane because of a bad projector!

Everybody's so upset about the way President Johnson picks up dogs by the ears. You oughta see what he picks up Republicans by. We ate at the N.Y. World's Fair which is quite an experience. Picked a restaurant, took out a bank loan and went in. Won't say what the menu looked like, but I've seen smaller numbers in defense budgets.

A Washington paper estimated President Johnson's family as being worth \$9,000,000. 'Course, in Texas this qualifies you for CARE packages. . . Knew the Johnson's were doing well when we saw the LBJ ranch—and that Cadillac buckboard. The cattle aren't branded

We should be very grateful to the subways—for the way in which they've taken crime off the streets!

Didn't really believe in President Johnson's War on Poverty until topless bathing suits showed how many underprivileged there are.

President Johnson signing the Civil Rights Bill may have been a big tv show for Johnson, but to Abe Lincoln it's just a summer re-run!

Economists call this an era of unprecedented prosperity. Unpreceddented prosperity! That's when you can't meet the payments on a Cadillac instead of a Chevy!

Hear about the Muslim who got arrested for demonstrating and

as he's going up to the desk sergeant, someone whispers: Don't give him your right letter!"

We're going to have a seminar on "Will The Swim Ever Take The Place of Marriage?" . . . For those of you who haven't seen The Swim, picture a stag movie with a beat! It's a very unusual dance. The only thing you don't move is your feet! thing you don't move is your feet!

Newest American pastime is non-involvement. I disappear if you're

in trouble and you disappear if I'm in trouble. Sort of a Mutual Fade Pact! Suddenly the whole country is doing "High Noon" live!

People won't even be witnesses to anything. The new battle cry is: 'Give me anonymity or give me death!'
Realize what Jimmy Hoffa's conviction means? Twenty million

trucks with their radio antennas at half-mast!

A Conservative is someone who buckles himself in when riding

through a car wash.

Now it develops President Johnson is only worth \$3 to \$4,000,000. With his luck, they discover oil under the TV station. Was so shocked that Johnson only has \$378,000—when I pay my taxes this year, I'm gonna throw in an extra thousand for Lyndon . . . Of course, \$378,000 for a public servant ain't bad. The only way I can explain it, they must give him a heluva carfare!

I'll say one thing about North Viet Nam. It's a very unchic country.

You can tell by the name—if they had anything at all on the ball, they would have called it Viet Nam North!

Understand the Ranger 7 took 4,320 pictures of the moon. 4,320 pictures! Sounds like a tourist on his first day in Paris! They're very interesting pictures—if you dig grey. Saw some of the pictures on television. Well, they're never gonua make Playboy! What a land-scape! Barren, desolate, no water, no vegetation. Looks just like the retirement land I bought in Arizona.

People who say a house is the biggest expenditure the average American family ever makes, never invited all their relatives to a Thanksgiving dinner. I don't even look on them as relatives anymore. They're more like a familiar famine. I won't say how big an order we placed with the A&P-but Huntington Hartford personally delivered it!

November 3 is Election Day. The day millions of Americans go to the polls to determine which political analyst was right!

Ever run into Election Day Stereo? When the Democrat soundtruck is on one corner and the Republican soundtruck is on the other, and you're in the middle getting that bipartisan migraine?

Maybe we oughta increase the stakes in these elections. Like the one who loses has to take down all the posters on lampposts.

First Christmas card always comes from the superintendent of our

building. Always includes a business reply envelope in it. Remember the good old days, when the power needed to operate toys came from the kids instead of batteries?

Just figured out what they mean by an unbreakable toy. One guaranteed to last till New Year's!

up, and we have invented the game

off on brave new adventures with there's love, there's no need of them, nobody knows where." this for me, and I'll do that for you, or give you so much money. No, there's just love and friendliness, even with strangers."

My friend isn't fooled into imagining that the money from some professions is clean, and dirty from others. He showed me a poem he had just scribbled before ran into him. It was in French,

but it wasn't a French poem.
"You can tell a French poem,
because it usually begins, 'Elle etait toute nue," explains the ban-

tam sculptor now turned poet.

His poem was entitled "Si j'etais," Its free verse loses a great deal in translation, but here it is:

If I were a poet,
I would send my poems to a publisher,
And with the postage stamps

enclosed He could send me money.

If I were a singer,

Provided that my songs didn't appear in the air, I would make disks, Disks that turn and make

If I were a banker. The money of the poet and the singer would pass over my counters,

Mixing with monies got in many different ways.

And during the course of the day,

I would see that all the money is the same, Whether it comes from the

arts or by the holdup. The little fellow was quiet while

I read his poem.

"And are you sure," I asked him, "that all that you have told me is true?"

"Heck, no," he replied. "The minute you're sure of anything, you've got the biggest lie on your hands you can imagine. Every-thing changes, and that's the ad-

venture, just to keep discovering." He paid for the drinks, and we strolled over to the Louvre to see one of his totems in the new show at the Musee des Arts Decoratifs.



WHAT PRICE RIGHT OF PRIVACY?

COMMANDO PERFORMANCE TODAY'S MEDIA

- By JULES ARCHER -

The place is Milne Bay, New to a considerably enlarged hori-Guinea. The time is 1942, just zontal audience. after crack Japanese marines invaded with tanks to wipe out our small expendable force of Yanks and Aussies. Astonishingly, the Nipponese suffered their first land defeat in the Pacific, and an Aussie "concert party" has arrived from Sydney to reward us with some morale-building show biz in the jungle.

It is now dusk. Overhead lacy palms sway uneasily in the wind like a ballet of fan dancers. Low in the sky, the moon looms big and yellow, as South Seas moons are supposed to loom. Soldiers are now converging on the clearing selected for the performance. The Australian troupe arrives in a two-and-a-half ton job bulging with instruments, props and cos-The diggers jump out and establish their beachhead like the veteran Middle East commandos some of them are. Wigs, piano, costumes, xylophone whirl into position. Presto-a theatre.

The officers' mess, a thatched roof of woven palm leaves on poles, is now stage, dressingroom and orchestra pit. To distinguish stage from orchestra, a flat piece of plywood is laid in front of a blue curtain. Spotlights are rigged on cocoanut trees at either side. The musicians crowd under the mess roof so tightly that the man on sax can't turn a sheet of music without hitting the cellist in the stomach. There is no room under the roof for the xylophonist, who looks up apprehensively as a few drops of New Guinea weather splash on his nose. The other musicians under the roof are uncon-

arrange Yanks and Aussies themselves in a cross-legged arc, amphitheatre style. Luckier soldiers behind them occupy choice loge seats on gas drums, portable tree stumps and food crates. Behind them, rows of standees. On the flanks, the box seats—soldiers perched precariously on top of framed tents and a few up in the cocoanut palms. At the rear, the balcony-a parked G' pletely covered with Yanks.

The band rushes through its final discords, each man for him-self. One of the troupe carries a mike in front of the curtain, makes strange noises in it, glances up with one eye. The lights suddenly go out. Someone swears. chorus of groans, damns, hells and bloodies rises in crescendo. I notice the natives have already gone bush. The airstrip siren sends our ance of card wizardry. bugler scrambling to his post to toot three blasts.

The Red Alert

Nobody moves for the red alert. even though we can now hear the drone in the sky distinctly. Men squatting in front won't budge for fear of losing their spot. Men behind them stay put, hoping to who begin roaring out with him, move up into any vacancies. The "I vam theenking!" deadlock is broken when the CO orders everybody to get lost tosses a pack of cards in the air Squatting near but not in slit and spears one previously selected, trenches, we sweat out metal "unknown" to him, by a soldier. greetings from Tokyo for a quarter He bows off to a storm of applause. of an hour, then rush madly back to the clearing in a cloud of chokhaving to pick up all the cards. ing dust. Much jubilation of soldiers whose view has been im- the leading lady dressed. He's a proved by the fortunes of war.

The blue curtain swings open, the band strikes up and an openchorus garbles something it "true pals and cobbers." Wandering backstage, I notice a half-costumed digger, nose aflame with red paint, frowning over a letter from home. Another is pulling off the tight black women's slippers he has just tied on, groaning and rubbing his toes. A third, shaking with malaria, is tossing quinine down his throat, making a

There are 17 Aussies in the troupe-some amateurs, some professionals. When the Japs invaded, they'd been giving a show at a base field hospital. Dropping their instruments and wigs, they'd grabbed rifles and manned some machinegun posts. When the Japanese had been beaten off a week or so later, they'd returned to the field hospital to finish the show—

Two comics go on, one of them wearing a battered, velour, turnof-the-century top hat which wore all the time as part of his island uniform of top hat, shorts and boots. "Scares hell out of the bloody Japs," he explained to me with a grin.

Sgt. Jack Wiseman, the bandleader and a veteran trumpet player of the Sydney circuit, leads the applause for the next performer, Private J. Todd. a concert with the ABC Symphony Orchestra. who plays "Libestraum."

"Really fine artist, but piano's about done," Wiseman whispers to me apologetically. I ask where the troupe acquired it. He explains that when authorities said they didn't need one, the troupe "liberated" the piano of their staging area the night before they sailed, a'ong with a microphone and other equipment. Resourcefulness is an Aussie virtue, which was why di gers returned from the Middle East equipped by the Italian Army.

Wiseman leads the orchestra in a novelty number called "Johnny Peddler," and the drummer goes mad with freedom in a solo that explains why his drum is taped in two stots. The band is seated on flat boards stretched across oil-Their music stands with ledges nailed are cans.

rropred by rocks and oilcans.
The next turn, "Abo the Great." is a magician and novelty dancer from Melbourne. He does an eccentric buck-and-wing, clicking homemade castanets. His magic props are made largely from old kercsene tins and cooking pans. I ask him where he learned his magic. "Correspondence course from one of your chaps." he explains. "Dr. Harland Tarbell of Chicago, the eminent American magician." Looking over my shoulder, he corrects me for leaving out the word "eminent."

He is sad about not being able to drss his act by owning a dickey with his battered tuxedo. "Been knocked about a bit, this gear has, he tells me, regarding himself mournfully. "Was a nice suit one time, this." I light a cigaret, and he takes the match from my hand. tossing it in a circle and catching it at the unlighted end, flame still uddenly burning. Onstage, he apologizes Then a that the humid New Guinea heat might prevent some of his card tricks from working, then

age-guessing act. Blindfolded, he calls out the ages of soldiers after calls out the ages of soldiers after the right of a married couple to be they volunteer some mathematical information. He gimmicks it for prving eyes of the state. laughs by calling out each time, "I yam theenking!" Repetition makes this funnier to the audience,

Everyone lends a hand in getting pro female impersonator from Sydney. His brassiere is loaded with two cocoanut half-shells. The natives watch him struggle into a tight-fitting gown with the assistance of two diggers, and they cackle gleefully as the powdered. lipsticked and rouged "actress" fixes an artificial rose in his blonde wig. Winking at them, he grins, "Pom pom?" They break up. The impersonator explains to me he has two blonde wigs, the curls of which he sets in water each morning, preventing the jungle heat from turning them into "housewife hair.'

His appearance onstage brings down the house. The soldiers on front have not seen a white woman for four or five months. The illusion, though they know "she" is really "he," is still startling— something like opening your bath-(Continued on page 42) POSE PROBLEMS

By HARRIET F. PILPEL

Everyone's against sin and for the right of privacy. However, there is little agreement as to the meaning of either. We are too seldom aware of the tyranny of words. What you mean when you say you're all in favor of the right of privacy may be and probably is something quite different from what I mean when I, too, favor that right. Lawyers perhaps more than other people know-or should know-that words are, as Justice Holmes Hand pointed out, only the skin of the living thoughts underneath—chameleon-like creatures that take on their meaning and coloration from what is in the mind of the utter-er and the utter-ee. No legal document has ever been drafted containing words so unambiguous that it is not possible to ascribe vastly different and often opposing meanings to the words of which it is composed.

Which brings us back to the right of privacy-a right not rooted in our centuries old common law like many rights—such as the right not to be libelled or slandered—but a relatively new concept which made its first ap-pearance in 1890 in the now famous law review article by Louis D. Brandeis (later Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court) and Samuel

They envisaged a broad right to be let alone—to be free from intrusions by others into our sonal lives. In the context of 1890, maybe no further refinement of the concept was necessary. Today, in our complex era of mass communications and electronic snoopers, the right of privacy has come to mean many different things to many different people and the courts are struggling in a variety of complex fact situations not conceivable by Brandeis and Warren.

Only In Re The Press

We are concerned here with the right of privacy insofar as the press and other media of expression are concerned. In other words, I am not now discussing the manifold ways in which electronic devices can see through walls, or hear through your telephone and thus intrude into the most intimate areas of your life. Nor am I here talking about that emergent constitutional right of privacy adverted to by Justices Douglas and Harlan in the last round of Con-His piece de resistance is an necticut birth control cases to reach the U.S. Supreme Court—

No-here we speak only of that Repetition vast and ever growing vaster area where speech or writing about a person is alleged or found to invade his privacy. And here we For his last trick, Abo the Great must bear in mind that everytime a court holds that a particular instance of speech or the press (which, of course, includes radio, television, the stage and the screen) violates a person's right of privacy, it cuts down on permissible freedom of expression just as drastically-perhaps even more so-than if that particular statement had been held to violate the law for some other reasonsome reason like sedition or obscenity which would cause us to cry censorship; some reason like libel where, oddly enough, the trend is in the direction of greater and greater freedom of speech. Because in the privacy field the trend is clearly the other way i.e., in the direction of limiting what A can say about B, we should look at the situation very carefully, right this minute-before we have a kind of Frankenstein privacy doctrine which really cuts down on our First Amendment free-doms—those freedoms of speech and of the press-which the U.S. Supreme Court has correctly characterized as "the matrix, the indispensable condition of nearly

(Continued on page 42)

A Thespian, A Cowboy, A Sports Writer

- By HARRY GOLDEN -

Charles Laughton In Stratford

The late Maurice Winnick, theatrical and television producer, agent for many American artists in England, lent me his Bentley (really a self-effacing Rolls-Royce) to go to Stratford to see Charles Laughton in "King Lear." Once I got out of London, driving was simple. Keep-

ing to the left is not much of a problem, certainly not for one who drives slowly. If I go 40 miles an hour on a freeway, I feel like Barney Oldfield.

Laughton gave a great performance. Nor am I trying to be kind to his memory. Charles Laughton was the greatest King Lear I'd ever watched and the whole production the best Shakespeare ever staged.

Mr. Laughton was probably one of the most underrated artists of our time. I was going back to my roominghouse to have a sandwich and a bottle of beer. But, lo and behold, a half-hour Harry Golden

Harry Golden

to a minute or two after the performance a young fellow came along and slipped a note in my hand which said, "Mr. Golden, would you care to chat for a minute or two after the performance? Laughton."

Would I indeed? Laughton asked me, "What do you think of the show?" just as any actor, and I told him I had seen Lear with Louis Calhern, and though Calhern was wonderful, his interpretation was that of many of the traditional critics, that this was Shakespeare's pagan drama.

But Laughton's interpretation was probably closer to the mark. 'King Lear" is the one play of Shakespeare all Jews intuitively understand. For centuries, literally centuries every ghetto in Europe had an amateur theatrical troupe producing "King Lear" or an adaptation of it.

The Jewish drama has been concerned with the family, with good children and bad children, precisely because the good children and the bad children reflected the father. The Jewish culture is a patristic culture as indeed was the Elizabethan culture, and that is why "King Lear" has fascinated Jewish actors and playwrights all these years. I told Mr. Laughton his performance reminded me very much of Jacob P. Adler's in "The Yiddish King Lear." I continued, "Where Calhern played Lear with rage, you play him with a 'kraakhtz' (a sigh of despair), like Adler."

Mr. Laughton got up from his chair, bowed low and said, "I am honored, I am honored." Mr. Laughton got the point.

I mourn him.

Bronco Billy

Bronco Billy Anderson was the first movie star and the first hero to boys on the Lower East Side.

Now he is 81-years-old and a resident of the Motion Picture Country House & Hospital in Woodland Hills. The Motion Picture Academy Arts and Sciences gave him an Oscar in 1958 for his contribution to the cinema, but when I saw Bronco Billy for the first time, the movies were called "flickers."

The movies we saw on the Lower East Side in 1911 did not come from a never-never land where the rain never falls or from across the Atlantic on a continent where extras come cheap. They were made nearby, at the Vitagraph Studios in Brooklyn, on Avenue M; at Fort Lee, N.J., and at still another studio on 23d St. in the city itself. They were a back-door product.

Bronco Billy made his movies in Fort Lee. It was there that Bronco Billy and the pioneer director, Edwin S. Porter, got the idea that if

Harry Golden, editor-publisher of The Carolina Israelite, author of "Only In America" and other bestsellers, has a new book of opinions, essays, aphorisms and recollections of the great and, most often, not-so-renowned, just published by G. P. Putnam's Sons under the title, "So What Else Is New?" These three recollections of Charles Laughton, Bronco Billy Anderson and (the real) Bat Masterson are excerpted from his newest book by permission of both the author and pubisher.

people would sit still for movies 50 or 60 feet long, they might sit still for movies 1,000 feet long. They stole the title of a play and made "The Great Train Robbery." They not only included a train robbery, but the formation of a posse. They filmed a saloon scene and a square dance. And the people sat still.

The movies in those days were a glamorous adventure, for "flickers" had recently moved from untenanted shoe stores and converted vegetable markets into genuine theatres with veneered seats which swung up and down on metal hinges.

Which shows you how old I am because they are reconverting the movie theatres back into vegetable supermarkets.

In fact, it was Bronco Billy Anderson who took movies west and made the first film shot out there-although he used the San Joaquin Valley for location, not Hollywood.

Those were the days of the silent movies. Sound, of course, eventually came, and other improvements too. I remember going to the opening of the opulent Roxy Theatre on the corner of 50th St. and 7th Ave. (gone now). What made this such a memorable experience was that it was the first time I had ever seen uniformed usherettes, a whole phalanx of them, all equipped with flashlights. Not Technicolor, or Cineamascope, or 3-D had made much an impression on me

East Side immigrant boys didn't troop to see Bronco Billy because they wanted to grow up and become actors or because they needed an escape from home life. We went to see Bronco Billy because he exemplified the attitudes we admired so much in the New World.

He was a heroic cowboy. That's what we wanted to be - heroic cowboys. He had the same effect on us then that a stock-car racer has on 12-year-olds today. He was the ultimate in masculinity and maturity. The east Westerns conferred upon us the first ideals of American manhood: speak truth, shoot straight, and build railroads.

Bat Masterson's Last Posse

No television show claims my attention like the series featuring Bat Masterson. I watch it avidly, often grumbling to myself when I every other freedom."

Bat Masterson. I watch it avidly, often grumbling to myself when I Perhaps It was a vague awaresee the neatly attired Masterson switch his silver-knobbed cane from (Continued on page 42)

The Art of Adaptation: Chicken Or Egg in Dramaturgy

prising drama courses to write a paper explaining what "adapta-tion" means. This is not as should be for man who recently adapted a play - sorry, I've already said said



Guy Bolton

that. (I'm not mentioning the play's name you will note. No cheap advertising.)

The trouble is that the credit, or discredit, due the adaptor is subject to considerable variation. Sometimes what he contributes is almost as valuable as he believes it to be and sometimes he does no more than the original author credits him with. These two views are apt to be poles apart and it is perhaps because of this that the relationship of adaptor and adapted tends to be one of smoldering animosity. Collaborators, save for such classic instances as Gilbert & Sullivan, have been known to admit that the other fellow is pulling his weight in the boat, but, when it comes to adaptations, unrelenting disappointment is the rule.

The just apportionment of pats on the back or kicks a bit lower down is not so difficult to make if the play is adapted from a novel. In the case of "Teahouse of the August Moon" one can see pretty clearly what John Patrick supplied and what Vern Sneider. And, similarly, it is not difficult to arrive at the size bouquet due Maxwell Anderson for a tough assignment in making that delightfully spine-chilling entertainment out of William March's "Bad Seed."

Personally I am all on the side of the adaptor. These darned novelists have it easy. No need for them to worry about how much it costs ir stagehands' wages to employ more than one room in which to tell your story, and they don't have to find their characters—in the flesh-all they need do is describe them. Yes, and for a topper, they are allowed to get inside their characters' minds and let their readers know what goes on there. (They need to let us playwrights do that with our "asides," then someone altered the rules.)

It is when we come to the adaptation of a foreign play that the handing out of the wreaths becomes a tough chore. In this case the adaptor does have a play to start with and that's quite something. But, while the story that delighted Americans in a bestseller may well be equally pleasing on stage or screen, what was rapturously received in Paris is quite likely to lay an egg on Broadway.

That foreign audience can sure fool you. You go to a Paris theatre and find it packed to the doors which gives you a pleasant vision of some house on West 45th St. equally full. You sit the actors won't talk too fast but first thing you know you've missed a big laugh and, while you're worrying about that, you miss another. Anyhow the audience is mad about it - 10 curtain calls. that shows you! If French people laugh like that, think what a bunch of New Yorkers will do! These foreigners haven't anything on Americans when it comes to a sense of humor, no sir!

But those folk in Paris laught a: the darndest things. They thought "Voice of the Peacock" was funny and, in the same mood, decided that "Streetcar Named Desire" was in the same mood, decided a comedy.

The average of success being low, the adaptor of a foreign play is inclined to assume a modest attitude at the outset, the humble "adapted by," and the foreign auto the American Consulate. There, thor's name in larger type than his. But, should the out-of-town that, by virtue of the McCarran that he still must file an Income Times), Norman Gelb (Voice of sales of approximately \$9,000,000 notices be good, he hustles round law, she could not senew his pass- Tax return in Baltimore Maryland. America), Larry Kramer and for this year.

who recently to the manager's office and begins | Street." The plot structure, inadapted a play that is—knock to yelp about the billing. "If you wood—a substantial success, I have been urged by one of the more enter—titled to is a 'suggested by' with the credits at the end of the program." And you can see it's a bit irksome when you're working your head off writing and rehearsing to have to play second fiddle to a chap who is lolling around in Paris cafes, boasting about the wonderful reception his play has had in an American city with the strange name of "Haitford Conn." You can bet if he makes any reference at all to the adaptor it is as his 'traducteur.'

Translator indeed! All you've used is that one measly situation -well maybe two situations. If you'd wanted to you could have helped yourself to the picayune bit you did use and he'd never have known a thing. That's what you should have done. That French so-and-so probably swiped the idea from someone else in the first place. Everyone knows what these foreigners are. They haven't our American standards of honesty.

It must be admitted that the ethics involved in this business of adapting have never been at a very high level. As a starter take Shake-speare who wrote: "Thou canst speare who wrote: "Thou canst not then be false to any man," oh, you can't you, Will? How's about a lad named Arthur Brooke and a little thing he wrote called "Romeus and Juliet"? Did you give him any credit on the billing at the Globe? Or any royalties? Nary a line, nary a groat. And your "Winter's Tale"? Any mention of a play called "Pandosto" by brother playwright Greene?

The example set to succeeding generations of play adaptors was far from good and things had not improved very much by the time Sheridan made his appearance. He went about to Garrick, Johnson and sundry, taking bows on the invention of the malaprop, which he had cribbed bodily from Shakespeare's Dogberry.

A tip for the adaptor who wishes to follow in these mighty foot-steps is to work what we of the profession call "the sex switch." Sounds pretty Kraft-Ebingish? Let me explain.

You take a successful play, we will say "The Barretts of Wimpole

valid poetess, possessive, tyranical father, forceful young man, coming to the rescue, arouses a spirit of revolt in daughter and carries (incidentally this is the "Andromeda forher away known as the

The Switch

Well now comes the sex switch: invalid poet, dominating mother, the rescuer a high-spirited girl, and what emerges is the theme of the silver cord.

Let me cite an actual case. Back in 1928 there was a play called "The Bachelor Father" in which a man gathered his children to-gether and explained that each one had a different mother to none of whom had their easy going poppa been married. The mothers are summoned and the ashes of past romance are stirred nostalgically, while the love affairs of two of the children are also dealt with.

Freddie Jackson saw this as an excellent opportunity for a sex switch and in 1944 a comedy appeared called "Slightly Scandalous" in which the bachelor father became a mother, with competing swains appearing each with his claim on the mother's affections.

"Slightly Scandalous" was not successful but a French adaptor, Marc-Gilbert Sauvageon, took it over and, under the title "Les Enfants d'Edouard," it was a hit of the '51-'52 Paris season. This was followed by an English adaptation of the French adaptation, the operation being performed by British playwright Alan Melville. He rechristened the play "Dear Charles." and, after a highly suc-cessful run in London, it returned to its homeland under that name, no one bothering to change it again, since, with its fabulous star it is now habitual to merely ask for "two tickets for Tallulah."

As for the talented M. Sauvagean he scored another hit of the season with a play called "Ador-able Julia," adapted from "Larger Than Life" which was my adaptation of Somerset Maugham's novel "Theatre." Sauvageon's play is now being adapted into Spanish after which I propose to have it adapted back into English. With all these trained minds at work on it, it should be quite something by

The Oldest Established Permanent Floating Baseball Game in London

biz names—have managed, in a few short months, to establish a permanent weekly event-and on

Sunday morning, yet.

hundred yards across from the Royal Artillery Barracks, not far from Knightsbridge. Here, on a rolling green field. Sunday, at 10:30 a.m. sharp, come rain, shine. fog or heavy dew, a collection of actors, writers, producers, directors and/or any interested American who owns a mitt, gather to choose up sides. (Englishmen with a knowledge of the game are welcome; Albert Finney, who learned the game while in the service, is considered a top exchange player.)

For the next four hours, while interested and preplexed Englishmen stroll by, pondering just what sort of an odd form of cricket this might be, baseball is played with as much fervor and zip as if Hyde Park were a sardlot somewhere in the U.S. It may ot be exactly big-league stuff, but it will do until the Yankees and the Mets decide to tour.

The Incurables

game originally was the brainchild of a few dedicated baseball nuts in London who wouldn't be without their native sport.

Arthur Lewis (of Dorchester Productions, which is affiliated with Feuer & Martin, theatrical propended etc..." Ruth Aarons, actors' ducers in N.Y.) and Harvey Orkin (London rep for Creative Management, L.A. and N.Y. talent agency) along with Norman Panama (& Frank, London-based film producers and writers), were the original sparkplugs of what could be called the Commonwealth the League.

They passed the word around to other American friends in London. Teenagers with talent for the game were tracked down all over town. The first few sessions were held on the field across from the London Hilton. Later, the game was moved to Regents Park, but evidently the loud cries of "Hey ump, whassamatter, you blind?" etc. caused a commotion whassamatter, amid those staid surroundings. scratch pickup nines were homeless until somebody located a churchyard in the suburbs. There was a brief period of playing in the yard, just a few feet from the graveyard, but too many long flies landed a mid the headstones. Eventually the playing fields of Hyde Park provided the game with a permanent (up to now, at least) home. By now, the games are well organized and intense. with both teams out for blood. Competition is as fierce as if both were representing American and the National Leagues.

Names

Weekly rosters of opposing nines read like a cross-section of a Who in TV. films and agencies. Past few months have seen such players as director-pro-ducer Marty Ritt ("The Spy Who Came In From The Cold"), pro-London production of his in this game you've got to get on base!" and London production of (Metro has rights to his book "A Fine Madness"), producer Stan Margulies. ("Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines" here for 20th-Fox), TV-film producer-director Dick Irving (new Revue spries "Court Martie!") Revue series, "Court Martial" John Kohn (coproducer, with Jud Kinberg, also a ballplayer, of William Wyler's "The Collector," whenever some publisher would send him a check out of kindness (by law nobody was under any obligation to pay him for his un-philipping to pay him for his un-philipp rently represented worldwide with The Beatles' film. "A Hard Day's Night"), Torv Leader, film and TV-director Frank Tarloff (authored Cary Grant-Leslie Caron

David Adnapoz (both of Columbia Merry England is supposed to Pix London office), Frank Cvitanobe the country where tradition vich (Canadian baseball-lover, takes centuries to take root, but a documentary producer for BBC), bunch of baseball-mad American as well as second-generation playtransplantees-many of them show ers James Niven, son of David, Jamey Granger, son of Stewart, Zack, son of Tony Leader, Pete, son of captain Art Lewis, Sidney unday morning, yet.

It's the American baseball game
Hyde Park, played a few and obviously big-league material.

The Brave Umpire It would take an ordinary man with guts to umpire such a weekly brouhaha. To find an actor who will dare to call a potential employer out on strikes is even more remarkable. Such a devoted ball fan is Elliott Sullivan, American character actor, who stands behind the plate each Sunday, and who must be a masochist at heart. He cheerfully admits that a few of his calls have ruined him for any future jobs with many directors.

Sunday baseball has become social event par excellence, with Americans making dates to meet each other on the sidelines, or to drop by and see what new familiar faces have blown into town during the week. Out to cheer opposing teams come a colorful collection of interested wives, girlfriends, children, and visitors. One Sunday's bleachers held Kermit Bloom-garden, N.Y. theatrical producer, Jim Poe, L.A. screenwriter, Herb Jaffe. VP of Seven Arts, Fred Freed and Len Giovanetti, NBC manager and undefeated retired Ladies Table Tennis Champ of U.S., and actress Shirley Jones, here for shooting of new Metro feature for Andrew & Virginia Stone. Following the diamond do-ings, all parties repair to typical English pub, the Grenadier, on Wilton Mews, near Piccadilly, for beer, sandwiches and interminable post-game recap.

Major logistical problem has been the supplying of softballs, bats and gloves, sports equipment available everywhere in the U.S. but exotic and foreign to English sporting-goods shops. Improvisa-tion by players has solved shortage; New York offices of Englishbased players have been instructed to send secretaries out at lunch-time to Spalding's with requistions. It's easy to imagine the consternation caused at British Customs when packages are opened and such items as a dozen Louisville Sluggers, softballs and catchers' masks are revealed. Egad . . . equipment for a coup d'etat, perhaps?

intense has become the weekly rivalry that veteran players will go to any length to be present at the game. One week-end. even though scheduled to begin rehearsals for "Little Me" in Bournemouth, producer Art Lewis and author Neal Simon postponed departure of their entire company from Waterloo Station until 3 p.m., Sunday after-noon, just so both of them would be sure to get in their customary 18 innings of play!

It's the only game in town-and easily the most fun. Surveying a ducer James B. Harris "The Bedford Incident.") playwright Neal play, Walter Shenson remarked, Simon ("Barefoot In The Park." "It's not enough to have talent—

TECHNICOLOR ABSORBS CREATIVE OF DENVER

Technicolor Inc. has acquired all of the stock of Creative Merchan-dising Inc. of Denver as part of company's plan for further diversification and growth in incentive merchandising field.

Technicolor president Melvin H. Jacobs said that stock was acquired from owners Philip A. Koller and O. Dale Wright for undisclosed amount of Technicolor stock. Acquisition will also enable Creative Merchandising to expand in field it is presently servicing. There will be no change in management of

A Non-Copyrightable Fairy Tale

By GEORGE MARTON

that name. turned to his native Germany and right arrangement. protected writings), Cheaver re-ported this to the tax collector in meantime. Baltimore, Maryland, and paid the

American tax.
On a visit to Paris in 1956.

Johann Maria Chutzpah, a well from the States for over five years. known German writer, emigrated to America in 1934. In 1939 he became a citizen of the United States, changed his name to Cornelius Makepeace Cheaver and wrote a few successful books under that name. nat name.
In 1950. Cheaver-Chutzpah reworks were now fully protected by the Berne Convention Copy-

wrote several books there under the signature of "Cheaver." Being an impractical man and a poet, Cheaver that he had been reinit took him some time to find out stated as an American citizen. Apthat by the stipulations of the parently, a Mrs. Schneider (not American copyright law (a veneridentical with nor related to the able antique document displayed Mrs. Schneider who had cancelled in some European museums next to the Magna Carta), his recent to the Magna Carta), his recent Government for taking away her works were not copyrightable and were, therefore, in public domain. His agent explained to him that unconstitutional. So Cheaver was literary works written by Ameri- a citizen once more and, consecan Citizens and first published quently, unprotected by copyright. outside of the United States were He had to pay taxes on his royalnot protected by this obsolescent ties again. Neither his agent nor law. This made Cheaver sad and his lawyer could tell him whether his only consolation was that he his published works between 1956 still had to pay full taxes on his and 1964 (the period when he was rovalties in the United States. So technically a German citizen)

To make matters simpler for himself. Cheaver moved to Shanghai and changed his name to Cheaver realized that his passport Li Tai Chiang. The Chinese don't was about to expire and so he went Li Tai Chiang. The Chinese don't latest starrer, Alvin Ferleger pay royalties but they provide (English rep, Ashlev-Famous writers with food and shelter. For talent agency), John Bradshaw

THEATRES: CASH & CULTURE

Despite Television, Tollvision and In-Flight Films, Building and Modifying of Theatres Continues in U. S.—Many Areas
Of Globe, Notably Africa and Asia, Due for Construction 'Boom'—America's Own Boom of 1920s
Recalled—Overbuilt Gingerbread Palaces Since Turned Into Theatres or Parking Lots—
Shopping Centres Latest Big Development—Cultural Complexes as Another Trend

Tax Tacks

By J. S. SEIDMAN (C.P.A., of Seidman & Seidman

At long last, Congress passed the tax ammunition that will give show people a break. Up to 1964, show business took a special sock on the tax chin. That is because show business has such steep ups and downs. People in it can make a bonanza one year, and bite the dust the next. But income taxes were figured on a year-by-year basis. In a big year, Uncle Sam came in on the big brackets. In a dud year, it was just too bad for the taxpayer.

Some form of averaging was obviously called for. Show business—and yours truly—beat the drums for this for over 10 years. In 1964, Congress answered the call. The answer was not as loud and lusty the tomtoms merited. But at least a start has been made.

Here's the way the new salve works: To be in the ballpark, 1964 income must be more than one-third higher than the average of the preceding four years. For 1964, that means the average of 1960-to-1963. Suppose, for example, an unmarried actor, author, director, or producer had an average income in 1960 to 1963 of \$6,000. If his income for 1964 was over \$8,000 (one-third of \$6,000 is \$2,000), he's a candidate for tax saving by averaging.

Let's also suppose his tax income for 1964 was actually \$58,000. Without averaging, his tax would be \$23,940. With averaging, his tax is reduced to \$20,500, or a saving

How was this \$3.440 saving arrived at? Well, its a technical story with all sorts of ifs, ands, and buts. The general idea is this: The difference between the \$58,000 actual income and \$8,000 entrance fee to averaging is \$50,000. This \$50,000 is sliced into five equal parts of \$10,000.

Now figure the tax if the income was only \$8,000. That comes to \$1,750. Next, figure the tax on the first \$10,000 slice. As the tax on \$18,000 is \$5,500, and the tax on \$8,000 is \$1,750, the tax on the \$10,000 is the difference between \$5,500 and \$1,750, or \$3,750. There are four more \$10,000 slices, and so that makes four times \$3,750, or \$15,000.

The tax on all five slices is then \$18,750. This is, the \$3,750 plus the \$15,000. Doing it quicker and simpler, the tax on the \$50,000 is five times \$3,750, or the same \$18,750.

But the income is \$58,000. So the tax on the first \$8,000, or \$1,750, has to picked up. That brings us to the total of \$20,500. As the tax without averaging was \$23,940, we prove out the \$3,440 saving mentioned a few dizzying paragraphs ago.

OK to Tour 'Em Pronto!

In the old days, producers would sometimes hold off sending a hit show on the road until after the Broadway run was completed. One thing behind this would be not to pile up income on income, since the road income on top of the Broadway profits would be clobbered by the top income tax brackets. With the new arrangement, the pile-up is given much gentler treatment by dividing it into five slices in the way mentioned. It will now be less costly, taxwise, to send out touring companies during the Broadway run.

What else have taxes done for show people lately? There are several goodies. They are not exclusive for show people any more than averaging is, but show people are among those who can benefit.

For one, there may be an increase in deductions. In 1963, show people who did not want to go through the ordeal of itemizing their deductions could help themselves to a minimum deduction of 10% of their gross income and a maximum of \$1,000. The \$1,000 maximum continues, but the minimum is different now, and may be higher. The formula is \$300 plus \$100 for each additional exemption that the person is entitled to above the first.

For example, in 1963 a fellow with \$6,000 gross income, and using the minimum deduction approach, got a deduction of 10%, or \$600. Suppose he is single, with four dependents. That gives him four exemptions besides the one for simself. His 1964 minimum deduction is therefore \$700 (\$300 plus four times 100), or a boost of \$100 over 1963.

Show business people are highly charitable. There is some new and good tax news in store for them. The amount deducted for charity has always been limited. For many years, there have been two ceilings for individuals. One was for 20% of his gross income. The other was an extra 10%, or a total of 30%, for charity payments to hospitals, churches, and schools. In 1964, the 30% was broadened to cover all publicly supported charities, no matter what their purpose.

Of even greater significance is another 1964 change on charity. Before then, if an individual gave to charity more than the ceiling limits, the excess went up the flue from a tax standpoint. Now, the excess is salvaged if it stems from 30% items. The excess can be treated as charity in the next five years.

Show business people sometimes dabble in the stock market, and like all other people run into profits and losses. The tax because a change

(Continued on page 65)

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Theatres as physical structures have never gone out of fashion, nor are they likely to do so. More predictably, they will change form. The pace of such change in the past 10 years has been very evident. Given continued peace, whole sections of the globe will undoubtedly see a boom in theatre building. African republics are still absurdly underseated even for backward economies. Many of the countries of Europe are also laggard in up-to-date accommodations for filmgoers, that taking in Soviet Russia which has given its all to ballet and opera to the neglect of cinema.

There may be 84,000 film theatres in the world. The figure is only somebody's guess, and may well draw correction. In the U.S.-Canada market perhaps 14,000 hard-tops are operating and another 5,000 drive-ins. The latter are a postwar development. It should not be forgotten that out-of-doors film exhibition is the commonplace of Asiatic and other warm climates, but such spots are "walk-ins" only.

In recent years, it seemed as if old theatre demolition or their conversion to other uses supported the fear of an evaporating exhibition industry. Vaude stands, reduced to scrapbooks and rubble, suffered the ultimate indignity of the medium, a fill-in as a parking lot. At the same time, many colossal cinema coliseums of the 1920 boom in theatre construction succumbed to their own overhead. There simply was no raison d'etre for their continued existence. Many of the biggest, like the Roxy on 7th Av., vanished. Others were cut down to size like the Capitol, whose rear expanse is now a Japanese Garden through which patrons pass going into a new "intimate" auditorium. Quite a number of the ginberbread palaces were rebuilt to make two theatres and in a few instances the balcony by itself became a film situation.

Boom In 'Culture'

Meanwhile, in other areas of entertainment, there have been significant changes in theatre construction, of which the auditoriums and arenas are a world unto themselves. There was innovation explicit in the creation of Toronto's O'Keefe Centre and Minneapolis' Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, but the supreme salute to the future is the \$165,000,000 complex of concert hall, opera house, state theatre, repertory theatre, music school and arts library of Lincoln Center. True, buildings alone are not proof of renaissance. Still they challenge the quality of the presentation. If the play's the thing, including screen-plays, that's no argument that the playhouse is a mere facility. The setting is always an integral part of the total come-on for the ticket purchaser.

Cinerama, starting over 10 years ago, quickened the trend to re-design, re-seat and "intimatize" large film situations. But widescreen alone does not account for the shrinkage of capacity. There was the element of upkeep of seats almost never occupied, the psychology of the "lonely palace."

The boom in palaces was a phenomenon of the period

The boom in palaces was a phenomenon of the period before radio and talking pictures, when films were indeed the amusement of the masses. Films first combined with and then quietly choked vaudeville to death. Meanwhile there were symphony orchestras and organists and "presentations" and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Houses seating 3,000 were the commonplace of the 1920s. Many of them, especially noticeable in the outlying neighborhoods of Chicago, were erected in open areas, marked for apartment house colonies not then built, the theatre going up ahead of the drugstores and the grocery

Signs of Change, 1925

An article in the June 24, 1925 issue of this journal was captioned. "Picture Houses Overwhelming Small Time Vaude Out-of-Town." It was typical of the many omens, then and later, of the switch to the film palaces. There were, in that year, only 20 surviving two-a-day bigtime vaudeville stands. What remained of the vaudeville era would be in "combination" with films.

That very June 24 issue of VARIETY carried a green cover advertising the Longacre Engineering & Construction Co. This organization was one of the driving forces

That very June 24 issue of Variety carried a green cover advertising the Longacre Engineering & Construction Co. This organization was one of the driving forces of the theatre-building boom of that era. Interestingly, historically placing the trend, part of the Longacre "sell" was on the importance of modern ventilation. It paid for itself, 'twas argued, in the summertime. Theatre lighting was also the subject of much emphasis. The old vaude houses had been crudely provided in that regard.

Longacre itemized its 35 most recent construction jobs around the country, including Chicago's State-Lake, Woods, Apollo, Selwyn and Harris Theatres, and over a dozen houses in other communities. It is edifying to-day to note the emphasis in the paid advertising copy upon marble and tile, excavating, shoring and sheath-pilling, magnesia and asbestos piping, theatre cabinet work, terra cotta, metal firring and lathing, draperies, interior stone. There were contractors then whose specialty was golden staircases and experts in the dernier cri theatrical lounge. Ornamental bronze artisans were very much in voque. Not the least interesting advertisement was the inside back cover for American Bond & Mortgage Co.

(And while dwelling on the expansion of film theatres, circa 1925, the very next issue of Variety (July 1) scareheaded an article from the British censor, G. A. Atkinson: "American Films Menace Decent British Homes.")

One historic modification of theatrical folkways came in 1964 with the passage of the Federal civil rights legislation. Prior thereto, only a dozen cities in South had grappled with the problems of tickets sold to all comers, regardless of skin. The Jim Crow practices of Dixie hardened in the 15 years after 1873, when Federal occupation troops pulled out. The top gallery was there-

(Continued on page 65)

I'M RIGHT-YOU'RE WRONG

******* By CLEVELAND AMORY *******

Every year we have one favorite news story. This year the choice was easy.

"RIGHTISTS BUOYED BY THE ELECTION," declared the headline in the New York Times. And, under-

neath, was an article stating that the reason the Rightists were so "buoyed" was that never has a Rightist candidate polled more than a tiny fraction of the 26,000,000 votes Senator Goldwater polled. And, the article went on to state, Rightists everywhere were now claiming what they described as a "thrilling" victory.

One of these Rightists, a former FBI agent who writes and broadcasts the "Dan Smoot Report" from Dallas, Texas, even came up with figures. T. Coleman Andrews, he pointed out,

the last conservative candidate before Senator Gold-water, received only 500,00 votes—therefore, in Smoot's opinion, the strength of the "cause" was now 52 times greater than it was before. "It was," he concluded, "a great, thrilling awakening."

Well, all thrills aside, it was, if not an awakening, at least surprising. In fact, we're willing to bet that there are people all over this country who know absolutely nothing about it. Take us, for example. In the east, where we live, we've obviously been getting slanted news. We didn't know there had been a big victory. We didn't even know there had been a little victory. Why we thought—honestly, you're not going to believe this, that's how out of touch we've been—we thought Goldwater had lost.

But now that we know how wrong we were, of course, we've begun to think about all this and, we'll tell you frankly, we've even begun to worry about it. We've gotten pretty suspicious about how many other things we've been getting wrong. And also about how long we've gotten them wrong.

Take the American Revolution, for example. What makes you so sure we won? Have you ever wondered why "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and "God Save the Queen" are the same tune? Ha! Maybe we didn't win. Maybe England won. Maybe we're still a colony.

Or take the Civil War—which, of course, if we're still a colony, was obviously totally unnecessary. But even giving it the benefit of actually happening, no wonder we haven't been able to get anywhere with civil rights. We shouldn't even be calling them "Civil" Rights. Maybe they're nothing, after all, but War of Northern Aggression Rights.

Those World Wars!

And, finally, those World Wars—those stories we've been fed about Germany's recovery. Recovery schmovery! Winning two World Wars like that—and all the time we though all those billions of dollars for the Marshall Plan and foreign aid and everything that we've been giving them were gifts. Gifts! Those weren't gifts, brother, those were reparations.

But it isn't just a matter of our foreign affairs. Right—you will pardon the expression—here at home it's time to take stock. The way we figure it, it's up to our leaders. Not only President Nixon but also our great leaders of the past, President Dewey and President Landon. Of course, if they won't provide us with the leadership we need, there are, happily, others who will. Take Mr. Kent Courtney, of New Orleans, a man who broadcasts over 34 radio stations. He recently declared in one of these broadcasts that, happy as he evidently was about this recent victory, he felt an important tactic of, as he put it, "winning future elections," would be to capture control of the editorial policies of newspapers.

Courtney urged "leaders of conservative organizations" to cultivate "every single local businessman who advertises in your own local newspaper." "After you have begun to educate this local businessman," Courtney said, "he will begin to come to the realization that the editorial policy of that newspaper is not in favor of the private enterprise system. Then, when the local advertiser begins to complain to the newspaper concerning their anti-business, anti-enterprise editorals, we will begin to see a shift in the policies of these newspapers.

Naturally, we also got to thinking about this. We even had a dream about it. It was a good sound American dream. All over the country we saw little Kent Courtneys starting in to cultivate local businessmen. We even dreamt about one making a telephone call—to J. B. of J. B.'s Hardware—a call which, as we remember it, went as follows:

as follows:

"Say. J. B., did you see that editorial in the Gazette about Brotherhood Week? . . . You did, eh? . . . Yes, that's just what I think, too . . . Yeah, Brotherhood! Next it' ll be your sister, J.B. . . . Good, glad we think alike about this thing . . . Oh, and J.B., next time you see P.J. down at the Gazette, you might remind him just how many lines J.B.'s Hardware took in the Gazette last year . . Yeah. And while you're at it, J.B., you might just remind him who won the election . . . Yeah, there's a story for him, if he's so anxious for stories. . . Ah, he did, eh? He ran that Johnson won! . . John son! Johnson who? . . . You don't say. Say, we just might have something here. J.B. Have you checked into P. J.'s background? . . . No, no, no. Not blackground, background . . . Good. You do that little thing, J.B. See you at the conservatory."



Cleveland Amory

Bernard Shaw Would Not Have Survived In Another Era

By LAWRENCE LANGNER

Shaw was the most distinguished playwright of this era to write his plays in terms of needed social reform. He excelled his contemporaries such as Ibsen, Galsworthy, Brieux, Chekhov and Gorki in using laughter and ridicule



Lawrence Languer

as his weapons. Since Shaw's stockin-trade as an author was to attack the prevailing governments and the social ideas under which he lived, it is amusing to speculate how many times he would have been officially disposed of by the authorities for his iconoclastic views had he lived in other periods of history. For instance, in the time of the

flowering of the Greek theatre, he would have undoubtedly criticized the system by which only a single per-formance was given of the prize festival play in Athens and would have

made a nuisance of himself by agitating for at least 50

performances of each of his own plays.

He would have severely criticized the Greek alphabet which was then being evolved. He would have argued with Aristotle that a play needed only a beginning, but neither a middle nor an end—and that it could be almost endless, as in "Methuselah."

He surely would have regarded himself as the rival of Aristophanes, perhaps the only satirist who could hold a candle to Shaw; and he would have agreed with Plato and disagreed with Pericles on the subject of democracy, and as a result of his puritanical attitude on Socrates and the prevailing Greek mode of sex life, he would probably have

Lawrence Languer has been a regular and prolific byliner in the Anniversary Number and this excerpt is from the Theatre Guild cofounder's latest book, "GBS And The Lunatic," posthumously published by Atheneum; copyright 1963 by Armina Marshall. Reprinted by permission of the publisher. Also published in Great Britain by Hutchinson & Co., Ltd.

been given a double dose of hemlock to make sure of getting rid of him.

When In Rome

Had he lived in Rome later on he would have sneered at the Roman playwrights for copying his hits in the Greek theatre and would have ended up a victim of the gladiators for defending Christianity. Later on, Congladiators for defending Christianity. Later on, Constantine and the early Christians would have thrown him to the lions for attacking the Christian priesthood, and unlike Androcles, he would have found no hungry lion

unwilling to eat him.
In medieval times, he would have strongly objected to the Passion plays, referring their authors to his views on religion and puritanism as exemplified in "Three Plays for Puritans" and "Back to Methuselah." Generations later, in the period of the great Spanish theatre of Lope de Vega and Calderon, he would have attacked the feudal-

ism of the local playwrights and might have been slaughtered in the bull ring for advocating vegetarianism and denouncing bullfighting as unkind to bulls.

Had he lived in the days of Good Queen Bess and James Stuart, he might have ended his days ignominiously on the scaffold for inciting Shakespeare to write plays attacking the aristography and the royal family: and he would ing the aristocracy and the royal family; and he would surely have urged the actors to throw off their shackles to the English noblemen and admirals who employed them and to work in plays he would write attacking the nobility and praising the town and agricultural laborers.

No Virgin Queen

He would have attacked Marlowe on the sadism of "Tamburlaine," challenged Bacon to endless debates on all subjects, and he would have questioned Sir Walter wasteful gallantry in laying down his cloak for Queen Elizabeth to walk on. But his ultimate death sentence would have been earned by suggesting, as in The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," that Elizabeth was not

In the days of the Restoration in England and Louis In the days of the Restoration in England and Louis XIV in France, Shaw would have felt more at home, though he would have criticized Dryden for selling two separate plots in a single play, such as "All For Love," for the price of one theatre ticket instead of two. He would also have felt at home with Congreve and Wycherley, the first as a fellow Irishman and the second as a talented imitator of the Irish but he would have childed. talented imitator of the Irish, but he would have chided them both for failing to teach the Irish and the English how to improve their way of living after demonstrating their national stupidity. Finally, he would have earned his death sentence for criticizing the unmanly lace-trimmed pants of James II and suggesting that he replace them by

We will pass over the period after the Restoration and the plays of Oliver Goldsfith, another Irishman, who had the bite of satire but without the leaven of social reform, to the period of the so-called modern theatre which, while it began in Russia with Turgenev's "A Month in the Country," did not hit Western Europe and especially England until the 1870s and '80s.

Why did the English fail to jail or attempt to silence

Shaw when he gave them so many good reasons for doing so? I believe that GBS saved himself many times by demonstrating that he was too entertaining and amusing to be put away, either temporarily or permanently.

The Paradox

Paradoxically, only in those countries of which he spoke well from time to time would his life have been in danger had he lived in them permanently. These were the countries where the dictators were in power: Germany, Italy and the Soviet Russia of Lenin and the G.P.U. Hitler would have made short shrift of him in the Third Reich, and so would have Franco in the early days of the Spanish Civil War. And after he changed his point of view about Mussolini, he would not have fared too well with the

Even in Russia, in the early days, he would not have survived, for he was highly critical of what was going on there; and his later unbounded admiration for Com-munism and Stalin did not include any unbound admiration for the silencing of writers and especially playwrights.

Had he lived permanently in the United States, it is almost certain that he would have been called before the

Un-American Activities Committee of Congress and jailed for his disrespectful answers to their questions. Thus Shaw led a charmed life in his own period of history, and it is not recorded that he ever felt the impact

of any greater violence than a few eggs and tomatoes thrown at him to punctuate his Hyde Park oratory.

In conclusion, I believe that Shaw's influence and Shaw's plays will continue to live on as long as the theatre lives on, and this I believe to be as long as the life of hymanity, itself Whatever the fitters had the life. of humanity itself. Whatever the future holds for the theatre, whether it will exist by reason of government theatre, whether it will exist by reason of government subsidy or by some new form of communal action, it should never be forgotten that Shaw's plays had their being and flourished in an era of the so-called "commercial" theatre, when managers produced these plays for possible profits and audiences bought and paid for their tickets and authors were relatively free to speak their minds because the theatres and managers operated their minds, because the theatres and managers operated

without government subsidy or control.

It should also be remembered that many of Shaw's plays would have had the greatest difficulty in finding their way to the stages of countries where writers were not permitted to attack their governments and existing social or religious evils. The unsubsidized artistic managers, such as Vendrenne and Barker in London and the Theatre Guild in New York, carried on the business of producing the plays of Bernard Shaw and plays of artistic caliber by other authors with the clouds of bankruptcy always gathering on the horizon, but it did not deter them. The sharp keen joy of participating in the birth of Shaw's masterpieces was an exhilarating adventure, never to be forgotten by those who experienced it.

If I have been able to communicate some of the feelings we enjoyed to oncoming generations, I shall have achieved in large part the purpose of this book.

Theatrical Gremlins

By PAUL BROCK =

As the saying goes, the show must go on. Pieces of scenery may come crashing down, a trapdoor may swallow up the leading lady, the hero may forget his lines or his toupee, but the ceaseless battle with the theatrical gremlins must be won.

Defeat seemed almost certain, however, when satirist Defeat seemed almost certain, however, when satirist Adam Leslie collapsed on the stage, halfway through his latest revue, "Adam's Rib" at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, recently. There were shocked gasps from the audience. Adam's prostrate body was whisked away.

Two minutes later he reappeared. In his hurry to get on stage, he explained sheepishly, he had dipped his false mustache into ether instead of gum arabic. The ether had knocked him completely out

had knocked him completely out.

On another occasion the auditorium was hushed at London's great Albert Hall. A symphony concert was at its height, and concert pianist Wladyslaw Kedra had reached a quiet but electrifying passage of Rachmaninoff.

As he played the stunned soloist watched his grand piano begin to fall to pieces under his hands. The loud pedal fell off. One leg wilted alarmingly. Middle-C refused to play.

The concert was stopped while the disintegrating piano was dragged offstage. It resumed later after the wreckage had been replaced.

Polish-born Kedra could have consoled himself with the fact that at least something like it had happened before. Another classical pianist, Mark Hambourg, was giving a recital in Lahore, India, when two of the piano keys stopped working. Puzzled, Hambourg left the platform to call the tuner, who dived into the piano with a pair of pincers.

Seconds later he reappeared triumphantly holding aloft two enormous cockroaches which had been merrily eating their way through the felt.

In Perth, Australia, a famous soprano was to sing "Tosca" in a recent production by a visiting Italian company. The libretto demanded that she leap from the battlements of the Castle of Saint' Angelo.

The drop was quite substantial, but the fire brigade with a tarpaulin agreed to take care of the prima donna. On opening night six men were waiting backstage, eight feet down, to catch the lady.

On The Rebound

"Scarpia," she lamented at the climax, "we shall meet again on high!"

It was an accurate forecast. Tosca hurled herself into space, was caught in the well-sprung sheet, and made an unrehearsed second appearance on the rebound.

The curtain fell. The spectators lay laughing helplessly in their seats. The tragic drama had been given a happy ending by kind permission of Theatrical Gremlins Incorporated.

These malicious inanimates have been plaguing hard-working troupers for centuries, one of their favorite targets being stage firearms. Such props are notoriously unreliable, and always have been. They were that way recently when a famous German repertory company was performing "Werther."

The young unhappy lover, Werther, is supposed to shoot himself after a last meal of bread and wine. He eats. He drinks. He seizes his rusty blunderbuss and presses it against his heart.

But on this occasion the trigger didn't budge. Wasting no time, the versatile actor tried a second weapon—a pistol thoughtfully provided by the stage manager. But no, that didn't work either.

Something—anything—had to be done quickly, for in a few seconds Werther's friend would storm into the room. He was supposed to exclaim his lines and collapse over his friend's body.

Werther called on his last reserves of composure. gazed sadly at the two weapons and murmured, "Wilt thou deny me then this malancholy service?" He flung them into a corner, snatched up a bread

knife and stabbed himself most satisfactorily. The audience was greatly relieved. The show had been saved. Until the door was thrown open, and Werther's friend

lamented, "Hark, I heard a pistol shot!"

On that occasion the gremlins were clearly determined Those persevering little creatures are always

reveling in mischief-tripping up prima donnas, locking doors, pullng and dropping the wrong curtains, and uprooting castle walls. Singer Walter Midgeley heard their hollow laughter

at London's Covent Garden. He stood every inch an Italian Duke, poised to strike a metallic high note. The

(Continued on page 38)

AFTER PUBLICATION

Wednesday, January 6, 1965

- By HAROLD FLENDER

They say that as long as you can laugh, you'll be okay. I keep trying to remember this, thinking of after-publication incidents involving two books I've written-"Paris Blues" and "Rescue In Denmark.'

"Paris Blues" was about an American Negro jazz musician, living as an expatriate in Paris who has no desire to return to America because of racial discrimination. Hollywood bought the book and assigned the role of the Negro to Paul Newman. The role of his Negro girlfriend was given to Joanne Woodward.

Now my latest book, "Rescue In Denmark," has been bought by the movies. It deals with how the Danes rescued their entire Jewish population during the war. Rumor has it that two of the leading Danish heroes will be played by Sidney Poitier and Sammy Davis Jr. Who says there's no progress?

Before the movie deal was finally consummated on "Rescue In Denmark," there were amusing incidents involving other integrated producers. A conversation with

one movie mogul who telephoned me went like this:
"Hello, kid. I called to congratulate you on your new book and to tell you that I think it'll make a great movie.'

"You haven't sold the movie rights yet, have you?"

"Great, because I'm definitely interested. What's it about?"

"You mean you haven't read it?"

"No, but I've read the reviews. I know it has something to do with Norway." "Denmark,"

"Norway, Denmark, don't be that way. Everybody is interested in those Scandinavian broads, that's the main thing. I'm thinking of Ingrid Thulin to play the lead." "She's Swedish.

"Perfect, Did you see 'To Bed Or Not To Bed'?" "I'm afraid it's not that kind of picture. It's about

"Why don't we have lunch and you'll tell me all about

"Why don't you read the book, then we can talk?" "Okay, send me a copy."

"No.

"What do you mean, 'no'?" "I don't have any extra copies to send out."

"Okay, tell your publisher to send me a copy."
"Every time they send out a book they charge me for it.

Surely, a successful producer like you can afford to buy

a copy."
"You're right, kid, absolutely 100% right. Tell you what you can expect me to do. This very afternoon I'm going into Brentano's and buy me two copies. You're right, if an author can't depend upon his close friends to buy copies, whom can he depend upon? So I am going to buy two copies. You hear me, two." One will be enough," I pointed out.

Getting his homilies a little mixed up he ended the conversation by saying, "Look, never kick a gift horse when he's down."

Needless to say, I never heard from him again,

To help promote the sale of the book, as well as the forthcoming movie production, I've been hitting the lecture trail.

Recently I was booked to speak before the New Rochelle chapter of the B'nai B'rith. The chairman for the meeting was one of Westchester County's prettiest and most charming women. She had just finished introducinging me in an extremely serious and unjustifyingly flattering manner and I was approaching the podium trying to look as serious and author-like as I know how, suddenly, from the back of the hall, came the piercing demand: "Don't forget the girdles!"

Holding out her hand like a traffic cop, the chairlady stopped me cold in my tracks. "Just a minute, Mr. Flender," she said. Then she turned to the microphone. "Ladies," she announced, "one of our members has a real bargain for us today. I'm glad you reminded me, dear, I almost forgot. She has 24 girdles with her which normally retail for \$9 a piece. She got them from her husband, who manufactures them, at \$1 a piece, and we are selling them for \$3 a piece, the \$2 profit on each girdle going into our hospital fund. It's a real buy, ladies, and you'll be doing your own figures as well as our charity work a big favor by buying them."

A lady with a valise full of girdles brushed past me on her way to the podium and before she had a chance to open the valise and I had a chance to get out of the way, I was nearly trampled to death by this hoard of women eager to get at the day's bargain special. And I had to avert my eyes when one of the women, uncertain of her size, decided to try on a girdle right on the spot. Twenty minutes later a very nervous author was trying to collect himself to tell how the Danes rose to unique magnificence in saving the Jews from girdle, er, I mean, Nazi extermination. That night when I complainingly told my wife about my harrowing experience, her only comment was, "Why didn't you get me a girdle?"

After one lecture I delivered recently, a man rose who introduced himself as a psychiatrist. "Mr. Flender," he said, "You have offered many possible explanations as to why the Danes saved the Jews, including geographical proximity to Sweden, leadership by the King and clergy, a tradition of civil rights going back hundreds of years, et cetera. But I wonder if you haven't left out what might be one of the most important reasons—the Danish attitude towards sex. Sadism and cruelty often stem from a frustration of the natural sex interest. We all know that Germany was a very prudish country under Hitler. In Denmark there has been for a long time sexual liberation, and so the people have no need for acts of cruelty and persecution characterized by the deeds of the peoples of the other countries towards the Jews, gypsies and other minority groups. A healthier, freer attitude towards sex might be the solution to a lot of problems of anti-social behavior." I was startled to see how many women in the audience showed their agreement by applause.

THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY PITCH

One Place Which Is 'Pro-U.S.'

By HANS HOEHN

It's often been said that West Berlin is Europe's, if not the world's, most pro-American city. There is some truth to that. West Berliners' know that they owe much if not everything to the Yanks-especially their freedom. That the Soviets haven't been able to euchre the West out of West Berlin is chiefly an Americans credit.

Contrariwise, there are West Germans outside Berlin who re-

gard the Americans still as "occupation forces."

There's much support for idea that West Berlin is the G.I.'s "favorite city" in Germany. There are many Americans, soldiers, officers as well as civilians, who keep prolonging their stay in

As a result of local pro-Americanism, show biz has also felt the effects:

The local American Forces Network (AFN-Berlin) is a particular example. It has been a favorite radio station with many Germans.

Eiffel Tower's 75th Anni

= By MARY BLUME =

An Englishman recommended in 1833 that a 1,000-foot tower be A Rumanian was carried to the built to celebrate the Reform Bill top in a sedan chair, a Frenchman of 1832, and in 1874 someone suggested that an equally tall tower would be just fine for Philadelphia. But only the French, to their eternal glory were foolhardy

enough to try it.

The Eiffel Tower was 75 years old this year. A trifle hefty (nearly 7,000 tons—empty of tourists) and occasionally a bit wobbly (it sways five inches in storms), the Tower is still the most spectacular monument of a spectacular city.

Comissioned as the centrepiece of an exhibition celebrating the centenary of the French Revolu-tion, the Tower was chosen by a three-man committee who preferred it to over 700 other designs.

The competitors included an immense tower that could serve as a sprinkler during Paris' rare droughts and a monstrous 900-foot guillotine to recall the Revolution

of 1789 Gustave Eistel won fairly easily, and indeed no man was better qualified to build the world's tall-No other engineer est edifice. knew as much about building with metal, the effects of wind, or the use of structural supports. He had built a dam in Russia, bridges in Portugal, a factory in Bolivia, and churches, stores and a synagogue in France.

(Later, while building his Tower Eiffel took time off to help out the sculptor Bartholdi by design-ing the supports that still enable the Statue of Liberty to hold her

torch aloft in New York's harbor). Eiffel was a bantam-sized merry widower who lived in a luxurious flat in the uppermost reaches of his Tower and who died in his 90s in 1923-only a few years before the Chrysler and Empire State Bldgs. usurped the Eiffel Tower's claim to be the world's tallest structure.

Hue & Cry Stuff

As soon as the plans for Eiffel's 984-foot iron Tower were announced, there was a storm of Maupassant said it was disgraceful and gigantic skeleton," Huysmans dismissed it as "the junkman's Notre Dame," and Leon Bloy announced that it was a "truly tragic lamppost."

tion for fear it would fall on their down on its production of easterns. heads, and the poet Verlaine took lengthy detours to avoid seeing

the rapidly growing mass.

So efficient were Eiffel's building plans that his Tower was finished in only 21 months—consirerably less time than it takes to build a small apartment build-

ing in France today.

For the official opening on March 31, 1889, everything was ready—except the elevators. Fifty of France's most important men began the 1,710 step climb with Eiffel and 20 of them actually reached the top where they held

gratefully gulped champagne. Close to 2,000,000 visitors came to the Tower the first year (a record beaten only in 1963), among them Thomas A. Edison, the Prince of Wales, Buffalo Bill, and

their hats in the fierce winds and

pressed that he swore he would name his first daughter Eiffeline.

rode down it on a bicycle. An elephant plodded to the first floor a few years ago, a man once descended on stilts, and in 1911 a tailor named Treichelt leaped from the first floor under the mistaken impression that he could fly.

The first man to commit suicide from the Tower was a mechanic who hanged himself from a beam in 1891, bequeathing his pathetic clothing to Gustave Eiffel. The most recent suicide, the 337th, oc-curred this year. The rate, since World War II, has increased to almost 20 a year. There were three in one week last October. One Councilman believes that stopping the suicide leaps from the Tower would only send them to Notre Dame or the Arch de Triumphe.

Many artists have been inspired by the Tower's fascinating shape among them Seurat, Rousseau, Delaunay, Chagall and Dufy—and only a few months ago France's Ministry of Fine Arts put its seal of approval on Eiffel's Tower. Along with a garage and a shoe-store, it was classified as an his-torical monument. To Parisians it has been one for 75 years.

By ARMY ARCHERD

Hollywood.

"Let's have a party."
"What'll it be—a bash, a brawl, plush, packed, private? Hell, you can't just have a 'party' man, you've got to be specific."

And so the typical conversation gets underway for the campaign on a picture—or for a persona cum grata. Now, if the affair's for an individual it can be a simple little party aboard the Queen Mary, from New York to London, staged by Joe Levine to introduce Carroll Baker as "Jean Harlow," en route to the premiere of "The Carpet-baggers." It can be baggers." It can be, conversely, breakfast, coffee and cake in the back room of the Paramount commissary for Joe Levine, with only the trade press invited. Or it can be the Beverly Hills, the Beverly Hilton, or the Beverly Wilshire Hotels for cocktails, hors d'oeuvres and celebrities-and fight for your own news, men.

Or will it be a small, sitdown dinner in the private diningroom at Chasen's with only the "key" press invited? You pays your money, and takes your choice.

Almost every press agent does it—uses the party route, that is. Whether he hires a hardtop hall or holds the party under a tent in a BevHills backyard, it makes no difference, the party's the thing. It's who's there that counts.

F'rinstance: after a long absence from Hollywood, Van Johnson's first question to his former praise agent was, "Where's the tent playing these days?"

Maybe the names have changed but the routine's the same. If a new client's been signed by the praise agency, an older, established name on the client list "gives" a party honoring the new arrival. The guest list includes potential clients as well as past and present accounts, plus the press, of course. Toujours la presse. Sometimes the tab's picked up by the press agen-

(Continued on page 47)

PIX-TV CASTINGS' | CULTURE BUSINESSMEN DON'T CASTE SYSTEM KNOW THEIR OWN CUSTOMERS

By ALVIN TOFFLER

It is astonishing but true that or not, knows next to nothing Americans now spend more hard about that strange new breed of cash for the goods and services of the U.S. "culture industry" than they do for newspapers or refrigerators, light bulbs or consumer magazines, tv sets or lawn-mowers. This is supposedly a country dominated by the mass media, but the expenditure for culture exceeds the total spent by the entire broadcasting industry, and television combined. What's more, sums spent for thea-tre tickets, classical music, art films, books, records and similar items are spiraling upward rapid-

[Mr. Toffler is author of "The Culture Consumers," a lively look at the dollars-and-cents of the culture business. Just published by St. Martin's Press, the book stirred controversy because of its attack on certain tastemakers who insist Americans are philistines.]

ly. By 1970, it has been estimated, culture will be a \$7,000,000,000 business.

Yet of all the major industries in the U.S., few know less about their customers than the culture industry. Theatrical producers, record makers, book publishers, art film distributors and exhibitors, not to speak of orchestras, operas and ballet companies, operate blindly in the market place.

Proctor & Gamble can tell you bit about who buys which particular brand of soap and why. Revlon knows more than a little about the motives that drive milady into the drugstore for a new shade of lipstick. Pepsi has some good hunches about what kind of people drink its product rather than Coke. This information helps them advertise and market their goods effectively. Yet the entrepreneur who purveys music, art, drama or dance, whether for profit

middleclass American — the "culture consumer."

For example, just how many culture consumers are there? There are all kinds of statistics, but few of them are really solid. The best estimate I could make, after three years of research and a comparison of the existing fragmentary data is that there are some 30, -45,000,000 Americans who, in one way or another, "consume" cultural goods and services. They attend concerts and art movies, they line up outside theatre boxoffices, they browse in bookstores, buy classical music records, listen to FM stations and visit museums. Some of them also participate in the great postwar culture boom as amateur painters, musicians, actors and the like.

What are the characteristics of this vast audience? As document-ed in "The Culture Consumers," several trends appear to be important. First, men are no longer ashamed to evince an interest in culture. They don't consider it 'sissified" to turn up at a concert or an art gallery, or to act in a community playhouse. It is probably safe to say that the culture marketplace — once dominated by the ladies-is now approaching an even balance between the sexes. In Broadway audiences, for example, men now outnumber women.

This, of course, has all kinds of implications for the kind of advertising and promotion that needs to be done by culture entrepreneurs.

Eager Youth

Another significant trend that has to do with the character of the audience is a decline in the average age. Not long ago, while working on the book, I had occasion to attend the Fred Miller Theatre in Milwaukee. I discovered to my chagrin that I was among the older members of the audience. The average age of the ticketholder that night could not have been much more than 19. No doubt the fact that "The Fantasticks" was playing had some-thing to do with it. But many concert managers, artists, museum directors and art cinema distributors agree that the young crowd is becoming more and more important in the culture market-place. This is confirmed by the few audience surveys that have been made.

What this means for the future of programming remains to be

be better off than the public at large. Here, as "The Culture Con-sumers" details, culture promoters have at least a few facts to go on. A number of different surveys all agree on the income level of culture consumer. For example, in a nation in which the national median income is between \$5,000 and

mal research there are other facts we can learn about the culture consuming public. Certain ethnic groups, for example, appear to form a larger than proportionate part of the culture public. Professional and technical employees and their families are a key part of the audience, and so forth.

This is not the place to run through all the information that has already been collected on such matters, but it is important to understand why such data is necessary, and why it must be improved. Ore reason for this is what I call the "Law of the In-efficiency of Art," an unfortunate economic fact of life that helps explain why costs are rising so sharply for the tres, orchestras, operas and other institutions devoted to live pr forming arts.

HOW L'OVEST WAS WON

If It's OK to Call 'Em Guglielmo Shakespeare and Enrico Wadsworth Longfellow, What's In a Name For a Via Veneto-Spawned European Western

By SAM'L STEINMAN

(The Roman Rambler)

Rome. Once the movie world was divided into two parts so far as was spectacles were concerned. The Americans in Hollywood made westerns and the Europeans in their various locales made east-erns. The market seemed to be insatiable but along came tele-People living near the Champs de Mars tried to stop its construc-

But the European studios had expanded as never before in the postwar period and they had found that their product could challenge the output of Hollywood elsewhere in the world. What is more Hollywood came abroad and shared its know-how with the European studios. And in the course of doing so a few Americans essayed to make westerns on European soil. Since the Europeans could always make films for less than the Americans, even those who came to Europe and did their best to inflate the film economy, they decided these westerns which required a few storefronts and a saloon interior might be the answer to their problems.

The transformation was quite simple. The posse took the place of the mounted Centurions and

The Vandals had always been the bad guys and all that was neceswas to change their clothes. The Romans were remade into the good cowboys and the slaves were turned into Indians. What's a stagecoach, if not a slightly bigger chariot. In place of a Roman bath there was the saloon. The pools vision and ate up all of the west-erns and all of the easterns on the market. Hollywood stopped western were filled with sand and emerged as desert locations. The scene was set and the eastern-made western was on its way.

Perhaps an occasional misspelling turned up in the form of "Baber Shop" or "Undertacker" on some of the Main Street signs but who could prove that the men of the old storied American West were not themselves a bit illiterate? It probably took a bit more control to teach the new cowboys when they swaggered up to the but not to ask for "un vermut per piacere" but it was done. So far as gun-twirling and quick-drawing, these have been practiced in Europe for years, thanks to the American - made western. The games where one tries to outdraw an opponent via coinmachines have always been great favorites on Continental fairgrounds.

The fact that the actors did not have western-sounding names was easy to correct. Gabriella Pallotta was billed as Janet Power. Giu-seppe Barbiere became Joe Bara Frenchman who was so im-the Consul became the Sheriff. ber. Guglielmo was listed as Bill

and Antonio became Tim-after all, Italian theatre has been billing the author of "Hamlet" as Guglielmo Shakespeare for years and one hotel in Amalfi has a tablet commemorating the stay there of the American poet, Enrico Wads-worth Longfellow. Name-changing and translations is an old business on the European continent.

Western twangs may be hard to come by but there are plenty of American actors abroad who are anxious to grab a quick buck with a dubbing job. So that problem was solved—the parts were played was about \$9,000. by Italians or Spaniards but the voices were homespun American. On locations the actors ate pasta and wurstel in their lunch-baskets but the dubbers were of the ham-burger-steak variety. The former were accustomed not to be paid too much and the latter accepted less because they were working anonymously. Thus, it was cheaper to do than ever.

Always Madison Or Barker After the first few trials they were ready to sell their westerns abroad. So the all-Italian cast added Guy Madison in front of the phony names and the Germans used Lex Barker. Everyone was able to find a fairly reliable American name to front a lot of phony American names which might become better known in the course

(Continued on page 14)

AH YES, I REMEMBER THEM WELL!

[And Their Wonderful Speeches]

By HARRY PURVIS =

I salute a few film favorites by using "dialogue" appropriate to their screen personalities and typical vehicles. DON AMECHE, the inventor: "I've got it, Sally! I've got it!"

GEORGE ARLISS, the greatman of history: "We've beaten him, Reggie—beaten him at his own game! Oh I'd give a pretty penny to see Napoleon's face at this moment!"

FRED ASTAIRE, the dancer: "I'm sorry, Claude, but until I find that girl who danced with me in the park the other evening, I just haven't any time for opening night. You'll have to find yourself another star."

WALLACE BEERY, the lovable slob: "I know I ain't much to look at, Lil—while you, you're just as pretty as a pitchur—so delicate like—but if you could kinda' sorta' see your way clear to hitchin' up with a big lug like me, I'd do my level best to make you and the kid here happy. I'd give up all this here drinkin' and gamblin' and carryin' on with other wimmen. Why, if you wuz to say so, Lil-I'd even stop spittin' on hot stoves—and you know what a kick I get outa' doin' that. Whadda' ya' say, Lil—is it a deal?"

HUMPHREY BOGART, the private eye: "Sorry, Mrs. Biltwell, but if you want to get rid of your husband, you're gonna have to do the job yourself. I haven't got many ethics, but I make it a rule never to kill anybody on a Tuesday."

GARY COOPER, the cowboy: "You know, Carney, back in Texas where I come from, they pay a bonus for shootin' coyotes like you.' DONALD CRISP, the canny Scotsman: "A wee puppy's like a boy,

Jamie-treat him kindly and he'll follow ye anywhere-but be mean to him, and he'll nip your trousers first chance he gets."

DAN DAILEY, the song and dance man: "You haven't a thing to worry about, kid. Just go out there and sing that song like you really meant it. They'll love you."

MARLENE DIETRICH, the worldly one: "Yes, Jonny-take a good look. Here in Shanghai they call me Singapore Rose. Now you'd better get back to your table. Your fancy friends are waiting for you."

BETTE DAVIS, the hellcat: "Certainly I shot him. I warned him that if I couldn't have him no one would. But you'll defend mewon't you, Greg? I've noticed how you've looked at me."

FRANKIE DARRO, the jockey: "Please don't shoot her, Mr. Manning. She's just high-spirited—that's all. Bet if you'd give me a chance I could handle her. Why, we might even win the Derby for Sunny Girl and me!"

NELSON EDDY, the baritone: "You can't marry a man you don't even love. Yvette—you mustn't! Remember what the song says—'Youth Calls to Youth. and You Must Answer the Call'."

ALICE FAYE, the musical comedy star: "Danny-tell them it isn't true—tell them that you didn't marry me just to keep me from signing with Flo Ziegfeld."

ERROL FLYNN, the swashbuckler: "Her Majesty has only to say the word and I'll attack Prince Michael's stronghold-single-handed

CLARK GABLE, the rugged individualist: "Sorry, kid. if you got any wrong ideas about last night, but, you see, I just ain't the marryin'

JOHN GARFIELD, the screen's original angry young man: "Sure, sister, I'll come to your birthday party. I never had one myself—where I come from birthdays don't count. I always wanted to see just what makes you 'birthday party people' tick."

JUDY GARLAND, the young trouper: "Gee, Mickey, I think that tune you wrote in the school gym yesterday was just swell. If only we could get Mr. Bradley to listen to it. . . I've got it! Mr. Bradley holds auditions every Thursday, doesn't he? Well, all we've got to do is got the great teacher and "early teacher and "

do is get the gang together and—"

JANET GAYNOR, the wistful one: "I knew that sooner or later
you'd find out about my crippled leg, Mr. Rogers—but it was all so wonderful I didn't want to spoil it—at least not until the dance

JEAN HARLOW, the good bad girl: "Look, mister, I may only be a dancer in a cheap honkytonk, but that don't give you no right to come in here and get fresh. Now if you know what's good for you, you'll get out of here before Blackie comes back!"

JACK HOLT, the man's man: "I can't understand you, Quimsby, You have everything it takes to make a good pony express rider, yet somehow I can't get through to you. What is it—a woman?"
BORIS KARLOFF, the mad scientist: "Nothing must stand in the

way of my work-nothing! In any case, I have gone too far to stop now—even if I wanted to."

DOROTHY LAMOUR, the sarong queen of the South Sea Isles: "I like this thing you call 'kiss' very much, Mister Johnny. Do you have

many such joyful customs across the big waters?"

JEANETTE MACDONALD, the soprano: "The trees are so beautiful tonight. They remind me of a song I first learned as a little girl back

It went something like this-"

VICTOR McGLAGLEN, the friendly giant: "It takes a good man to stand up to Bruto Nolan, lad—and I'd be mighty obliged if ye'd be lettin' me carry ye to the hospital."

WAYNE MORRIS, the cleancut youth: "Gee, mister. I'm sorry I had to hit you—but you shouldn't talk about horses like that, least-

in front of a lady.' BARTON MACLANE, the brute: "Spirited little thing, aren't you?" Well that suits me just fine. I like my women to have a bit of fight."
PAUL MUNI, the dedicated scientist: "The fools—the poor misguided fools! They have destroyed a lifetime's work because of their ignorance. We must start over again, Frochet. Very well—mark this one Test No. 10.456."

JACK OAKIE, the fixerupper: "Gee, Bonnie—can't you see the guy's nuts about you? Besides, without you the act ain't nothin'."
PAT O'BRIEN, the coach: "You're a great quarterback, Farnsworth—maybe the best Colton's ever had—but when you start thinkin' you

can win games all by yourself, it's time you were turnin' in your uniform. . . . Shorty! You're goin' in for Farnsworth!"

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, the jungle hausfrau: "No, Tarzan—you must put me down. What will our visitors think? I do hope you'll forgive Tarzan, Lord and Lady Greystroke—but you see, out here in the jungle there isn't really much elec to do." in the jungle there isn't really much else to do."

DICK POWELL, the singing service man: "Gee, Dan. it's not that I don't appreciate this chance to sing the lead in 'Hi Hi Lady!"—it's what I've always wanted-you know that. But if I leave the Academy now, it'll break Dad's heart."

BASIL RATHBONE, the Baker Street regular: "Do you mean to say you didn't notice this bit of lint inside the dead man's hat? You astonish me. Inspector."

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, the motherly saloonkeeper: "Look, mister, I know it ain't none of my business-but don't you think you've had

MAY ROBSON, the gruff old granny: "Land's sake-I just don't know what's gotten into you young people nowadays. Why, in my time, if a boy loved a girl like you love Jenny here, he'd sweep her off her feet and carry her away before her father even had time to shows the great determination that

load his shotgun. . . . Well, young man—don't just stand there gaping! What are you waiting for?"

ROSALIND RUSSELL, the career girl: "—and one more thing, Carter—if anyone asks for J. B. Bentley tell them she's gone wading in the surf with the man she's going to marry.'

SIR C. AUBREY SMITH, the gruff old Baronet: "Have you thought

of what this might do to your mother, Derek? She had her heart set on your entering the diplomatic service."

JAMES STEWART, the homespun boy: "I guess you folks have had quite a laugh at my expense. Well, back home where I come from, we mightn't know too much about etiquette and all that—but we never go behind nobody's back to laugh neither. If we see somethin't than the standard of the source when the standard of the standard of the see somethin't the standard of the stan funny, we just haul off and laugh right out in the open where everyone can see us. Reckon that's the way the Good Lord meant folks to be. Well, I've said my little piece, so I reckon I'll be just sorta' mosevin' along.

LEE TRACY, the fast-talking pressagent: "I can see it now—Gloria Dawn jumps from top of U.N. Building. Says she did it all for Whipple's Waffles. Why, kid, it's a natural!"

CLAIRE TREVOR, the also-ran: "I've been nuts about the big

lug for years-but he can't see no one but that snooty society dame from Snob Hill. Whadda' ya' gonna do with a guy like that, Blackie
—just go on lovin' him I suppose."

JOHN WAYNE, the cavalry officer: "This is the U.S. Cavalry,

Mister Johnson. We don't care where a man came from or what he's been. We're only interested in one thing out here—Killin' Apaches!" JOHNNY WEISMULLER, the articulate apeman: Cheetah want banana too."

JANE WITHERS, the tomboy: "Jiggers, Stinky—it's the cops! Drop them bananas we were takin' to the sick Widow Murphy and follow me into rich and cranky but really just lonely and kindly old man Cartwright's house!"

FAY WRAY, the screamer: "There—at the window—a face—a terrible face! Oh Jed, I'm frightened!"

'The San Pablonita Film Festival'

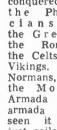
By JACK DOUGLAS

the

OF

of San Pablonita had baked in the hot Mediterranean sun. Nothing had ever happened to it. San Pab-

lonita had not ever been conquered by the Phoenicians, by the Greeks, Romans, the the Celts, the Vikings, Normans. the Moors. Armada after armada had seen it and



Jack Douglas

just sailed on by. Alexander the Great, on his way to knocking off Egypt, had not only sailed on by—he had thumbed his nose—coming and going. The people of San Pablonita had retaliated for this indignity had retaliated for this indignity by refusing to buy any more pyramids stamped: "Made in Egypt." Egypt of course, immediately raised the tariff on anything made in San Pablonita-including the world famous San Pablonita wicker leotards which were very cool in summer).

Thus, the little fishing village of San Pablonita had sat out the centuries. Ignored. Unloved. And mostly unheard of except by the Diners's Club which had it listed under "Where?"

The little fishing village, and it was tiny (smelly but tiny), of San Pablonita might never have come to the attention of the world if it had not been for the vision and foresight of one man, Plato Par-

Flato Parnassus had been sailsurplus airplane carrier, the U.S.S. Tremendous, which he had converted into a luxury yacht, and renamed Gladys, Mabel, Laura, Bar-bara, Ramona and Zelda lafter some of his ex-wives and friends) Plato Parnassus had been cruising the lovely islands of the Mediterranean, seeking a suitable locale for Gracie Fields to not open a night club. When Plato Parnassus first sighted the little teeny-tiny smelly fishing village of San Pablonita through the wrong end of his binoculars, he turned to his first mate (not to be confused with Gladys, Mabel, Laura, Ramona, or Zelda) and said: "Banzai!" The first mate, who was an 87-year-old Sardinian fisherman, had never heard this word before, but he was inclined to agree.

After Plato Parnassus had been flown ashore in his private Cara-velle jet. (This operation alone

For 2,000 years the little village filled this man, because he was San Pablonita had baked in the aloft for almost three and a half weeks, while the good people of the teensy-weensy fishing village of San Pablonita lengthened the runway so a Caravelle jet could land) This also showed great determination by the good people of San Pablonita, because the entire teeny-tiny fishing village was built on a rock, and the dirt to lengthen the runway had to be flown in from Montclair, N. J. (air parcel post). But, to the good people of San Pablonita, this mattered not at all. They would have done anything to be noticed. And loved.

The mayor of San Pablonita was busily cleaning a flounder when Plato Parnassus introduced himself. After a scaly handshake the two men talked. The mayor, who had been writing weekly letters to Perle Mesta for over 20 years begging her to reenter public life and become ambassadoress to San Pablonita, was overjoyed to hear that she, as Plata Parnassus had put it, "was back in the saddle again." The mayor's reaction to P. P.'s suggestion that San Pablonita, could (with P. P.'s help) become another St. Tropez, another St. Tropez, brought tears to his eyes, as he poured himself an Old Overholt aperatif with one hand and finished cleaning the flounder with the other. Parnassus had made himself a friend for life.

Three quarts of Old Overholt and 36 flounders later, the Mayor and P. P. decided that the best and quickest way to publicize the teensy weensy-smallsy-wallsy ing village was to arrange a San Pablonita Film Festival.

Plato Parnassus, using his vast organizational facilities had the San Pablonita Film Festival on the road in no time. Invitations were sent to every major filmmaker in the world. Invitations and expense money was sent to every publicist. Plane tickets were sent to every film starlet that had ever appeared in any fan magazine anywhere. Broadway and movie columnist was approached with promises of fun! fun! fun! In the sun! sun! The San Pablonita Film Festival would be the greatest.

But first there was work to be done.

The tiny-teeny, teensy-weensy fishing village must be made to look picturesque. By proclamation the mayor ordered the San Pablonita natives to stop wearing blue jeans, slacks, black leather jackets, and sweatshirts with pictures of Beethoven on the back. The mayor decreed that from that

(Continued on page 46)

Oh Those Show Biz 'Confessions'

By MILTON M. RAISON

Hollywood.

Bill Shakespeare never got around to writing his autobiograkicked too seen. off But everyone else in show business has long since made up for this It's too bad about Bill (I'm using the familiar term show biz autobiographers always use toward their antecedents or contempo-He had the three essential qualifications: he was an actor, a writer and a producer.

And when you go to the remainder counter of your favorite bookstore, you will find that a show biz autobiography has been written by either an actor, writer or pro-producer, usually in the order

You begin to wonder why stage doormen or prormen don't write the stories of their experiences in the theatre or the industry. At least they might have had something to say about what went on in the entertainment racket beyond the sight of audiences or the pen of pressagents and drama reporters. It can't be that they are illiterate. They can always have the services of Gerold Frank or, if their remniscences are racy enough, Irving Shulman.

Perhaps it's something else. In all my years around Broadway and Hollywood, it seemed to me that IATSE members are not of the kiss-and-tell variety. And, of course, they have no ego. I would hazard a guess, also, that old theatre programs and scrapbooks bore Then, again, few stagehands need self-analysis in order to live with their retirement years.

Honest Ed Wynn

It's remarkable how many books have been written by showfolk and how few are remembered. Recently, somebody asked Ed Wynn why he doesn't write his autobiography. He answered. "I can't. It's just too sad."

Do-It-Yourself Form

Somebody, probably the afore-mentioned Gerold Frank, should write a basic book of reminiscences, leaving out only the names of the plays, pictures and the kindly (or grasping) relatives. This would save our show biz diarists a great deal of fussing around dictionaries, phrase-finders and grammar primers. The book, neatly filled in by the "author," would certainly be published and be a 30-day wonder.

Recently, I've had the privilege of reading an autobiography which definitely does not fall into the above classification and was actually written by a man who spent all his life backstage of the theatre and motion pictures, from Ziegfeld to Zanuck-none other than the famous costume designer Charles Le Maire. The book, which will be published soon and will be called "I'd Do It All Over Again," was actually written by Le Maire, a fantastic feat because Le Maire has never before written anything (except a song), and the book is a robust length.

I feel that for the first time, Broadway and Hollywood have been captured, not only by the story of show business, but by the frank appraisal the author makes of himself in relation to three gen-erations of tinsel, theatrics and camera. This is the very thing that is missing in so many of the other autobiographies I've read. The author is inclined to appraise himself, or herself, only in the light of the end production and the notices given by the critics. The fact that Le Maire was a song-and-dance man who went into costume designing and became the best on Broadway and eventually one of the tops in motion pictures, is not enough.

He is also a fine artist, whose paintings hang in many museums and private homes, and it is perhaps this fact that makes his book so sharply etched. He proves also that a mature man, who had never finished high school, can pick up a pen and write an important and perceptive portrait of life on Broadway and Hollywood, a fact which is frightening to a profes-sional writer. For a writer knows that, with the possible exception of "What Makes Sammy Run?," and a few pieces by Somerset Maugham, it has been impossible to put the world of entertainment on paper so that it would have a lasting and historical significance.

SAILOR MORALE & SEA PRINTS

Hello, Polly!

By JEROME LAWRENCE

thor.

him.

she

be hurt.

lighted to meet the famous au-

Christopher Isherwood was at

gave him a Jack Dempsey

that party too. Polly went up to

handshake and looked right into his eyes. "Mr. Isherwood," she

Polly was writing a fascinating book just before she died: case

histories of some of her girls. I

read three of them. They were perceptive studies, laced with humor and warmth. But, on her

death bed, Polly ordered the manu-

script burned. She was afraid that

they might be used the wrong way,

was afraid somebody might

I was in Lisbon when I picked

up a copy of the Paris edition of the N.Y. Herald Tribune. There

was a tiny item about Polly's pass-

ing. The final line, perhaps writ-ten facetiously, was: "Her profes-sion was author."

Polly would have liked that.

Macy's As Genesis

Of N.Y. Ballyhoo

For Italo 'Bible'

All Macy's department stores

throughout the New York area are

participating in a special "priority

plan" for obtaining tickets to Dino

De Laurentiis' still-shooting epic,

"The Bible," although the film has not yet got a New York booking, nor, for that matter, has the dis-

In a tie-up with the De Lauren-

tiis reps in the U.S., Macy's ticket

counters will take the name of persons who wish to put them-selves on a priority list for re-

served seats for the pic. When the theatre and the date of the opening are set, those on the pri-

ority list will be given preference

on choice of seats and dates at regular boxoffice prices. Macy's Theatre Club also will feature tickets to the film as part of its

1965-66 program.

The film, being directed in Rome

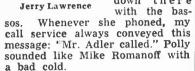
tributor been set yet.

some time in the fall.

his eyes. "Mr. Isherwood," she said, "I, too, have been a camera!"

Hollywood. The Polly Adler I knew was Polly the co-ed, Polly the hausfrau of San Fernando Valley, Polly the brisket-of-beef cook who brought

me jars of chicken livers chicken fat. She bore resemblance whatsoever to an alleged biographical motion picture I recently. For one thing, her voice was down there



But everything else about Polly soared. At the age of 55 she began the education she always wanted, enrolling in college. She had a fierce respect for writers and the written word. I have seen her touch books as if they were diamonds or children.

I tried to convince her to set down her college experiences, even suggesting a title: "Madam Was a Freshman." She was reluctant, she didn't want to "cash in on a dream."

But she had a sense of humor about it, managing to live her college years and comment on them simultaneously. She shook with laughter when she showed me a bid she had received from a sorority. "Can you imagine me sitting in a frilly bed with a lot of giggling girls, all of us comparing our first sex experiences, and maybe rushing to the House Mother to find out if a soul-kiss can get a girl pregnant?"

The next day the sorority, with some embarrassment, withdrew the bid. The reason? Not because they found out that new freshman Pearl Adler had once been the madam of a brothel, but because they discovered she was Jewish!

At the end of every semester, she would have a buffet dinner for all of her professors, with brisketof-beef and potato latkes as her
specialty. "No outsiders," she
would announce firmly, "just the
professors and their wives."

But at the last minute, she

would get scared and phone me to join them. "Jerrele," she said, "I need somebody around who knows how to speak a bissele Academic!" At one of these parties, Polly

nudged me to talk to her Etymology Professor. Why in the world was she getting a C?

Flunks Syntax

The Professor twinkled a little as he explained: "Miss Adler knows nothing whatsoever about

Polly was the star-attraction of her Public Speaking class. How the kids loved her. For her major speech, Polly chose the subject: "The Evils of Alcohol!" She spoke eloquently of eaten-away stomachlinings and of dear friends whose lives had been ruined by drink: Helen Morgan, Lillian Roth. But in the course of her speech, Polly developed a terrible thirst. When the speech was finished, the class

gathered around her.

"You've convinced me, Polly,"
one of the kids said. "I'm never going to take another drink as long as I live." And all the others

nodded agreement.

"Don't be ridiculous, Kiddies,"
Polly said, gathering them all together. She led the way to the
nearest bar, bought them all
drinks, and the entire class got

When our friend Helen Traubel was scheduled to play a madam in Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Pipe Dream," we offered to introduce

her to Polly, and had a party especially for that purpose.

"I'm happy to meet the famous opera singer," Polly said to Helen. And Helen Traubel graciously returned the compliment: "I am de-

By LT. A. D. MURPHY

At this moment on one of the vast oceans that cover nearly 75% of the earth's surface, two U. S. Navy ships are approaching each other to a distance of less than 100 feet. At speeds of 25 knots or more, amid an orderly maze of lines and hoses, they're doing the bit known as "replenishment at

Pioneered in our Navy, this close-in, high-speed method of per-sonnel and material transfer keeps the Fleet self-sufficient for long periods at sea.

To us seagoing types, replenishment at sea means at least one of two things: mail or movies. The mails may be erratic, but there's always a movie swap. An Elvis or a Liz flick causes morale to soar, "non-essential" items such while as food or fuel we take more or less for granted.

On the inside of a battered, scuffed and dirty olive drab box are several reels of 16m film and a descriptive folder. This is our movie and quite often our only reminder of what we left behind us. It's called the "sea print."

Bankrolled by the Bureau of Naval Personnel and administered by the Service Force Commanders through dozens of Navy Motion Picture Exchanges (NMPX), the sea print is usually the slightly older and weatherbeaten sister of the "dailies" (which circulate among ships in port). When a ship leaves port for extended opera-tions, it can draw a number of sea prints, the allocation based on the number available in the local NMPX and the duration of the cruise. In port, we're limited to one film a day.

Whether at sea or in port, any ship may be considered as a theatre chain, the size of the ship de-termining the number of situations. On smaller ships, the officers have their performance in the Wardroom while the crew has a separate showing. Larger ships have a Warrant Officer, Chief Pet-ty Officer and First Class Petty Officer showing. A large flagship often has a separate "Admiral's movie.

Chief booker for this circuit is usually the ship's Executive Offiby John Huston, is due to wind cer, charged with the responsibility of scheduling the very best movie in all his theatres on the first night at sea. Saturation book-

(Continued on page 47)

NAVAL SHOW BIZ, Writings From Out of the Trunk Into A Boston Univ. Collection

By MEYER LEVIN

Tel Aviv. Came a letter from the Boston University Libraries, saying they would like to set up a Meyer Levin Collection, containing my manuscripts and papers. Outside of making me feel dead, it made me feel pretty good. Important. Valid. Now, when I receive one of those questionnaires for reference books about authors, and I come to the line that requires me to list Prizes. Honors, and Awards, I don't have to leave it blank. I can put, "Meyer Levin Collection at the Boston University Library, by in-vitation of Dr. Howard S. Gotlieb, Chief of Special Collections. Does

Seems to me it ought to count. It's not quite an honorary dergee, but still, it's an honor.

this count?'

Anyway, I got busy at once, churning through my filing cabinets, ploughing through the masses of papers I've dragged from Chicago to Hollywood to New York to Paris to Herzlia-On-Sea, here in Israel. With each move, I've left behind a mess of documents, manuscripts, and correspondence for which, I am sure, the graduate students of Boston University will

now go hungering.
I can refer them to the basement of the house on the westside of Chicago, from which our family moved some 40 years ago, but where they just might come across a grocery box containing, amongst other things, a play I wrote at the time which ended with the two main characters sitting, each on his half of the world, refusing to give the other fellow a peek inside. Nearly got produced, too, by some outfit in Greenwich Village, which collapsed just as my drama was to come up next. Clearly, I

was 40 years ahead of my time. Then, I can refer my loyal researchers to a throughway in Hollywood, built across the site where once stood a house I shared with a screenwriter and novelist named Al Bezzerides. Our workshop was in the garage, and under the spot where the garage was built they might find a number of unsold screenplays and short stories, not only by Meyer Levin, but by Al Bezzerides as a bonus. (Unless Al went back and dug his

After that, the trail leads to an apartment in Paris, which my wife unfortunately sold in 1950, as it would today be worth a high stack

of New Francs. This apartment had a coal cellar under the Quai Henri IV, and the papers I left behind might still be there, if they haven't been used to start fires. Here may be found the deleted portions of my autobiography, "In Search," as well as the mss. of an abandoned play and musical about the good old Roosevelt days, the

Riverside Drive to Paris

Then there's that apartment on Riverside Drive. Again, in the basement, there still may be a few cartons of television originals, unsold, movie ideas, unsold, two or three plays, unproduced, and tons of correspondence with agents, producers, and peripheral folk of the communications world. Some of these cartons also contain various items belonging to my sons, such as beebee guns, slingshots, torn baseballs, and broken sleds. My wife left behind some chipped crockery, too.

Another haul can be made from a loft on 22nd St., where my son, Eli the artist, left behind a closetful of his own early sketches, jumbled together with some broken satchels filled with old manu-scripts which I thought I might want to get back to sometime. He took part of this, selected at ran-dom, along with certain family heirlooms when he moved to Boston, and each time he changed his studio, over the course of three years—with an average of seven changes a year according to the crossed-out addresses in my notebook—naturally, some more of the baggage had to be left behind. Most recently, she moved by motorcycle, westward, and has come to roose in the art colony in Sante Fe. I doubt, however, whether researchers would find anything but his own manuscripts, in his last four pads.

This brings us to Israel. It seems that there are a few items I've never had the heart to part with, including that unpublished first novel that has made the trail with me all the way from the west side of Chicago. And so I have been fixing up this Meyer Levin Collection, as a help to all those scholars who are waiting in line at the Boston Library, to get their hands into cartons filled with leviniana, so as to set to work on their theses.

Categories of Mss.

I've found that my manuscripts fall into certain categories:

A. Manuscripts I do not have because when they were published, and the editorial assistant wrote, "What do you want to do with your original mss?" I answered, "Throw it away."

Alas for the scholars who want to study the revisions, elisions, rewrites, and re-rewrites on the gal-leys of "The Old Bunch." There was a solid lump of 1,000 pages of typescript (not to mention a few hundred I eliminated at the suggestion of the editor, and burned in the potbellied stove of my shack in a winter, abandoned on the outskirts Chicago.) What an impressive dis-play that foot-high pile of mss would make, in a glass cage at the University! Even a Thomas Wolfe, or a Youngblood Hawke might be proud of such a pile!

Gone, gone forever, too, are the manuscripts of "Reporter," "Frankie and Johnny," "Yehuda,"

But scholars may have some hope for Category B, which re-mains the cause of the writing

B. Manuscripts I still hope to do something with some day. Naturally, I can't part with them just yet. Now here, I found myself sitting on the floor, engrossed, while I set one dogeared script to the left of me, for immediate consideration for reworking, and another half-faded script to the right of me, for immediate consideration for reworking, and another in front (Continued on page 82)



No Crashing Film Labor **But New Writers Do Okay**

resultant stiffening of opposition of those already in the various unions and guilds to "outsiders." Since the outsider cannot secure work without a union card, and cannot get a union card, this is bleak country for newcomers.

One favorable sector has been that of the young writer. First of all, the Writers Guild of America is easier to crash by far than the manual labor ranks in the studios. A recent check indicated that young writers were doing rather well hereabouts, at least considering the over-all situation. Even so, cautions should be emphasized.

Warning of one William Morris literary agent: "Remember-for every new writer at work there are three veterans working." Chris Knopf, prexy of the TV branch of the Writers Guild of America West, believes regular emergence of the dewy-cheeked scribe is "traditional" within television, a phenomenon which blooms regularly each year.

Mike Ludmer, Ken Evens, and Jim Fisher, story editors for Universal, Columbia and 20th-Fox respectively, concur on continuing reliance on the established writer for features. Says Fisher, "unfor features. Says Fisher, "un-fortunately with a 12 picture schedule (on the home lot) per year there isn't much chance for experimentation."

Yet an impressive roster of young writers at work on im-portant assignments tends to back view of writer's agent Gordon Molson, "The young writer today gets a chance he never had before. Doors are opening now which before were closed.

Says Jaffe literary percenter Peter Thomas, "In television and motion pictures it is easier to sell a young writer. He hasn't made any mistakes yet. You tell a producer about him and the producer likely to thick to the producer." is likely to think, 'Oh yeah-young blood, vigorous. energetic . . . Whereas an older writer may have

to overcome effect of four bombs

he has written."

Examples of the youthful scribbling flash are abundant. Some, like 25 year old Francis Coppola, have yet to see their names on the screen, yet their un-filmed work has created so much excitement they bound from assignment to assignment. Coppola, a winner of the Samuel Goldwyn writing award at UCLA, is simultaneously at work on three projects for Seven-Arts-Paramount. Another highly regarded but creditles young writer is Charles East-man, who has penned three major studio feature scripts among them a draft of "Loved Ones" at MGM. Jerry DeBono. 30, is one of the

best known of the huge harvest of young TV writers since moved on to features. He is doing a first draft on Norman Mailer's "An American Dream" for Warner Bros. Larry J. Cohen and Larry Cohen, two similarly named but unrelated telescribes have moved fornia election on Nov. 3. onto features, former recently selling "Smashmaster Caper" to

erick Raphael, repped here by to any toll system been anywhere Molson, beened screenplay for close to the numbers predicted "Nothing But the Best" film which (and even claimed) by the system's recently circulated around U.S. art house circuit and has several Hollywood deals perking. He is 29. Dean Hargrove, in his early 30's has sold his original screenplay "Catch Me If You Can" to Bob Hope.

Dennis Murphy, 25. has written "Hour of Maximum Danger" script for Martin Manulis. Tom Mankiewicz, son of Joe Mankiewicz, has

for Universal and James Lee Bar-

Hollywood.
Breaking into Hollywood in any line of talent i, today harder than ever in history. Such is the general view. This is a result of the reduced production volume and the duced production volume and the stiffening of expression.

Tett, also 34, who will share script credit on "Greatest Story Ever Told" with director George Stevens. Bob Dozier, film exec Bill Dozier's son, wrote "The Cardinal" screenplay for Columbia. He is 33.

Probably youngest scripter in town is a femme—Joanna Crawford. At 22 she is getting first whack at screenplay of "Birch Interval," tome she recently sold for filming to Fred Zinneman. Other youthful femmes pounding lucrative typewriters include Leigh Chapman, in her late 20's and author of "Swing-in' Summer" feature script and "Burke's Law" teleplay and 32-year-old Barbara Avedon, creator of the "Barbara Rush Show" pilot. Joanna Lee, 30, has done much TV and just sold her feature script 'Park Avenue Indians" to Hanna-

On tv side list is lengthy. There's Mark Tuttle, in his late 20's and co-scribe with Paul Henning on "Beverly Hillbillies." Carol Kleinschmitt and Dale McCraven, both schmitt and Dale McCraven, both in early 20's have sold several "Joey Bishop" scripts. Michael Zagor, 29, has been set for a multiple writing assignment with team of Richard Levinson and William Link have done several "Rogues" and "Kildares." Edward Lakes with five "Kildares" to his Lakso, with five "Kildares" to his credit, is dickering with the Theatre Guild for his "Come to the Inn" play.

Bill Persky and Sam Denoff, in

their early 30's, are script supervisors on "Dick Van Dyke" show. Richard Nelson, 18 months ago a reader at Warner Bros. at 33 has hit with most of top teleseries including "Kildare" Casey and "Defenders." Paul Wayne, recently in from his native Canada, has latched "Bristol Court" and "Living Doll" assgiments. Peter Fields, 29, has been signed to pen "Man From U.N.C.L.E." script.

Roster, of course, is by no means inclusive. It is offered merely as an indication. Also, it became apparent in process of collecting preceding data that upage of arbitrary "youth" ceiling to middle or late 30's and even such a "sample" list as this would become totally un-

Apparent increased opportunity for the youthful writer can, how-ever, be misleading. Lest it be inferred that producers and story editors are holding open house for the neophyte scripter, listen to

(Continued on page 67)

Barnum Never Said It By SIDNEY ROSE =

Ask the proverbial Man in the Street who first said, "There's a sucker born every minute," and it's 100-to-1 he will answer "P.T. Barnum," and it's a 1,000-to-1 he is wrong, for there is not a shred of documentary evidence that Barnum ever said it.

The anthologists "attribute" it to Barnum but fail to give chapter and verse, and in the 75 years since the death of the epic show-man it has become a legend without a leg to stand on.

The word "sucker," in the sense is employed in the quotation, is a tinhorn gambler's epithet that became current about the time of Barnum's passing. Barnum had a sound New England education and despite the flamboyance of his publicity there was nothing in his language to associate him with the gentry of the loaded dice and the marked cards. Certainly the entrepreneur who did amuse Queen Victoria, who invented "This Way to the Egress," and created the "Cherry Colored Cat" was not the author of the crass was not the author of the crass phrase attributed to him.

In Barnum's time Illinois was nicknamed "The Sucker State" by reason of the fish so named that abounded in its streams. A Civil War marching song entitled "We War marching song entitied the Are the Merry Suckers of the State of Illinois" is still extant in collections. Harry Vilmusical collections. Harry Villard's "Recollections of Lincoln" tells of meeting the candidate shortly before the Chicago convention, in a country railroad station, and asking his opinion of his chances of the nomination, "Just think," chuckled old Abe, "of a sucker like me as President'."

No patron of a Barnum show ever regarded himself as a dupe. The bewildered visitor at the Museum who found himself on the sidewalk after following the in-dev finger directing him to "The dex finger directing him to Egress," never complained that he had not received his 25c worth of entertainment at the celebrated Ann St. institution. If the Cherry Colored Cat was black, were there not black cherries?

Children should not be brought up with the cynical notion that the founder of the three-ringed circus was a blackguard.

British to Roll With Toll

London.

In February of 1964 five pay-tv operations were granted franchises by the British Post Office. They were Caledonian-TV, Choiceview, Pay-TV, Telemeter Programs and Tollvision. They met in London early in the year to discuss possibilities of forming an association similar to Independent TV Companies Assn and to discuss networking of programs.

By the end of 1964, however, only one of the five had received a license to actually operate. The others will probably get underway sometime in 1965, possibly as late as September. The pay-ty operators will be under the control of the Post Office Department

during the three-year experiment.

There are several American investors in the companies: Time-Life Inc. has a 20% interest in British Telemeter Home Viewing (which will operate Telemeter Programs); Seven Arts and Horizon Pictures (Sam Spiegel) are substantial investors in Caledonian-TV, as are 7A executives Norman Katz and Kenneth Hyman and Horizon exec Irwin Margulies. Pay-TV, on the other hand, appears to be predominantly British—ownership is divided be-tween Associated British Pictures Corp., British Relay Wireless and British Home Entertainment.

Some of problems encountered by the companies after they had received their franchises were opposition from the Cinematograph Films Council and the Cinematograph Exhibitors Assn; the possibility that programs may be too similar to those served gratis by BBC's Channel 2; and independent action by exhibitors and labor unions, including formation of INDEC, (Independent Exhibi-

tors Defense Committee).

Berlin Film Festival Overhauling Format to Reverse Slide in Prestige

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin. Management of the annual Berlin International Film Festival finally seems convinced that some-thing must be done to improve it. Although classified "A" by the Federation of International Film Producers Assns. Berlin has prestigewise been on th decline these past years. The complete absence of East European countries, the fact that many unimportant films could use up screen time were among the defects.

Now Dr. Alfred Bauer, the chief has devised a 10-point program for the W-Berlin Senate. These pro-posed changes are under discus-Here's what Bauer has suggested:

Organization setup of the festival is to be changed. Instead of being an event arranged by the local Senate (in collab with the Federal Government at Bonn) it is to be-come an affair arranged by an in-dependent society. This would enable festival organizers to invite East Bloc countries, by ducking "recognition" problem important to Reds.

Selection committee would be considerably reduced from 18 to

To make festival prizes more attractive, The Golden and Silver Bears are to be combined with essential cash awards ranging from Deutsh-marks 10,000 to 100,000

(\$2,500 to \$25,000). Films that participate in the festival are to be granted special privileges. In particular, entries of German origin are to be awarded with special premiums.

(The television festival is to be separated from the film festival. The tv festvial is to take place only every two years.)
Berlinale itself is to be made

smaller. Only the big, classical film nations are to be shown sepa-Added to the Berlin festival will

be on Amateur Film Festival.
Official jury is to acquire a new character. No more producers or other persons associated with the industry will serve.

Rome Goes West

Continued from page 11

of time. All one has to do is to look at the map of Europe. In Spain they are shooting in studios in Madrid, Barcelona and Malaga as well as on the plains of Andalusia and in the mountains of Granada. Italy has found Sicily an excellent terrain for westerns but there is one studio in Rome which is now equipped to make westerns and only westerns.

Germany and Yugoslavia got together and Berlin studio space was augmented with Dalmatian Coast exteriors. Yukoslavia may be a Communist country but it knows how to cooperate with capitalists where the hard dollar is concerned. The only mounted cavalry available to western film-makers has long been supported by moviemakers and now they have begun to ride in Army Blue and Confederatee Gray where the occasion requires. Have a look at "The Battle of Fort Apache" and try to find where it doesn't seem like a genuine western. Similarly, "A Steel Punch" or "The Gunman of Dallas" or "Honor Before All" and other similar titles. It may look like the yellow rose of Texas but it's blooming today far, far away from its native locale.

Even Czechoslovakia has come up with a western, "Lemonade made tirety in the studios and the back-lot of the Barrandov Studio in Prague where a typical western street has been built. Joe may not speak a word of English or anything else but Czech but he can equal any Hollywood cowboy in speed on the draw. The ultimate compliment was paid "Lemonade Joe" when it was purchased by Injited Artists for the United United Artists for the United States. It's the last and highest mark, equivalent to a baccalaureate degree when a European western made in a land behind the Iron Curtain is ready for offering to a people who have been weaned on the genuine Hollywood product.

Guess nothing's sacred any more.

Adam Mlinarck, head shipper for Columbia Pictures in Albany (he's former president of Local B-43, IATSE) moved to New York State Atomic and Space Authority.

Tollvision's Bumpy Way: Foes Overshadow Pals

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

sion, on tollvision, in 1964 was in publicity, with as much credit due

nents—Hartford Caront mark.

Harlan Ellison, at 30 author of 13 novels, is doing screenplay on Richard Sale's "The Oscar" for Joe Levine. English writes Park. promoters

Most of the news was in California. Sylvester Weaver's Subscription TV (with \$22,000,000 in stock snapped up in one day) got started on July 17 in Los Angeles, on Aug. 19 in San Francisco. Considerably fewer subscribers were enrolled for the debut, however, than Weaver's publicists had forecast. These charter patrons have been a untitled feature assignment at Columbia. He is in his early 20's.

Among the slightly older "youths" are Peter Stone, 34, author of "Charade" and "Mirage" shunned by most viewers). shunned by most viewers).

Biggest gain made by pay televi-on, on tollvision, in 1964 was in ublicity, with as much credit due United Artists went along, Para-pact with the Weaverites covering to the knockers as to the boosters. Indeed, the most newsworthy thing about parlor boxoffice was that it became an issue in the Calical election on Nov. 3.

Subscription TV's troubles didn't stop with just so-so programming and a paucity of purchasers. It became apparent, shortly after the L.A. debut, that the company had become overloaded on personnel. 143 were dumped in one drop, most of them in the programming area. Others followed Election

The other major event in California took place on Election Day, when state voters rejected toll. Taking credit for the victory were two groups—a national organization, Joint Committee Against Pay TV, headed by Philip F. Harling; and its state counterpart, The Citizens Committee For Free TV, formed in June, 1963, when the California legislature granted Subscription TV permission to conduct its experiment.

On the side of parlor b.o. were nities, indicating it is still interested, although the Hartford test (Continued on page 82) waver finally got the nod from film studios, the Screen Actors

minimum rates and conditions for members in case of production of films for pay-tv. Pact, to run for 18 months, was limited to Subscription TV Inc. Writers Guild of America started drafting its demands just in case Directors Guild made a deal with Mark Armistead TV.

Against pay-tv in the struggle were motion picture theatres, television networks, AFL-CIO, Parent Teachers Assn., National Federation of Women's Clubs and sundry civic and business groups.

So what's in store for 1965?

RKO-General, first company to receive the Federal Communication Commission's permission to conduct a test over a three-year period, will apply to FCC in June for either an extension of time or a permanent license. It owns, through various subsidiaries, some 27 CATV systems.

Zenith, partner with RKO-General in the Hartford experiment, has asked for permission to conduct pay-tv tests in other commu-

Show People As Big Investors: California's Endless Land Boom

Funny Things Happen On The Way to the Lectern

By BENNETT CERF

The lecture circuits are really booming this year. Intiation of intermediate jet service has made it possible for speakers in demand and with sufficient stamina to schedule as many as eight lectures a week—with daily doubleheaders—in cities not too far

doubleheaders—in cities not too far apart. The net proceeds to an uninhibited speaker, therefore, sometimes rank with the fees paid to top stars in the theatre.

Needless to say, any speaker who embarks on one of these tightly scheduled tours is dependent on good plane connections. One disruption can upset a whole week's routine. There also are occasional mishaps that have to be overcome—but it's these very mishaps that the speaker will remember most vividly when the tour is completed.



Bennett Cerf

One experience in Seattle typifies this. 1 was speaking to an audience consisting almost entirely of ladies-2,000 approximately—when there was a sudden commotion in the rear of the hall. I suspected that I had inadvertently made some remark that had special local connotation. Before I could worry about this too much, the chairlady rushed up to me choking back her laughter to tell me that a member of the audience in the very back row had begun to have a baby. By this time the entire audience was in an uproar. I restored order for a few minutes by telling the ladies what was going on and pointing out that my delivery was obviously improving! I then added that a remarkable facet of the situation was that the lady wasn't even pregnant when she came into the hall! Quiet was restored, however, for only a few moments. Then one lady started laughing again, which set the whole audience off into renewed pandemonium. It was obviously impossible to buck this tide and to go on talking about the current literary scene and the recent changes in American humor. I suggested that we call the whole thing off and adjourn to the cocktail lounge for a community drink and that I'd be back in Seattle next spring and hope to conclude my talk under more propitious

Cornelia Otis Skinner had a most disconcerting moment while giving her all on the lecture platform in a midwestern city. In the middle of her speech the lectern on which she was leaning collapsed with a crash and she landed in the lap of a startled fat lady in the front row of the orchestra. Out from the wings rushed the janitor shaking a finger under Miss Skinner's proboscis. "Dang bust it," he roared, "I told you there were termites in that lectern!"

The Sincerest Form of Flattery

- By WILL JORDAN -

Probably because I read somewhere that Horace Greeley had never said "Go West Young Man," and that Washington probably never heard of the famous cherry tree, I became interested in quotes and misquotes.

I know I've heard Jolson say "You ain't heard nothin' yet," Durante say "I got a million of 'em," Charles Laughton shout, "Mr. Christian . .," Gleason scream, "Awayyy we go," and Katharine Hepburn say, "RRRally they are." Miss Hepburn claimed that the "night club" mimics

Miss Hepburn claimed that the "night club" mimics kept the stars' names alive when they were between films, and Bette Davis went as far as sending her scripts to impersonator Arthur Blake to do routines on before the films were even completed. Perhaps it was Blake who made up the "Peter, Peter" expression for Miss Davis, which she claimed on a recent Jack Paar tv appearance she never actually said. I believe she said "Phillip."

Charles Boyer recently revealed that he never said, "Come with me to the Casbah." This must be true since (in the film "Algiers"), he never left the Casbah.

When did Humphrey Bogart say, "All right, Louie, drop the gun?" Probably never, at least not before the expression became popular, according to his own words. You can see "Casablanca" a hundred times and not only won't Rick (Bogart) ask Louis (Claude Rains) to drog his non-existent gun, but Peter Lorre won't ask for "the innnformation" since Jackie Gleason made up that expression while imitating Lorre (says Leonard Lyons in N.Y. Post). Lorre wanted "letters or papers of transit."

Impressionist George Kirby Insists that Edward G. Robinson never said, "Nyaah," in a movie (George Nachman N.Y. Post 10/11/64) and Morton Cooper (in The Diners' Club Magazine Dec. '64) claims that Greta Garbo recently told a friend, "I never said 'I want to be alone.' I only said 'I want to be left alone.'"

You may have a great deal of trouble and no success at all finding the movies that Cary Grant supposedly said "Judy Judy," or the one that James Cagney found "the guy who gave it to my brother in the back."

Comedians and mimics made up these expressions because exaggeration was not enough to sell the impression, or most important "get the laugh."

Oh yeah, one more . . . Ed Sullivan never had said "RReally big shew," or cracked his knuckles prior to 1954. You see I made those (and other) mannerisms up myself.

By KAY CAMPBELL

Los Angeles. Directly or indirectly, show biz has been a propellant in California's real estate boom. From the Colorado River to the Pacific, from mountains to desert, some of the greatest names in the industry have bought and sold, developed and managed, and inspired and produced the record breaking bonanza involving billions of dollars. With plush hotels and apartments marinas, trailer parks, spas, man-made lakes, country clubs, retirement communities, subdivisions and shopping centers, they've changed the face of the land and uses thereof. They've pyramided small properties into multi-million dollar enterprises, have converted wastelands into luxury resorts and have wiped out nearby western locations. Back lots have become cities within a city, bankrolls have compounded film and the end is not in sight.

Disneyland served as the inspiration for the land rush in Orange County, where Gene Autry is currently searching (so far in vain!) for enough space to build a 600-room hotel. The cowboy star is involved, already, in hotel business, with ownership of Ocotillo Lodge and Melody Ranch in Palm Springs and management of the Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, which is leased from Louis Lurie and is 98% booked, as is the Continental Hotel on Sunset Strip, which he is dickering to buy.

Bursting Orange County

The huge entertainment industry now has put Orange County in a class by itself—\$158 million boxoffice receipts exceed those of each of the remaining 49 states and the combined 57 other counties in California. Disneyland represents an investment of \$52 million with another \$25 million expansion on the drawing boards. Jack Wrather's Disneyland Hotel is to be increased to 1000 rooms on nearby 60 acres. Among other tourists and recreational attractions are Melodyland Theatre, Knott's Berry Farm, Movieland Wax Museum, Laguna's Festival of Arts, and the multi-million dollar stadium for the Angels, being built by Del Webb.

When Disneyland opened, 10 years ago at a cost of \$17,000,000 the population of Anaheim was 14,000. Today, it totals 140,000. Subdivisions occupy thousands of acres and dotted around the number one drawing card are 159 motels, most of these complete with swimming pools, gardens and patios. More than 175 new industries, founded within the last five years, have taken up another 1,340 acres. Then, the long-established beach communities such as Newport-Balboa, Laguna Beach and San Juan Capistrano spilled over into neighboring dunes, valleys and mountainsides. These became subdivisions with an aura of prestige and prices to match. Some involved hundreds of acres such as The Bluffs, a condominium built on 345 acres on upper Newport Bay or Huntington Harbour, designed by Bill Pereira who planned CBS Television City and numerous theatres, and backed by Christiana Oil Corp. In this \$200,000,000 marine city, 500 houses, each with its own boat slip at the front door, have been completed on 5 miles of channels, at a price ranging from \$39,800 up and mostly up. Dozens of celebs have sailed into this lush residential area. Ross Cortese's Rossmore Leisure World, Laguna Hills, has mopped up another 2,465 acres for a retirement housing project. And U.C. Irvine has staked out added thousands of acres.

Small wonder that Autry can't locate enough space for a large, luxurious hotel.

Farmland No More

In nearby Santa Ana, once a sleepy farming community, Tennessee Ernie Ford is building a luxury apartment complex at a cost of \$9 million—more than any apartments have ever cost in Orange County. Frederick von Musser. ex-Disneyland, is architect. Rentals will range from \$300 per month up—another first for the area. A contest staged by local newspaper and radio station for nomenclature has resulted in: Pea Picker's Corner, Tennessee Walking Horse Quarters, and Ford's Folly, among 10.000 entries. Place will include two 6000 square feet recreation areas in addition to swimming pools and golf course. (Ford is also developing 24,000 acres near Tahoe).

Hollywood celebs led the way through Cahuenga Pass into the San Fernando Valley where Toluca Lake, Encino, Tarzana, Hidden Valley and Northridge were identified with Hope, Crosby, Powell, Barton, Brian, Horton. Binyon, Jolson, Power, Curtiz, Clarence Brown, Gable. Marx and Stanwyck. Others, seeking more land, more privacy, pushed on to Conejo Pass, Ventura and Santa Barbara. Among these were McCrea, Hart, and H. M. Warner.

Today, the wide open spaces are gone. According to one authority, no more horizontal land is available in the entire valley, which boasts 1 million residents.

Harry Warner's Ranch

The story of Harry Warner's ranch typifies the massive changeover. In 1935, the producer, aided by an associate, Charles Yoss, started accumulating land for a horse ranch and built his home on a knoll in the center of 1,100 acres. By '50 the ranch was fenced in with houses occupied by 100,000 newcomers and the nearby communities of Canoga Park and Woodland Hills bulged with new enterprises. Plans for converting the property into an urban development were made in '54 and work was begun the following year with Albert C. Martin as master-planner. Completion of the project is set for 1975 but to date it represents a \$400-\$500 million investment.

Another eight acres is occupied by the \$2,000,000 Woodland Hills Shopping Center, with a 440-seat art house. Stanley Warner is building a 1,400 seat first run hardtop there, also.

Two blocks east of this property Nick Mayo has built the very successful Valley Music Theatre.

Headquarters for Rocketdyne, a division of North (Continued on page 38)

When A City Slicker Gets That Bucolic Urge—Don't!

By HY GARDNER

About four years ago, shortly before Marilyn and I were blessed with our son Jeffrey, some friends of ours who were on the go constantly bought a house in the country and decided they'd spend their vacations at



Hy Gardner

home. This gave my bride an idea. "With a little boy to bring up," she said to her old boy, "I think we owe it to him to move to the suburbs and permit him to grow up breathing fresh air instead of inhaling carbon-monoxide with his pablum." She also thought it would be fun to enjoy a year 'round trip around the world in our own house, especially if we could find some place on the Sound surrounded by water instead of neighbors. She traipsed the environs by car, boat, helicopter and station-wagons supplied by realestate agents

and finally found a rather nice Swiss type of cottage in a lovely Connecticut town, about 55 minutes from Broadway, assuming you traveled the Thruway at three in the morning.

We realized, after an alarmingly rapid dwindling of the bankroll, that compared to Mr. Blanding's Dream House we had inherited a nightmare. Even before we took legal possession a nor-easter ripped up our half acre, made toothpicks out of the dock, swept away part of the seawall and made holes in the portion remaining. The devastation was so great we could have rented out the property to a quickie film company shooting bombedout areas in a war picture.

The naivete of a couple born and bred on the sidewalks of New York was so glaring the cost of repairing nature's cruelly timed prank was preposterous. We were clipped closer than Yul Brynner's skull by cement workers, electricians, painters, carpenters and blue-jeaned gents who gleefully described themselves as all-round handymen. But the education was almost worth the cost of tuition. After our bombed-out sector was properly policed and

After our bombed-out sector was properly policed and repaired without the Government declaring it a disaster area and our insurance company making clear why the damage (caused by wind, water and our stupidity) wasn't covered in our contract, serenity prevailed. We decided to start drawing on the fun potential of the seaside. We bought ourselves a little 17-foot fibre glass boat propelled by a 35hp outboard motor, then realized we had to moor it a hundred or so feet out so it wouldn't sink in the muck when the tide ran out of water. This presented a problem. How to board the boat at full tide. A friendly boatman talked us into buying a 10-foot dingy, with a 2hp motor attached, to ferry us out to the Big Boat. The first day we decided to "go out for a ride." my clumsiness upset the dingy and we were hurled, fully dressed, into the water along with a transistor radio, binoculars, two wristwatches and a compass engraved, "Fair Sailing Always, Pop, Your Oldest Son, Ralph."

To The Lifeboats!

Weighted down by shoes, sweaters and pockets full of keys, lighter, good luck pieces and other trinkets, both Marilyn and I were convinced that we were drowning. "Can you make the shore?" I yelled, just a trifle less panic-stricken than she. "No." she answered, flatly. Instead of hanging on to the overturned dingy, as is advised in all the books on safety in boating, both of us floundered frantically in the water, trying to stay on the surface. Finally, out of breach, I realized my heavy shoes, complete with the Elevator Heels, were dragging me down. As I reached to remove them one by one I suddenly came to the realization that one of my feet touched something solid. It dawned on us, then, that the 14-foot tide had receded and we were wallowing in less than four feet of water.

As spring turned the leaves to green and the city slickers a similar hue, Marilyn was having her wifely troubles. She found we required our very own electric pole to use the new electric gadgets we'd bought, returned, bought again and finally decided to keep. An inspector said we were very lucky, that the fellow who installed the electric stove had neglected to ground it and if we'd turned it on it would cause a very illegal electrocution.

Every repair man she summoned came in, shook hands, looked at the job required, said he couldn't do it for a week and presented a bill for \$8 or \$10 described as "a house call." The carpenters whose joints failed to join, whose doors warped, whose closets wouldn't open or close, threatened to sue us for criticizing their craftsmanship. The plumber, who also charged \$8 for a house call, apologized for arriving without his tools and charged us two house calls before he, and our money, went down the drain.

No Coffee Breaks?

A babysitter asked if we had two phones before she accepted the assignment "I don't like to miss calls," she explained, "while I'm on the other phone." In the middle of everything Marilyn's wisdom tooth acted up and she found a nearby dentist who, it turned out, charged \$7 a visit but demanded \$10 a visit if you failed to keep the appointment.

The migratory workers who mow lawns offered to perform those chores for fees ranging from \$5 to \$10 per week in the summer, \$2 per week in the winter. What nobody bothered to tell us was that grass doesn't grow in (Continued on page 34)

The screen stretches to vast new horizons



A JERRY BRESLER Production

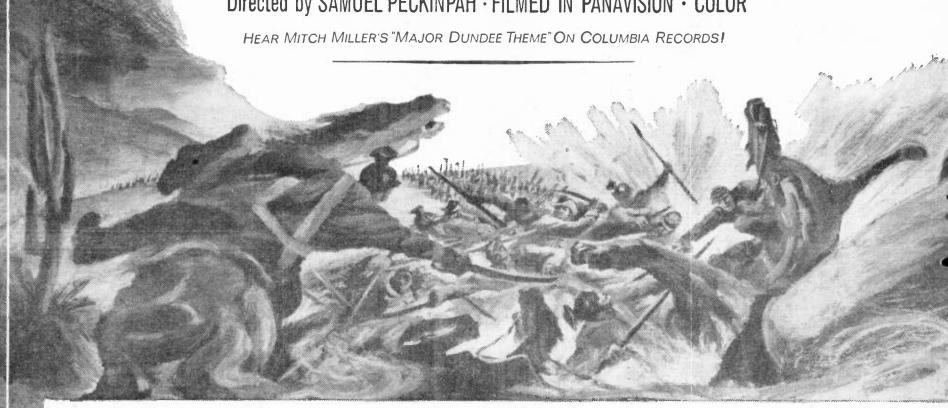
starring

OBURN COBURN

co-starring

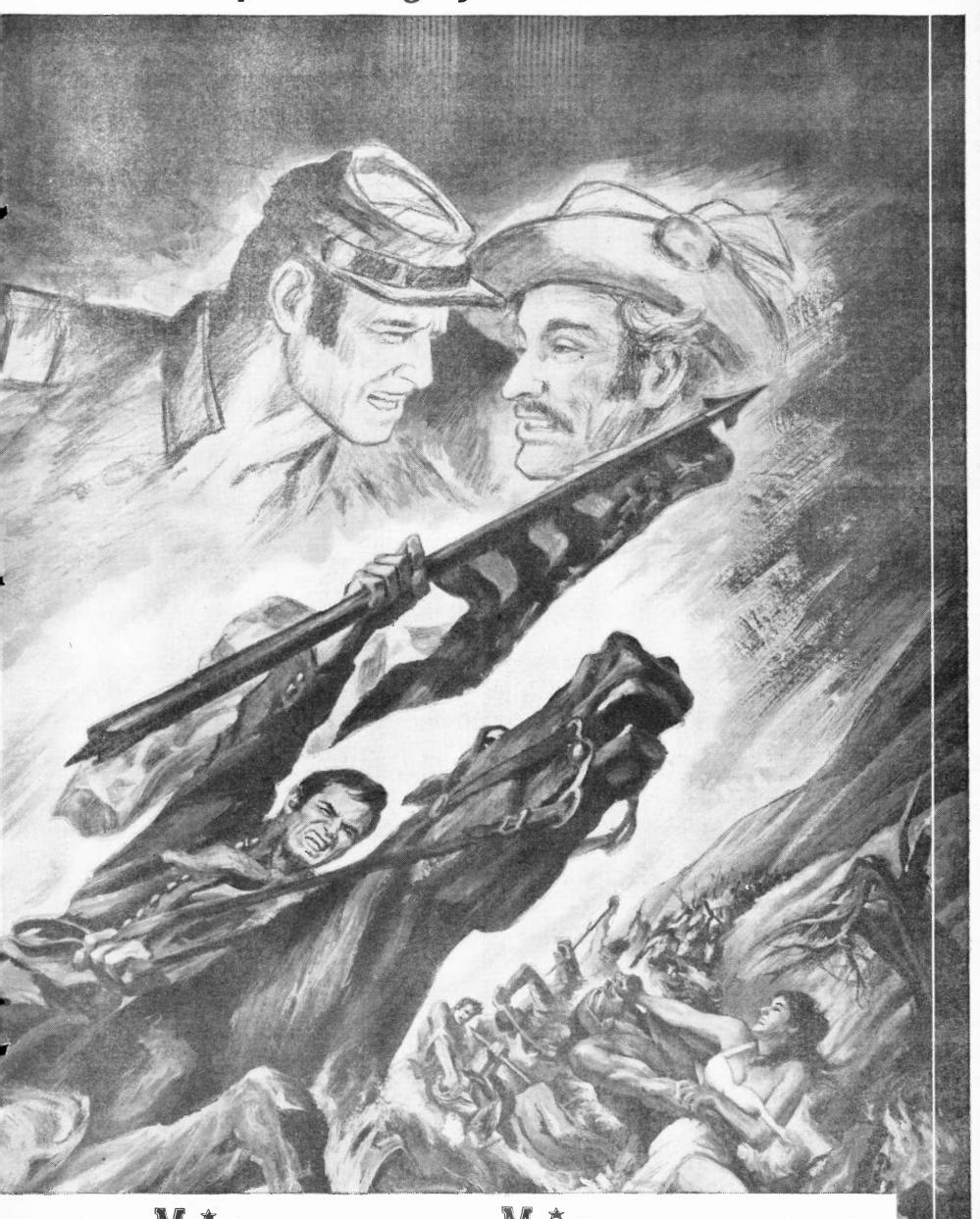
ADORF · PETERS · BE

Screenplay by HARRY JULIAN FINK, OSCAR SAUL and SAMUEL PECKINPAH Story by HARRY JULIAN FINK · Produced by JERRY BRESLER Directed by SAMUEL PECKINPAH · FILMED IN PANAVISION® · COLOR



THE STORY IS Major! THE STARS ARE Major! THE PRODUFROM COLUMBIA FOR Major EXCITEMENT AMONG ALL

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Day The Wild Animals Escaped: Great Newspaper Hoax

By H. ALLEN SMITH

There was a frightful and frightening and terrorstriking day, almost 90 years ago and long since forgotten, when the streets of New York City were deserted save for a few stalwart gentlemen bearing rifles and shotguns

and revolvers, creeping stealthily from block to block while the rest of the populace cowered in fear and trembling behind their locked doors.

The day was Nov. 3, 1874, and early that Monday morning the New York Herald told the complete story. The wild, savage animals had escaped from the Central Park Zoo early Sunday afternoon, slaughtering men, women and children all over the island of Manhattan, ripping each other to bloody shreds, creating scene after scene of almost incredible horror, scenes so sickening that people fainted dead away on reading about them in that



morning's Herald.

Fortynine persons had been slain by the wild, roaming rhinoceros, the raging elephant, the lions and tigers and panthers and wolves and bears. The moaning and shrieking of the mutilated victims in Bellevue Hospital were heart-rending as doctors tried to ease the suffering of more than 260 persons who had been slashed and bitten. Many of these were in critical condition.

At least 12 of the carnivorous beasts were still at large, the Herald warned, and the Mayor, W. F. Havemeyer, had issued a proclamation ordering the citizens to stay in their homes until the last of the killers had been taken. The Mayor said that cannon would be shot off in various sections of the city when the emergency was at an end.

It is all but impossible to visualize, today, the terrorstricken condition of the populace on that grisly Monday morning. Hundreds upon hundreds of mothers who had sent their children off to school before they learned of the terror that stalked the town, now took the risk of horrible death and raced to the schools to snatch their offspring out of the classrooms and hurry them

Gory Details

The entire front page of the Herald was given over to the story of the escape of the bloodthirsty animals. It was a long and detailed account, written by an anonymous reporter who told how he had, by mere chance, been present at the zoo on Sunday afternoon when the catastrophe had its beginning. The scareheads

over his story screamed:

AWFUL CALAMITY
The Wild Animals Broken Loose From Central Park Terrible Scenes of Mutilation

A SHOCKING SABBATH CARNIVAL OF DEATH Savage Brutes at Large

Governor Dix Shoots the Bengal Tiger in the Streets The man who wrote the long and vivid story that followed these headlines had considerable skill with the pen. Reading his account even today is something of an experience, and it becomes so real and absorbing that little tingles pass up and down the spine. Let us

summarize his report.

He spoke of "the bursting forth of the most ferocious beasts within the menagerie of the Park, the awful slaughter that ensued, the exciting conflicts between the infuriated animals, the frightful deaths that followed, the destruction of property and the fearful general excitethe destruction of property and the fearful general excitement." He expressed wonderment that Sunday should be the day in which major municipal tragedies had occurred in the last four years—the Chicago and Boston fires, the fury of a drove of Texas cattle, stampeding and trampling people to death in the streets of Manhattan, and the killing of a hundred persons in the explosion of the ferryboat Westfield.

Big Tease

He described the zoo itself, and the juxtaposition of the various pens and cages, and then he told of the foolish deportment of a keeper named Anderson, who got pleasure from teasing the animals and who was respon-

sible for the whole horrible tragedy.

This Anderson stood before the cage of the rhinoceros and began poking at the huge animal with his cane, and it was thought that one of his jabs hit his victim in the eye. In any wase, the rhinoceros went wild, and began crashing against the bars of his cage, and continuing in his fury, smashed his way through to freedom. "Anderson made a spring sideways to avoid the monster's onslaught," the story continued, ". . . but he was too close to the animal, for the latter, swinging his unwieldy body toward him, knocked him down with a touch of after had tramped instant out of recognition. Backing down from the mangled body with a swiftness almost incredible for his bulk, the rhinoceros plunged his horrid horn into the dead keeper, dashing the last possible spark of life out against the walls of one of the pens, which likewise gave way.

Thus began the terror. A keeper named Hyland advanced on the escaped beast with a navy revolver, firing one shot. The rhino turned, charged him, impaled him against a cage with his horn and killed him instantly. at the same time shattering the cage and releasing the panther. The enraged rhinoceros now ran amok, charging into cage after cage, battering down the bars, releasing the black and spotted leopards, the striped hyena, the prairie wolf, the puma, the jaguar, the wild swine, the lions and the tigers. Some of these animals began fighting among themselves, but khers went bounding after the scream are running people, bringing them to earth and ripping them to shreds.

Incident after howible incident was narrated in the Herald man's account. A keeper named Archambeau tried to lasso a tiger; the beast leaped 15 feet through the air and sank his teeth into Archambeau's shoulder, throwing him to the ground. "Instant preparations were made to save the poor fellow when, unfortunately, the rhinoceres come lumbering at a half trot and drove the rescuing party from their purpose. He also drove the tiger before van, but at the same time planted one

of his enormous feet on the prostrate Archambeau and

squeezed the breath from his body."

Nearby one man stabbed and killed another in a wild fight brought on by the fact that both were trying to climb the same tree. The rhinoceros now knocked over the cage containing the bears and these animals came raging into the mad scene. A leopard killed a small child, mutilated several women, then entered a pen and slaughtered the pelicans, the peacocks and an ostrich. The jaguar leaped a fence and brought down one of the gentle giraffes. Now the zoo's elephant came thumping into the picture and joined forces with the rhino in an attack on weaker animals, killing the camel, the zebras, the sacred bull and the llamas.

Back at the zoo, another gruesome incident—the huge anaconda wrapped himself around the neck of the last remaining giraffe. "The giraffe made but a feeble struggle and death speedily ended his sufferings. Then it was, the awful spectacle was seen of the anaconda seeking to swallow the body of his victim. He had but commenced this digusting task when he was chemical menced this disgusting task when he was observed by Dr. F. A. Thomas of 83d St., who attacked the reptile armed with a sabre, and at one blow severed the great

The African lioness, "after saturating herself in the blood of 18 victims," was finally shot at Battery Park by a party of Swedish immigrants who had just come off a steamship. The Bengal tiger, having killed at least 20 persons, "surrendered his life to the trusty rifle of our aged Governor John A. Dix, who shot him as he rounded Madison Ave. and 34th St." Governor-elect Samuel J. Tilden and Chester A. Arthur, soon to become President of the United States were among the become President of the United States, were among the prominent New Yorkers mentioned as having taken part in the animal hunt.

 $\begin{array}{c} \textbf{Nothing Sacred} \\ \textbf{A tiger appeared on Fifth Ave. where the fashionable} \end{array}$ people of Gotham were engaged in their customary afterchurch promenade. They fled screeching in all directions. Many rushed into St. Thomas Church at 53d St., still today one of the leading "society" churches of the city. The tiger leaped after them, into the church, where unholy scenes ensued as the animal brought down an elderly lady in the middle aisle. Shortly a handsome, blond man arrived from the nearby Hotel Windsor and that the tiger though his victim was already dead.

shot the tiger, though his victim was already dead.

One large animal, probably of the tiger family, leaped onto a ferryboat at 23d St. and the Hudson River, just as it was pulling out for the Jersey shore. The beast panicked the horses attached to light wagons, and they went wild and charged forward, carrying vehicles and occupants into the river. Some passengers were mangled by the animal and many others leaped overboard to escape his fangs.

The Denouement

Now, attend! Stuck down at the very end of this long, graphic, horrifying narrative was a final paragraph, begin-

"Of course the entire story given above is a pure fabrication. Not one word of it is true. Not a single act or incident described has taken place. It is a huge hoar, a wild romance, or whatever other epithet of utter untrustworthiness our readers may choose to apply to it."

The Herald, a somewhat sensational and widely popular paper, had been calling attention editorially to the flimsy condition of the cages in the zoo, and demanding that authorities do something about it.

The authorities did nothing.

At last Thomas B. Connery, the managing editor of the paper, decided on the great hoax. The story was written by Joseph I. C. Clarke, a fabulous character of the era, leader of the Irish community in the city, later

to become John D. Rockefeller's first pressagent.

Clarke had done a masterful, convincing job in the mid-Victorian journalistic style of the period. There were little touches all through the narrative, calculated to lend authenticity; the telegraph company, for example, was denounced for its delay in delivering word of the emergency to the head of the police, thus causing an unfortunate delay in getting the full force into action.

Connery ordered the story into print for that Monday apparently without even consulting James Gordon Bennett, the publisher of the Herald. When the paper was brought up to Bennett's bedroom, he glanced at the headlines and the opening paragraphs of the story and fell back on his pillow groaning.

The Herald under the younger Bennett was an eccentric and enterprising paper. The public was not affected by the fact that the city's other newspapers had no word of the disaster—the public knew that the Herald was often first with the big stories. And the public reaction, an urge IOL neroics. thing the architects of the story had not anticipated; it turned out that most readers never got as far down as that final explanatory paragraph before taking action-either heading for their cellars or into the street with their

Even members of the Herald staff were taken in. Dr. George W. Hosmer, a famous war correspondent who later became Joseph Pulitzer's secretary and physician, appeared at the Herald office in Park Row with two hog-leg revolvers stuck in his belt. "Well, here I am!"

Major George F. Williams, city editor of the Times, got his copy of the Monday morning Herald at his home. In great excitement he rushed out and engaged a coach, picking up several Times reporters at their homes and then driving to Police Headquarters. There he began loudly denouncing the police for not having given the news to his paper. He created a mighty scene and when he learned the truth, he went away shaken to the core, almost a broken man.

Many leading citizens of the town felt that the enormity the hoax and its consequences would be the ruination of the Herald. Not so. If anything, the paper gained ground. The town had enjoyed the excitement and now laughed heartily at the size of the joke.

And the authorities went swiftly to work, strengthening and replacing the pens and cages in the Central Park Zoo.

The King's Jesters

'Alas, poor Yorick-I knew him-a fellow of infinite jest-where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Your songs? Your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?"



In Hamlet's day, the players wandered from castle to castle, scurrying through the kitchen, applying ham fat in lieu of makeup . . . hence the rather unflattering appellation "ham" has come to actors down through the years. In fact, some of our present day "hams" have become kings in their own right—they now live in castles and only feel secure when they too can have their own personal Yoricks; their jesters are usually a Sammy Yorick or a Buddy Yorick or an Irving Yorick—sometimes referred to as the "gopher" and "Get Me Boys"—"Get me a coke," "Go for a cigar," "Get me a

pencil," and so on.

Curiously enough, some of our most successful comedy stars have felt need for a jester of their very own to make the King laugh after the King had tickled the risabilities of his subjects.

Many years ago, while functioning as a stand-in for the late Ted Healy, I noticed a constant visitor to the set by the name of Red Pierson. Pierson, at the time, was an out-of-work writer with a racehorse tout delivery-in other words, all of his witticisms were whispered as though he were divulging the name of the winner in the next race. I envied Red considerably because after each sotto voce bon mot, my boss, Ted Healy, would be convulsed with laughter. Ted very seldom laughed at other professional comedians, so one day I just bluntly asked him why he roared so heartily at everything Red Pierson whispered. "It's quite simple," said Ted, "Red Pierson is the funniest man that ever lived."

Duffy & Sweeney

Bing Crosby and Bob Hope lavished their affection on Barney Dean—he was always with them in one capacity or another, and usually Bing and Bob were giggling constantly at his drolleries. I never knew Barney Dean, but I do know that one day he received a summons for jay-walking against the traffic light on Vine Street—and as the cop wrote out the ticket, Barney merely inquired, "How fast was I going?"

Duffy & Sweeney were a legend in their own time, but after the demise of Duffy, Sweeney became the jester for Joe Cook. The castle on the Hudson River was Joe's estate, called Sleepless Hollow. One evening Alexander Woollcott offered his hat and coat to Mr. Cook's butlerand Mr. Cook's butler promptly threw both the coat and the hat through an open window. Woollcott was amused until he peered through the window just in time to see his hat and coat (the one with the astrican collar) floating quickly downstream. At this point the butler sent for his master and said, "Boss, I want you to see something!" Woollcott stepped aside while the butler turned a flip. The butler, needless to say, was Sweeney.

Sleepless Hollow was apparently a rather large estate, and to unknowing guests Joe Cook would usually say, "We are going down the road a piece to the Dutchman's —but please don't mention Kelly's place because there is a tremendous rivalry between the two and they hate each The bartender at the Dutchman's was straight out of Weber & Fields-phony moustache, Dutch dialect After an hour or so, Cook would announce that out of fairness, "We must visit Kelly's place!" This was a cue for the Dutchman to glower ominously at Cook and sink slowly behind the bar-the reason for sinking slowly behind the bar is simply that the Dutchman (Mr. Sweeney) had to effect a quick change and turn up a hundred yards away as the Irish bartender at Kelly's place. Depending upon how much booze the "Dutchman" had consumed usually determined whether or not Kelly would even allow Mr. Cook and his guests into the inner-sanctum of Kelly's place I hope you have not missed the point; the Dutchman and Kelly were one and the same, yclept Cook's jester, a certain Mr. Sweeney.

BoBo's Boo-Boo

Many years ago, the famous bandleader, Abe Lyman, felt it necessary to have a jester at his elbow. For lack of a better name, let's refer to the jester as BoBo. BoBo was very obviously an oaf, but he amused Abe and since Abe was an inveterate horse player, BoBo was always with him in his private box at Saratoga. Lyman's cronies began to ridicule BoBo and often referred to him as "that stooge," or "that jerk that hangs around with you." Abe Lyman was never a man to overlook a sure bet, so he coached BoBo for a full week on how to spell rhinoceros and hippopotamus. The next time one of his friends referred to BoBo as a boob, Abe immediately sprang to BoBo's defense, "If you think he's a boob, I'm willing to bet \$500, he can spell the most difficult words, like for instance, hippopotamus or rhinoceros. "One of his gambling friends immediately took him up on the bet, whereupon Abe waived a majestic finger and demanded that BoBo spell hippopotamus. BoBo winked knowingly at his king and said, "Sure, boss! Hippopotamus-R-H-Abe lost \$500.

Even Joe Frisco, my favorite comedian, had to have someone around to make him laugh. While making "The Gorilla" for Warner Bros., he became enamoured of a jester named Eddie White. At the end of the film, Frisco was so enchanted with White that he invited him to be his guest in Chicago while Frisco fulfilled a night club

White was enthralled with Chicago, but the weather was rather severe for a Californian. One morning, as they rounded a windy corner on Michigan Blvd., Eddie's overcoat blew open and several sheets of newspaper flut-tered to the pavement. "What th-th-the hell is th-th-that for?" asked Frisco. "Well," answered Eddie, "This is a Hollywood-weight coat, and I stuff the newspapers over my belly to keep me warm!" Frisco said, "He was a hell of a n-n-nice fella, so I bo-bo-bought him a raccoon coat and a SuSu-Sunday paper!"

What's Wrong With Cliche-Manship?

- By RUTH NATHAN -

(North American Newspaper Alliance)

service second only to my own, recently compiled a list of shopjournalese, scoring 469 words and phrases that become cliche.

As for myself, when I'm not batting my own original cliches, I'm fond of hearing them spoken. I feel a warm sense of recognition-sometimes a gentle amusement-when I monitor tv or radio and find our familiar statesmen, people-in-the-news and in entertainment, using their favorite expressions. They'll say it every time, no matter what the immediate subject of their prepared address or ad lib comment.

U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, and rhetorician, Adlai E. Stevenson, uses his inevitable "if you please."

In public, he might say: "I have just returned from the difficult situation in the Congo and am reporting back to President Johnson, if you please, before preparing my address to the UN General Assembly."

In private, Adlai might say to his chief press aide. Clayton Fritchey: "Clay, do what you can, diplomatically, if you please, about declining the invitation to attend that discotheque with the delegate and his party from Watusiland. My spine is killing me. But I will twist tonight at the Colony with Jean Kerr and Anna Rosenberg, with Walter's and Paul's permisif you please. And (big chuckle at suddenly realizing he always uses the expression, "if you please") and, if they please."

Senator-Elect Robert F. Kennedy, loves to "make the creative effort."

In public, he might say: "I feel it is the duty of every senator to be not just a voting legislator, but it's also his duty to make the cre-

ative effort, to be a leader." In private, he might say to his wife, Ethel: "I told you, if we made the creative effort, we'd have

nine babies by 1964." President Lyndon B. Johnson believes deeply in subliminal audience participation with his: "I

need your help." In public, he might say: "This program needs the backing and heart and devotion of every single citizen in these here Yun-nited

States. And I say here and now, I need your help." In private, he might say to Lady Bird: "Little darlin' Bird, I need your help, I need your help, I need your help. Big Lyndon wants and needs your help. When does your next campaign train leave, darlin'?"

Third Personal

Vice-President-Elect Hubert H. Humphrey goes in for himself in the third person: "What Hubert Humphrey does.

In public, he might say: "According to Mr. Miller, Hubert Humphrey didn't win this election, but Hubert Humphrey thinks maybe he did, and maybe Hubert Humphrey should try to contain his happiness at this victory, but

In private, he might say: "How does my Muriel, my Bucky, like her old boyfriend now? Hubert Humphrey knows she's prouder than all heck. Hubert Humphrey was never meant to languish in that old pharmacy. Got a couple of aspirin, Bucky? Pres. Johnson just scrapped Hubert Humphrey's third foreign assignment.

Claire Booth Luce trusts the authoritative and slower burning: "Patently and perfectly ridiculous.

In public, she might says "If Sen. Wayne Morse got hit on the head with a horse, this may rhyme, but it is patently and perfectly ridiculous to think there is any rhyme nor reason to the man him-

In private, she might say to her husband, on the telephone: "Henry, it is patently and perfectly ridiculous to suggest that my appointment secretary or my social secretary could not find room for you to see me. If that was so. why couldn't you reach me through Fulton or Barry?"

Senator Jacob K. Javits has pet usage for: "And I submit."

In public, he might say: "Bobby Kennedy says he's a New

The Associated Press, a wire | Yorker because he went to school here and lived here for 20 years, but I submit, and I do indeed submit, that he's a cynical carpetbagger.

> In private, he might say to his wife, Marion: "Okay, if you want to go on another theatrical binge, go, but keep the publicity low, and please don't go touring Washington or New York, and please don't go dating your leading man for business reasons. And I submit, when you want me to, I submit."

The Ofays

Writer James Baldwin likes to spin the unbroken record on:
"The white power structure."
In public, he might say: "In

my own guts, I know very well that the white man's power structure will never let this Negro--me-grow to what I can be. Why can't I be president? Because the power structure is damned afraid, sick afraid, of talent like me."

In private, he might say to David Susskind: "If that Louis Lomax, who wants to join white man's professional clubs to better his career, and who thinks he's the greatest writer in the world, doesn't stop using my pet phrase, 'power structure,' I won't have a Negro left to trust except Malcolm. Besides, David, I think you give Louis more exposure than I get. David, even you? Do you hate real Negroes, too?

Musical comedy star Carol Channing will always exclaim: "Oh, golly, gee!"

In public, she might say: "Dolly'? Golly, gee, the show is fun to play, though it is tiring, and I've lost 14 pounds and all of my hair, and oh, golly gee, but it's wonderful just wonderful."

In private, she might to her friends at Downey's: "Oh. golly gee, (censored,) I don't think I'll ever feel too old to play with dollies. Oh golly (censored,) HAH! must give that line to my press agent—HAH! (laughing and coughing. (HAH! censored.) Wonderful, just wonderful . . . (laughing and croaking). Would you pass the no-cal lozenges, please? Oh pumpernickel, please. No butter, no mayonnaise, no salt. HAH!"

Former Vice-President Richard M. Nixon clings to the very sincere: "Well, so you see."

In public, he might say: "We all make mistakes and we all must expect a certain amount of failure. I believe in it. I trust it. Well. I have to have faith in the rightness of things. Not to be confused with the Right. (laugh). Well, so you see, I am not such a disappointed man as you might imagine. And, well, so you see, everything works out for the best."

In private, he might say to his wife, Pat: "Why can't you go back to teaching school if you can't make ends meet? Well, so you see, Pat, either you find a way to budget our income or you do what you threatened after I lost the '60 election, go back to your old job. Now, you know, you see, this would really be impossible. Well, so you see, Pat, why don't you be a good girl and put on your new cloth coat and we'll go out and have a little champagne dinner, just the two of us. I mean this sincerely.'

TV star Johnny Carson can's refrain from: "Whee-Eee! You're putting me on."

In public, he might say with utter guilelessness to a flattering guest on his show: "You think I sing like Robert Goulet, act like Cary Grant, dance like Gene Kelly, clown like Jack Benny, make with the commercials like Skitch, and look like a living doll? You're putting me on!"

In private, he might reply to "Why can't I his wife, Jo Ann: be as acrobatic at home as I am on the show? You want to wrestle? Jo? Whee-Eeee! You're putting me on. Say, Whee! You really are. Whee-Eee! I mean, you really did. Whee-Eee!"

And I submit, if you please, that it is patently and perfectly ridiculous to make the creative effort without stopping to appreciate what Hubert Humphrey does, and, oh golly, gee, I acmit I'm a product of the white power structure, and well, so you see, I need your help. Whee-Eee! I'm putting

REEL SHAKESPEARE STAND UP!

Film Industry Did Little To Celebrate Bard's 400th Anniversary Except Reissue Sir Laurence Olivier and Others—Soviet Union's Long-Planned 'Hamlet' A Special Case— Research Discloses Shakespeare's Plays An Early Element in Original Silent Production Though Bearing Slight Resemblance—The Record Reprised ia Detail

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

niversary of the birth of William Shakespeare was observed by most of the world. Much more might have been expected than the effort by the world's motion picture screens. With the exception of a trio of new "Hamlets," cinematic nods consisted primarily of hastily-gathered "festivals" of earlier gathered "festivals" of earlier motion picture versions of the Bard's plays. Some of these "fes-tivals" found, oddly enough, that public interest in these films was rather greater than anticipated stimulated, as could have been predicted, by the wide observance of Shakespeare's birth and the attendant publicity.

Motion pictures have been made, over the years, of most of Shake-speare's plays. Indeed, during the "shoot anything that's in the public domain" period of silent films, he proved to be a very popular, and very cheap, source of material. Many famous stage actors turned to Shakespeare when they decided to make their film debut. If they were to lower themselves, at least they meant to do it in style. Then, as now, the most popular plays were the most popular sources for film treatment.

When Did It All Begin?

Max Beerbohm Tree made a film version of "King John" as early as 1899, and "Henry VIII" in 1911 The same year Sarah Bernhardt played the duel scene from "Hamlet," directed by Clement Maurice Five years later cameraman Billy Bitzer (later to join D. W. Griffith) also filmed the duel scene, which was later used as a sequence in American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.'s "Fights of All Nations."
Griffith filmed "Taming of the
Shrew" in 1908 for Biograph and
Thomas Ince a "Richard III" for

Will Parker shot his version of "Hamlet" in one day in 1907, with Charles Raymond as the Dane. The same year French filmmaker George Melies did another version, as well as a variation on "Julius Caesar" called "Shakespeare Writing 'Julius Caesar'." "Merry George Melies did another version, Writing 'Julius Caesar'." "Merry Wives of Windsor," filmed in 1911, was released as "Falstaff." Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, at 60. played in a five-reel version of "Hamlet" in 1913, topped the next year by Cines' Italian-made "Julius Caesar" in 15 scenes, and "with a cast of 20,000." Danish actress Asta Nielser. went Bernhardt one better with a full-length "Hamlet" for ASA-German in 1920, directed by Svent Gade.

Filmmakers had no trouble putting Shakespeare on the screen before sound came in. Actors were free to roll their eyes, make extravagant gestures and remain completely ignorant of the English tongue. As a result, the Bard was much used as a source of material. Such niceties as sticking to the original plot, characters and dialogue were considered of no importance. Time was everything, even as early as 1899.

Public Domain

Because of this unending flow of non-royalty plot material, probably every play of Shakespeare reached the screen, pre-sound, in various shapes and forms. Most people would find it hard to recognize this earlier product as Shakespeare-inspired, even when it retained the correct titles. Many did not. "As You Like It" became "Love In A Wood," "Merchant of Venice" was released as "Shylock Others changed to "Taming of the Shrewd," "Vengeance of Iago" and even "Othello In Jonesville.

In the same year that Pathe tackled "King Lear," REI took on "Macbeth." The latter was always a troublesome property. As early as 1908, Chicago police dis-approved of one version as "too bloody." "Othello" was also popular with the filmmakers. George Kleine released his version in 1914; Ambrosie, theirs, in 1915. In 1922 UFA released an elaborate version (possibly the best silent interpretation of a Shakespearean play), directed by Dimitri
Buchewetzski and starring Emil
Jannings as the Moor and Werner

Olivier, Then Orson
The all-time successful, commercially and artistically, filming

Another popular subject was "Romeo and Juliet," portrayed in a 1916 Metro version by Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. Fox put their own version out the same year, with the even odder casting Theda Bara and Harry Hilliard. "The Tempest," which probably offers scenic effects artists the greatest challenge of any of Shakespeare's plays, with the possible exception of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has been largely ignored as a film source, probably because of the difficulty of catching its fantasy on film. In 1910, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree filmed his own successful stage production of "The Tempest," George Kleine took it to the U.S. the next year and reportedly sold prints at \$13

And Hear Every Word!

With the advent of sound, there was a resurgent interest in putting Shakespeare on film, one reason being that his was the dernier cri "spoken" dialogue, the ultimate test of any serious actor, and with a built-in commercial appeal that had kept the plays alive for several centuries. In other words, Shakespeare became a "hot" property.

This first display of interest, however, quickly dimmed when technical inadequacies of pioneer sound and vocal inadequacies of talent found the Bard too much of a challenge. However, Cecil B. DeMille went ahead and used the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" in his "Triumph" revue and John Barrymore recited the "My kingdom for a horse" from "Richard III" in Warners' 1929 "Show Of Shows."

Improved Upon

Probably the most history-making of these early sound efforts was UA's 1929 "Taming of the Shrew," teaming Mary Pickford in her second talkie with husband Douglas Fairbanks making his sound debut. This was the film with the immortal caption — "Additional dialogue by Samuel Taylor."

As film history has proven, forewarned is not forearmed and every new wave of filmmakers turns up one or two who're sure they can lick this business of putting Shakespeare on the screen. Some created opulent productions that overwhelmed the eye while only sporadically pleasing the ear; others were less pretentious. Most were commercial disasters.

Cagney and Rooney

Warners, in 1935, transferred Max Reinhardt's extravagant Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream' the screen, at a cost of \$1,500,000 and with a cast principally drawn from the studio list of contract players. Best remembered performances were James Cagney's very broad Bottom, Mickey Rooney's quicksilvery Puck and the many beautiful visual effects.

Also with a big budget, Metro, after several years of preparation, filmed "Romeo and Juliet" in 1935 with no limits on production expenses. John Barrymore's Mercutio came off best of several usually underrated performances, including Edna May Oliver's Nurse. But again, opulence replaced imagination. With only a \$1,000,000 budget Paul Czinner, in 1936, paired wife Elizabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier in the British "As You Like It" with even less success, although Miss Bergner's Rosalind holds up surprisingly well as seen in subsequent reissues. The photography was deplorable.

Foreign filmmakers have always kept pace with American and British producers in the filming of Shakespeare. This did not stop when sound came in and, if anything, multiplied, with some plays getting their only sound filming in languages other than Shakespeare's English.

Throughout 1964, the 400th an-iversary of the birth of William EPI followed in 1923 with a less hakespeare was observed by most successful variation. EPI followed in 1923 with a less Laurence Olivier. Filmed in southern Ireland because Great Britain was at war, the film proved that the Bard had a very definite place on the screen when properly presented. At the other extreme, budget-wise, a group of students at Bob Jones University filmed, the same year, a 78-minute version of "Macbeth" in 16m.

Olivier, in 1948, followed with an excellent black-and-white "Hamlet" and Orson Welles, the undaunted, shot "Macbeth" with such a deplorable soundtrack that the entire film had to be rerecorded and did not get into release until 1950. As expected, the film was interestingly photo-graphed. Four years earlier, Northwestern U. students made a 16m version of "Macbeth." Directed by David Bradley at a cost of \$5,000, its most notable feature was the credit-Costumes by Charlton Hes-ton. He repeated in school's "Julius Caesar" in 1953, this time acting the role of Mark Antony.

Metro, ever optimistic, next took on "Julius Caesar" in 1953 with John Houseman producing and Joseph Mankiewicz directing. Of the male-strong female-weak cast, strangest assignment Marlon Brando as Mark Antony, the most successful, James Mason as Brutus and John Gielgud as Cassius. Oron Welles, in Italy, beautifully photographed "Othel-lo," playing the Moor himself, but losing much of the poetry in the process. Also successful, visually, was the 1954 British-Italian "Romeo and Juliet," directed by Renato Castellani with Laurence Harvey playing Romeo to newcomer Susan Shental's Juliet. She got the best notices.

'Richard III'

Olivier, the next year, went to Spain to film "Richard III" in Vistavision and with a cast that read like the who's who of British theatre. Although the result won critical raves, it blew its commercial chances in the U.S. by first being shown on television as a one-shot special. Shakespeare, in English, from then until the present, has been a hit-and-miss thing, some of the worthier productions being made originally for television and only later released to theatres for a fair run. These included the Maurice Evans-Judith Anderson "Macbeth," filmed in Scotland and finally released to theatres in 1964.

"Hamlet" was the play that was —in 1964. Three different (in many ways) versions were placed on view, two in theatres. Russian director Grigori Kozintsev brought his pictorially-beautiful version to the New York Film Festival; Richard Burton's performance in the John Gielgud stage production was "immortalized" by the new Electronovision process and played in almost 1.000 theatres for a short (four performances) booking. It may be made available to schools here. Christopher Plummer's version, filmed on location in Denmark for showing on British television, made it to U.S. tv in November and will eventually have limited theatrical release. It was not the first "Hamlet" to be filmed in Denmark, that claim going to the Royal Theatre of Copenhagen production in 1911, filmed Kronberg Castle.

Foreign filmmakers have generally paid as much homage to Shakespeare as have his countrymen. Whether a 1933 French "Le Marchand de Venise," Andre Cayatte's 1948 variation on "Romeo" ("Les Amants de "Romeo" ("Les Amants de Verona"), or a 1952 Italian "Measure For Measure" called 'Dente Per Dente," they have kept coming along. Top Japanese director Akira Kurosawa filmed a rector Akira Kurosawa filmed a bloodcurdling version of "Mac-beth" in 1957, properly called "Throne Of Blood," preceded by the Russian's 1952 ballet version of "Romeo and Juliet" and their highly-sophisticated "Twelfth

(Continued on page 50)

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The Literary Trail

= By CASK(E STINNETT =

Literature is becoming the most democratic of the arts and is beginning to merge almost unashamedly with show business. There is scarcely an author in the country who is not aware of the fact that the burden of selling his book is on his own shoulders, not those of his publisher. And this selling is accomplished by a series of guest interviews on radio and television, interviews in which the author seeks to give the impression that he possesses sufficient intelligence to have written a book, and the interviewer tries to impart the fleeting notion that he has read the book. It's usually a failure on both parts.

A few years ago, the Author's Guild Bulletin commented on this ew dimension in which writers have suddenly found themselves working, and made a few suggestions of their own. One of them, as well as I recall, was that the interviewer must absolutely be required to have read the book before show time. The interviewers struck back promptly. The authors, they contended, must have written a book that was worth reading. The matter hung there.

Having written a few books and having appeared on what seems

like hundreds of guest interviews, I have a fairly good idea of the guest interview which has done so much to widen the gap between

author and reader. It goes something like this:
At camera, the interviewer and author are seated together on a sofa. The interviewer is smiling broadly, and holding up a copy of

INTERVIEWER. (Smiling broadly) We have as our guest today the author of a great new book. It's called "Immorality in Youth"

GUEST. (Holding up hand) "ImmorTality in Youth."
INTERVIEWER. (Still smiling) My mistake. But regardless of what

it's called, you must believe me when I tell you it is a tremendous

new novel and one that—
GUEST. (Coughing apologetically) It's not a novel. It's a nonfictional treatment of the current—

INTERVIEWER. (The smile is becoming tired) Did I say novel? Well, I certainly don't know why I said that. It's non-fiction. It's a non-fiction book about (glances uneasily at guest) . . . about . . .

GUEST. Well, actually the book seeks to throw some light on the yearning for immortality of Indian youth and—
INTERVIEWER. (The smile grows more radiant) It's an extraordinary view of the American west as seen through the eyes of which tribes are the most dominant in your book?

GUEST. Tribes? INTERVIEWER. (Helpfully) You know-Navajo, Sioux, Pawnee,

Cherokee. Which tribes do you feature the most?
GUEST. None. This book deals with the religious youth of India

INTERVIEWER. (The smile has disappeared) There you are, folks, a very exciting book and one you'll want to read. "Immortality in Youth." Well, it's been great having the sutter with Youth." Well, it's been great having the author with us today, and we wish him every success with his new book. Before you go, may

I ask if you're writing another book now? I'm compiling an anthology of haiku. INTERVIEWER. (The color draining from his face) Well, we'll go into that next time. Thanks again, and good luck.

Yank Expatriates in France Not So Arty as 'Lost Generation' of '20s But Echo 'Vive la Cultural Difference'

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Americans in Paris are nothing new. George Gershwin wrote a symphony about it, Gene Kelly was in a film about it, dene Kelly was in a film about it, and the so-called "Lost Generation" had made its mark after World War I. But after World War II many Americans made their way back to stay or wander away. A check thous a remaining hardone with shows a remaining hardcore, with a goodly number in show biz, or its fringes, and with varied reasons for their long sojourns and the

Queries among a fair, represen-tative handful bring out general reasons were a disorientation in readapting to postwar life, a chance to travel, personal aspects, curiosity in coming, and then, perhaps, a reasonable cost of living, personal liaisons, work and others.

But many now felt they were suddenly not sure why they were still here if it was not that a certain portion of their lives had been lived here and it had become habit. Others found they still had more personal ease here, and others thought they would surely go back eventually.

Besides the social, human and psychological reasons, that prob-lem of the skyrocketing cost of living also came up. But most, being oldtimers, could cope with it since they had apartments with fixed rents, or knew the cheaper aspects of Paris life usually denied the

tourist.
That "lost generation"—which That "lost generation —which some wag said was not lost but simply never found—had a more artistic edge, with writers preartistic edge, with writers. Then dominant, plus painters. Then came Henry Miller in the 30s look ing for a personal freedom he had never seemed to find in America. But all or most went back.

Of Another Stripe

The Americans in Paris now are of another ilk. They may symbolize a changing world where rapid-Ity in communications, greater in-terchange of ideas and the material influences of the American way of

life are ironing out the great differences between peoples and countries. But many still echo that old bromide of "Vive La Difference." But what is this thing that makes

Paris unusual enough, in this leveling age, for many who have chosen to live here? Joe Morhaim, quondam publicity man, screenwriter, journalist and now running the Magnum Photos office here, says his home town Los Angeles depressed him and Paris enlivens

him.
"I don't like used car lots, commercials on radio and tv, modern buildings, big cars, supermarkets and a majority mentality which voted in favor of Proposition No. 14 which enables homeowners in L.A. to practice discrimination in property sales. But Paris stimulates me. From the moment I wake up until I go to bed my visual

sense is gratified...and the peo-ple are generous, witty" etc. With Margaret Gardner, who came in 1947, and now reps the Rogers & Cowan flackery here, it was first due to a personal love affair and then one with the city of Paris itself. "It was the city, its sheer physical beauty, its gaiety and wisdom, the lazy, easy pace

Miss Gardner thinks all that is gone now and there is a more hectic pace than New York without making as much money. But she stays for "I have cultivated roots nere. After all, most of my adult life has been spent in Paris. Here are my friends, my habits, my interests, my work—and, perhaps

most important—my memories."
Wolfe Kaufman, that bland music buff, Sol Hurok's man here and ex-Variety staffer and roving contributor, cooly states that living in one place rather than another is (usually) habit. He's been here 10 years now after a pre-war fiveyear stay. And he thinks this shapes his last headquarters.

Kauf avers he is a city fellow and needs a lot of music, theatre (Continued on page 50)

All's Fair In Frankfurt

This, Despite Feeling That the Country Which Tolerated Naziism Should Not Be the One to Host a Book Fair

By K. S. GINIGER

(President, Hawthorn Books)

Cannes or the Lido, complete with bathing beauties and gambling casinos, for its annual international get-togethers. The

world of

every

goes to Venice,

although only other

year. And, since shortly after the end of World War

II and the re-birth of the

German econ-

art

omy, the world of book publishing has settled on Frankfurt for its annual session of wheeling and dealing.

The history of the Frankfurt Book Fair goes back to medieval times but, until the end of the Second World War, it was primarily a marketplace at which publishers displayed their wares to German booksellers. A competing book fair, in Leipzig, dominated the international market but it, was intended only to benefit booksellers. It was not until the early '50s that the Frankfurt Book became a centre at which publishers from all over the world might meet to trade books and ideas. The Leipzig Book Fair still continues, behind East Germany's Iron Curtain, but remains a showcase for booksellers; participation by non Communist countries is relatively limited.

The representation of American

Chicken or Egg

Continued from page 8

the time it gets back from its

To revert to Shakespeare, isn't this very much what happened with "Hamlet"? It started off in Denmark with the unhandy monicker, "The History of Saxe Grammaticus." This clearly left no room on the billboards for the actors' names so, when Belleforest adapted it into French, he called it "The Historie of Hamblet." Shakespeare, good practical fellow that he was, made it simply "Hamlet," dropping the B and so turning it into a good, homey, English word. Hamlet has, of course, been adapted into French and also Danish and, if the author of "Saxe Grammaticus" is an honest ghost, he will surely have to admit that this is one case in which the adaptors have improved on the original.

The personal note having already been struck, may I conclude with a curious example gleaned from my own volume of reminescences? A good many years ago I was asked by Charlie Dillingham to adapt a reigning French success called "Ta Bouche." I did so but, when I sent the script to dead old "C.D." he returned it saying it was too far removed from the original. "If the authors of 'Ta Bouche' came to see this," he said, "they'd never recognize it."

He was right. I was able to produce my adaptation-it was called "Tiptoes"—at the same time that Charlie put on "Ta Bouche." I won't gloat but "Ta Bouche" ran only two weeks while its adaptation-however there's not quite the excuse for patting myself on the back that the figures suggest. "Tiptoes" had a score by George Gershwin. If he had written one for "Ta Bouche" I've an idea it might have run just as long.

So there you are, adaptors of the future, if you've gathered any-thing from these few hints it should be not to treat the chap whose work you are adapting with too much respect. Take a leaf from the book of that hardened gang of adaptors who write for the screen. They are used to kicking around the top literary products of the world. They start on the assumption that they could make "The someone giving it up. Publishers try; at Frankfurt, the Divine Comedy" even more divine. make their reservations for the wheelers and dealers.

The motion picture world has annes or the Lido, complete with athing beauties and gambling the spines for its annual inter-Frankfurt Fair after it was re-established and decided that American booksellers should know about it. So he bought a round trip ticket to Frankfurt and gave it to Joe Duffy, executive director of the American Booksellers Assn., which sponsors a similar annual showcase for American bookoperation sellers. Duffy went, saw and agreed with Melcher that American booksellers would profit by attending and, eventually, the ABA sponsored a charter flight to the Frankium Fair. As many publishers went along as booksellers, and the number of American publishers present and exhibiting their wares has increased annually.

their current and future production. At almost 1,400 stands in six buildings of Frankfurt's permanent fairgrounds, both individual publishers and national groups of publishers from every continent, including six major East European Communist countries, had literally thousands of representatives and hundreds of thousands of books. No count of visitors is available but the halls were always fairly crowded, particularly at times when the Fair was open to the general public.

Really Work At It

The characteristic scene at the Fair is two publishers standing in an aisle, each on their way to other engagements, carrying briefcases of book dummies, trying to arrange an appointment with each other. The working day at Frankfurt is a long and hard one for publishers, beginning with a breakfast meeting before nine and continuing on through the day and evening until the small hours of the morning. The reason for all the pressure on publishers is the growth in international coproduction and other joint projects. These are usually large picture books which cannot be produced at a price anyone can afford to pay unless the initial print order is very large. The large order is arrived at by an international group of publishers arranging to produce the book jointly; the color is printed first and separately with the text in the various languages added later. The current spate of so-called "coffee-table" books is a direct result of

Assembling a group for an international coproduction involves a great deal of maneuvering. All too often the objective of the publisher originating the package is to set the deal up so that his col-leagues in other countries bear most of the cost and, consequently, his own edition comes into his own warehouse at a price far below the average cost. His prospective publisher customers, however, if they are old hands at the game, recognize this and usually the final deal is one which is reasonably fair to all concerned.

UN of Wheeler-Dealers

The necessity of complicated In general, the Americans, British, Scandinavians and Dutch do business in English; French, Italians and Spanish use French; and East Europeans and Israelis use a combination of English and German. When a group representing all these nationalities gets together to make a deal, it becomes a modern version of what life in the Tower of Babel must have been like, every language being spoken in its most fractured form. Yet, somehow, business does get done and deals do get made.

Most of this business does not get done at the Fair itself but at hotels and restaurants in the Frankfurt area. The most "in" spot for lunch meetings is the Hotel Hessische Hof, near the Fair. And the place to stay is the Hotel Frankfurter Hof but, if you want to stay there during the Fair, you have to inherit a reservation from someone giving it up. Publishers

the Frankfurter Hof which, for some reason which continues to puzzle foreigners, feels it simply isn't chic to serve beer and refuses to do so. However, as much real business is done there as any place else in town.

Hachette's Hospitality

Creeping up on the Frankfurter Hof in popularity among the publishing set is Pan-Am's new Hotel Intercontinental, which offers many more suites for entertaining. Both the Frankfurter Hof and the Intercontinental book a full schedule of private cocktail parties each day of the Fair. The biggest private party this year was the dinner dance given by France's In 1964, some 2,300 publishing largest publishing group, Hachette, houses from 40 countries showed at a magnificent old castle in the at a magnificent old castle in the country, now converted into a hotel. One fairl, substantial American publisher estimated its cost as greater than his net profit for the past year.

Another big party was that given by the Frankfurt firm of S. Fischer Verlag to show off their new headquarters. Entertaining by American publishers was limited largely to private parties, although Doubleday's English subsiduary, Aldus Books, held almost continuous open house at the Frankfurter Hof throughout the Fair. Aldus is one of the leading new-comers in the field of international coproduction and is actively competing with such established British houses specializing in this area as Rainbird, Weidenfeld & Nicholson and Thames & Hudson. Doubleday is rumored to have bankrolled the new operation more heavily than any single such opera-

tion in publishing history.
One of the few tourist attractions of Frankfurt, which is primarily a commercial centre, is what is conceded to be the best restaurant in Germany, the Cafe Arnold at the Kaiser Keller, not far from the Frankfurter Hof. The Fair coin-cides with the venison season and are publishers who claim that their only reason for attending the Frankfurt Book Fair is to be able to put the saddle of venison at Arnold's on their expense

Mark Goulden's Stance

A lone holdout against Frankfurt participation is British publisher Mark Golden, head of yet another Doubleday subsidiary, W. H. Allen & Co. Goulden feels that the country which initiated the Nazi war against culture is not one where publishers should meet to talk about books. In June, British publishers attempted to compete with Frankfurt by staging their own book fair at Earl's Court in Lon-don. The London fair was directed to the general public, but some foreign publishers displayed. The Italians had the most elaborate foreign exhibit; most American firms were represented by British distributors and publishers. Both public and publishing reactions were mixed, but, as of this writing, the British plan another in 1966.

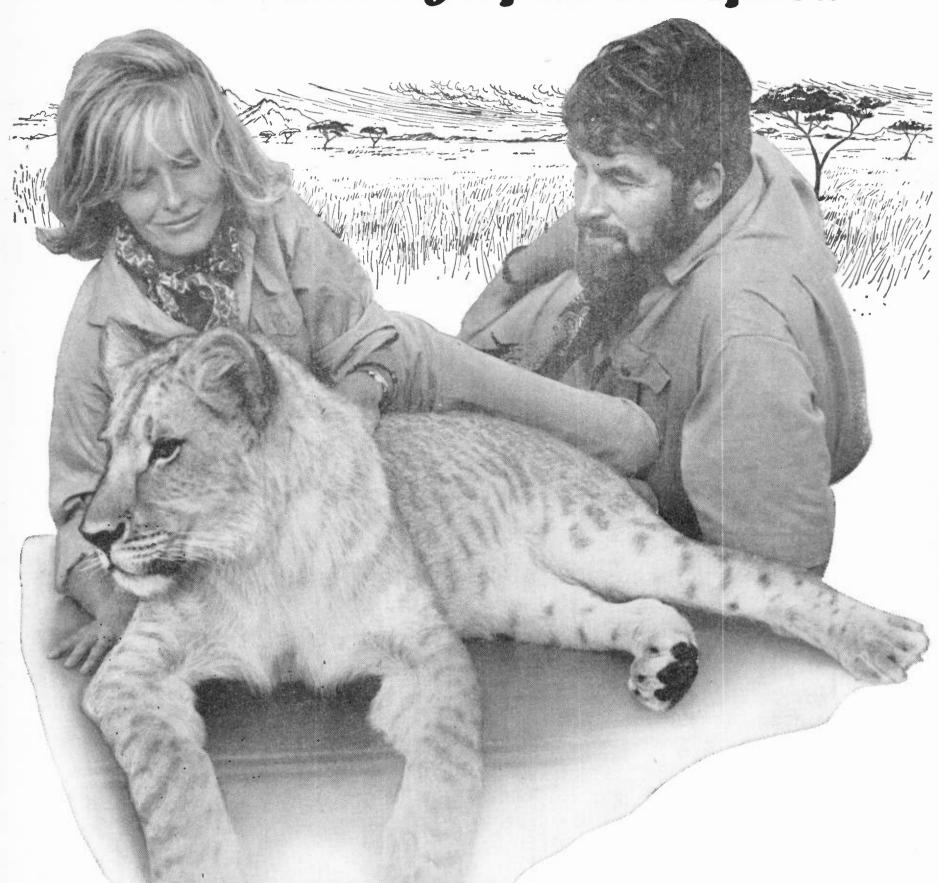
It seems safe to predict that the negotiations has produced a lingua frankfurt Book Fair, whatever the drawbacks of Frankfurt itself (lack of sufficient hotel restaurant accommodations, hotel and much fun for accompanying wives. etc.,), will continue to grow and to dominate the international publish-

ing scene as the big annual event. The only other chance for publishers of all countries to get together is the meeting every two years of the International Pub-lishers Association, embracing both book and music publishers. The last such event was held in Barcelona in 1963; the next is scheduled for Washington, a first time in the U.S., in May of 1965. However this meeting limits its

business to more abstract matters, such as copyright, censorship, etc., rather than buying and selling.

bring their Most publishers bring their wives and there is a heavy emphasis on the social schedule. For IPA meetings, publishers become the statesmen of their industry; at Frankfurt, they're merely

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The Greek Influence

-By STIRLING SILLIPHANT -

Hollywood.

When I'm asked—why did you become a writer, I reply—I had early training in classical Greek. Lest I be blacklisted for schol-

Wednesday, January 6, 1965



Stirling Sillithant

more

subversive by my network peers than Communism-let me hasten to add did not learn Greek at

I learned it at 444 W. 56th St., New York.

I learned it from Spyros P. Skouras, the classiest Greek of them all, when he was president of 20th Century-Fox and I was his lowercase assistant.

The first word he ever taught me was "enthusiasm."

He said, "My boy, 'enthusiasm' is the most beautiful word in the English language, but it comes from the ancient Greek 'en theos'
—'a god within.' He who is enthusiastic is truly blessed, because he has god within. Remember that!"

It developed that the only way one could commune with his interior diety was to start the work day early and finish it never—say 7 ayme 'til 9 p.m.

Thus the 14-hour day became me a religious experience. Whenever I fainted from exhaustion or from the fumes of Mr. Skouras' Churchillian cigars I Churchillian eigars, managed to rouse myself and to climb back into the temple.

Sunday was no exception and why years later Julie Dassin called a picture with a Greek background "Never On Sunday" continues to baffle me.

I recall one Sunday Mr. Skouras told me to bring to his home in Mamaroneck the draft of a speech I was writing for him, a little something he was to deliver to an exhibitors" convention in Kansas City the coming week.

When I arrived at his home, only servants were to be found. But at the boat dock in the back of the house young Spyros was tugging the sail of a small day-racer up its mast.

I asked him where his father was and he pointed to a yacht far out on the horizon-it was Andre Embericos', I recognized.

I borrowed a pair of trunks, asked young Spyros to sail me out. We'll play a trick on your father, I told him gleefully. You'll drop me off about a mile from him and then I'll catch up with the Embericos' boat and he'll think I swam all the way out.

Some five miles from shorebut still a mile from the oncoming yacht - I bid young Spyros farewell, slipped over the side.

A La Johnny Weismuller

I struck out blindly but bravely. After a while I began to feel terribly alone. And cold. And tired. Fortunately, the yacht bore down on me. Ha, I thought, when Spyros sees my devotion to duty, sees how brightly my god burns within me, when he realizes I have swum

Kid Film Matinee, Then Separate Adult Appeal

Knoxville.

The Lennox, firstrun suburban house, successfully inaugurated a dual billing policy during the holidays, playing Columbia's "Hey There, It's Yogi Bear" as the matinee a come-on for moppets and switching to United Artists' "A Shot in The Dark" as the evening show.

Jim Simpson, manager of the 1,000-seat house, calls it "diversiexpects its success here to start a new trend in holiday bookings. Family trade was heavy during the day, with the evening shows re-

these many miles to serve him, he will see what a fine young lowercase assistant he has hired. Someday he will promote me to Upper Case Assistant.

Exhausted, but triumphant, I tread water, watched the high freeboard of the yacht slide closer. There on a deck chair sat Spyros, taking the sun. He seemed blissfully situated to observe my devotion. I reared out of the water. I waved. "Hello, sir," I shouted gamely.

Spyros waved to me. "Hello, my

And the yacht sped swiftly past

Whether he assumed all godwithin-motivated junior executives swam a normal 10 miles a day five out and five back-and therefore was unworried about my basic survival-or whether the sun had simply induced in him a lizard-like trance-I could not decide.

But it was clear I was to be a sacrifice on a Greek altar. damned yacht was leaving me!

I considered the far shore. Impossible. Suddenly I wished I'd applied for work at Loew's. Who drowns in Times Square?

But at the last endurable moment, the yacht turned, came back

I mustered my last reserve of energy, climbed aboard blithely, produced with a flourish from the watertight pouch slung over my shoulder the first draft of the speech I'd written for him.

Did he utter a word of praise for my valiant swim? Did he compliment me on my devotion?

He adjusted his glasses, considered with a frown the opening paragraph of the speech.

he sighed, "If you "My boy," would spend more time at the typewriter and less time swimming around the Sound, you might eventually learn how to write.

GERMANS REGRET EDUCATING **GOVERNMENT TO STAY OUT**

By HANS HOEHN

Berlin. W-German film industry continues downbeat. That commercially and artistically.
Problems seem countless. The producers put the blame on many handicaps. One is the full liberalization, or opening, of the native market. There is no quota system here, Thus foreign distributors can import and theatres may show as many films as they wish. This implies heavy both in terms of quantity and quality. Moreover, there is the heavy amusement, tax, 20% on the average.

Absence of true government support of German films is especially felt. There are German producers who opine that the French, Italian or British film would be in same predicament but for state help. A paradox may be noted since during the first postwar years, German producers wanted to have "complete independence" without any "state interference." They got it. They tailored pix strictly for home consumpton and the domestic audience long took whatever was presented. Even third-rate Teutonic producers collected fortunes for a period.

But times and tastes changed. German audience became more demanding. Television arrived. There came a strong decline in production. In 1952, 122 W-German films were made. Two years later, the output still came up to 111 films. In 1959, the number of W-German films was 106; it went down to 98, then 75 (1961), and finally 64 in 1963. One producing company after other went kaput. As things stand now, just a handful of German produces and distributors en-joy strong status. Most of this along, now yelling for state help. Otherwise the German showbiz

rather good shape. This active in television. Now—take this opening paragraph—all wrong . . . all wrong . . . " German video has reached a high German film man by the name of

level. Radio remains very much | Gyula Trebitsch, a former Hunalive. German opera and legit theapplies atre are impressive.

In the film distributing field, Munich's Waldfried Barthel holds a sturdy position. His Constantin has released around 50 films in 1964 and that's a company record in this country's film distrib his-

Ilse Kubaschewski's Gloria (also Munich-based) rates mention. Her distrib outfit rates right after Constantin and has been one of the two or three German top dis-tribs all through the years. This woman (nickname is "Kuba") is indeed a clever operator who skilfully manages to avoid trouble.

Hanns Eckelkamp's Atlas-Film distribution outfit also stands out. This outfit has even made money via "demanding" films. One was Ingmar Bergman's "Silence," a mammoth grosser for which, of course, all the debate was helpful. Atlas has been collecting millions via this film alone. It had been purchased for a mere 100,000 D-Marks (\$25,000.)

In the producing field, Horst Wendlandt, the Berlin producer and chieftain of Berlin-based Rialto Film Preben Philipsen, stands forth. He "discovered" Karl May, German Zane Grey, and started the amazing German "western" trend.

Arthur Brauner (CCC) has long been a powerful personage, Germany's most active producer for many years. He has his troubles, it's true, but he manages to continue at a remarkable speed, with 15 to 20 features per annum, coproductions with foreign partners included. He's the owner of Berlin's CCC studios (seven stages) country's showmen are struggling which, when not used by his own production, are much rented. Moreover, Brauner has long been

In Hamburg we find a powerful

garian, the managing director of Studio Hamburg and part-owner of this enterprise. Before 1945, Hamburg played only a minor role with regard to Germany's film activity. It's to Trebitsch's credit that Hamburg became W-Germany's third (after Berlin and Munich) film product in centre after the

Buy American

By STANTON DELAPLANE

San Francisco.

It was rainy the other evening and the streets were full of re-flected puddle lights. An excellent night for the movies.

The film turned out to be one of those foreign affairs-you can't understand the actors without the English subtitles: and you can't understand the plot without a course in abnormal psychology.

I tell you, characters wandered through this flicker, emoting about what they had lost. (It seemed to me that they had lost their marbles, that is what I thought.)

It was Art, however. The critics were wild about it.

As for me, I was simply wild. I should have let my instincts guide me and gone to the place that had the Western.

A great deal of sawdust is being sawed off on the American movie fan. It is either so emotional I cannot enjoy the popcorn, or the funny lines should be handled like you handle antiques.

The first foreign film I ever saw was a long time ago. It was called "Ingagi". It was a buster.

It was about jungle ladies and great apes. Emotional stuff, The apes went ape over the jungle ladies. (I think it turned out later that this picture was put together in Hollywood with some leftover African footage. But no matter. It was billed as foreign stuff.)

The jungle ladies were shown in their jungle habitat. Cuffing the children and avoiding leopards and making appointments with the witch doctor.

The lady was shown sitting alone in front of her little grass African shack. She feels a tap on the

"Home already, Oscar I thought you were going to the Lion's Club

She looks around. It is not her loving Oscar. It is the great ape! (He looks a little like Oscar. But you can tell the difference.)

He puts the arm on the girl before she can even adjust the bone in her nose. And hey-ho, off to the treetops.

That is the kind of foreign film we used to get. Before emotions

I tell you, we shuddered down in the popcorn rows when this picture came out. (I saw it three times.)

It was foreign and understandable.

Naturally, a great want to be engaged to a ladyeven one with a bone in her nose

—rather than another gorilla.
Now our neighborhood theaters seem to be filled with Japanese films. Aussian sobbers, German problems and Swedish skyline shots. (Just looking at the skyline seems to urge Swedish actor on to self-destruction.)

There are closeups of a man picking a single wild flower.

For reasons I cannot understand, this wild flower sets off strong feeling. His face churns like a washing machine. He scrags his ever-loving sweetheart and razors himself somewhat.

In the Japanese film, French lady meets Japanese gentleman.

Do they head for the Nichigeki for the late show? They do not. They beat each other over the noggin with memories and tears. Any other cupcake would be taken home at 9 p.m. for acting like this. But the Japanese man stuck with it all through the evening.

Central Park Casino's Five Plush Years

Jimmy Walker Made the Terms Easy—Early Cafe Society Loved It— But Bob Moses Was Outraged, and He Killed the Spot - By ROBERT BARAL -

a danger zone, was at one time, Betty Compton, later he's wife, to Girls, then on the crest. considered New York's liveliest take over the dance floor. haven.

There was the swank arbor retreat, the Central Park Casino just off Fifth Avenue at 72d St., in Jimmy Walker's time today the site is a children's playground. But starting in 1929 and running giddily for five years it drew the haute monde and early "cafe society" regulars. Black tie was the order of the night.

The Board of governors speaks for itself. It was a posh register including:

A. J. Drexel Biddle Jr., chairman; James P. Donahue, Florenz Ziegfeld Jr., Joseph M. Schenck, Messmore Kendall, Winfield R. Sheehan, William Rhine-lander Stewart, John Sloan, Sam H. Har-ris, Adolph Zukor, Jules Bache, Gilbert Miller, George Ruppert.

In its five memorable years of operation the Casino grossed \$3,096,155. Sidney Solomon, president of the Dieppe Corp., owner of its common stock and manager, drew \$156.000 in salary and \$104,-Knoxville's Lennox Runs 612 in dividends during this period. The city's share during this period amounted to 1.36% of the gross revenue, a nice, easy arrangement. These figures were all revealed when legalities were set in motion to close the place as an insiders' racket.

New York has seldom seen anything like this Casino with its sylvan backdrop, Marilyn Miller is recalled entering with her entourage (an old Casino regular remarked that she always seemed to be dancing the "Wild Rose" number from "Sally"). Gertrude Lawrence was ushered to her seat to "Limehouse Blues" (later in the evening "Someone To Watch Over fication of audience potential," and Me" was given the soft-lights &

A night's turnout might well include Ethel Barrymore, Charles B. Dillingham, Richard Barthelmess, ford, Buddy Rogers, Charles Lindbergh, Gloria Swanson, A. C. Blumenthal, Beth Leary, Barbara Hutton, Louise Groody, Howard Hughes, Ernst Lubitsch, George Gershwin, Michael Arlen, Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Sime Silverman, Conde Nast, Cole Porter, Gloria Vanderbilt and of course Cholly Knickerbocker (Maury Paul, society scribe for the N.Y. Journal-American).

Ethel Merman has related how she was signed to appear there nightly after her sensational Broadway debut in "Girl Crazy." Her fee was \$1,000 a week for singing her repertoire all over She got most kick though out of peeking through a hole in the kitchen wall watching the luminaries flock in.

Leo Reisman and his Casino Orchestra provided the smooth dance music. At the piano was Eddy Duchin, who inherited the post. music was muted, eventually Reisman's slick and hypnotic (get out some of those old 78s for his touch). Joseph Urban, Ziegfeld's distinguished architect and artist, did the decor —a lush fretwork of glistening arbors with a circular bar inlaid with lalique. A spreading terrace effect dominated the exterior. The view?-the Bois de Central Park.

Besides the cocktail area there were two private rooms—the Belasco Room and the Silver Room. One wonders why there day, with the evening shows re- Low." When Jerome Kern's conta- wasn't a Ziegfeld Room as a a broken recessive for strictly adult audiences. gious "Who?" took over it was a nightly crowd always generated a Back To Me."

Central Park, often regarded as signal for Jimmy Walker and flon of Ziggy's stars and Ziegfeld

Music and entertainment cost \$773,477 or an average of \$154,695 a year, it was brought out in the final counting. Average cover was Fred and Adele Astaire and her husband, Lord Cavendish, John Hay Whitney, Thelma, Lady Furness, Noel Coward, Mary Pick-

Moses had long been a foe of the restaurant—his objections being based on the fact that the operators tried to keep it plus-ultraexclusive with high prices and this was not in keeping with a public park in a democracy.

When he started swinging set in.
Broadway, Hollywood and Park
Avenue raised a hue and cry. After in the several delaying orders Park Commissioner Moses won out and the wrecking crew was ordered in.

Contents of the plush boite were auctioned off and brought in \$7. 270.02 Most of the people who were second-hand dealers (always on the alert for chandeliers and nostalgic bric-abrac). The famous racetrack bar in the Belasco Room brought \$800, the highest price of the day. The buyer said it was for the Palisades Amusement Park over on the Jersey side where the hoi-poloi could elbow in where the wealthy used to linger. It might still be there.

Champagne glasses went for 1812c per glass. Two large floral paintings credited to Joseph Urban went for \$67.50 each. Nineteen champagne buckets brought 30c each. A pair of crystal chandeliers sold at \$44. Everything went under the hammer from the monogrammed green canopy at the entrance to the stove in the spacious kitchen.

When the final checking was closed only one item remaineda broken record of "Lover Come

EXCITEMENT STEAMS FULL SPEED AHEAD!

THE BEDFORD INCIDENT"

IS NOW
SHOOTING
ON
LOCATION
IN THE
NORTH
ATLANTIC
...AS
THE
SCREEN
CAPTURES
ALL
THE
BREATHLES

THE
BREATHLESS
ACTION,
MATCHLESS
SUSPENSE
AND
PERSONAL
DRAMA
OF
THE

BEST-SELLER!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
PRESENTS
A JAMES B. HARRIS-RICHARD WIDMARK
PRODUCTION

RICHARD SIDNEY WIDMARK POITIER

"THE BEDFORD INCIDENT"

CO-STARRING JAMES MACARTHUR MARTIN WALLY ERIC BALSAM COX PORTMAN

BALSAM COX PORTMAN

SCREENPLAY BY JAMES POE BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
MARK RASCOVICH ASSOCIATE PRODUCER DENNIS O'DELL
DIRECTED BY JAMES B. HARRIS

from COLUMBIA!

Hollywood Reflections

- By BEN PEARSON

Hollywood.

Many years ago, in silent film days, Frank Stempel was an agent at Central Casting. He once went to Metro with six bellhops for inspection by Mae Murray and her director-husband, Robert Z. Leon-ard. The Leonards were shooting behind schedule that day. They took a quick look at the agent, and Miss Hurray said he was just the type to play the bellboy.

At that time a word from Mae Murray was a command, and this put Stempel in quite a dilemma. There was nothing for the agent to do but play the bellhop. Stem-pel left his desk at Central Casting, worked six weeks in the picture, returned to his office - and received an immediate phone call from DeMille who ordered him, "Get me that bellboy who was in the Mae Murray picture." As no-body was ever apt to get into big explanations with DeMille, Stempel sighed, and reported the next day to Paramount in brass buttons and full makeup.

This went on for years with one producer and another. Now 30 years have passed. Not long ago I saw Stempel at the racetrack. He looked trim and youthful like the uniform with the gleaming buttons would fit him just fine. One of these days he's bound to hear from a producer who's seen him on the late show. Despite the fact that he's rich and semiretired, some guy is sure to talk him into playing just one more bellhop.

George Balanchine, the dancing master, has been married to five famous ballerinas — Alexandra Danilova, Tamara Geva, Vera Zorina, Maria Tallchief and Tanaquil LeClera. He takes his work home with him.

My cousin was criticized by an outraged spectator at a ballgame because he didn't stand up promptly for "The Star-Spangled Banner." My cousin said to the fellow, "Did you fight for your country from the Angio beach. country from the Anzio beach-head to Guadaleana?" The man said he didn't. Neither did my cousin. He was in the Office of War Information in the "Paragraph Troops" or "Chairborne In-

fantry as they were called.

Although George M. Cohan was called "The Yankee Doodle Boy" and you hear stories of what a lighthearted blade he was, my memory of him is that of a crochety chap who had something of a chip on his shoulder. I was standing on a corner with him one day when he grumbled that that particular evening he had to go to a nightclub. He complained that he tried to get out of it, explaining the same purpose could be accomplished in a simpler and cheaper way-i.e., he would have his wife blow cigaret smoke in his face, step on his gouty toes, bump him with her lip, and spill a glass of whisky on his head.

Nobody much remembers this, but Cohan had rather rough professional going toward the end. He tried various sequels to his successes and I remember his last public appearance around 1939. I forget the title of the play but it began where "The Tavern" left The Yankee Doodle Boy had none of the nimble wit or gaiety that characterized the fellow in the original "Tavern." He was just a cranky old boy trying to play a hail fellow well met, and that's what came across.

Max Hart, the renowned artists' "Nobody manager, once said, "Nobody knows what animal the actor comes from."

At a celebration at Palm Springs a photographer took shots of Walter Winchell and Gov. Knight of California in all kinds of golfing poses. This went on for an exhausting 45 minutes, when the Governor suddenly inquired of the cameraman, "What paper do you represent, sir?"

"No paper," said the flashbulber,

"I'm the president of the Des Moines Camera Club,"

At a radio broadcast in London a chap came and clapped his arm around Buster Keaton and greeted The Great Stone Face like a long-lost brother. Keaton said to me, "Who is that guy? He was at my house for barbecue one time."

The fellow was Noel Coward.
Norton Wais, the San Francisco promoter who booked the Harlem

Globetrotters around the world, including countries behind the Iron Curtain, called me up with a wild exclamation. "This is an a wild exclamation. 'psychological preachera for 'psychological preachers.'" Wais referred to the phenomenal success of Billy Graham here and abroad. He suggested that I bring John J. Anthony, the marriage counselor, who he thought a reasonable facsimile of Graham, to San Francisco for a lecture in the Curran Theatre, which seats 2,000 people. At the matinee performance Anthony drew something like 31 paying customers and at the evening performance, say, 52. Conclusion: A marriage counselor, even the best one, does not qualify as a psychological preacher.

J. Harold Murray was the original lead in "Rio Rita," and in the movies he created the part of "Cameo Kirby," the colorful Mississippi riverboat gambler. The last time I saw him he was running a brewery in Hartford, Conn. You probably won't find that very interesting, but I wanted to let you know anyway.

Youth Locked Out At the Film Gate

By ROBERT GESSNER (Original U.S. Prof. of Motion Pictures, NYU)

America was still a very young country the year, 1889, Thomas Alva Edison invented the motion picture camera. That year the Seminole Indians ceded their ancestral lands to Congress, so did the Sioux-11,000,000 acres. Edison was 42, his laboratory assistants in their twenties.

When David Wark Griffith evolved a newer technique for films he was in his early thirties, and later when that technique was imitated and extended by Eisenstein and Pudovkin those directors were in their twenties. Early exhibitors, like Adolph Zukor in 1912, were young and adventurous. Through the decades, youth and movies have been partners in imagination, audacity, and energy

-until recently.
Since World War II a gradual separation has occurred, resulting in today's divorcement. American youth stand outside the studio gates, locked out by unions, guilds, producer attitudes, and financial apprehension. Inside the gates are men, averaging in their middle fifties, who are expected to think for and produce for an audience, one half of which is under 21 years.

Does this make practical sense? this disparagement-more fundamental in attitudes than in ages—explain the lack, on the whole, of exciting stories, of audacious direction, of original camera and lighting, and of fresh faces? Does this disparagement explain the preference for colossal epics produced overseas, the blockbuster? Does it also explain the rash of surefire sex pictures and more nudity-also more violence and horror?

Does this uneven equation between youthful talent and aging authority clarify, by indirection, what has happened to the original American feature that once paced the studios of the world? Once we could probably point to dozens of American originals a year that were acclaimed at home and abroad. Pick any of those years at random, take 1945 as an average. Here are some of the outstanding pictures of that vintage: "The Lost Weekend," "Spellbound," "Double Indemnity," A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," "None But the Lonely Heart," "The Southerner," "Ernie Pyle's Story of G.I. Joe," "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," and others, not all equal boxoffice successesbut all interesting, fresh vibrant.

Today, we wait long times between "Paths of Glory," "The Hustler," "Lolita," "Hud," "Dr. Strangelove," or "The Manchurian Candidate." Far too long a wait for a country so rich in talent, intelligence, and finances as the U.S.A.

This cruel irony is compounded by three factors:

First, the expanding numbers of courses in motion picture and tv (Continued on page 51)

A Fair Appraisal: N.Y. Show Contrasted With Truly Int'l World Expositions

By ALFRED STERN

For last year's Anniversary issue, three months prior to the opening of the N.Y. World's Fair, wrote a piece questioning Robert Mo-

ses' proclama-

tion of an assured 70,-

000,000 paid

attend-

ance through-

out the 1964-

seasons. In its

initial season the Fair offi-

cial attend-

operating



Alfred Stern

ance was approximat-33,000,000 of which some 6,000,000 represent non-paying employee and special events passes, etc. and it is a certainty, unless front gate and other prices are drastically reduced, that 1965 attendance will run 30-35% less, for that is the established history of all World's Fairs. Thus, despite the population and travel explosion, total paid attendance for both seasons will be about 40-45,000,000, almost identical to that achieved by the 1939-40 N.Y. World's Fair.

The previous Monday morning quarterbacking was based on three obvious considerations which somehow eluded all concerned:

1. The Fair's arbitrary unwillingness to take counsel with qualified, experienced showmen and relegation of entertainment and amusements to steerage classification and location.

2. The acceptance of promoters' multiple buildings with home show booth displays totally unworthy of a genuine World's Fair and the \$2 front gate admission. Many of these projects are in justifiable bankruptcy.

3. Robert Moses' dedication to his credo that, in contrast to Grover Whalen's 1939-1940 World's Fair, he'll pay off the bondholders even if it means the sacrifice of artistry, progressive design, glamor, quality and genuine inspiration which are the cardinal tenets of any great World's Fair. By denying these elements it produced a lacklustre, hard sell exposition of little enduring value and thus, also, in large measure, sacrificed the Fair's boxoffice potential. Under such circumstances I now question whether indeed the bondholders will be paid off and beyond this, whether a genuine World's Fair has responsibilities to its sponsoring nation, community and citizens far beyond the fiscal.

a great World's Fair should be a genuine inventory of man's accomplishments, aspirations and problems, in order to justify the investment of time, effort and money. Its inventory of inspirational influences extends far beyond returning the initial financial investment. The point is that a higher level of dedication would also have inevitably produced far greater public accept-

As a result of my article in last year's Anniversary issue, which had the virtue of prophecy. Moses who is somewhat sensitive to criticism, sent petulant wires to several of our governmental and industrial World's Fair clients urg-ing them to fire us. None did, for either it was too late, or they were satisfied with our services, or they recognized a modicum of truth in constructive criticism when there was still time for correction. Some even felt that our champion of the obsolescent concrete highways was being a bit peevish.

On Common Ground

Fairs have been my life's emotion and work ever since I was 21 and a member of Grover Whalen's staff. Where else does the frankfurter vendor, diplomat, fan dancer and industrialist meet in mutual dedication? So I would rather assist the ostrich lifting its head from the sands before an-other large egg is laid in Flushing Meadows. I think even the bondholders may be appreciative. There are lessons to be learned from others by the open, inquisitive mind. Last September I spent sev-

At the age of 21, Alfred Stern was Account Executive on Entertainment in the Dept. of Exhibits & Concessions at the 1939-1940 N.Y. World's Fair. He has been involved with major fairs and executive positions with more than a score of governmental, civic and incustrial showmanship projects throughout the U.S. & Europe. His firm, Robinson-Capsis-Stern, was responsible for the design and production of six major projects at the 1964-1965 N.Y. World's Fair and he was consultant to a seventh. In last year's Anni-versary issue of VARIETY he accurately predicted the lack of success of the current Fair's amusement area and ques-tioned the Fair's prediction of 40,000,000 attendance in 1964.

is a fair which the Swiss hold in different city every 25 years as candid report on national achievements and problems with strong editorial urgency toward individual and collective respon-sibilities to the future. Less than a quarter of the size and a fifth of the cost of he N.Y. World's Fair, it played to 10,000,000 paid attendance.

Admittedly the problems are simpler. The Swiss Government controls all elements of participation and design; commercial and industrial participation must conform to thematic standards established by the Fair authorities. There is no foreign participation but the Swiss emphasize the point that Switzerland is merely a country in the world, important to its own citizens of varied ethnic, (German, French and Italian) background but their future is totally dependent on the nation's understanding relationship with the peoples of the world. They even have problems comparable to our civil rights situation in that Italian labor is discriminated against in regard to housing and job opportunities but the point is made that an expanding society and economy demands a tolerant mutually beneficial solution. No such meaningful comment on what is perhaps our most pressing national problem is made at the N. Y. World's Fair.

In every category the Swiss exhibits, in entertaining fashion and advanced techniques, are significant editorials on personal in volvement. Swiss visitors leave the Fair with renewed motivation to ward good citizenship. Foreigners leave with increased respect for the principles of Swiss democracy.

At Flushing I suspect they leave with the already pre-established impression that GM, GE and Walt Disney are big shots.

There's nothing wrong with that but it's not quite Peace Through Understanding or a valid statement for a World's Fair.

Beaucoup Amusements

The Swiss saw fit to include rides and games in their amusement area centrally located between two major exhibit areas. There was also a revolving tower ride, 60 feet higher than the observation tower at the N. Y. State Pavilion, a one-ring Continental circus (\$2 top for a two-hour evening show) and an hour's submarine ride under Lake LeMan in Switzerland's first submarine (\$10)

Clustered along the lake's shoreline, under canvas roofs in reds, oranges and yellows, resembling a fleet of sailboats in harbor, were more than a score of colorful, popular priced restaurants featuring the foods, beverages and entertainment of each Swiss canton.

There was also a gambling casino. two or three luxury restaurants, a huge dance and spe-cial events beerhall, an outdoor special events arena, and a delightful children's area where adults watch Switzerland's tomorrow at supervised play.

All of these enterprises were well patronized, for aside from the fact that they were extremely attractive, the exhibit areas closed a 7 p.m. and the Fair's front gate admission was reduced from \$1.50 eral days studying the Swiss National Exposition at Lausanne. It cessionaires and stimulating the expositions.

high percentage of repeat busl-

In Milan I attended the 13th edition of the Triennale. This is a special interests exposition held every three years and devoted to architecture, industrial design and decorative arts. It's a small fair, catering to opinionmakers but notable as a valid index of advanced design trends and sociological comment.

What is the likely future of world's fairs and major international expositions? They will survive Flushing Meadows but must have genuine dedication to high ideals and standards, not merely blanket blatant commercials, un-der a catchword slogan. They must also make lasting contributions to man's thinking and technology and permanent contributions to the sponsoring community. creators must have an emotional obligation which extends beyond business.

The Canadians have this opportunity in Montreal's Expo '67, the first Class I fair in the Western Hemisphere to be approved by the International Bureau of Exposi-tions. Not only will this exposition climax the Centennial of the Dominion but it has the additional timely objective of serving as a constructive influence in uniting English and French Canadian interests in a common effort. In other words, it has a real purpose.

Seattle's Savvy

Seattle's 1962 World's Fair represents a more typical example of the valid future of successfully managed major expositions. Accorded Class 2 approval by the International Bureau of Expositions, Seattle's comparatively modest fair, only 74 acres in contrast to New York's more than 600, drew 9,600,000 paid attendance in its single sixmonth operating season and left the community with a new permanent Civic Center including a profitable monorail, an arena, the Space Needle Restaurant and two fine theatres, projects which would have taken many years to achieve without the emotional urgency of the community's dedication to the fair's importance and opening date deadline. Yes, it was also a financial success as permanent construction need not be amortized by the fair itself but is financed on long term bond issues.

Miami Beach's Interama

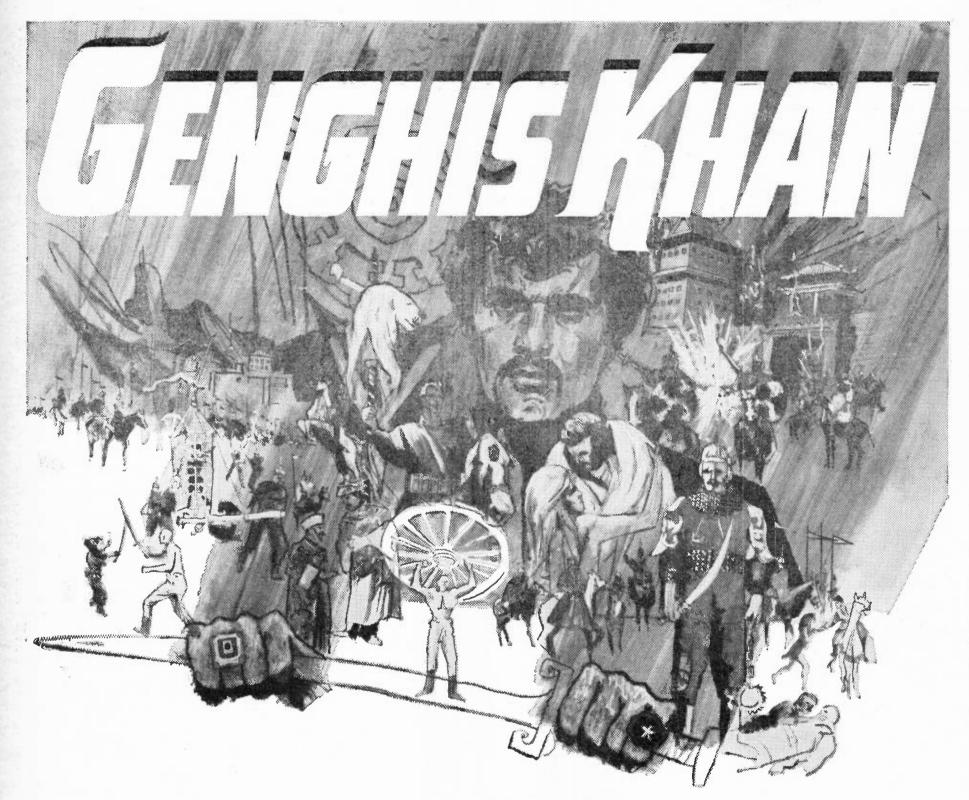
Miami Beach's Interama, a plan for a permanent exposition com-plex dedicated to Western Hemisphere participation similar to San Antonio, is another negative example. While the initial concept has merit as Miami's climate makes a year-round operation feasible, its executive director, Dr. Irving E. Muskat, an expert on Latin American economics and industry, has not to date engaged qualified, experienced exposition talent and abortive plans have been simmering for more than six years.

Thus Texas' HemisFair, conceived less than two years ago, will probably flourish but Interama's future presently looks dim.

As for the New York World's Fair, Robert Moses has devoted energy to denouncing the press for recognizing the shortcomings of his fief and denying the reality that, despite his attendance manifesto, some 2,000,000 people each month didn't show up.

From a practical standpoint his continued diatribe against the press hardly suggests a successful basis for merchandising his current prediction of increased attendance next year and one questions whether it constitutes a rational contribution to his avowed determination to bail out the bondholders. As a civic, national and indeed international responsibility, it is to be wished that while time yet remains. Moses & Co. will give consideration to the reactions of the press and public and attempt to give the 1965 Fair at least some of the qualities inspiration and entertainment which have been the historic hallmarks of all great international

The Great Adventure That Was 8 Centuries In The Making!



COLUMBIA PICTURES
PRESENTS

GENGHIS KHAN

STEPHEN BOYD JAMES MASON ELI WALLACH FRANCOISE DORLEAC TELLY SAVALAS ROBERT MORLEY YVONNE MITCHELL



Screenplay by CLARK REYNOLDS and BEVERLEY CROSS · Based on an Original Story by BERKELY MATHER · Produced by IRVING ALLEN · Directed by HENRY LEVIN · AN IRVING ALLEN-CCC-AVALA PRODUCTION · PANAVISION® COLOR



HOW TO BUILD AN ART AUDIENCE

-By NOEL MEADOW-

Offer Free Head-Shrink

Intimate theatres with a foreign film policy invariably dispense free coffee. But some patrons complain it keeps them awake. So why not a switch? Replace the demitasse bit with a complimentary pyschoanalysis. Three minutes on the couch. House can advertise, "Stop by our Pyschiatric Lounge and get toned up for our picture!" Couch can be promoted from local merchant, or other establishment. Ambitipus headshrinkers will welcome chance to meet prospects. The Pyschiatric Lounge might even bring back Ladies Matinees.

Draw The Fatso Trade

Subliminal motivation advises giving people a sense of moral strength. For patrons with the weight problem, relieve them of their spare change and spare pounds. Introduce a yogurt Counter. Definite advantages over coffee. Saves dishes, saves electricity, saves soap.

'Is Sex A Passing Fancy?' Contest

Theatre can offer prize for best American explanation of European sex relationships, tying in with the current showing of, say, "Third Side of the Coin," freely translated from the Italian.

THE HATCHET MAN

By HOWARD DIETZ

The other day Joe Cohn and I

were sitting around the cracker-

| barrel called "21" watching the names drop by. But no name was as famous to me as Joe himself. In recent years he has been a bigtime producer but I'm afraid he will go down in Hollywood history as the hatchet man of MGM.

A hatchet man is an executive who weighs a script on a butcher's scales, puts a limit on the shooting time, and is always ready to substitute merely inexpensive sets for the right ones. Regardless of the profit or loss on a film the H.M measures its success by one yardstick. Did it come in under the budget?

Joe and I go back to the custard pioneer days. We were there when Samuel Goldwyn bought the studio from Tom Ince. We were there when Marcus Loew, representing Metro, merged with L. B. Mayer. We were there when Will Rogers and "Big Boy" Williams were lassoing goats every afternoon on the bare expanse of the Culver City Studio acreage. Across the street lots were being sold by a local realtor who sounded a gong every time he sold a lot. Rogers would then whirl his rope and shout to passersby, "Sam Goldwyn just sold another picture."

Outside the studio Joe had a Falstaffian merriment; he was generous, hospitable and kind, his appearance embodied his spirit: he showed his teeth in a glowing smile. Sunburned and strong, with whatever he had left of white hair, just enough to provide a sort of baldheaded crewcut.

But inside the studio he would count the dimes and act vindictive-ly toward any producer, director or star who favored the great outdoors, or any place on the continent of Europe, where he had to pay for standby grips. "A tree is is a tree and a rock is a rock" was his most frequent reprise at production meetings.

Cohn's Park

He did attempt to provide harmonious background atmosphere by planting lush green hand-paint-ed shrubbery and constructing an artificial lake which could represent any season you wanted anywhere. His topographical changes were greeted with mixed emotions. There were many pros and cons to whether rnony or not. The studio christened it Cohn's Park and used it for "Tarzan" pictures and predigested westerns.

But Joe was impervious to jibes as long as he was bringing in the pictures under budget. Whenever a small picture showed signs of surprise at the preview, Irving Thalberg would have it made over again correcting its faults and adding stronger evidence of story. These operations gave MGM rea-

son to be known as Retake Valley. There was one knotty problem that ran into money when Joe. along with the other studio cost calculators, decided to buy lot =5. This stretch of acres conveniently adjacent was a good buy. They bought up everything except a piece hardly bigger than a postage stamp. The owner squatted on his property and played the cornet. He only indulged his hobby when a scene was being shot. Ultimately Joe paid the price.

Dearborn, Mich. Back in the 1920s, panic clutched at the heart of every film exhibitor when an invention called "radio" threatened to ruin him by bringing entertainment into the home.

to survive again.

The exhibitor is always looking for someone or something on which to blame bad business at his theatre. He's been blaming it on 16m films since they first appeared in the 1920s. He will still

anyone to come to his theatre when schools, churches, hospitals, film societies, army camps and television are all showing 16m versions of the same films he had in his theatre just a few years

The answer: There has hardly ever been a 16m showing which

Never Happy

energy had been channeled into keeping up his theatre, presenting his shows well, planning publicity campaigns and programming creatively!

If they enjoy worrying about the inroads narrow-guage films are making, they are certainly free to do so. The tragic fact seems to be that they are the only ones worrying. But now their worrying has developed into a projected (no pun intended) ban on 16m film showing which could do harm to both commercial theatres and to the many organizations who de-pend upon 16m films for their programs.

The main gripe of the exhibitor and what is causing him to revive his attempt to hamstring the 16m operation—is that 16m showings of Hollywood feature product is in direct competition with theatres. Oddly enough, this is very seldom the case.

Most feature films on 16m are also being shown to millions of viewers on commercial television in sometimes dreadfully hacked-up versions, with credits removed and commercials inserted (up to four at each "break") and continuity eliminated in many cases. This sit-uation has ceased to bother the exhibitor, who has managed to meet the challenge with good films

runs, not before. Once these first were suddenly happy and con- and second runs are completed, tented after 40 years of continuous there is no reason why the non-

panie and worry. Just think what theatrical version should not be would have happened if all that shown and re-shown since only one out of several hundred films will be singled out for possible theatrical re-issue.

Philip Chamberlin, v.p. of the American Federation of Film Societies, has suggested that exhibitors might be better off if they would concentrate on instigating a three-year clearance following the theatrical release of a Hollywood feature film before allowing it to be shown in non-theatrical form. It is not clear as to whether or not this includes television presenta-

Most colleges attempt to provide film series as a cultural service to both the campus and the surrounding community. To keep a townsperson from seeing, say, Erich von Stroheim's "Greed" simply because he is not a student or a faculty member, is really ham-stringing the cultural development of all adults. Appreciation of the motion picture as an art form, much as music, art and the dance are studied and appreciated, only comes with continuous exposure. People who are denied the right to see the great (and near great) films of the last 70 years are being denied the right to be further educated. Commercial theatres seldom show retrospective programs of film classic because they aren't "commercial."

If this proposed exhibitor ban on 16m films could go through, there would be a permanent loss of the great film classics for both study and entertainment.

Foreign Films

Foreign films and "art" films seldom enter into the problem, since most commercial theatres show poorly dubbed versions of these films, if they deem to play foreign films at all. The 16m groups invariably show the subtitled versions in the original language. So this is not really competition, since anyone who has ever seen both the English-sub-titled and English-dubbed versions of a film makes his decision in advance as to which type he will attend.

Many times a 16m film which has been shown on a college campus or by a film society has been picked up for release or re-issue in 35m in art theatres. This is certainly not a disservice to the ex-

hibitor, but rather, a help.

Many films (either in 35 or 16) would have a difficult time finding an audience at all if it weren't for school, college and film society showings. Some film which have died in theatrical exhibition have become popular items in 16m with a specialized audience. Many 16m exhibitions would probably not appeal to the general movie-house audience.

It doesn't take long to collect a large file of examples of exhibitor shortsightedness in regard to 16m films. Many universities have been almost completely cut off by exhibitors from presenting campus film showings, yet there aren't enough commercial theatres in an area to accommodate the students wishing to "go to a movie" at any

In one midwestern community, the public library put out a newsletter listing the excellent films being shown in the city's commercial theatres and sent copies each month to all the theatre managers. One manager went so far as to write back and ask to be taken off the mailing list because he wasn't interested in promoting his films through a library.
When one American Federation

of Film Societies officer volun-teered to present the 16m viewpoint to a large exhibitor's meeting, he was refused because, as the president said, "they wouldn't be interested in hearing the other side and it was no use getting them angry or upset."

Why Not Cooperation?

Instead of banning and panning, the exhibitor must learn to work with groups which show narrow guage films instead of continually fighting them. Looking the other way, as he has done so often in the past, provide no answer. It is common knowledge that 16m show-(Continued on page 51)

Film Societies Reply to Exhib Fears: 16-Millimeter Shows Divert No Biz

By JAMES L. LIMBACHER

(President, American Federation of Film Societies)

He survived. When television started showing all the old theatrical films in everyone's own livingroom, the exhibitor knew he was through. Again he survived.

This past year, an old "threat" has been revived—16m films. I'd like to predict that he is going

be blaming them long after movies of all sizes have been replaced by electronic projection devices. The situation is roughly this: How can a theatre manager get

has taken a potential patron away from a commercial theatre.

I suppose we people in the non-theatrical phases of the film business would have no fun at all if we discovered that the exhibitors

and attractive theatres. The 16m versions of Hollywood films are released after theatrical

Post Mortems of 1964

- By AL STILLMAN -

They upped the Living Cost again. The N.Y. Yankees lost again. The new directory should list 'em As the Columbia Baseball System. Stung-though not by a meskita-Were Mel, and Yogi, and Nikita. Baseball fans hadn't much to cheer,-Where are the pros of yesteryear?

TOA's 18th for L.A.

Theatre Owners of America's

18th annual convention will be

held Oct. 27-30, 1965, at the

Ambassador Hotel, Los An-

geles. Board of directors and

executive committee will hold

their pre-convention meeting on Oct. 26.

National Assn. of Conces-

sionaires and TOA will again sponsor the Motion Picture and Concessions Industries Trade Show which, with the annual NAC convention, will run concurrently with TAO's convention.

Once a Mother, now a Granny, ASCAP had its 50th anni; But for Herbert, Buck and Burk'n, 'Stead of writin', I'd be workin'!

The City and State are in arrears. The Pope cleared the Jews, after all these years. Two theatres opened bars: I think To take some shows you need a drink. The critics took a look at "Luv" And praised it to the skies abuv.

The Fair made money, but not enough. Robert Moses was pretty gruff. Lively reading-no illustrations-Were the Algren-Donohue conversations, Dull, though possibly endearin', Was "Not Under Oath" by John Kieran. "Marriage Lines" was sharp and funny, And worth its weight in paper money.

Johnny Keane of Baseball Fame Lived up to his second name; He made his point—though it took some push— That a year with the Yanks is worth two with Busch.

Mrs. Payton's Mets weren't able To match the eminence of her stable. Berra made a dreadful fuss Over Linz's Concert-in-the-Bus.

Senator Keating went on the air And argued with an empty chair. Taxis now get extra dimes The same low rates prevail for rhymes. Col. John R. Stingo at 93 Departed this life. Yea, verily!

Nixon, kicking nobody's shins, Said: "I will support whomever wins," Thus ignoring the General Clamor As well as a simple rule of grammer.

The crowd sent money in carload lots Through the twindows at the trots. For those who hit, the big disheart'ner Was Uncle Sam, the Sucker's Partner. The Green Cheese Theory was exploded When the moon pictures were decoded.

The Rock-'n'-Rollers never faded. TV Talkathons invaded
East and West and North and South With Closed Mind and Open Mouth.

All those new big buildings made Us a City in the Shade. Nowanights a Subway Token
Is good for one ride and one head broken.

My extra take-home-pay, of course, is Going on the Dogs and Horses. The Lowbrows watched the Highbrows enter The Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center. Scaling the Heights of Sensuality, Avarice and Comicality,

"Tom Jones"—with no desire for shielding People from the barbs of Fielding-Showed upper classes at their suppers, And lower classes on their uppers, And I might add that Albert Finney Himself was worth the crown or guinea,

I followed, but to no avail, The Bobby Baker fairy tale. The Prez turned on the old Horse Power And traveled 90 miles an hour. Breathes there a man who's never seen, Boldly emblazoned on the screen: "Produced By Joseph E. Levine?"

Odds-on bettors' hands were clammy When Cassius trimuphed in Miami, The heavy winner was Uncle Sammy. "If you want to lose some money, What you do is bet on Sonny,' Was the Couplet of the Year By the Fighter-Writer-Seer.

That firehouse's sexy blaze Brightened up the winter days; To paraphrase Miss Adler's tome: A firehouse is not a home.

The Primaries started with votes to spare For the Man Who Wasn't There, And indicated few were fascin-Ated much by Harold Stassen. Rocky traveled quite expensively To Air the Issues comprehensively.

"Funny Girl" hit no new highs, and Runs because of Barbra Striesand. "Hello, Dolly's" Shining Hour Also belongs to Champion, Gower. Though it got few panegyrics, "Foxy" had Lahr and Mercer's lyrics. I paid for a play and received a sermon Called "But For Whom Charlie" by S. N. Behrman.

Record enthusiasts were strong For Ringo, the Beatle, and "Ringo," the song. That faroff land of Tea and Rice Tested a Nuclear Device. . . . Here's hoping that we all survive Nineteen Hundred and Sixtyfive.

COFFEE, BRANDY & CIGARS

- By HERMAN G. WEINBERG -

Silences, and Answering Silence

Charles Chaplin's recent autobiography is as chockful of names as a Christmas fruit cake is of fruits and nuts but, alas, some of the names of those who were closest to him and who worked with him are missing, such as Harry Crocker, Harry d'Arrast, Monta Bell, Eddie Sutherland, Robert Florey, Carter de Haven, Jean de Limur, Max Linder, Jim Tully, Josef von Sternberg (who even made a film for him, "The Sea Gull," which Chaplin never released, though John Grierson called it "the most beautiful film ever made in Hollywood"), John Decker,

Meanwhile, the Hollywood section of the projected Los Angeles Museum for Visual and Audio Arts will involve an expenditure of over \$13,000,000. It will converse to or a print of a Chaplin film. On which Sydney Chaplin commented: "To deny that my father was a great movie man is like denying that Beethoven was a musician."

It was Robert Florey, assistant-director on "Monsieur Verdoux," who provided Chaplin with his last line of dialogue and the scene accompanying that line in that devastating film. Originally, the scene called for Verdoux to be taken straight from his cell to the guillotine but Florey reminded Chaplin that in France a condemned man is offered a glass of rum just before his execution. So Chaplin wrote the scene in, with a nice twist of his own.

Von Sternberg's Recall

Speaking of Josef Von Sternberg, the title of his autobiography, to be published by Macmillan in March, is "Fun in a Chinese Laundry." While it is true that working in Hollywood might be akin to that, he got the title from one of the earliest films ever made, a brief slapstick comedy that appeared shortly after the turn of the century when he was a child and did not even know of the existence of such a thing as the movies.

In Praise of Paul Bern

In Irving Shulman's unspeakable book about Jean Harlow he makes Paul Bern look like a cross between a monster and a freak and has no other interest in him. Fact is that Bern was one of the gentlest and most civilized of the entire Hollywood coterie. He was not only a brilliant screen writer, having provided Ernst Lubitsch with the scenario for his epochal "The Marriage Circle," a milestone in screen sophistication, but the director of the witty and charming "Open All Night," from the Paul Morand story, "The Six Day Night" (with Adolphe Menjou, Jetta Goudal and Raymond Griffith).

Confederate Gallantry

I wonder if it is generally known that D. W. Griffith in "The Birth of a Nation" poeticized an actual incident of the Civil War in the scene of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Armistead lead a hundred men in a desperate though hopeless gesture in this charge, scaled the Union fortifications and planted the Confederate flag within the Union lines. Griffith used poetic license with marvelous dramatic effect when he has the "Little Colonel" (Henry B. Walthall), as Armistead, ram the Confederate flag down the mouth of a Union cannon.

Hedy and Marlene

That "beautiful but dumb" appellation doesn't necessarily apply to even the most beautiful of our screen houris. Did you know that during the late war (may it rest in peace) Hedy Lamarr got out a patent on an improved type of submarine in Washington, and that Dietrich had already reached the virtuosity of the Bach solo partitas for violin before she made her memorable screen appearance in "The Blue Angel"?

Life Imitates Art

A dispatch from Bonn dated Oct. 8 in the N.Y. Times was headed, "Bonn 'Buys' Release of 800 Held by Reds" and went on to say: "The West German Government quietly bought the release of 800 political prisoners in recent months in a men-for-butter swap with East Germany, a Government spokesman announced today." Exactly what happens in Eisenstein's "Alexander Nevsky" when Alexander Nevsky swaps the German cur-knights he has taken prisoner for soap.

Origins of 'Glamour'

The word "glamour," so often applied to the most mysteriously beautiful of our screen stars, especially the ones who played sirens or devastating emmes fatales, has an intriguing and doubtless little known aspect when you examine its roots, as I did one rainy afternoon. It derives from the Scottish "glamer," meaning "magic," a corruption of the old English "gramarye," meaning a charm or spell. In the Middle Ages certain women were supposed to be able to cast such a spell on men, a power of bewitching them that rendered the male organ "invisible" and even "intangible." Two Dominican secret policemen of Pope Innocent VIII drew up a handbook (Malleus Malleficarum) to supplement the Papal Bull, Summa desiderantes, a tract against pathological sex phenomen?. Their example of a man who, wishing to break off an affair with a girl, became the victim of a spell of "glamour" cast over him by the unhappy lass in revenge (so he claimed), and of how he forced the girl to "break" the spell, reads like something out of Boccaccio's "Decameron."

The Familiar No Coincidence

After a hal'-century of intensive film making (the cinema is really a densely concentrated art): it's hard to be original. Even such a strange and offbeat work as the Japanese "Woman of the Dunes" had its basic theme—the triumph of habit over adversity and the conquering of fear through this victory of mind over matter—antedated a generation ago by Victor Seastrom's "The Wind," starring Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson.

In Spite of Stalin

Harrison E. Salisbury of the N.Y. Times and Dwight Macdonald of Esquire have said that Stalin stifled the arts in Russia but this isn't entirely true. Not only did Shostakovitch. Prokofieff, Khatchaturian and others do some of their best work during the Stalin regime but

the Soviet cinema flourished as it has not since—comprising the entire "golden age" from "Potemkin" to "Ivan the Terrible."

O Tempora! O Mores!

Morality used to be equated with the rationale: "As long as you don't do it for money." Today the rationale is that you're only doing it for money.

Lenin The Picasso

Before World War I, Lenin lived in Paris, on the Rue Marie-Rose in the artists' quarter of Montparnasse. He used to foregather at the Cafe Rotonde with other Russian exiles like Trotzky, Lunacharsky, Ilya Ehrenberg, where they'd read the papers, drink tea and play chess. It was said he even posed as a model (being so distinguished looking) to augment his meager resources. He painted also and from time to time would indulge in his free, bold style on canvas, employing a well-known model of the period, the Negress, Aicha la Noire, as she was called. When Lenin became the chief of the newly instituted Soviet government in Russia, Aicha hoped she would now be handsomely paid by him for all the hours she served as his model. She is still waiting.

Cheerful 'Othello'

Did you know that when Rossini's opera, "Othello," was given in Rome for the first time, the ending was changed to win public favor? This was before the public was hardened to the slaughter of operatic heroines and liked even tragedies to have happy endings. When Othello was about to throttle Desdemona, a duet was interpolated. Desdemona cried, "What would you do, unhappy man? I am innocent!" "Is this the truth?" asked the Moor. And when Desdemona swore it was, he seized her hand and both stepped up to the footlights and sang a jolly allegro of reconciliation from some other Rossini score so that everyone could go home happy.

'Independents' of Britain Comfy on U.S. Omnibus

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

With some thanks due to Americans, the British film production industry has snapped back from the doldrums of a year ago.

Support from the United States at a time of crisis is bound to receive recognition in the crucial months ahead. There is some important new legislation due in 1967, and though that may seem remote at the moment, the fact remains that Board of Trade experts who will be drafting the new legislation are already actively canvassing industry opinion.

The root causes of the 1963-64 depression can be called as either (a) over-production or (b) under-consumption. It is worth recapping the bare facts of the situation. There are only two major theatre circuits in Britain and without playdates schedule on one or another, a British picture has little chance of earning real money. But with the best will in the world, these theatre chains could each play only a maximum of 52 programs a year and that total, of course, has to accommodate all the Hollywood product. Hence there came the point when British and also American pictures were standing in line for time. Independent producer did not have a chance to launch a second production until the first started paying off. Gradually, however, the backlog is being absorbed, but in the situation that developed from the crisis, many

Gradually, however, the backlog is being absorbed, but in the situation that developed from the crisis, many independents feel they have a better chance of survival if they hitch their wagons to a Hollywood major. This has been a steady development during the past months, and is clearly a continuing pattern.

This increasing "co-operation" between the two countries is something that may well have to be reflected and protected in the forthcoming legislation of 1967. Of the three measures due for renewal, probably the most important is that which operates the statutory Eary levy. While there is unanimity on the need to maintain this levy there are split views on the method of distributing the coin. On the present basis, whereby the shareout is calculated on the basis of distributor's gross, there is a widespread belief that the present system serves to make the rich even richer, but is inadequate to help those who are in real financial need. There have been one or two isolated examples of blockbusters which have collected a handsome million dollar bonus out of the Eady kitty, while at the other end of the scale, well-intentioned but unsuccessful pix which have had little more than \$25,000 to \$30,000.

It is common knowledge that about one-half of the annual Eady yield of around \$10,000,000 goes to just a handful of pictures, probably between eight and a dozen, while the balance of the kitty has to be shared by all the remaining Quota pictures. This is the basis of the argument in favor of an alternative and more equitable method of distribution, and it is a matter that has been receiving—and still is receiving—urgent industry attention, though so far no-one has come up with a workable solution, acceptable to conflicting interests.

There was one suggestion—never taken very seriously—that all Yank-financed pictures should automatically be excluded from Eady rights. Among other proposals in the hopper is one which recommends the imposition of an arbitrary ceiling, and another advocating a sliding scale, which would have the highest rate of dividend at the bottom end, dropping off as grosses mounted.

Three New Acts

The renewal of the statutory levy is just one of three new Acts which will have to be passed through Parliament by 1967. The others are the renewal of the Films Act more commonly known as the Quota Act—and the Act which gives statuatory life to the National Film Finance Corporation.

Although the Board of Trade has already sought industry views on the shape of the new Films Act, there is an understandable reluctance at this time to submit to positive ideas. The terms of the Quota Act must inevitably be conditioned by the report of the Monopolies Commission now investigating alleged monopoly trading practices in the industry. That Commission was set up by the old Government in the summer of 1964 and unless a speed-up is ordered by Harold Wilson's administration, it could take at least two years or more to complete its inquiry. Its terms of reference call for an investigation

INITIATION

- By DWIGHT TAYLOR -

When I was a baby my mother hired a nurse to take me out every afternoon for an "airing." My mother was a successful actress, slept late in the mornings, and had two matinees a week, so she felt these "airings" were most essential for my future health.

This was long before television. An airing in those days consisted of a ride in a baby carriage; or if one was older, being pushed along the boardwalk in Atlantic City in a basket chair.

Immediately on leaving the house, my nurse would head for the nearest vaudeville show, where we would sit happily together in a smudge of steam heat, chocolate bars and honest sweat. I can remember some of the acts which we saw, either because they terrified me out of my wits, or contained some vague sexual connotation which I didn't understand, but nevertheless, nagged at my subconscious. I remember Violet Lorraine singing

Dwight Taylor, dramatist, novelist and author, is the son of famed star Laurette Taylor and equally famed Charles Taylor, top impresario of yesteryear "mellerdramas," about whom he wrote in his book, "Blood and Thunder" (Athaneum; 1962).

"He Would Row, Row, Row," and when she said "we'd fool around, and fool around, and then he'd row again" I knew that they were doing something they shouldn't. I was no fool.

But when the terrifying things happened, I showed my age. I remember a melodramatic sketch in which a hunchback newsboy came to a man's apartment because his sister was there, locked in a bedroom where she couldn't get out; and the man simply laughed at the hunchback, and locked him in a chest upstage centre; and then attached a hose to the gas jet and stuck it through a hole in the chest. You could hear the gas hissing, and my nurse, whose name was Norah, stuck her fingers in her ears and said, "I want no more of this!" But we stayed to the end, nevertheless, when a policeman burst in, in a beehive hat, and said: "What's going on here?"

I remember seeing Elaine Hammerstein at Hammerstein's on 42d St. & Broadway in a sketch where her husband, a famous surgeon, shoots her lover in the dark, thinking he's a burglar; and when he's wheeled into the hospital the following morning, pleads with her husband to save him. This was a little above my head. Norah was crying, but I didn't get it. I mean, it seemed unreasonable, even to me.

But with all these problem plays, and off-color songs, we had our wholesome moments, and I can recall to this day the tremendous fanfare that accompanied the arrival of Ching Ling Foo, the great Chinese magician to this country; and how we hustled down to the theatre as fast as we could to get close to the footlights in order to see every single thing that was going on. And how Ching Ling Foo, this very dignified and very tall Chinaman, in his magnificently embroidered robes, suddenly turned a somersault, and came up with a large bowl of live gold-fish in his outstretched hand, and a kindly and amused smile on his face which made me feel good all over. In fact, it still makes me feel good. And I still don't know how he did it. I've seen guys do a lot of things since, but I've never seen them do that.

I'm grateful to Norah for these "airings" for my mother and father, who were wound up in the theatre, hoped I'd do something profitable, like becoming a banker. And if it hadn't been for Norah, I probably would.

into circuit influences on production and if some startling recommendations should emerge from the inquiry, the whole shape of the Flms Act could be dramatically transformed. But with the Commission sitting in private session, and without any sign of a news leak, it is futile to start predictions at this early stage in the game, beyond pointing out that the inquory could lead to a more flexible Quota system which would enable fluctuations in the prescribed percentages to be instituted to meet any emergency situation.

Coproduction Clause

It is possible also that there will be a bid to include a coproduction clause in the Act, though it is admittedly difficult to legislate in this direction without the prior support of both producers and unions in Britain and the Continent.

The final legislative issue will revolve around the future of the National Film Finance Corp., the State-owned and operated film bank, which was set up when Harold Wilson was President of the Board of Trade in the first post-war Labor Government. In its early days, Film Finance was mainly concerned with making available the end money for independent production at a time when such risk capital was hard to come by from normal banking or financing sources. Its first major plunge into the industry was an advance of \$8.400,000 to the old British Lion company, then operated by the late Sir Alexander Korda. Eventually, British Lion came under NFFC ownership and the Government indirectly found itself involved in film production and distribution. That came to an end early in 1964, when a group headed by Sir Michael Balcon gained control and British Lion reverted to private ownership. In the meantime, NFFC's banking policies became more elastic. It demanded participation in profits, cross collateralization and interest charges above the normal bank rate. Although it is recognized that it has served a valuable function for the past 15 or 16 years, there is still considerable criticism of its methods. times, it has been perilously short and has had to hold back in making loans, but that situation was somewhat eased after the British Lion sellout. There is no doubt that the NFFC will be kept in business, but if the Labor administration is still at the helm come 1967, it is more than likely that its terms of reference will undergo substantial revision.

But while the politicians ponder the future, the producers are producing for today. That is the most encouraging change in the British scene during the last 12 months.

"DEAR HEART" has opened in L.A. Dear Mr. Exhibitor: Please read this review.

Bob Thomas, Hollywood (AP)

'Dear Heart': Another 'Marty'?

By BOB THOMAS

HOLLYWOOD (AP) - New Movie-

Evie Jackson is the kind of a woman who knows everyone in her car by the time she gets off the train. She telephones welcome messages to be delivered to herself, so people at the hotel won't think she's lonely. She knows every bellboy by name and has herself paged in the lobby.

She is a smalltown postmaster—she prefers the title to postmistress, which sounds racy to her. In New York on a convention, she strives desperately to involve herself with other people's lives and to avoid the clutches of three old-maid harpies who want her in their bridge-and-gossip matches. But she also tries to avoid the trap of another convention idyll with a handsome married man.

LONELY CROWD

Evie Jackson is one of the world's lonely crowd. She is portrayed brilliantly by Geraldine Page in a fine new film bearing the innocuous title of "Dear Heart." The original title, "The Out-of-Towners," seems more fitting, but Warner Brothers apparently made the switch to cash in on the haunting title theme written by Henry

ing title theme written by Henry Mancini and Livingston-Evans.
"Dear Heart" by any name seems to be the most promising sleeper since "Marty," which it resembles. Not that "Dear Heart" was made on a shoestring; it is a production throughout. But it qualifies for classification as a sleeper, defined as an unheralded film that

far exceeds ordinary expecta-

What makes it so good? In the beginning it was a script by Tad Mosel which is human without being sentimental. It tells parallel stories of Evie Jackson, the busybody who admits she "goes on too long," and Harry Mork, the greeting-card salesman who has been promoted to a New York job and plans to marry an Altoona, Pa., widow. Inevitably, the destinies of Evie and Harry converge.

Producer of "Dear Heart" is Martin Manulis, making an impressive debut in films after a distinguished career in television ("Playhouse 90"). The director is Delbert Mann, who continues the skill he showed with "Marty," which won him

an Oscar.

Geraldine Page has won academy nominations for three of her four previous films ("Hondo," "Summer and Smoke," "Sweet Bird of Youth,") and she is likely to make it four out of five with her Evie

Jackson.
Glenn Ford makes the most of his role as the romantically. confused salesman, providing as convincing a performance as he has given in years. He is an actor of more insight and sensitivity than he has been given

credit for.

The rest of the cast performs ably, especially Angela Lansbury as Ford's too-understanding fiancee, and Michael Anderson, Jr. as her kookie son.

and these reviews.

Los Angelès Times

'Dear Heart' Funny and Touching Film

Geraldine Page Delightful

BY PHILIP K. SCHEUER

Times Motion Picture Editor

"Dear Heart," a Warner release, has been rushed into a local theater—the Hollywood Paramount—in order to qualify for Academy Award consideration, and should receive it. For Hollywood in these days it is quite unusual: a sophisticated comedy, mainly about sex, that is not ashamed to be even a little naive at the same time, or to hint that people have hearts.

I suspect we owe a great deal to Delbert Mann, the director also of "Marty" and "Bachelor Party," which "Dear Heart" recalls. As it recalls, too, "Two for the Seesaw" and, if you want to go back a couple of decades, that Vincente Minnelli gem called "The Clock."

For what it is mainly about are displaced persons, lonely for love in a big city.

Sophistication All on Surface

It doesn't start off like much-Glenn, Ford arriving for a promotion as a greeting-card salesman, Geraldine Page arriving to attend a post-masters' convention ("Postmistress," she says primly, "sounds a bit racy.") At first-what with the elliptical dialogue and the wacky character touches—I feared I was in for another couple of hours of the kind of empty amicable nonsense that Universal, say; turns out with clocklike regularity, usually in the company of Doris Day, Rock Hudson, Tony Randall, et al.

Gradually, however, a deeper dimension makes itself felt. For all their outward sophistication, these people fall into the awkward stances of the inwardly unsure. While some of their lines are shockingly frank, they are also true to the occasion. And funny—but also revealing. Writer Mosel and director Mann don't always bring off precisely the effect they probably intended, but the average is high. And suddenly you find yourself caring about their people.

Miss Page plays Evie Jackson, the postmaster from a small town. She's a kook who wants to help everybody, but the minute anybody lets her, she moves in and takes over. So, rebuffed, she feels frustrated, though never for long. What she really needs is a man-and it looks as if Ford is he. Only Ford doesn't know it; in fact, he is already engaged to Angela Lansbury, a determined widow from Altoona who has a beatnik son (Michael Anderson Jr.) who in turn has a chick named Emile Zola Bernkrand (Joanna Crawford).

There is a wonderful assortment of other types, many hem attending the convention, and Mann has photographed them in moments of truth like those of "Marty" and "Bachelor Party." Outstanding is Barbara Nichols as a bored but brassy magazine-counter salesgirl on the

Miss Page Splendid as Evie

Most splendid of all is Miss Page as the contradictory Evie—all outgiving, yet with the reserve of the spinster and the easy capacity to be hurt. Ford has divested himself of his old stumbling, stammering mannerism and still managed to convey the fellow's bewilderment, more subtly. And Miss Lansbury is, as always, the shrew superh.

Mann has kept his tempo spirited despite confinement of the action to two hotels, a Greenwich Village apartment and the Penn Station. The production is credited Citizens-News

RARE ENTERTAINMENT

Oscar Attention For 'Dear Heart'

By NADINE M. EDWARDS

One of the most delightfully fellow postmasters at a conhumorous, poignantly tender vention in New York, plus and beautifully acted films of another hotel occupant — a the year — a picture which is greeting card sales manager bound to rate Oscar attention who is just a few days away is currently on exclusive from marriage to a widow who view at the Paramount Thea has a 17-year-old son. ter, Hollywood. It is Martin, Primarily then, these are the

chantment and warmth of this black and white screenfare. Few, if any, can compare with its quality for exposing human frailties, while building character at the same time. Mostly, however there is about this film an seance of courage - the ability to laugh when there is a tear in the heart; plus the ability to face one's self honestly, when such exposure is ofttimes deeply cruel.

A rare blend of adult emotions - sophistication com-bined with a homespun quality - "Dear Heart" is the story of a small town postmistress, a lonely, rather plain looking spinster who has gone through life seeking and searching for something more than just the greats in the film industry. emptiness of overnight love and if this portrayal doesn't and fleeting passions.

and fleeting passions.

A gentle, compassionate wo. Glenn Ford, too, is rather man who often unwittingly extraordinary. As the card the many people with whom date.

Manulis' production of "Dear basic ingredients of "Dear Heart," a Warner Bros. release Heart." Two essentially lonely adapted by Tad Mosel from people, who know what they is own story.

want from life but aren't just Few pictures have the en-certain how to go about achiev-ing it — until they meet each other. And then her facade of the bright, gay, prattling woman slips away, while his

rather worldly veneer disappears and they discover what they've been looking for each other.

Beautifully directed by Delbert Mann - this is truly a gem among his di-rectional achievements — "Dear Heart" is further distinguished by the presence of Geraldine Page, an incomparable actress who has few peers. Undoubtedly she will be singled out (again) for an Academy Award nomination for her remarkable performance as the lonely postmistress. Few will deny she is one of the all-time

covers her inner beauty with a salesman, he not only com-loquacious air of nonsensical plements Miss Page's acting. prattle, she nonetheless combut adds another highlight to mands the attention and re his own career. This is prob-spect of her co-workers and ably one of his best roles to

she comes in contact. And in A capable supporting cast, this instance, these people are headed by Angela Lansbury Michael Anderson Jr. as her precocious son: Barbara Nichols as the promiscuous hotel counter girl; and Patricia or Barry as a card designer, underscore the film's value. 1 Others who appear to good advantage are Charles Drake. Richard Deacon, Neva Patterson, Mary Wickes, Alice Pearce, Peter Turgeon, Ken Lynch, James O'Rear, and Nelson Olmsted.

Music is by Henry Mancini. with the title song composed by Jay Livingston and Ray

and this review...

Los Angeles Herald-Examiner

POIGNANT LOVE STORY

'Dear Heart' Beats Strongly

By JOHN G. HOUSER

There are some pictures, like people, with character and purpose that makes them much more important than their seeming simplicity. Such a movie is "Dear Heart," poignant, warm-hearted, thoroughly entertaining and sheer screen delight. "Dear Heart" is currently in exclusive screen run at the Hollywood Paramount Theater and stars Glenn Ford and Geraldine Page.

central figure as a small

It is a tender love story that has been fashioned with delicate, loving care to wring out the moments of pathos; to have the intermittent bits of humor, indialogue and characters, appear natural. It has admirably combined all the elements of good picture making into a film that touches the heart, the mind and sometimes the funnybone.

town postmistress who comes to New York for the annual postmasters' convention. She meets Glenn Ford, a greeting card salesman who has been promoted and who is engaged to be married to a widow, Angela Lansbury, who has an 18-year-old son, Michael Anderson.

Miss Page is outgoing, friendly and so well-meaning that she makes people embarrassed by her frankness, although her remarks are well-intentioned. She calls herself a "postmaster" instead of "postmistress" because the latter sounds "spicy."

Although Miss Page and Ford are registered at the same hotel, there are the obvious, (but natural) coincidental meetings between the two until a relationship is formed and Ford is drawn to her by simplicity, her contrast to other women, and to her way of life where she sees people and things in perspective and with kindness.

Conflict between the two is provided by Ford's engagement to Miss Lansbury, her kookle son, who keeps moving in (with a girl freind) into Ford's hotel room and later in an apartment he has leased, and, ultimately, by the actions and statements of Miss Lansbury.

There are numerous scenes that reflect the humor and the touching sadness of spinsters and married men at an out-of-town convention. Some are wistful and beautifully delineated in character and dialogue while others are laughgetters. Miss Page captures the loveliness of a single woman who yearns for true love, not a love affair

Produced by Martin Manulis and superbly knowingly directed by Delbert Mann who brings out the brilliance of his characters with a soft, rather than hard touch, "Dear Heart" also shines with sharp lines by screenwriter Tad Mosel. He has also drawn his characters sharply, provided them with uncluttered dialogue that makes an impact in its subtle way, or hits hard when emotion surges to the surface.

Of special enjoyment is the musical score by Henry Mancini, and the title tune, music by Mancini with lyrics by Jay Livingston and Ray Evans. It is a hauntingly beautiful, melodic tune that fits the picture perfectly.

Supporting roles are deftly handled, including bright spots by Richard Deacon, Patricia Barry, Neva Patterson and Alice Pearce.

...and thank you, Russ, for booking it into Radio City Music Hall... (-you're a Dear Heart, too!)

GLENN FORD · GERALDINE PAGE

Hear the new song hit recorded by:
Henry Mancini · Andy Williams
Jack Jones · Frank Sinatra
Kai Winding · Teresa Brewer
The Ray Charles Singers
The McGuire Sisters
Leroy Holmes · Joanie Sommers



Co-Starring
MICHAEL ANDERSON, JR. - BARBARA NICHOLS - PATRICIA BARRY - CHARLES DRAKE and ANGELA LANGBURY HENRY MANCINI
Screenplay by TAD MOSEL Produced by MARTIN MANULIS Directed by DELBERT MANN PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

Crucial to Be Taken as an 'Art'

William M. McCutchen, of Community Relations Dept. of the Motion Picture Association of America, addressing Allied Theatre Owners of Wisconsin in Milwaukee declared:

It was most desirable that the public regard films as it does books, opera, or legitimate plays-as an art form as well as entertainment. A public aware of this fact would be more willing to assume the responsibility for protecting motion pictures against those who would unjustly criticize and unwisely censor.

SHOW BIZ

By WALTER WINCHELL

The theatre, which is over 5,000 years old, is born anew every year. There are new shows, new aspirations and the most blessed of the theatre's events: The birth of new stars. As the talented wanderers return to the Broadway scene, they excite admiration and inspire admiration. Although the footlight realm can be ruthless, it is also bountiful. During the months it will generously extend happy sounds, rainbows, graceful gyrations, poetry and emotional warmth. By and large, the theatre's lamplighters are aware of the despair that awaits most of them. But all of them approach the new season with hope. And everybody is hoping for another "My Fair Lady," "Funny Girl," "Any Wednesday," or another "Hello, Dolly!"

What makes a producer? Josh Logan once put it this way: "Just to be called a producer, it is not absolutely necessary to have taste or talent or good judgment. A producer need only be a rich man, or the son of a rich man, or the husband of a rich woman, or the beloved of a rich man, or the husbana of a rich woman, or the beloved of a rich man. A producer can be anyone who can raise money for a show. There are, however, a number of real honest-to-goodness, fulltime producers, men who are able businessmen and strong bargainers. For them there is little glory and great risk in producing Broadway shows, but they are hooked. They love the theatre"

Love for the theatre is vital. But the raw material of success is talent. And talent is the auxiliary of hard work. Julie Harris often toils 18 hours a day during rehearsals. Before "My Fair Lady" opened Julie Andrews endured a private rehearsal with Moss Hart that lasted 48 hours . . . Every line, every song, every inflection. every movement . . . Again and again and again . . Without sleep and with little food—Hart guided, pleaded, reprimanded . . . Out of that crucible came charm and laughter . . . And the fiery bursts of stardust.

How is a play born? What is the distance between imagination and reality? Playwright William Inge once wrote a sketch for a play. He filed it and feegot it for over a year. Then, while riding on a train, the decided to expand and finish it . . . He completed the drama in two days, "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs."

Mr. Inge's initial click, "Come Back, Little Sheba" (an absorbing study of an alcoholic), was based on the playwright's personal experi-

ence. He had been an alcoholic.

Beneath the grimy stones and glittering marquees there is an ageless magic. The theatre not only creates illusions, inspires imagina-tions and engenders dreams — it also hypnotizes performers. Mary Martin expressed her devotion by proclaiming: "The greatest thing in life is to love your work and I love my work." Roz Russell once confessed: "Broadway is like a powerful magnet, with a pull that is overwhelming." When Shelley Winters starred in "Hatful of Rain" she gave a more down-to-early revenue and or adoring the theatre. She was grateful for a drama that gave her an opportunity to "act without wearing a girdle."

Archibald MacLeish, one of the nation's literary titans, spent four years writing "JB." He completely rewrote it four times . . . But when the Harvard teacher of poetry and creative writing handed his finished script to director Elia Kazan—his work had only begun . . . After Kazan read it he asked MacLeish: "Do you consider this a Children work had been seen that the state of the seen the curry for a moment finished script?"... MacLeish mulled over the query for a moment and shook his head... Then began the two years of prodigious toil that goes with rewriting, tightening and editing... Kazan is gifted with a talent common to superior editors—he knows what is dull.

There is good reason to chase the "My Fair Lady" rainbows. Its pot of gold has been most impressive. For example, CBS invested \$400,000 in the show before its stars or director were hired. The investment was made after a network exec heard only a few of the tunes. The score was filled with gilt-edged notes. Eventually the original cast album of "My Fair Lady" made CBS \$20 million richer.

The commercial aspects of the theatre are basically exercises in un-The commercial aspects of the theatre are basically exercises in uncertainty. Countless shows which eventually become goldmines originally had difficulty in attracting backers. To mention a few: "Oklahoma!" "West Side Story," "Once in a Lifetime," "Grand Hotel" and 'Life With Father" . . . And "Funny Girl," which almost folded out of town when backers "chickened" . . . Good fortune is a vital element in bankrolling shows — but so is daring . . . David Merrick once walked into the office of producer Herman Shumlin unannounced and offered to put \$5,000 into "The Male Animal." As a consequence, he reaped a handsome profit, became Shumlin's general manager and acquired a springboard toward becoming the most successful contemporary producer.

stories. Josh Logan once met Richard Rodgers at a cocktail party. Rodgers mentioned that he and Oscar Hammerstein were anxious to do a musical but had not come across a good idea . . . Mr. Logan responded that he had just read a book which could provide the basis

for a songndanza. The result was "South Pacific." There is no surefire method of picking winners in the theatre. The most astute and experienced people have their troubles. MGM once backed three straight flops producd by Max Gordon and Sam Harris. ... After the run of sour luck, the studio refused to put up the coin for the next Harris show—a mint titled "The Man Who Came to This is David Merrick's success formula: is strictly my own taste. If I like something I put it on. And I'll do anything to sell my plays."

Every business has a certain amount of imponderables—the theatre has more vagaries than most. And failure is replete with terrifying consequences-from bankruptcy to broken hearts. One playwright compared it to "undergoing surgery without an anesthetic." Another slightly more lyrical dramatist described it as "being swallowed by a black sea." Many victims of theatrical disasters promptly dash to headshrinkers. Others seek to soothe the torment by drowning in alcohol. A star once dropped 25 pounds in 10 days. The no-notices simply paralyzed his appetite.

Although showfolks can be devastated by failure, they are rarely defeated. Survival demands being motivated by a hard core of optimism. And so, to the optimists who strive and hope and praythis is to wish them complete fulfillment: Happy High Taxes!

The Days of Wine and Warfare

Notes For Still Another WW II Film About a 'Forgotten Front' In the Cognac Country

By BURNET HERSHEY

There's no biz like war biz, says Hollywood producers, as they laugh their way on to the bank, thanks to movies which laid bombs

on the screen, but not at the boxoffice. Pictures about wartime: World War II, World War I, Civil War. that might happen if some lunatic pushed the red button ...



apparent-ly they go great guns with the public taste. For example, we have the great success of Darryl F. Zanuck's D-Day invasion story, "The Longest ' So far, this hot-war picture has grossed a cool \$31,000,000 around the world!

The cycle of war pictures has been in perpetual motion for years and is coming on stronger than ever. As one Hollywood corre-spondent said: "War is Hell—But Frofitable."

Lone Holdouts

All Europe had been liberated. Eisenhower's V-E Day had come and gone. Only this foggy corner of France, fringed with rock islands, was still being held by fanatic Hitler men, the last bit of the France they had so coveted.

Since most war films-or other kind for that matter—divide their characters into "good" guys and "bad" guys," this story too provides its heroes and villains with a slight difference. The "hero" is an alcoholic beverage the brandy of the district generally known as cognac. It was the lifeblood of the area and its people: it was their daily bread and their metier, their everyday business. The Nazis placed it in jeopardy. So the populace — farmers, vintners, distillers arose as one man and accepted the challenge. Cognac fled to the hills. Without the art and the know-how the enemy couldn't produce the stuff, although he tried and came up with a lethal ersatz, which was as unlike the regional brandy as our Prohibition hooch.

Cache of 200,000 Cases of Cognac The most dramatic episode in this Forgotten Front yarn is the now-it-can-be-told version of how the citoyens took to the caves and sub-cellars, taking with them their liquid gold. They cached more than 200,000 cases in the mountain caves, sealed the openings and grew a natural camouflage greenery over the whole thing. The Germans searched for this treasure but failed to find it. When the battle was over the bottles emerged and the cognac drinkers of the world bought it with hard currency. The cognac district was the first to recover!

To this day no one really knows whether the Nazis held on to this sector because of frustration in failing to locate this fabulous treasure. But before we get to the logistics and the pursuit and glory of cognac the scenario must present a broader background of those who fought on the "Forgotten Front" and how it all shaped

After the great Allied breakthrough of August 1944, a well-organized German army number-ing more than 100,000 men tenaciously held practically all of the great coastal ports of France.

I went down from Paris by way
Chartres Vendome of Chartres, Vendome, Tours, Angers, to the St. Nazaire pocket some time before the Germans there surrendered. The Atlantic Front, the actual name of the Forgotten Front, was divided roughly into four main pockets; the first at Lorient was held by about 25,000 Nazis; the second at St. Nazaire was held by about 35,000; and the third was held by about 20,000 around La Pochelle, La Tremblade and another 20,000 near the Bordeaux estuary at Royan and on

half-suffocated—the major Atlan-tic ports blocked off from badly needed supplies that might be shipped from North Africa.

The first thing one noted on arriving in this sector was the definite disadvantage of fighting on this forgotten battlefield.

Spam a La Francaise

in a variety of clothing, mostly American, much of it rags. They were eating U.S. rations but had little taste for them. Like most Frenchmen, they transformed these U.S. foods into palatable French-styled dishes. Spam with a Bernaise sauce takes on the character of a Chateaubriand!

Typical of the men I saw was a gunner of 17, his features marked and hardened by two years of vicious fighting-Maquis work. He wore a torn coat and he was bitter. "They have forgotten us." he said. All of the men of his group were

The terrain at the "Forgotten Front" was difficult and therefore it favored the Germans. It was the kind of undulating, rain-swept Bocage country with hedges and woods, such as we found when we fought in Normandy-sweet coun-

try for snipers.

The German troops were composed principally of the forces trapped in the Normandy breakthrough: sailors from the German Navy and Naval yards; Russians from Georgia. Poles and Czechs, who were pressed into labor service and then forced into the

German army.
In the Northern sector, around Lorient, commanded by General Farmbracker, the Germans were credited with 500 nieces of artillery, including a 340mm on rails, longrange batteries on the Isle of Goriot which could fire about 30.000 yards, and 88mm guns which, however, they did not use. In the St. Nazaire sector, the guns had been taken from German ships lying at anchor. These were mounted on shore and they blasted

away at Allied lines. 'Flying Dufflebags'

What nuzzled us at first was how these Germans—looking in fine shape—got their supplies, cut off as were from their homeland and the receding supply lines dented by Eisenhower's advance. We discovered a large part of their strategic needs was supplied by the Luftwaffe, by air. Great containers had been seen hurtling through space to the ground behind the German lines and these were known as "Flying Dufflebags."

When the Germans needed panoramic sights for their big guns, these Dufflebags brought them straight from Leipsig. And there were rumors in the towns of submarines seen surfacing in the ouiet harbors by night. Once, when U-boats came into Lorient, Allied 105's opened up on them, but without effect since our artillery was not designed for this kind of work. However, we knew that, in addition to submarines, a whole fleet of small craft, local boats, fishing, sail and motor boats captured when the Germans seized the ports, helped supply the Nazi garrisons.

And around the garrison heard it rumored that supplies were being shipped from Franco Spain; including human supplieswomen for the lusty German soldiers. This was a touchy subject, but stories leaked from London. One story had it that six or more Spanish ships supplying German forces had been sunk by American planes.

Mostly, however, the Germans took food and cattle from the farms in the neighborhood. So. despite the joy of Liberation everywhere, there were still some 200.000 French inhabitants locked behind these German lines and their existence was a miserable one. Their farms were being plundered, their homes looted. But the cognac was immured and safe!

Some of the Nazi soldiers proved the Point de Grave. The Germans themselves less Hitler automatons also held the main strategic coastal and more like only-human comeislands in these areas: Claron, Re, dians. There was the Luftwaffe ance. They told it over endless and further north, Croix, Belle-Ille officer who, during one of the glasses of cognac.

and Quiberon. Thus, from just truces, arranged for the evacua-below the Brittany Peninsula to the Spanish border, France lay could borrow some new Benny tion of civilians, then asked if he could borrow some new Benny Goodman and Count Bassie records! His old ones were getting cracked and worn out, he said.

Ill Spent Pride Looking back upon this uniquely-held war bastion, we could still wonder why the Germans kept up this struggle. The German officers, themselves, boasted their goal was The French troops were dressed to hold out in the besieged ports a variety of clothing, mostly until all Germany proper was defeated. Maybe they wanted to be hailed as the "Unconquered heroes" of the war, those who never surrendered. Perhaps they wanted to be able to say: "We will not share the shame and humiliation of Germany's surrender. We are the heroes who successfully resisted the entire might of the Allied na-tions. We upheld the pride and might of the Fatherland when all others gave up and raised the white flag!" Then again, there was this Niagara of cognac.

Their Aryan dreams didn't come true, of course, for they finally were captured by the same American forces who had gone from Ramagen Bridge and across the Rhine into Germany. All of the unconquerables" surrendered and

became prisoners. But, during the four years they managed to rule this Forgotten Front, they had captured a patron spirit that never let them down cognac. They searched and stripped every visible above-ground storehouse of the stuff bottles and bottle of it labeled: V.O. (Very Old), V.S. (Very Superior), V.O.S. (Very Old Superior) and the ultimate, V.O.S.P. (Very Old Superior Pale). There were other liquors and wines around, but these soldiers enjoyed making their own virtually unlimited supplies of alcoholic beverages from ersatz stills, converting potatoes or cabbage into the spirits. It was

still hooch. A Secret Weapon?

But the true buddy of the German officers was the elegant cog-nac. "To hell with German beer!" they yelled in gutteral abandon. It is said that the closer the vineyard to the centre of the Cognac district, the better the And the Nazis kept tasting and tasting the expensive joy-juice-priced about \$30 to \$40 per bottle at that time-to verify that this was indeed so. Unlike the connoisseur who sips his cognac and savors its bouquet, the Germans would swig it in gulps from bal-loon-sized inhalors, or snifter glasses, lapping it up wilfully regardless of whether duty beckoned.

The "struggle" the would-be hero Germans were keeping up, in other words, was exaggerated. Cognac made it not so much of a sacrificial torture to stay on the "Forgotten Front" in the name of the Fuehrer. If a soldier needed minor surgery, he screamed for cognac as an anesthetic; some for a toothache or a headache. If he was cold, he demanded cognac instead of more befitting wind-breaker clothes. If there were signs he was losing his grip, his morale, he was supplied with cognac and became a "good, loyal" soldier again.

The blunt facts of this amazing German hold on the great coastal ports have all been set down dispassionately in Army records. But many of the men who comprised General Larminat's starving, desk perate army will believe to the end of their days in the tale of concrete submarine pens carved by the Germans in the bowels of the earth along the coast, where upwards of 500 men, and some women-an amazing collection of Allied prisoners, men whose names had been erased; captains of ships and people of special skills and knowledge—all captured from Allied ships sunk by German Uboats. Men who, once rescued, were able to tell the whole story of World War II's "Forgotten Front," the full significance of the last fantastic German resist-

IT WAS A GRAND LARK!

Ian Fleming Remembered

By RAY RUSSELL =

Hollywood.

The late Ian Fleming, some recent articles and interviews to the contrary, was far from a starchy, stiff-upperlip stereotype. He was exuberant, garrulous, ribald, funny,

and fun. That is the way I remember him.

"Goldfinger" had just been published and, impressed by its high octane excitement, I had snapped up a brand new James Bond novella by Fleming for Playboy, of which I was then Executive Editor. Before we had a chance to get it into print, the author himself showed up at the door

author himself showed up at the door of my office, in the flesh.

"What on earth are you doing in Chicago?" I asked as we shook hands.

In his broad Eton-and-Sandhurst accent (the only "typically" English thing about him), he said, "I'm doing a series of articles for the London Sunday Times on "The Thrilling Cities"—and it wouldn't be complete without Chicago, you know. Al Capone, the St. Valentine Day massacre, and all that. Could you put me in touch with some of the Mafia chaps. Could you put me in touch with some of the Mafia chaps, do you think?

I did not Immediately tell him Chicago had fallen upon less colorful days. "While you're here," I said evasively, "do you mind if we snap a few pictures of you?"

"Not at all," he replied, and as our staff photographer began to click his shutter, Fleming spiked the myth of "English reserve" by grinning, scowling, clowning and mugging for the camera in the best tradition of the confirmed ham. In one of the photos, a gag shot suggested by Fleming himself, the creator of .007 stood behind me, a malevolent expression on his face, a slim but deadly paperknife raised for the kill-thus illustrating what he would do to me if I altered a single syllable of his bracing prose. One of those Fleming-Russell photos eventually appeared in his London Sunday Times article

Meanwhile, the lunch hour had come and gone, so we made a date for dinner, and, that evening, in the company of a charming young lady, I picked up Fleming at the Ambassador Hotel. The lady happened to be wearing long black gloves, and Fleming, upon being introduced to her, said, "Why, darling, how nice—you're wearing your flagellation gauntlets tonight!"

Dinner at Jacques' followed, with Fleming ordering in French, but drinking and praising American beer. He talked about his work. "My wife gives me absolute hell about the stuff I write. She says, 'Ian, you're capable of doing something really fine.' She doesn't understand, you see, that I've extended my talent, such as it is, to the limit. With these James Bond things, I've found my niche."

confirmed chain smoker, he crushed out one cigaret and lit another, gazing ruminatively into the smoke. "In a way, my marriage is responsible for James Bond. I took the step rather late in life, past 40, and after the plunge I was seized by panic! To steady my nerves, I started writing."

Raconteur

As the evening progressed and we moved on to a Rush St. bar, anecdotes about Noel Coward, Winston Churchill, Somerset Maugham, Truman Capote, and many others cascaded from Fleming-most of them unrepeatable in the columns of this sober family journal. He told how he had shocked the sales representative of a soft drink company by telling him that the popularity of the beverage was due to its convenience and efficacy for other than quenching purposes. "You should have seen his face!" laughed Fleming. "Actually, it's probably not true at all, but the fellow was such a pompous ass, one did so want to take him down a bit."

I expressed the opinion (a minority at that time) that his books, particularly "Doctor No," would make excellent movies, and asked if any had been purchased for filming. He shrugged. "There's been some talk of it, but nothing firm as yet." Would he have any interest in writing the scripts? He shuddered. "I loathe 'show biz,'" he said feelingly.

A young friend of mine joined us, and, several rounds of drinks later, this new addition to the group began to remark upon the beauty of the checkroom girl. "Strikes your fancy, does she?" said Fleming. The young man nodded, shyly. "Then go after her!" Fleming admonished him. "You're not a coward, are you? Well, prove it! Get up and walk over there and make a date with her, man!" Prodded by Fleming's jibes, the young man did just that, and—I was later given to understand—made out just fine.

Lived Dangerously

Danger was a natural topic of conversation when talking with the originator of James Bond. "I held down a desk job during the war," he confessed, "but I did have a narrow squeak once as a civilian. I was on a plane, flying from Hong Kong, and we lost an engine. Everyone was petrified with fear." Even Ian Fleming? "Strangely enough, no. I had just consulted an Oriental seer, you see, and he had told me—" this anecdote is poignant to remember now "-that I would live to be a very old

The next day, deadline pressures prevented me from personally squiring Fleming around to Chicago's points of interest, but a couple of the magazine's writers filled the breach by piling into a cab with him and giving him the grand tour: the Biograph Theatre, where John Dillinger was apprehended, the site of the flowershop where

Dion O'Banion got his, and other historic landmarks.

Not long after his Chicago visit, Fleming's career was jet-propelled by John F. Kennedy's enjoyment of his books and the boxoffice smash films starring Sean Connery. During this time, I moved to California and began my own writing career, keeping in touch with Fleming via correspondence.

When my first novel was published, he wrote me: "I have already dipped into your opus, and shall now read on avidly. I am delighted to hear that the numbers are coming up for you. I like all my friends to be happy and rich." In a later letter, he said, "I do hope the book is

doing well. I personally enjoyed it enormously. Thank God for something really original at last!" Last year, having dramatized the novel for a 1965 opening in the London West End, I naturally looked forward to seeing Fleming on his homeground.

"If ever I can get to California," he promised in one tter, "I shall certainly get in touch with you and we will have some more shrimps and scrambled eggs, which I now recommend fines herbes, including plenty of chopped chives." (A characteristic dash of James Bond gourmandise!)

Unhappily, Fleming and I never did get together over those eggs fines herbes, nor will I lift a glass with him in London this year. But knowing this highly civilized, unassuming man was a distinct privilege. And it was something more. In the words reported to have been his last: "It was a grand lark."

The Heroic Girl Who Never Lived

By HOMER CROY=

One of the most popular of the Western girls in motion pictures is Rose of Cimarron. Two motion pictures have been made of her, and thrice the noble girl has appeared on television. She has thrilled millions with

her brave exploits. She was the sweetheart of Bitter Creek; once she saved his life under conditions that would have made Sergeant York shake in his shoes. The only possible flaw in these fine deeds is that the girl never existed. Hollywood has been filming a legend. No Rose of Cimarron ever trod the red soil of Oklahoma.

Yet outside of town, on State Highway 51, is a marker to the brave

OUTLAW BATTLE

A battle at Ingalls, on Sept. 1, 1893, between the Dalton-Doolin gang and U.S. Marshals, was a climax in bringing law and order to Oklahoma and Indian Territories. Three marshals and two residents were killed; several persons were wounded; one outlaw was captured. Ingalls was the home of "Rose of Cimarron."

Homer Croy

Rose is the only person mentioned; the monument is really to her, but its authors were looking over their shoulders; no rash statements, please. Play it close. That was their motto.

This is the way this nonexistent girl hit the screen. It's as strange a story as has ever come out of the West. There was a girl named Rose Elizabeth Dunn who was born on a farm near Winfield, Kansas. She was nunraised; that is, her father (a non-Catholic) sent her to a convent in Wichita, where she remained two years. Her Father died and her mother married Dr. Stephen Call and moved to Ingalls, Okla., a small, two-by-four town 50 miles from anywhere—just the kind of town that outlaws like to spend their sabbatical in. She had three brothers and a cousin living near the town, all fourminute eggs.

She met George Newcomb, the most popular bandit of the day. As he rode along he liked to sing:

I'm a wild wolf from Bitter Creek

And it's my night to howl.

He sang it so much and so loud that they began to call him "Bitter Creek"-and that's how it started.

The saddle set decided to have a rest in Ingalls and so a bunch of them went to Ingalls-not to rob, for there wasn't any money in town, but to have a good time and enjoy life, as provided by the Constitution of the United

There was, in this town, an inn named the Pierce Hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria of this section. It had running water, and a comb under the looking-glass in the washroom. Its toilet facilities were in easy walking distance.

The Script

Now comes the dramatic scene that is always played up in the movies, television, books, magazine articles: her sweetheart (according to the Fiction Boys) was this same Bitter Creek Newcomb. Well, Bitter Creek and his knights decided to go to Ingalls, which had two saloons, and enjoy their spa. This proved to be a mistake, for, unknownst to them, the law was hot on their trail. Eight badge boys arrived in town just as Our Heroes were washing down the alkali dust, and they all had mean looking

Rose, the belle of the town, was living in the hotel. Soon a pitched battle was afoot between the outlaws and the officers. Hearing the sound of musketry, Rose looked out the window, and there was Bitter Creek writhing in the street. She thought as fast as a computer. He must have a weapon to deal with the officers as he wished to do, so Rose tied two bedsheets together, attached a rifle on the end, and lowered her gift out the window. Then she slid down the improvised rope, ran across the street and handed Bitter Creek a rifle. But the poor man was wounded and couldn't use it, so she got him on a horse and jumped up behind. (Just how she managed this is not on record.)

Away they went rat-a-tat, leaving the chagrined officers far behind. She took him to a cave and nursed him back to health and married the happy man. It's wonderful Western stuff. It's too bad there isn't a word of truth in it. History never happens the way it should of.

It wasn't until 22 years after the Ingalls fight that the sobriquet was thought of. A man named Richard S. Graves wrote off a pamphlet he called "Outlaws of Oklahoma—Their Graphic History." Right then and there the Rose of Cimarron was born. He told of her brave exploits and her bedsheet slide. It's too bad the facts don't track; she was not in town that day. She was at her brother's

Rose was properly launched; she was on her way to fame. In 1915 a motion picture appeared, with Rose, brave and true, as the heroine. The title was "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws." (At that time Oklahoma had more outlaws than it now has oilmen.) Bill Tilghman (a famous peace officer) went out and helped roadshow the picture. He even stood on the stage, before the picture started, and told how he knew Rose. Well,

FILMS OFF IN ERIN

By MAXWELL SWEENEY =

Cinema biz in Ireland dropped about 7% to 10% over the past year, but few additional theatre closures were Some neighborhood halls introduced bingo nights, despite oppositions by renters, and others used vaudeville to boost biz at week-ends.

Product shortage rather than video has been blamed for dip in first-run houses in Dublin, but where top class product has been available substantial returns have been made with queues recalling the boom after World War Neighborhood houses have suffered heaviest decline, but optimists in the business feel that bottom of the valley has now been reached and that there are some signs of an upswing. Country has now reached virtual satura-tion point for tv sets.

Some exhibs have been turning thoughts to ozoners, despite fact that Irish weather makes them a rather dubious proposition. Plans have been prepared for at least one to open at northern resort next season.

Ardmore Studios, which suffered considerably from labor trouble, looks like heading for better and smoother business in 1965. Outfit was put into lipuidation and courts decided that electricians' union had no right to picket studios, thus freeing it from its labor problem. Negotations for sale were well advanced in late 1964 with some productions reportedly lined up for 1965.

he did know Rose Dunn, but he never knew the Rose of Cimarron, for no such person ever existed.

The film people (blessed with lively imaginations) told how Rose was sent to the Women's Reformatory in Framingham, Mass., where she had to weave baskets. It so happens that she was never captured, never tried, and never sent to Framingham. The reason she was never captured was that she had never done anything worse than burn the toast.

Her life, in reality, was pretty matter-of-fact. In 1899 she married a well-digger named Charlie Noble-Bitter Creek had gone up the creek and was no more. Noble lived in Lawson Post Office, Oklahoma-not to be confused with Lawson, Oklahoma, in an entirely different county. A thousand writers have got the two mixed up and knocked the socks off history. His well-digging business prospered and he and Rose got along well together. Noble died in 1932; the two thus had almost a third-of-acentury together. During this time no one ever called her the Rose of Cimarron. If such a person had, Noble During this time no one ever called would have thrown him down a well.

She remained a widow until 1946, when on June 18 she was united in wedlock to a girlhood sweetheart named Richard A. Fleming. They stayed briefly in Mt. Ayr, New Mexico, then moved to Washington State and to the town of Chehalis, where she died four years ago and is buried in Salkum Cemetery, highly esteemed by the people who knew her. The funeral sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. W. Nelson who said she had been a pioneer in Oklahoma and helpful as one of its women in developing that section of the country. As I set these words down, her second husband is still living and is a prominent citizen in the county.

(Before I leave this subject I must tell that the first book to bring all this out is "Outlaws On Horseback" Harry Sinclair Drago, just published. All other books have had her sliding down the bedsheets.)

There is no known picture of her, yet her picture has been printed a thousand times and is tacked on the walls of many a little gray home in the West.

The explanation is simple. When Bill Tilghman was

roadshowing his outlaw picture, he was pestered by newsmen and fan writers who wanted to get a picture of the fabulous Rose of Cimarron. Tilghman was a man of action; he hated to see newsmen and writers dying by inches, so he got a good looking girl in the Guthrie jail to pose as The Rose, holding a hogleg, and this he handed out to all and sundry as Rose. There she is, when you see the photograph, with her gun in her hand and fire in her eyes, having, presumably, just shot the badge off a policeman.

The identity of this jail girl has never been established: Rose passed into history, and the jail girl into oblivion.

And thus ends the first account of the girl who never

City Slicker's Bucolic Urge

Continued from page 15

the winter, even in a snowless winter. Another character, boarding the Gardner Sucker Bandwagon, tried to sell us a pair of snowtires for our lawnmower. We might have fallen for the ruse if he didn't try to sell us a spare.

Probably the biggest of the headaches was in dealing with those fellows who build or repair the holes in sea walls. Their estimates for a first-aid job on our weakened walls ran anywhere from \$1,000 to \$2,500 The whole project became more confusing when a friend of ours, in the building business, dispatched an expert to us "who'd do the job for next to nothing." This character refused to even provide an estimate. "It all depends on the tide," he shrugged. "My men can only work on the wall when it's low tide. Sometimes it's low enough for only three or four hours. And since I must pay them a full day's work regardless of the tide, this is almost impossible to pre-determine."

When I insisted on some sort of rough figure, the man "who was going to do the job for next to nothing" sharp-ened his pencil and my wits and said, "I think maybe \$5,000 should cover it, unless a hurricane or big storm occurs during our operation." "You know mister," I said, 'you're an expert at this sea-wall business, but I think I know the best way to fill all those holes in the wall-fill 'em with dead cement workers." I guess I must have hurt his feelings 'cause he ran over to his Cadillac, shifted

into low and roared off in a wake of dust. If there's any moral to this story I suppose it's this. If you want to enjoy a vacation, regardless of length, see your travel agent, not a realestate agent!

(With apologies to George Orwell.)

By MAXWELL SHANE -

not

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UNIVERSAL CITY, Calif. -Far-reaching plans for the construction of a multi-million dollar, 500-room luxury hotel to be known as the Sheraton-Universal, the Hotel of the Stars, were announced last week by MCA Inc. and the Sheraton Corp. of America. The 12-story building, designed to be the most modern in the Los Angeles area, will be the largest hotel in the San Fernando Valley. It is scheduled for 1966 completion. Groundbreaking is expected early in 1965.

That was the item, exactly as it appeared in the Los Angeles Times of Sunday, Nov. 8, 1964. Had I but known what that innocuous fore-



Maxwell Shane

spirators. We are waiting to dig our way upward to fredom through the last two feet of earth remaining be-tween us and the world outside the electrified stainless-steel walls

of Universal City.
We have decided that our attempt must be made on the stroke of New Year's Eve, when the masters and the guards will be imbibing in toasts to 1985. If we are ever to have a chance for escape, this will be it. It is six minutes to 12. As I sit here and wait, the events of the last 20 years unroll in my mind like a horrific nightmare.
The Sheraton-Universal Hotel

was finished on schedule. It became an overnight success, crowded with visitors who came to see how television pictures were made by the greatest company in the business. Immediately thereafter, the huge complex of skyscraper apartment buildings known as Uni-Terrace was built on the hills bordering Barham Boulevard, where once the Wagon Trains had rumbled. By 1968 20,000 residents lived here in secure comfort, serviced by the Universal Shopping Plaza, an above and below ground conglomerate of supermarkets, shops, and restaurants which made it absolutely unnecessary for inmates to step outside the boundaries of Universal City from one year to the next.

Between the shopping plazas, the hotels, and the apartment terraces, every foot of land was covered by shooting stages which op erated on a 24-hour basis, fashioning feature film and television entertainment for the amusement-seekers. The word "universe" is correct. By 1973 so many millions of earth inhabitants had migrated to Mars, Venus, and other habitable planets that MCA had oblicenses to broadcast throughout all of space. (The miarations followed immediately after the "Year of Immobility," 1970, when all freeways became irremediably clogged. On Black Friday, Aug. 26, 1970, all traffic came to a halt and never moved again Millions of cars were abandoned where they stood. Railroads were blocked by an antlike mass of stalled automobiles. Nothing moved. The next day the Presi-dent called on the Air Force for a mass spacelift to begin moving millions of families to Mars.)

By 1974, Universal City was so crowded-all persons living there now were employed on the lotthat it was a logical step to combine with Warner Bros. Studio, just across the street. And as part of the paternalistic plan which took care of employees from the cradle to the grave, a huge Universal Medical Center rose on the site which had once been the First Aid Station. The grave was taken care of by the simple inclusion of the Forest Lawn Annex, just across the concrete-lined bed of the Los Angeles River.

By standards of economic security, MCA had finally achieved for all filmworkers as beautiful

and complete a Utopia as the mind of man had ever imagined. But what of advances in the art

and craft of filmmaking? These were spectacular. By 1976, television as known in the sixties was obsolete. First, the television screen was enlarged to fill the entire wall of a room. That magnificently large picture made the motion picture theatre an anachronism, and theatres were out of existence by 1972. Even then, MCA did not relax its vigilance nor hesitate to seek out advances in furnishing entertainment to the universe

Enter Two Scientists

In 1975, two brilliant scientists, Dr. Jacques Levin of the Universal Medical Center and Dr. Her-bert Fessinger of the Universal Laboratories evolved the Fessinger-Levin method for projecting filmed entertainment direct to the brain of the receiving person, without the need for a mechanical receiver or tv screen. This method, known to the public as Telepathoscope, eliminated the need to buy a tv set; eliminated the cost of tubes, transistors, circuits, and all equipment; eliminated the cost of servicing: and best of all, gave to MCA direct communication with the minds of its billions of customers throughout all inhabited planets and all planets yet to be inhabited.

This phenomenal breakthrough was achieved by the use of the newest computers, which found a method of breaking the films' pictorial content into psychic waves, which were then transported through space on electrical beams. The human receiver put himself into a reception state by taking a capsule containing a synthetic chemical derivative closely aligned with the old and long since abandoned tranquilizer medications. And it was also found possible to achieve a variety of simultaneous program choices by providing the receiver with capsules of varying strength and content, so that if one wished to make a choice of program, one merely chose the numbered capsule which would bring in the program advertised for that telepathic channel.

It is, of course, through the sale of these capsules that MCA derives its profit from Telepathoscope broadcasting.

Having written many screen-plays for the old Universal company and then for Revue Productions, I stayed on at the studio and found the years of expansion quite challenging. I was one of the first writers to move into Universal Terrace. About the time that Universal City became completely self-sustaining, a group of dissident writers migrated to Venus, where they intended to set up a writers' production venture. In self-defense, to insure the com-pany against attrition of its writing talent, Universal offered a group of the oldtimers a hitherto unheard of inducement to stay, contracts. Having reached middle age, with its need for se-curity and creature comforts, about 30 of us signed, despite the objections of the Interplanetary Writers Guild. After all, we were assured of luxurious apartments. the finest of foods at the company discount, generous salaries for the rest of our lives, and many insurance benefits. Who needed a Guild? As it turned out, we did. But who can see into the future?

Truly Utopia
The first two years we were serenely happy with our lifetime security. Then, in 1978 the supervising executives came to the conclusion that we were no longer capable of inventing original plots, that all possible plots had long since been used and used again and that it was really a waste of time and labor to have writers bother with plotting. Again the redoubtable Dr. Fessinger was called upon and he and his research staff gathered all plotlines that had been used since the beginning of written literature, fed them into the memory banks of their computer systems, and worked out a program for providing any number of plot combinations instantaneously. The masters had proved their point. After a heated meeting one night, 17 of

(Continued on page 51)

Some Thoughts On Being Other People

When the Wraith Stirs Some Wrathful Reactions-A Ghost Writer's Spooky Comingling With an Alter-Ego

By GEROLD FRANK

made a practice of writing other people's autobiographies to write about himself - what he thinks, how he feels

> s o m e faintly imh o w seems it's like to be the "I" of somebody else's life. If I do so it's because in my last book,
> "The Deed,"
> the "I" was,

Gerold Frank

astonishingly enough, myself. The exwas not too traumatic, and I may even try it again.

In my earlier books, it seems to me, I really played Walter Mitty
—now a Marine fighting on Guadalcanal, now a World War II submarine pilot, now a Middle East undercover agent, now a Presidential troubleshooter in the DP Camps, twice an Ambassador, and so forth. But more recently my collaboratees — or subjects there must be a happier term, but I can't think of it - have come from show business or its general vicinity. Here I became, in order, an alcoholic singer, a self-doomed actress, a Hollywood columnist, and an international glamor personality. (Though all were women, this change of sex was no great Novelists become each of their fictional characters, male and female, with equal facility. Flaubert summed up this curious aspect of the writer's psyche in his classic observation, "Madame Bovary, c'est moi.")

Yet, what a strange trade this is —deliberately to write as if you were someone else, not an invented character but an actual person! To mean each time you say "I" and 'me" not yourslf but someone else: to take on another's habit of thought, attitude toward self and the outer world-indeed, to assume another's identity . . . Yet this immersion of self into another's ego must take place, I believe, if a writer is to be more than an editor or amanuensis, if he is really to help others reveal themselves, articulate what they feel yet may be unable to find the words for - indeed, help them explore themselves until they achieve the freedom of autobiography. Only in this fashion can the writer capture the authentic "beat" of another's personality and transmit it as pure and untouched as possible to the page—the art, of course, we all aspire to, that art which seems the absence of art.

Literary Schizophrenia

There are risks in playing this game of alter-ego. Go too far, and you walk on the thin edge of schizophrenia. All writers are plagued with the question of identity, and for the autobiographical collaborator this becomes a real problem. A writer is not a psychoanalyst, after all; and though he himself may have undergone analysis, he is not protected by years of psychiatric training. To get inside another person's heart and mind, to be privy to their intimate thoughts, to empathize so completely that when they are swept by guilt you blush with them, when they feel remorse actual tears form in your eyes: to enter their dreams, verbalize their fantasies - all this can be a little terrifying. Where do they leave off and you begin?

I remember in working with Diana Barrymore on her autobiography, "Too Much, Too Soon," there was a moment when sheor was it I-burst out in a bitter tirade against her family: Michael Strange, her mother, John Barrymore, her father, her aunt Ethel, her uncle Lionel, for their indifference to her through all her confused and tragic life. "Damn them, damn them all!" Diana cried.

Her father had died suddently after she left him in the wake of a dreadful quarrel, her uncle Lionel had not said a word to her at the funeral. She was completely alone, an outsider even at her father's grave. "Damn them for giving me

grandness and her indifference and her disdain of me, and damn Daddy for the crazy mixed up life he led and the daughter he never gave a damn for, and damn uncle Lionel for treating me like the boarding-school bitch I am, and damn Aunt Ethel who doesn't even know I'm alive, and damn me for being a silly arrogant affected schoolgirl! God damn us all! We deserve everything we get!"

Those were strong words. Had she told this to me? I no longer remember. Had she intimated to me without putting all of it into words? Had I, in the long months in which she unfolded her lifenow ironically, now bitterly, now gaily, now hysterically — had I apperceived it? All I remember is working on the book months later in my study, tense with the story, and as I typed I was astonished to hear these words burst forth from me in a hoarse, choked voice. I ground them out between clenched teeth as they appeared on the page before me, my whole body shaking with emotion: "Damn them, damn them all!" At that moment, though Diana was in her apartment in midtown Manhattan and I was uptown, our communion was complete. I was Diana, her fury was mine, and I pounded the keys like an insane man in the throes of a grief and a self-hatred and a selfpity which must have been everything Diana felt and in her way conveyed to me.

Third Man Theme(s)

To establish such a relationship takes time. It means months of research into a life-probing, questioning, analyzing - during much of which the writer may find himself all but living with the subject.

Sometimes I tried to help relive events. Diana, for example, used to welcome a suitor on a footbridge over the East River Drive in New York just as the clock struck midnight. It was theatrical, under the dark sky and with the backdrop of the river, and delighted the Barrymore in her. She and I went there one night at that hour and - silly though it may sound—all but reenacted the scene. (You might call it the Stanislavski method in reverse, I suppose: by reliving the experience you con-jure up the original emotion.) Sometimes, retracing steps in a life, memories may become so hauntingly poignant that your subject breaks down. At this point your empathy may be so great thatagain, silly as it sounds—you feel like a Dybbuk, inhabiting another person's soul: she hurts, you want to cry, she is overcome, you are overcome, too. She begins a sentence, you not only end it but add words which are the subject's own words but which she hasn't actually uttered ... An eerie business!

It is true that after a while it becomes difficult to know who said what and felt what: you and your subject have merged into one. I recall when writing the memoirs of a political figure I inserted a paragraph of my reflection in a long soliloquy he had spoken. Reading the entire passage in proof weeks later, I decided we could do without my paragraph. "I'm deleting this." I said, and showed it to him. He bristled. "Oh, no. Not that. We keep that in. I meant it when I said it then, and I mean it now!

I yielded. Who was I to say no? Or, rather, why should we say no

Footnote Hazards

There are other risks. Many persons are convinced their lives eclipse anything in print. They pursue the writer, bombard him with letters, often most movingor they telephone. I have received such calls from an extraordinary gallery of lost souls, usually just before dawn (as if, having spent a sleepless night debating with themselves, they finally gather enough courage to call minutes before daybreak—the magic deadline they have set themselves).

One call came at 5 a.m. It was a man's voice, calling long distance. I answered apprehensively -usually only disaster announces

For someone who for years has nothing and taking it away before itself at such an hour—but the lade a practice of writing other. I had it! Damn Mother for her voice was calm; and as it convoice was calm; and as it continued, addressing me by my first name yet not identifying itself, a most disturbing sensation came over me. Had we ever met? No. Was this a joke? No. Yet the voice knew all about me; it spoke of details in my life no stranger would know. Slowly I felt a prickling of my scalp. Was this a dream, a nightmare, a fantasy that seizes upon the soul in the terrible hours between midnight and dawn? Had I been playing the schizophrenic so long that I finally had lost contact with reality? In a kind of suspended terror I continued to ask questions, listening to the answers as with a third ear . . . But, it turned out, it was no dream, the man was real, I had never met him, he was calling from Texas, he had read one of my autobiographies and had fallen in love with the woman of the book. Deeply, obsermet her. obsessively. Without having

That Public 'Way Out Thar!'

Now, I'd heard of falling in love with fictional heroines, but to fall in love with an actual person whose identity, through our months of working together, had become in a most subtle way part of my own . . . If I felt odd before I felt doubly so now. At the other end of the wire my caller was explaining that he had sought out every person in the book because he wanted to know everything about his lady-love; and he had learned everything he could about every one who knew her, and about me, as well. He'd given up his job and travelled about the country since, looking up the people in the book. Only when he'd talked to them all would he be able to approach her . .

Another time I was telephoned at the same hour by an Ohio fruitdealer who told me, with considerable pride, that he had taken more narcotic cures than any man on record at Lexington. What a great book he had in him, a terrific motion picture . . . I said no. but for weeks there poured from him by special delivery page after page of autobiography, closely typed single space with a purple ribbon on long legal-size paper.

Then, one morning, he unexpectedly showed up at my door. I had to use much persuasion before he gave up and left. My last memory of him is of a pudgy, midlittle man with a sad, apologetic and completely tooth-less smile. He had pawned his dentures ot buy the heroin to give him courage to call on me.

One can't help thinking of a vast hinterland of men and women dreaming of telling their unique stories to the world, wanting to prove themselves part of it by revealing to others that they, too, feel, yearn, dare, and suffer as well as the publicized few — the Hollywood celebrities, the famous stars of stage, screen and tele-

Sometimes, too, there are odd embarrassments. I was once asked by a publication to review a new book which — as it happened — I had ghost-written. I had to decline. Two days later I was telephoned by a friend. He had been apeched by a dis tician who had just been asked, by the same publication, to review the book. He had no time and he wondered whether my friend might not ghostwrite it for him. But my friend was going out of town, and had no time, either. Would I write it, my friend would pass it on to the distinguished politician as something he had done, and the politician, in turn, would send it in as his own review?

This was too much. I did it. Which explains how it was that I ghostwrote a ghostwritten review of a book I had ghostwritten. [It was, by the way, favorable.]

I shall tell all about these experiences, I suppose—and a lot more about this curious business of exchanging egos-if ever I get around to writing my own auto-biography. But—and I kid you not -I shall miss a collaborator.



GOODBYE CHARLIE

ZORBA THE GREEK

DECEMBER

A Venice Productions Picture Starring Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds, Pat Boone. Co-starring Joanna Barnes. Also starring Laura Devon and Walter Matthau as Sartori. Produced by David Weisbart. Directed by Vincente Minnelli. Screenplay by Harry Kurnitz. CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

JANUARY

A Michael Cacoyannis Production. Starring Anthony Quinn, Alan Bates, Irene Papas. With Lila Kedrova, George Foundas. From the novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. Produced and directed from his screenplay by Michael Cacoyannis.

THE PLEASURE **SEEKERS**

JANUARY

Starring Ann-Margret, Tony Franciosa, Carol Lynley, Gardner McKay and Pamela Tiffin. Introducing Andre Lawrence. Guest star Gene Tierney. Brian Keith as Paul Barton. Produced by David Weisbart. Directed by Jean Negulesco. Screenplay by Edith Sommer. CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

DEAR BRIGITTE

FEBRUARY

A Fred Kohlmar Production. Starring James Stewart. Co-starring Fabian, Glynis Johns, Cindy Carol, Billy Mumy, John Williams, Jack Kruschen with Ed Wynn as The Captain. Produced and directed by Henry Koster. Screenplay by Hal Kanter. CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

HUSH...HUSH, SWEET CHARLOTTE

MARCH

An Associates & Aldrich Company Production. Starring Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, Joseph Cotten. Co-starring Agnes Moorehead. Cecil Kellaway, William Campbell. Guest star Victor Buono. Also starring Mary Astor as Jewel Mayhew. Produced and directed by Robert Aldrich. Screenplay by Henry Farrell and Lukas Heller. From a story by Henry Farrell.

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA

MAY

Starring Anthony Quinn, James Coburn. Also starring Lila Kedrova. Guest star Gert Frobe. Produced by John Croydon. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick. Screenplay by Ronald Harwood, Denis Cannon, Stanley Mann. CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

UP FROM THE BEACH

JUNE

Starring Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons, Irina Demick, Marius Goring, Francoise Rosay. Guest stars Broderick Crawford, James Robertson Justice. Directed by Robert Parrish. Screenplay by Howard Clewes. CinemaScope.

VON RYAN'S EXPRESS

JULY

Starring Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard. A Mark Robson Production. Introducing Raffaella Carra. Co-starring Brad Dexter, Sergio Fantoni, John Leyton, Edward Mulhare, Wolfgang Preiss. Produced by Saul David. Directed by Mark Robson. Screenplay by Wendell Mayes and Joseph Landon. Based on the novel by David Westheimer. Color by DeLuxe. A P-R Productions Picture.

... AND SET!

SERGE THE REWARD

SEPTEMBER

Rosenberg Production. Starring Max Von Sydow. Yvette Mimieux, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Gilbert Roland Co-starring Emilio Fernandez, Nino Castelnuovo, Henry Silva. Produced by Aaron Rosenberg. Directed by Serge Bourguinon. Screenplay by Serge Bourguinon and Oscar Millard. CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

An Aaron

THE FANTASTIC **VOYAGE**

OCTOBER

Starring Stephen Boyd with additional cast to be announced. Produced by Saul David. Directed by Richard Fleischer. Screenplay by David Duncan. CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

MONTH AFTER MONTH!

RAPTURE

APRIL

Starring Melvyn Douglas, Dean Stockwell, Gunnel Lindblom. Produced by Christian Ferry. Directed by John Guillermin. Screenplay by Stanley Mann. CinemaScope.

AUGUST

Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner. Also starring Janet Margolin. Co-starring Martin Benrath, Hans Christian Blech, Wally Cox, Max Haufler, Rainer Penkert. William Redfield. Guest star Trevor Howard as Colonel Statter. Produced by Aaron Rosenberg. Directed by Bernhard Wicki. Screenplay by Daniel Taradash. Produced by Arcola-Colony Productions, Inc.

DO NOT DISTURB

DECEMBER

An Aaron Rosenberg-Martin Melcher Production. Starring Dor. Day, Rod Taylor. Produced by Aaron Rosenberg and Martin Melcher. Directed by Ralph Levy. Screenplay by Richard Breen and Milton Rosen. Based on a story by William Fairchild. CinemaScope, Color by DeLuxe.

20 TH's THREE GREAT *70 MM ROADSHOWS* FOR RELEASE IN 1965!

ROBERT WISE Production

WORLD PREMIERE RIVOLI THEATRE March 2.

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN'S

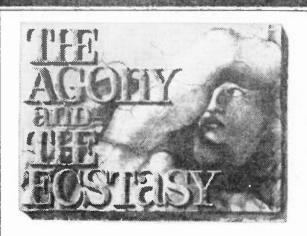
Starring Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. Co-starring Richard Haydn. With Peggy Wood, Charmian Carr, The Bil Baird Marionettes and Eleanor Parker as The Baroness. Associate Producer Saul Chaplin. Directed by Robert Wise. Music by Richard Rodgers. Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. Additional words and music by Richard Rodgers. Screenplay by Ernest Lehman.

Produced by Argyle Enterprises Inc. Produced in Todd-AO®. Color by DeLuxe.

-or how I flew from London to Paris in 25 hours 11 minutes



Starring an international all-star cast including Stuart Whitman, Irina Demick, Alberto Sordi, James Fox, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Yujiro Ishihara, Terry-Thomas, Red Skelton. Produced by Stan Margulies. Directed by Ken Annakin. Written by Jack Davies and Ken Annakin. Produced in Todd-AO®. Color by DeLuxe.



Starring Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison in a Carol Reed Production of Irving Stone's "The Agony and the Ecstasy." Co-starring Diane Cilento. Directed by Carol Reed. Screen story and screenplay by Philip Dunne. Based on the novel by Irving Stone. Music by Alex North. Produced in Todd-AO®. Color by DeLuxe.

Australian Emphasis On Hard-Ducat Films

By NORMAN B. RYDGE, C.B.E.

(Chairman & Managing Director, Greater Union Theatres Pty. Ltd., Australia.)

Over recent years the cinema industry in Australia has accelerated rapidly into the "hard ticket" market. My own organization has pursued a carefully calculated longrange policy of promoting this remarkable new development in the exhibition field from its very inception. Key showcases in our chief circuits throughout Australia have been re-constructed and converted at considerable cost into intimate luxury houses for theatrical feature presentation and the process will continue.

Term "hard ticket" is by no means new to Australia. Long before the advent of talkies, Greater Union operated long-run theatres on a policy of throwing open box plans for advance booking of seats for non-continuous sessions and providing seat selling facilities in strategically placed booking bureaus and leading stores.

Inherent in this type of operation was the promotion the group party business and also co-operative tie-ups and competitions with press and radio, later extended to television. Over a great number of years, Greater Union has, therefore, acquired a wealth of know-how and practical appreciation of the potential awaiting full scale development as and when producers decided to concentrate on this specialized market.

In Var ETY's last Anniversary issue. I recorded that Greater Union was about to make new history in this country by creating a brand-new city hard-ticket theatre in Melbourne for the presentation of specialized attractions. It was the first time in many years and certainly since the advent of video that there had been an increase in the number of city theatres in any state in this country. The resounding success of this venture, culminating, as it does, years of reconstruction and remodeling over this company's metropolitan circuits, has now inspired us to embark on a further and even more ambitious program ir volving at least four brand new hard-ticket showcases.

Plans have already been approved and ten lers accepted fer a brand-new 1.250-seater in Sydney on the site of an old-style theatre destroyed by fire. It will open in July

Reconstruction

At the same time our architects in three states are busy finalizing detailed plans for further new theatres in Sydney and Melbourne plus the complete reconstruction of an old disused theatre property in Brisbane, recently acquired by Greater Union for this purpose.

Bringing dark theatres back to life and revitalizing old-style houses is the strongest kind of factual evidence to substantiate our claims to pioneering this wonderful

new era of show business.

Pictures of the calibre of Samuel Bronston's productions, Columbia's "Lawrence of Arabia" and Universal's "Spartacus" have earned city season runs upwards of 12 months, on two-9-day policy at advanced admission prices. The trend of major producers to step up the supply of quality product and thereby bring about some reasonable continuity of playing time for exhibitors is further proof that dur industry is slowly working its way up to a state of economic stability.

One must be careful not to create the impression that the industry in Australia has solved all of its problems. Indeed this is far from the case. Nationwide, the decline in film attendance has not yet been arrested and the closure of out-of-town and country theatres continues.

Capital Needs

Then again it is a matter for deep concern that leading exhibiting interests upon whom the entire industry de-pends in the final analysis, are faced with the dual burden providing enormous capital expenditure on building and rebuilding new-style theatres and at the same time endeavouring to sustain the demands for ever-increasingly high film hire terms.

As a result, my last annual report to shareholders recorded that certain losses on exhibition had been incurred and the profitability factor has to be weighed very carefully in relation to the high cost involved in redevelop-

Ing and modernizing theatre properties.

After all, this is a two-way traffic. There must be a financial reward for both producer and exhibitor and as I emphasized previously in these columns, the time is long overdue for a moderating influence of give and take. Neither can prosper indefinitely at the expense of the other party.

My company has but one aim—to redevelop the cinema in Australia and strive to build up the greatest possible paying patronage for the producer and the exhibitor.

The results achieved in our remodeled theatres, backed by new-style showmanship, strengthen my belief that our industry has a growth potential well worth striving for and certain of attainment if producer and exhibitor in-terests combine their full resources in a true and equitable spirit of partnership.

Calif.'s Endless Land Boom

Continued from page 15

merican Aviation, which manufactures rocket engines for the Saturn program, are located at one edge of the ranch, while Litton Industries occupies another 65 acres. Two multi-storied office buildings are under construction in addition to 350 acres of multiple unit apartments, two fine restaurants a 6-story Holiday Inn hotel, and an Olympic-size skating rink.

Yoss, an attorney-accountant, who is also associated with Milton Sperling enterprises, manages the Warner Ranch development, which is now owned by the producer's 3 daughters, Doris, Betty and Lita and 11 grand-

children.

McCrea. Stanwyck Lands

The Warner Bros. studio ranch near Calabassas has been sold to developers for an all-electric city, planned by Bill Pereira; Joel McCrea's 1,000-acre retreat has been subdivided; and Barbara Stanwyck's 133-acre Rolling Hills Ranch is now a high-priced subdivision, Colony West. "Friendly Valley," a retirement community with a \$1,000,000 clubhouse, has gobbled up Bob Hope's

Charles Winniger's estate in Tarzana was sold recently to a developer who plans 70 luxury houses on the acreage, surrounding the 11-room mansion which will serve as clubhouse for new residents; and the 500-acre James Cagney Ranch in the San Fernando Valley was sold Nov. 1 to a building firm which plans 1,200 single residences costing from \$30,000-\$40,000 each in addition to a shopping centre at a cost of more than \$50,000,000

he last frontier in the Valley for redskins, cowboys and stage coaches, the 10,000-acre Janss Conejo ranch is vanishing. Hundreds of westerns have been shot here as well as numerous other productions, including "It Happened One Night," "How The West Was Won," "Mad (4) World," and several John Wayne epics. "Gunsmoke" and "Wagon Train" still use the western sets, but these will be torn down in the near future with the exception of 2 sets which will be retained as a focal point for a recreation center. Some 30,000 persons have moved into houses, here, and a 50-acre shopping center is under construction, as is a Fox-West Coast firstrun theatre. Fourteen major industries occupy 1,000 acres and only Lasky's Mountain will stand, untouched by progress.

William Janss and his brother Edwin Jr., purchased Sun Valley from Union Pacific last October and a residential-resort area near Aspen, Colo.

Jne E. Brown's Digs

Over the hill and beside the sea. Joe E. Brown's 124-acre retirement sattlement, "Hueneme Pay" celebrated its first birthday by designating Francis X. Bushman to preside over the homitality center. "Throw Your Troubles Away at Hueneme Bay" is Joe E.'s slogan and 300 couples followed this relyice in one year representing a total investment of \$3.000.000.

Waterfront sites start at \$34,550 but many are priced at \$62,500. Small craft ownership in Southern California is estimated of 125 000. Hollywoodites comprise about 65% of the total. Klug opened a third unit three weeks later. There will be a total of 800 homesites here. Jack Palance was among the early buyers.

At Fess Parker's
Simultaneously with the "Keys" opening. Fess Parker
disclosed plans for a multimillion-dollar maring at Goleta, on the northern outskirts of Santa Barbara. To be called Santa Barbara Bayshores, marina will contain 158 slips. 188 waterfront lots and a commercial sector.

heads a large mobile-home development nearby.

Art Linkletter and Lawrence Welk are an among the other headliners who own trailer parks. Welk recently purchased 166 acres near San Diego at a cost of \$750,000 on which he plans to build a motel in addition to clubhouse, golf course for mobile homeowners. Linkletter's "Sierra Dawn" estates near Hemet, designed for retirement living, is nearly a sellout in less than two years. The star has extensive holdings in other tracts, including Mandeville West, an exclusive area near Bel Air, and a desert development near San Diego.

Apple Valley, has been added to Roy Rogers' string of

Frontier Hote's.

Jack Lemmon and Dick Quine plan a \$2,000,000 expansion of Standard Club on 512 acres purchased from Edie

New buildings are reaching high and wide on 20th Fox's old back lot, now called Century City-another \$500 million project, backed by Alcoa. During the two years since opening, twin 13-story, 300,000 square foot office buildings have been built, and two 27-story luxury apartments are nearing completion while \$12,000,000 Broadway shorning center opened October 12. The Century Plaza Hotel, to be operated by Western International Hotels (this chain also operates Del Coronado San Diego) will be completed in '65 at a cost of \$25,000,000. Robert Young heads the list of stars who have leased apartments in the twin towers.

Other Aspects

An interesting sideline on this mammoth project is that Ed Herrscher, now chairman of the board of Mayfair Markets, instigated the deal while associated with 20th-Mayfair supermarket is in Broadway center.

As Disneyland was to Anaheim and Orange County, so Marineland has spurred a boom in the South Bay area, including Palos Verde Penninsula. Housing sites are at a premium, luxury hotels and apartments mushroomed, Redondo Beach has a new multi-million dollar marina. When the amusement center opened, the peninsula was dotted, sparsely, with mansions and Redondo Beach was a potpourri of good, bad and indifferent dwellings and cheap beach restaurants. The latter have given to fine inns and cafes catering to the sailing crowd and well-to-do residents. The \$10,000,000 con-dominium apartment "Palos Verde Bay Club" occupying 18 acres typifies the new look.

Show Bizites 'In'

Show biz penetration of the boom goes far below the surface. In the beginning, small subdividers seeking to make a fast buck erected peas-in-a-pod dwellings on narrow lots and cheap land. Within a decade, the demand for better housing became an uproar. Meanwhile, top names in the film industry invested in banks, savings and loan associations, and financial concerns and were appointed directors and board members; others became silent partners with outstanding realtors who "knew the territory"; and yet others who saw the gold in them thar hills—including Hope, Crosby, Wrather, Linkletter, Ford, Marx, Benny, Waring, Garner, Burns and Lancaster—bought chunks of "wasteland." All of these have struck it rich in at least one location. Some of the oldtimers who inherited property or bought land when it was cheap, i.e. Leo Carillo and Will Rogers never lived to see the eventual use to which it was put.

Bevhills and Pacific Palisades were infant communities in Rogers' day and Del Coronado Hotel was built during Carillo's time—on the Silver Strand where his grandfather used to run horses, but Lake San Marcos, the water hole for his own head of cattle has been enlarged water note for his own head of cattle has been entarged into an 80-acre lake surrounded by swank houses, boat docks, clubhouses and Quails Inn motel and restaurant. Homesites on the lake sell for \$35,000 up. Most of Carillo's "Dos Quixotes" home ranch is still intact, but Carlsbad Inn, a well known spa for Hollywoodites during his heydey, has been converted into a home for the aged.

The original Carillo Rancho homesite on Silver Strand, currently a city dump, was sold last November to a developer who plans a multi-unit apartment-marina and

multimillion dollar hotel.

The influx of newcomers into Southern California is responsible, of course, for the land rush but it's a boom with a perennial question attached: where is all that money coming from? The average single house in

Southern California costs \$20,000, but at least 35% of the new dwellings and coop apartments range from \$50,000 up. A small boat may well cost an additional \$30,000. Two and three car families are the rule rather than the exception. A minimum of cash is involved in many of these transactions, but-monthly payments run into astronomical figures.

A Bank of America veepee told this writer that the following figures were not exceptional for the above 35% class. House and lot, \$50,000. Chris-Craft boat \$30,000. one prestige car \$7.000, one small car, \$3,000. Ten percent down on the average; six % interest. But cars and boats must be paid for within three years, house 30 years Interest and amortization equal \$1,500 per mortgage. month! These are approximate figures, but indicative. To this must be added the normal household expenses

The line forms on the right, please. Who's next?

Theatrical Gremlins

Continued from page 10

waxed ends of his mustache were bristling and vibrating in anticipation, when the gremlins stepped in.

One deep inhalation and an invisible tug, and down into his throat went half a royal mustache, high-C and

Yet plucky Midgeley came out on top and finished the though the amused audience was not aware of his plight. Later an operation was necessary to retrieve the shaggy obstacle.

The Wrong Hoss

At the Drury Lane Theatre, London, 16 real racehorses took the main parts in "The Whip." They were to enact the Two Thousand Guineas race at Newmarket, galloping over revolving tracks.

The producer was inviting disaster.

Whip" was the name of the prospective winner. To ensure his victory, his track was to be pulled forward towards the end of the race, by means of a steel wire, worked by a winch offstage. The scene had been thoroughly rehearsed and was calculated to bring the house

A glittering first-night audience was gazing awestruck at the astounding spectacle. So were the gremlins.

Then they struck. Ping! snapped the wire. Sixtyfour hooves thundered over the tracks. Desperate offorts were made behind the scenes, but it was obvious that "The was not going to win this time.

To heighten the catastrophe someone pulled the wrong lever, and the Judge's Box, judge within, shot up into the air and disappeared. By that time the race was over, with "The Whip" running a miserable fifth. Curtain. Wild ironical applause. Shrieks from the audience and weeping offstage.

needed one more incident to convince producers that haulage by cable was no guarantee for safe arrival. Wires can snap, they can be seen, they can twist and coil, or they can simply be pulled too late. Or, in Vienna,

Wagner's "Lohengrin" prescribes the hero's singing departure from his beloved in a boat, drawn by a white swan. The swan is drawn by a wire. But who drew the wire at one recent performance? An enthusiastic stagehand, who listened with eyes closed, bewitched by the tenor's melting swan song.

When the tenor was ready to embark, the boat had already gone. Its stranded passenger threw a horrified glance into the wings, then whispered so loudly that the gallery could hear him: "Some idiot has taken the boat

Fuming, he gathered up his sword, helmet and shield, and trudged home along the banks of the aluminum foil

Swan Song That swan song is always giving trouble. A San Francisco amateur operatic society was performing the same opera. They really had the swan under control this time. No wires, no rollers, no motor, simply a blacked-out stage at sailing time.

The leading lady and her father had been sitting up for nights, shaping, painting and stuffing a most lifelike outsize swan. Proudly it trundled forth from the wings, guided by its maker, who crouched behind its snowy

Three yards from the landing stage man and beast got stuck in midstream. Two gentle shoves, one mighty heave, and the swan's neck collapsed, leaving the head looking backwards, upside-down. Before anyone on or behind the stage could intervene, a querulous voice from the depths of the hall mended matters by asking, "What's up, duck?"

Audiences are notorious for giving totally unexpected first aid to a player in distress. Perhaps nobody knows this more intimately than singer Judy Garland. British public never forgot the delightful young girl who had sparkled her way through "Wizard of Oz." They were ready to acclaim the more mature Miss Garland, striving to make a comeback at the London Palladium. She was waiting in the wings. She sensed the strained

atmosphere. Everybody seemed to be thinking, "Can she really do it?"

A Break For Judy Her cue came up. She turned and joked feebly, "Here we go boys. If I don't fall over my big feet I'll be all right."

She promptly walked across the stage and tripped over a wire which the gremlins had thoughtfully left in exactly the right position.

Quickly she picked herself up and the audience instantly recognized the appealing Judy Garland of long ago in her bewildered eyes.

They laughed, rose to their feet and gave her such tremendous applause that Miss Garland, inspired with badly needed confidence, went on to make her appearance a tremendous success.

Tenor Beniamino Gigli suffered equal embarrassment when quite accidentally he nearly burned down the opera house at Milan. During the first act of "La Boheme" the stage stove burst into flames after he pretended, too

convincingly, to light it.

Smoke started billowing across the auditorium, but still singing lustily, Gigli ambled over to the wings and collected a bucket of water.

As he finished his aria, he poured the water over the stove and put out the fire. It was a good thing he did. He would have looked rather peculiar singing "Your tiny hand is frozen. . . ."

ALL-TIME TOP GROSSERS

(OVER \$4,000,000, U.S.-CANADA RENTALS)

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

(a) A film to qualify must have grossed \$4,000,000.

(b) "Birth of A Nation," released in 1915, which may have grossed \$50.000,000 or more, is deliberately omitted because it was handled on a states rights and often outright cash sale basis, and data is unreliable.

(c) Grosses as given below signify the rentals received by the distributor from the U.S.-Canada market and omit foreign market rentals, in recent years equal to the domestic playoff.

A sizable contingent of past releases is round-figure estimated at \$4,000,000, or close enough thereto, though more exact data would be distinctly preferable.

(Note: film title is followed by name of director, producer, distributing company and year of release, as well as total estimated

gross to date). Gone With The Wind

 Writter Frieming: Selznick: MGM—1939)
 \$41.200.000

 Ben-Hur (William Wyler: Zimbalist: MGM—1959)
 38,000.000

 10 Commandments (Cecil B. DeMille-Par—1957)
 34,200,000

 Around World in 80 Days

 Around World in 80 Days
(Michael Anderson: Todd; UA—1957) 22,000,000
Cleopatra (Joseph Mankiewicz; Wanger; 20th—1963) 21,200,000
How West Was Won (John Ford-Henry Hathaway—George Marshall: Smith-Cinerama: MGM—1962) 20,000,000
West Side Story (Robert Wise-Jerome Robbins;
Mirisch-Seven Arts: UA—1961) 19,000,000

Bridge on River Kwai (David Lean: Spiegel, Cel. 1959) 17,600,000 Mirisch-Seven Aris: UA—1961)

Bridge on River Kwai (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—1958)

17,600,000

The Robe (Henry Koster; Ross; 20th—1953)

17,500,000

South Pacific (Joshua Logan; Magna-Adler; 20th—1958)

17,500,000

Tom Jones (Tony Richardson; Woodfall; UA—1963)

Lawrence of Arabia (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—1963)

15,000,000

Lawrence Dav (Kon Angelin Androw Morton) Lawrence of Arabia (David Lean; Spiege; Coi—1903) ... 15,000,000

Longest Day (Ken Annakin-Andrew MartonBernhard Wicki; Zanuck; 20th—1963) ... 14,200,000

Spartacus (Stanley Kubrick; Bryna-E. Lewis; U—1961) ... 14,000,000

Carpetbaggers (Edward Dmytryk; Levine; Par—1964) ... 13,000,000

Greatest Show On Earth (C.B. DeMille; Par—1952) ... 12,800,000

It's A Mad World (Stanley Kramer; UA—1963) ... 10,000,000

Absent Minded Professor (Robert Stouppen) Absent-Minded Professor (Robert Stevenson; Disney: BV—1961) 9.100.000

Auntie Mame (Morton DaCosta; J. L. Warner; WB—1959) .. 9.000,000 20,000 Leagues Under Sea (Richard Fleischer; Disney; BV-1955) 9.000,000

 Exodus (Otto Preminger: UA—1960)
 8,700,000

 Caine Mutiny (Stanley Kramer; Col—1954)
 8,700,000

 King And I (Walter Lang; Brackett; 20th—1956)
 8,500,000

 Mr. Roberts (Joshua Logan; Hayward; WB—1955)
 8,500,000

 This Is The Army (Michael Curtiz; J. L. Warner; WB—1945)
 8,500,000

 Lover Come Pack (Delbort Mann) (Shapira Melokara)
 8,500,000

 Lover Come Back (Delbert Mann; Shapiro-Melcher; U-1962) ... 8.500.000 That Touch of Mink (Delbert Mann; Shapiro-Melcher; U-1962) 8,500.000 Battle Cry (Raoul Walsh; J. L. Warner; WB—1955)

King of Kings (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; MGM—1961)

Music Man (Morton DaCosta; WB—1962)

Cat on Hot Tin Pact (Pickows) Cat on Hot Tin Roof (Richard Brooks; Avon; MGM—1958)
Some Like It Hot (Billy Will-Some Like It Hot (Billy Wilder: Mirisch-Ashton; UA—1959)

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7,500,000 The V.I.P.'s (Anthony Asquith; de Grunwald; MGM-1963). 7,500,000 How To Marry Millionaire (Jean Negulesco; Johnson; 20th—1953)

Peter Pan (animated) (Disney; RKO-BV—1953)
 Peter Pan (animated) (Disney; RKO-BV—1953)
 7,200,000

 No Time For Sergeants (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1958)
 7,200,000
 The Alamo (John Wayne; Batjac; UA-1960) To Kill A Mockingbird (Robert Mulligan; Pakula; U-1963) 7,200,000 Not As Stranger /Stanley Kramer; UA-1955)

For Whom Bell Tolls (Sam Wood; Par-1943) David and Bathsheba (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th-1951) . . 7,100,000 Oklahoma (Fred Zinnemann; Magna-Hornblow; Magna-1957) Son of Flubber (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1963)

Hatari (Howard Hawks; Par—1962)

Gigi (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1957)

Cinderella (animated) (Disney; RKO-BV—1950) 6.750.000 Snows of Kilimanjaro (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th-1952) ... Search For Paradise (Otto Lang; Cinerama-Thomas; Cinerama—1953)
Country Girl (George Seaton; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1954)
Going My Way (Leo McCarey; Par—1954) 6.500.000 6.500.000 High Society (Charles Walters; Siegel; MGM—1956) 6.500.000 I'll Cry Tomorrow (Delbert Mann; Weingarten; MGM—1956) Imitation of Life (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1959) 6,500,000 6.500.000 Come September (Robert Mulligan; Arthur; U—1961) Wonderful World Brothers Grimm (George Pal-Henry 6.500,000 Levin; Pal-Cinerama; MGM-1963) Shot in the Dark (Blake Edwards; Mirisch; UA—1964) ...
101 Dalmations (animated) (Disney; BV—1961) 6.500,000 6,400,000 Suddenly Last Summer (Joseph Mankiewicz; Spiegel; Col-1960) Picnic (Joshua Logan; Kohlmar; Col—1956)

Old Yeller (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1958)

Charade (Stanley Donen; U—1964)

Welcome Stranger (Elliot Nugent; Siegel; Par—1957)

Vikings (Richard Fleischer; Bryna-Bresler; UA—1958)

La Dolce Vita (Federico Fellini;

Big Rental Pictures of 1964

Below is the VARIETY Anniversary Edition checklist on the big pictures of the year in terms of domestic (United States and Canada) rentals accruing to the distributors. To repeat the standard explanation from earlier years: some pictures go into release too late in the calendar year and cannot be computed; for example, some of the October-December features of 1964 were on the market too sketchily for inclusion now. They must wait for next year's compilation.

There are some exceptions, films that made such fast impact on the boxoffice (usually "roadshow"

type films) that rentals, for at least that segment of 1964 in which they were on exhibition, are reported although anticipated total rentals are left open in some instances.

Contrarily, certain releases from late 1963 which were not included in last year's Anniversary Edition are now picked up. Also included in 1964 data are two reissues which showed enough strength on the basis of this year's release alone to pass the \$1,000,000 mark. Included this year, for the first time, are names of directors.

	Rentals	Revenue
Feature, Origin and Date Out	To Date	Anticipation
The Carpetbaggers (Edward Dmytryk; Levine; Par—April)	\$13,000,000	\$14,500,000
It's A Mad (4) World (Stanley Kramer; UA—Nov. 1963)	10,000,000	25,000,000
Unsinkable Molly Brown (Charles Walters; Weingarten; MGM-June).	7,500,000	8,000,000
Charade (Stanley Donen; U—Dec. 1963)	6,150,000	6,500,000
The Cardinal (Otto Preminger; Col-Jan.)	5,275,000	5,460,0
Move Over Darling (Michael Gordon; Rosenberg-Melcher; 20th—Dec. 63)	5,100,000	5.500,000
My Fair Lady (George Cukor; J. L. Warner; WB—Oct.)	5,000,000 5,000,000	(Undetermined) 5.500,000
Good Neighbor Sam (David Swift; Col—July)	4,950,000	5,300,000
Pink Panther (Blake Edwards; Mirisch; UA-March)	4,853,000	6.000,000
Viva Las Vegas (George Sidney; Cummings; MGM-June)	4,675,000	5.000,000
Sword in Stone (William Reitherman; Disney; BV—Dec. 1963)	4,500,000	4,750,000
Hard Day's Night (Richard Lester; Swenson; UA-Aug.)	4,473,000	5.800,000
Dr. Strangelove (Stanley Kubrick; Col—Feb.) Night of Iguana (John Huston; Stark-7 Arts; MGM—Aug.)	4,148,000	4,420,000
Misadventures Merlin Jones (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—Feb.)	4,000,000 4,000,000	4,500,000 4,100,000
From Russia With Love (Terence Young; Eon; UA—April)	3,849,000	4,500,000
Love With Proper Stranger (Robert Mulligan; Pakula; Par-Dec. 1963)	3,500,000	3,600,000
Seven Days May (John Frankenheimer; 7 Arts; Par-March)	3,400,000	3,650,000
The Prize (Mark Robson; Berman; MGM—Dec. 1963)	3,400,000	3,500,000
Capt. Newman MD (David Miller; Arthur; U—April)	3,325,000	4,250,000
Take Her, She's Mine (Henry Koster; 20th—Oct. 1963)	3,100,000	3,400,000
Becket (Peter Glenville; Wallis; Par—March)	3,100,000 3,000,000	3,100,000 (Undetermined)
Moon-Spinners (James Neilson; Disney; BV—July)	3,000,000	3,500,060
Kissin' Cousins (Gene Nelson; Katzman; MGM-March)	2,800,000	3,000,000
Chalk Garden (Ronald Neame: Hunter: U-June)	2,600,000	3,250,000
Man's Favorite Sport (Howard Hawks; U-March)	2,325,000	3,000,000
New Interns (John Rich; Cohn; Col—August)	2,304,000	2,670,000
Marnie (Alfred Hitchcock; U—Aug.) Where Joyn Hey Gene (Edward Dmytryk, Joying Per Oct)	2,250,000	3,250,000
Where Love Has Gone (Edward Dmytryk; Levine; Par—Oct.) Bridge on River Kwai (reissue) (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—May)	2,200,000 2,195,000	3,600,000 2,600,000
The Victors (Carl Foreman; Highroad; Col—Nov. 1963)	2,124,000	2,350,000
Bedtime Story (Ralph Levy; Shapiro; U—July)	2.100,000	3,000,000
Strait-Jacket (William Castle: Col-Jan.)	2,046,000	2,195,000
Mary Poppins (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV-Aug.)	2,000.000	25,000,000
Three Lives Thomasina (Don Chaffey; Disney; BV-June)	2,000,000	2,250,000
The Patsy (Jerry Lewis; Glucksman; Par—July) McHale's Navy (Edward Montagne; U—Sept.)	2,000,000	2,500,000
Fall Roman Empire (Anthony Mann; Bronston-Par—April)	1,900,000 1,875,000	2,250,000 (Undetermined)
Sunday in New York (Peter Tewksbury; Freeman; MGM—Dec. 1963).	1,800,000	2,000,000
Long Ships (Jack Cardiff; Warwick-Avala; Col-June)	1,730,000	1,930,000
World of Henry Orient (George Roy Hill; Pan Arts-Hellman; UA-June)	1,570,000	2,100,000
Circus World (Henry Hathaway; Bronston; Cin-Par-July)	1,550,000	(Undetermine)
A Tiger Walks (Norman Tokar; Disney; BV—March)	1,500,000	1,600,000
Lady in Cage (Walter Grauman; Davis; Par—June) Flippers New Adventure (Leon Benson; Tors; MGM—June)	1,450,000 1,450,000	1,650,000 1,600,000
Island Blue Dolphins (Robert Radnitz; U—Aug.)	1,400,000	2,000,000
Kings of Sun (J. Lee Thompson; Lewis J. Rackmil; UA—Dec. 1963)	1,400,000	1,600,000
Wild & Wonderful (Michael Anderson; Hecht; U—July)	1,200,000	2,000,000
Mail Order Bride (Burt Kennedy: Lyons: MGM—Jan.)	1,150,000	1,250,000
For Those Who Think Young (Leslie Martinson; Schenck-Koch; UA		
—May) Topkapi (Jules Dassin; Filmways; UA—Oct.)	1,138,000	1,600,000
Ensign Pulver (Joshua Logan; WB—June)	1,100,000 1,100,000	4,000,000 1,200,000
A Distant Trumpet (Raoul Walsh; Wright; WB—May)	1,100,000	1,200,000
7 Faces of Dr. Lao (George Pal: MGM—March)	1,075,000	1,250,000
Ride Wild Surf (Don Taylor; Napoleon; Col—Aug.)	1,074,000	1,400,000
Robin & 7 Hoods (Gordon Douglas; Sinatra; WB—June)	1,000,000	4.200,000
Of Human Bondage (Ken Hughes: 7 Arts; MGM—Sept.)	1,000,000	1,750,000
633 Squadron (Walter Grauman; Ford; UA—June) Advance to Rear (George Marshall; Richmond; MGM—April)	1,000,000	1,700,000
Behold Pale Horse (Fred Zinneman; Col—Sept.)	950,000 900,000	1,100,000 3,000,000
Children of Damned (Anton Leader; Bachman; MGM—Jan.)	900,000	1,000,000
Hey There, Yogi Bear (William Hanna-Joseph Barbera: Col-June)	870,000	1,130,000
Man in Middle (Guy Hamilton; Seltzer; 20th—Jan.)	750,000	1,000,000
The Visit (Bernard Wicki; Deutschefox-Cinecitta-Dear-Siecle; 20th-	050.000	4 400 000
So Dear To My Heart (reissue) (Hamilton Luske; Disney; BV-Jan.)	650,000	1,100,000
Your Cheatin' Heart (Gene Nelson: Katzman; MGM—Nov.)	600,000 600,000	1,500,000 1,500,000
Fail Safe (Sidney Lumet; Youngstein; Col—Oct.)	590,000	1,800,000
Rio Conchos (Gordon Douglas: Weisbart: 20th—Oct.)	550,000	2,500,000
The Outrage (Martin Ritt; Lubin; MGM—Sept.)	500,000	1,500,000
Fate Is Hunter (Ralph Nelson; Rosenberg; 20th—Oct.)	400,000	1,000,000
First Men In Moon (Nathan Juran; Schneer; Col-Nov.)	250,000	1,650,000
North by Northwest (Alfred Hitchcock; MGM—1959) 6,000,000	5 AAA MARF	MIIIDATZ

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vid and Bathsheba (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1951)	7,100,000	North by Northwest (Alfred Hitchcock; MGM-1959)	6 000 000	
lahoma (Fred Zinnemann; Magna-Hornblow; Magna-1957)	7,100,000	Sergeant York (Howard Hawks; Laske-Wallis; WB—1941)	6,000,000	
n of Flubber (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1963)	7,100,000	Life With Father (Michael Curtiz; Buchner; WB—1947)	6,000,000	ľ
tari (Howard Hawks; Par—1962)	7,000,000	Ivanhoe (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1952)	6,000,000	
gi (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1957)	6,750,000	Hans Christian Andersen (Charles Vidor; Goldwyn;	0,000,000	
nderella (animated) (Disney; RKO-BV—1950)	6,600,000	RKO—1953)	6,000,000	
ows of Kilimanjaro (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1952)	6,500,000	High and Mighty (William Wellman;	0,000,000	į
arch For Paradise (Otto Lang:	0,500,000	Wayne-Fellows; WB-1954)	6.000.000	ŗ
Cinerama-Thomas; Cinerama—1953)	6,500,000	To Hell and Back (John Hibbs; Rosenberg; U-1955)	6,000,000	0
untry Girl (George Seaton; Perlberg-Seaton; Par-1954)	6,500,000	Sea Chase (John Farrow; WB-1955)	6,000,000	f
ing My Way (Leo McCarey; Par-1954)	6,500,000	Seven Year Itch (Billy Wilder; Feldman; 20th-1955)	6,000,000	1
sh Society (Charles Walters; Siegel; MGM-1956)	6,500,000	A Star Is Born (George Cukor; Transcona-Luft; WB-1955)	6,000,000	S
Cry Tomorrow (Delbert Mann; Weingarten; MGM-1956)	6,500,000	Strategic Air Command (Anthony Mann; Briskin; Par—1955)	6.000,000	1
itation of Life (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U-1959)	6.500,000	Tall Men (Raoul Walsh; Bacher-Hawks; 20th-1955)	6,000,000	
me September (Robert Mulligan; Arthur; U-1961)	6,500,000	Raintree County (Edward Dmytryk; Lewis; MGM-1958)	6,000,000	1
onderful World Brothers Grimm (George Pal-Henry		Butterfield 8 (Daniel Mann; Berman; MGM-1961)	6,000,000	,
Levin; Pal-Cinerama; MGM—1963)	6.500,000	Come Blow Your Horn (Bud Yorkin; Lear-Yorkin; Par—1963)	6,000,000	l.
ot in the Dark (Blake Edwards; Mirisch; UA-1964)	6,500,000	Bye, Bye Birdie (George Sidney;	0.000.000	Ľ
Dalmations (animated) (Disney; BV-1961)	6,400,000	Kohlmar-Sidney; Col—1963)	6,000,000	1
ddenly Last Summer (Joseph Mankiewicz;		Blue Skies (Stuart Heisler; Siegel; Par—1946)	5,700.000	1
Spiegel; Col—1960)	6,375,000	Rear Window (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1954)	5,700,000	1
enic (Joshua Logan; Kohlmar; Col—1956)	6,300,000	Gypsy (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1963)	5,700,000	
n's Story (Fred Zinnemann; WB—1959)	6,300,000	Seven Brides For Seven Brothers (Stanley Donen;	5,600,000	1
ar and Peace (King Vidor; Ponti-deLaurentiis; Par—1956)	6,250,000	Cummings; MGM—1954) Teahouse of August Moon (Daniel Mann;	3,000,000	
d Yeller (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1958)	6,200,000	Cummings; MGM—1957)	5,600,000	1
arade (Stanley Donen; U—1964)	6,150,000	Leave Her To Heaven (John Stahl; Bacher; 20th—1946)	5,550,000	
elcome Stranger (Elliot Nugent; Siegel; Par—1957)	6,100,000	Big Parade (King Vidor; MGM—1925)	5,500,000	1
kings (Richard Fleischer; Bryna-Bresler; UA—1958) Dolce Vita (Federico Fellini;	6,049,000	Egg And I (Charles Erskine; Finkelhoffe; U—1947)	5,500,000	
RIAMA-Pathe; Astor—1961)	6 000 000		,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,	1
2011 111 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	0,000,000	(Continued on page 01)		6

00,000 | 5,000 MORE STADIUM SEATS: EXHIBS WINCE

Minneapolis.

Film theatremen were pleased to learn that a suburban 00,000 city council had approved a permit for the Metropolitan Sports Com-00,000 mission to increase its stadium's seating capacity. That stadium where Twin Cities' big league base-00,000 ball and football are played. Added will be 5,000 seats, bringing capac-00,000 ity to 50,000.

Since area went "big league" theatremen continuously point out 000,000 that sports divert increasingly 100,000 large chunks out of the entertain-700,000 ment spending dollars.

> Stadium's expansion \$1,500,000 cost will be borne entirely by the Twin Cities' National Football League team. This will be in return for having its annual rental decreased \$55,000 per annum for 11 years. The football club's rental period extends only for four fall months.

Again... your continuing source of boxoffice Success...1s

1965

THRU

Pilpel On 'Privacy'

too expansive doctrine of privacy that led the N.Y. Court of Appeals in 1902, in the first major right of privacy case to come before the highest court of a state, to hold that there was no such right at all.

The court so held in a case where the strongest possible argument can be made for the existof such a right-a case where the picture of a young girl had without her permission been used on box cartons with the caption, "The Flour of the Family." The N.Y. State legislature

countered by passing the first right of privacy law in this country (there is still none in England). But the New York law declaring the existence of a right of privacy and granting the remedies of both damages and injunction (injunction vs. the press, mind you) for its violation, defined the right in terms of use of a person's name or picture for advertising or trade purposes.

'Flour of the Family'

No one can or does argue that such a right is unduly restrictive of freedom of expression - after all, when the box company used Miss Roberson's ("The Flour of the Family") picture on cartons, its aim was not to disseminate facts but to sell a commodity—flour. So far, so good. But the right has not been so limited even in New York, and has been less limited in states where it has been recognized by the courts rather than declared by (what "judicial legislation"). And it is in this expanded area that profound questions of policy and freedom arise—questions which, as I said we should face up to squarely before we have a kind of Frankenstein right which strikes at the heart of our fundamental freedom to write and say what we please—limited until now only by such recognized but shrinking excentions as libel, abscenity and

What has happened to the right of pulsery since 1903 when the New York legislature became the first official law-making body to recognize and approve it? Welt, first of all, n any other states have followed suit by legislation or judicial decision holding that a person's name or picture cannot be used for the purpose of exploiting a commercial commodity. That's fair enough. As a not illogical the protection of right was also extended to fictional can't be written up at all. Can we uses of a person's name or picture —do we—really mean to develop okay, too — the communication prohibited being not the communi-cation of facts about a person but rather the recounting of imaginary occurrences rendered more sale-able by the use without his consent of those identifying marks of a person, his name or picture.

Owner of Own's Life

But the extension of the right of privacy has, alas, not stopped there. There has come to be a belief—first obvious in a California case referring to the right to the right of beginnings rather than to pursuit of happiness rather than to the right of privacy—that a person has a right not only to prevent the use of his name and likeness to exploit commodities or works of else may regard — particularly fiction about him, but also a corwith respect to public figures relative right or ownership or something in the facts of his life even though his name and picture are not used

action always could be brought by the right to claim exclusive ownership in the things that have happened to him. An example of an effort to have the right of privacy extended this far was defeated in New York in the "A Bell for Adano" case where the army prototype of the hero of that work by John Hersey lost his case. Another effort to resolve this ques-tion was presented by the "Compulsion" case when Nathan Leopold sued the author, publishers and motion picture producers of "Comcase. Unfortunately, no definitive answer came out of that case for,

ness of the dangers involved in a of the right of privacy the use of Leopold's name to sell something other than the facts about him, i.e., works of fiction.

> There are strong intimations in other cases that maybe a man does own his own life story—or some story that is part of his life even if his name is not mentioned-in the same manner that he owns his name and likeness. I submit that if ever this should become established law, we will have carved a great chunk out of our precious area of freedom of the press.

Where Does It End?

But far more alarming even than this trend are two others. One proceeds on the assumption that a person has a right to be free from public scrutiny altogether unless he is a public figure or an actor in an occurrence of public importance. As this trend goes, even if a man is at one time publicly known, he can regain his "right of privacy" and prevent anyone writing the facts about him when, as and if he is no longer "public." This in-deed is what a Federal court in Chicago held two years ago of a suit for violation of her right of privacy brought by the mother of a murdered girl. The case has aroused great public interest. The court first held for the plaintiff, saying that since the murder trial had been over some months before, the case was no longer news and the plaintiff no longer in the public eye. Therefore, her right of privacy had been violated when she was referred to in a magazine ory about her daughter's murder which appeared some months later. reat was the consternation this decision caused that many, including the Chicago Tribune, called for a rehearing. many. The court granted the rehearingand held against the plaintiff but on the ground that it had been mistaken in considering that her daughter's case was no longer news. It was still of public interest, said the court, because an appeal was going on. The result was fine -but the rationale of the courtthe assumption that there comes a point at which you can no longer write the facts about people because of the passage of time, is dangerously threatening to that freedom to write-and to readwe have traditionally cherished. And equally alarming is the corollary assumption that if a person has not been publicly exposed in one way or another, he and live by a doctrine like that?

Too 'Intimate'?

Then there is another line of cases—also alarming in implica-tion. These cases hold that even as to public figures-and certainly as to private ones—there are some matters so intimate and personal they may not be written or spoken about at all. At first glance, such an extension of the right of privacy great appeal. But when we recall that we are talking only about non-defamatory material (if it's defamatory, a suit for libel or slander could follow) and that what one of us may regard as too "intimate" or "personal" someone as essential public information (consider the Jenkins case), this broadening of the right of privacy also is seen to have a real potential It is true that a libel or slander for repression.

One of the most recent New a plaintiff who was identified by circumstances as well as by name hazards that confront us as a or picture. But a whole new connation once we extend the right of stellation of problems arise, if in privacy doctrine beyond prohibiaddition to the right to be free of libel or slauder, a person also has exploitation and fictionization. The case, now on appeal, was brought by the famous baseball pitcher Warren Spahn, clearly a public figure, to enjoin the publication and distribution of a biography about him. He won at the trial court level, the court saying such things as that in its opinion many portions of the book were "un-true," "highly romanticized" and "non-factual" (Whose judgment

can or should control here?)
'Sources' of Information

The court criticized the fact that "newspaper articles, magazine pulsion," a fictionized presentation stories and general background of the famous Leopold & Loeb books constituted the sole source stories and general background case. Unfortunately, no definitive answer came out of that case for, although the novel and movie did not use Mr. Leopold's name, the advertising did and thus there was fact that "the book, jacket and the state of even in the conventional context pictures were all published with-

out Spahn's consent" contributed to its being a violation of his right of privacy, as did the fact that according to the court, it probed 'his deeply personal relationships with members of his immediate family and introspective thoughts." Furthermore, the court made clear that it thought a number of statements made about Spahn to be untrue."

Surely, if this case stands, it will be only the most intrepid author, publisher or producer who will dare to do an unauthorized biography or factual presentation. The case is, I submit, indicative of where we will end up if we widen the coverage of the right of privacy beyond the commercial and fictional—as such—use of anyone's name or picture.

If the person is libelled-well, I'm not suggesting eliminating the law of libel. But I am not only suggesting—but stating—that we should not open the door, however slightly and no matter how good our motives, to a doctrine whereby people will speak and write factual narratives at their peril even though the knowledge of the facts they report is legally obtained and even though they avoid defama-tion, obscenity, fraud and all the established exceptions to freedom of expression.

A rose by any other name and censorship is no less repellent when it is imposed by private individuals under the guise of protecting their right of privacy. In the scales of a free society, the right of the public to be told to know-must outweigh the demands-however otherwise justifiable-of outraged sensibilities.

Command Performance

Continued from page 7

room door and finding an elephant in the tub.

The impersonator gives the turn his all. He flirts outrageously with soldiers in the front row, kicking up his leg and revealing pink panties and red garter. The applause, howls and laughter are deafening. Some soldiers simply stare bugeyed, ha'f-hypnotized into believing they're watching the real thing. The impersonator is so convincing that some soldiers in the front row blush furiously and lower their eyes, just as though they were being teased by a real actress. Scottie, a Tennessee boy in my platoon, leans over to me and whispers. gleefully, "Hey, Sarge, you kin see her bloomers!

While making up for his next number, the lead comic asks me the American expression for "credit slips." I finally discover he is referring to the installment plan. He then changes a line in the next skit so that the Yanks can understand it when he offers to reward the female impersonator for romantic services by time payments.

I return out front in time to catch the finish of a xylophone solo played with fervor and speed in a race against time as the raindrops begin to thicken. The troops little attention to the rain, which is a far more common phenomenon than entertainment in New Guinea. A trumpet solo is next, with the man on horn blowing sweet, slow notes of "Georgia My Mind" as the ropes of rain coil down on his bare head, splash his shoulders and horn, and cascade around him like a miniature waterfall. The troops sit in the rain, bemused and far away, their thoughts floating on the golden notes. A lizard on the shoulder of an Aussie next to me, as though harmed by the music, stops transfixed, its throat throbbing, poised ignores the rain.

The inevitable community chorus of "Bless 'Em All," by now the second Aussie national anthem, closes the show. Curtain calls in the rain meet with uproarious applause. As the troupe breaks up, three violently shaking members are driven off to the hospital with "the bloody malaria."

That night, back in our tent in the wet, steaming jungle, Scottie gets under his mosquito netting and says, musingly, "Y'know, Sar-jint, that show was good as anything! Ah really got a boot outen them Aussies, no foolin'. Kind of takes yer mind offen them Japs and this jungle, don't it?"

It sure did. I still remember it 22 years later. I wonder where Scottie is now, and if he still remembers it, too.

Thespian, Cowboy, Sports Scribe

right hand to left. You see, I knew Bat Masterson and he looked a lot different.

I was a Postal Telegraph messenger boy and I met Bat Masterson in the Longacre Building at the crossroads of the world on Broadway and 42d 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 cleaned up Dodge City and tamed the Western bad men but that he knew Bugs Baer.

Nearly a year later, I "met" Masterson again 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 10 other Postal Telegraph

I remember the genial Masterson lecturing us as he introduced us to our foreman. He asked us 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. 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.

Each of us was equipped with a tray and a placard hung around our neck 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 overthe dollar in addition to the hourly rate Postal Telegraph paid.

Whether Masterson was performing this chore for a friend or whether he was involved in the promotion of the new cigaret, I don't know. It wasn't until some time later, in fact, that I learned that Bat Masterson was a newspaperman working for the 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 Street, and so are the interesting Bat Masterson and the tragic Eddie Cicotte. But me and Lucky Strike are still in there pitching.

More Biz, Fewer Releases

Continued from page 5 q

major companies. The grand total for dispute, however. The Ameri-

Hollywood experienced had a basis in fact which may not be readily apparent in the production statistics for this reason: while the number of pictures made locally was smaller than in '63, the scope of several of the productions was considerably larger, thus more performers, including extras, and behind-the-camera manpower were employed.

Very often figures alone don't tell the story. This has a particular pertinence in regard to financial statements, for the net profit also can be traced in certain instances to wholesale writeoffs in one year that result in a tidy tax loss carry forward that improves the profit position the next year.

IATSE Strike Cloud

Whether that big resurgence of production which has been lurking around the corner the last few years will materialize this new year, or remain largely a matter of great expectation, is anyone's guess at the moment. While studios substantial backlogs of material that could be committed to filming, and while there is definite progress being made in the grooming of fresh talents players, writers, directors and producers—there still is the unsettling influence of erratic boxnf strike action has been raised by some units of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees in upcoming contract negotiations may delay start of

Although the 1964 b.o. continued to show overall improvement-it's expected to be in that charmed naghborhood of \$1,500,000,000 when the final count is gathered some months hence-several pictures of very respectable quality, and from which much was and anticipated fell flat, or just barely paid their way. Thus there is renewed evidence that there is not necessarily a direct connection between quality pix and boxoffice results, yet Hollywood generally continues to equate b.o. success with quality and that, more than anything else, is responsible for increased thinking that films are getting better and better.

On one point there is no room name of adult entertainment.

of 170 features made or started in 1964 by U.S. film interests is bolder than ever, if not more adult. Unless, of course, introduc-Moreover, the rise in spirits that tion into the language of the screen of such pungent words as when it comes to brute violence. Killings are frequently committed with such prolonged torture, gory detail and shock impact that the spectator's senses are overwhelmed and one often reacts with a feeling of revulsion.

Opinion is divided within the trade as well as outside as to how much further the motion picture can go, and how much Hollywood might be willing to risk, in its pursuit of "adult" entertainment. A sharp warning, the most severe of its kind for many years, came last month from the Roman Catholic National Legion of Decency. underscoring brinksmanship.

There is a lot of headshaking and fingerpointing going on in Hollywood, and not surprisingly by some who are in no position to "whore" and "bitch" are yard-sticks by which maturity is measured. Remember, and not so long ago, when "hell" was a shocker in film dislore? shocker in film dialog?

Abortion and pregnancy no longer are regarded as themes to be delicately handled, if touched upon at all. Now that the screen has become _dult—but still draws its greatest patronage from the upto-30 age group-the whole sordid office to make producers move business of arranging an abortion with extreme caution in view of can be played out to the moment the high financial risks. And the of final commitment. Then, of aboutface. Also boy gets girl—tumbling into and out of bed in the altogether-has come a long way, too, from the days when the screen went to the other extreme of making married couples occupy separate beds. And hardly a detail is overlooked any more, either, cast a stone. But it is, naturally, always the other fellow who gets out of line and, because of this way of thinking, indications, so far, are that Hollywood won't abruptly change its present course and will continue equating good boxoffice with quality entertainment as long as some of its bolder projects continue to pay off.

After all, the argument goes, picturemaking is first of all a business. But this reasoning overlooks the dangers ahead for a business if it should get tarred as being a shoddy business due to the excesses committed by a few in the

ITALIAN PRODUCERS AWAIT TIDE TURN

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

Italy's film industry is "convalescent" from a year of lethargic symptoms. This was, in part, a reflection of the troubles besetting the general economy of Italy. Notably the film producers here ran up against a banker stoppage on production loans and the failure of the government to act on revising the film aid law. The year 1964 was one of delayed and suspended plans. But there are improved omens at this writing.

Few if any Italian production firms can function, by own admission, without aid in form of tax rebates. Those that can may be counted on the fingers of one hand. And even they have to resort to coproductions with other linked European countries to assure sound operative efficiency. Many more-major and minor-have joined the

growing bankruptcy listings.

Disoriented, saddled with the above economic burdens, plus growing taxes nad operating expenses of all kinds, the Italo producer has found himself puzzled at what to do next. Again with few exceptions, "Difficult" films to do next. Again with few exceptions, "Difficult" films and/or avantgarde experiments are out. Only an Angelo Rizzoli, with major publishing activity as a staple, could afford to proceed with such big-scaled (and similarly priced) "experimentals" as Michelangelo Antonioni's Red Desert." Francesco Rosi's Spanish-made "Moment of Truth," and Federico Fellini's major color opus, "Giulietta degli Spiriti." And all in the same year.

Comedies mainly feature local comedians (Sicilians

Franchi & Ingrassia are currently tops) and are spiced up for the subsequent runs with the usual sex basics. Episoders cost little and allow the packager to grab a marquee name for an economic cameo stint. Westerns have always been popular, and the U.S. no longer produces enough of them to satisfy local aficionados; "Per Un Pugno di Dollari," made in Italy & Spain by an Italian director, Sergio Leoni, proved that it can be done right here, and is cleaning up at the boxoffice—though

tt may prove an exception.
What's left? Certainly not lack of ideas; Italo filmmakers are chafing to get going, hoping rosier days will

return in the form of returned Italo banker confidence.

Meanwhile, to a certain degree, Yank interests have
stepped in to partly fill the gap. Joseph Levine's Em-Pictures, thanks to its long-standing associations with Carlo Ponti, has indirectly helped finance several Italian pix, such as "Marriage, Italian Style," "Yester-day, Today, and Tomorrow," "Casanova 70," thus giving the local film industry a welcome assist. Ponti has also linked with Metro, among others, for projects, while that company, and other Yank majors, have been linked in other pix made in association by Italo producers. Thus Walter Reade-Sterling has tied up with Vides for a series of pix, and with Sancro Films for "The Magnificent Cuckold." UA will probably (via Robert Haggiag's Dear Films) share expenses on Pietro Germi's first pic following "Seduced and Abandoned and "Divorce, Italian Style." American-International has revealed local production plans in a line with its Rome opposite number. Arco Films recently completed "El Greco," with Mel Ferrer and Rosanna Schiaffino, for 20th-Fox, and is mulling other such tandem operations. And so on.

PAYS TO STAY IN BED

- By ROBERT YEAGER

I think it was George Washington who claimed there are three groups of people dealing in phony items-dentists, bra manufacturers, and press agents.

Being a movie press agent I'd rather not get involved in cherry tree philosophy. For one thing, I happen to know that Washington never really threw a silver dollar across the Potomac.

So what? So I'm a firm believer in what toupee salesman Max Diogenes once said: "Nobody's perfect."

Talking about truth, it is sad but true, that publicity men are linked with that character in the fables who falsely cried "wolf!" so often that they didn't believe him when one nally did show up. It's probably the reason why some of their best true stories are not accepted by skeptical editors.

Like the time I got a tiger by the tail. We had inserted an ad in DAILY VARIETY reading: "Beautiful, ath-

letic girl not afraid to wrestle a tiger, for a starring role in a jungle film, 'Voodo Tiger'."

Among the flood of replies was one from Jean Dean, the original Vargas girl, with probably the most photogenic torso in the nation, and she was signed for the role. The next day, Miss Dean, a photographer and myself bundled into a studio car and rode out to the World Jungle Compound to take a series of pictures with movie tiger Satan.

Trainer Mel Koontz selected a tree-encircled grass area for the photo setup with the courageous Miss Dean attired in a skin-tight leotard. She did everything from wrestling the tiger to fearlessly putting her arm in its mouth. Cheesecake and a tiger: How could you miss. Even an editor using the Braille system would use it.

However, the best laid plans of mice and publicity men can go astray. We found when the proofs came up, that tiger and the girl blended so completely into the black background of trees and grass that they were not sharp enough for newspaper use. The studio lab technicians came to the rescue. They removed the trees and substituted sky. They took the dark grass and they made it light. They air-brushed the whole set of negatives to make the pictures sharp and they touched up the tiger's eyes to make them gleam.

The pictures were developed and given to planter Milton Stein in charge of servicing the various L.A. newspapers. He left for the outlets carrying the precious

cargo under his arm.

When he returned, the pictures were still under his

"They said," he said bitterly as he dropped the pictures on my heartbroken lap, "that I hadda helluva lot of nerve trying to pass a stuffed rug on them as a real tiger, especially a phony with glass eyes.

Birds Of A Feather

Old Nest at Columbia University Bred Flock of Great Ones

By SIR FRANCIS SCULLY =

Palm Springs, Cal.

Did anybody ever explore the mysterious magnetic field of "clusters?" You may have noticed it, particularly in sports, how everybody suddenly gets hot and shoots baskets, or hits a pitcher all over the lot or makes five passes in a row at a crap table. But this cluster thing works in other fields as well.

Fifty years ago, before the present exodus to Washington, there was a bunch out of Harvard, headed by Walter Lippmann and Heywood Broun, that also made a lot of noise. Then about 45 years ago Columbia produced a cluster that has dazzled Broadway and the book biz up to this day.

Classes from 1917 to 1920 produced crops. Among those Columbia wunderkinder who afterward made quite a name for themselves were M. Lincoln Schuster, Bennett Cerf, Oscar Hammer-Mankiewicz, Paul Howard Dietz, H. J.

(Editor's Note: This is the final special piece for VARIETY written by the late Frank Scully, columnist for this weekly, 1928-1964. It is especially apropos since Scully here salutes his own generation at Columbia University).

Gallico, Clarence Lovejoy, Lorentz Hart, Richard Rodgers, Richard Simon, Corey Ford, George E. Sokolsky, Morrie Ryskind, Morrie Werner, William Hillman, Silas Seadler, Elliott Sanger, Irwin Edman, Donald M. Stern, Merryle Stanley Rukeyser, Henry William Hanemann, Henry Beetle Hough, Abe Rothman, James Marshall, Alan Temple, Ilo Orleans, Harold Lamb, Robert Simon, Charlie Phillips and Charles Reed Jones. Lester Markel, Jae W Greenberg, Joseph Henry Jackson, Freddie Schang, Fred Van derWater and Bo McAnny were graduated a year or two earlier than this 1917-20 bunch but they may have started the ball rolling.
What lured these birds of a feather to flock together on

Morningside Heights is easy to explain. Most of them were attracted to the new school of journalism which the will of Joseph Pulitzer, late publisher of The World, had endowed. Had the school gone to Harvard most of these students would have gone thataway. But it didn't, and that was most convenient for Hammerstein, Dietz, Schuster, Ryskind, Cerf, Hart, Rodgers, Gallico. Sokolsky, Simon, Seadler, Sanger, Rukeyser and Marshall—all of whom were New Yorkers.

Though the campus was only 15 minutes from Times Square none of these kids, except for Hammerstein and, to a lesser degree, Larry Hart, derived from show business. However, most of them fooled around with varsity shows on the campus or wrote for The Jester or F.P.A.'s column, The Conning Tower, in the N. Y. Tribune before the Trib gobbled up the Herald.

The First Millionaire

Some started out knowing where they were going. One of them knew exactly. That was Merryle Rukeyser who set his sights to be financial editor and by the time he was 21 he was elevated to that post on the old Trib. Others went that way by accident. Don Stern became the first millionaire of his bunch by an early grasp of what made Wall Street tick. Alan Temple and George Roberts are now veepees of New York banks. Temple confined his figuring to cutting off baserunners when an undergraduate, for he was a catcher of the varsity ball team.

Few others showed any aptitudes for sports. Paul Gallico was a member of the varsity crew and then turned to sports writing before he became a novelist. Max Schuster, who entered Columbia in short pants, tried out for the crew as coxswain, switched to acting as correspondent for the Boston Transcript, and then eventually combined with Dick Simon to become Simon & Schuster, the Boy Publishers. The only thing they had in common was the bias that "Jean Christophe" was the greatest novel ever written. With that as a goal to shoot at they first published a Cross-Word Puzzle book. Their greatest asset was a show-man's enthusiasm for what they were publishing. Like Barnum, they panicked their public and it paid off.

Oscar Hammerstein and Harold Lamb were two top tennis players before Hammerstein went to writing lyrics for the music of Jerome Kern and Dick Rodgers. Rodgers was an underclassman when Hammerstein was a senior but they soon equalized their talents with a flock of Broad-

Larry Hart, who preceded Hammerstein as Rodgers' teammate, had some small contact with show biz while in college, though not quite the family tradition which Oscar enjoyed.

Mavericks Then

Morrie Ryskind and George E. Sokolsky, later right wing columnists, were way over in left field in the under-graduate days. Sok got heaved out as a menace to the campus and Ryskind got the gate for writing in Jester, Bı ler of comma, among other things, got him canned. Radical enough when he partnered with George S. Kaufman and the Gershwins on the writing of "Of Thee I Sing," he now writes Coolidgan comment for the L. A. Times

Howard Dietz and Si Seadler were in show biz almost from the time they got out of school. As veepee in charge of publicity and advertising for MGM Dietz survived a flock of mergers but as his advertising manager, Seadler even survived Dietz. When he was writing Crowd," "The Bandwagon" and other Broadway musical hits with Arthur Schwartz, Dietz seemed inexhaustible.

Schwartz, incidentally, considered one of the Columbia bunch, actually spent his undergraduate years at NYU. But he also spent three years on the Columbia campus having graduated from Columbia Law School. Jimmy Marshall went from journalism to law. He eventually be-

came prez of the N. Y. Board of Education.

Like Schwartz, Edwin Justus Mayer was always associated with this Columbia constellation. Actually he didn't go to college at all but he hung around with this bunch before he wrote "The Firebrand."

The one oddly that has done best in dividing his loyalties has been Bennett Cerf. Prez of Random House, he has managed to pile up a stack of jokebooks for other publishers and hold down that last chair in the "What's My Line?" quartet of career-guessers on CBS Sunday nights. Hardly a Hollywood or Broadway star can get by

the blindfolded Cerf as a mystery guest for more than

two rounds.

Though Bennett Cerf is the best joke-collector, Corey Ford was the steadiest writer of humorous pieces of this bunch. Ryskind, Dietz ("Freckles") and even Irwin Edman, who eventually became a professor of philosophy, were no slouches in writing humor either, especially humorous verse. Bob Simon, a cousin of Dick Simon's, was also way up in this field. He signed his stuff "Isosoles," and he wrote a very funny satirical novel on musical prodigies called "Our Little Girl," Henry William Hanemann and Herman J. Mankiewicz had a skill at seeing funny angles also. They both were sentenced early to Hollywood. Death took Mank, and Hanemann eventually escaped to Florida.

Bill Hillman and Elliott Sanger both carved niches for themselves in radio, Sanger with his station (WQXR) slanted toward quality music and Hillman as a CBS news commentator. Sanger was among those dispatched by the N. Y. Times to straighten out its Continental edition. Incidentally, he was the handsomest member of the bunch.

Perhaps the first to hit hard covers was Morrie Werner who did a bio of "Brigham Young." Henry Beetle Hough has turned out a batch too, his best being "The Country Editor." He had a brother George who, with Max Schuster, was among the few "A" students the cluster could boast of. Ike Lovejoy became alumni secretary and yachting editor of The Times.

The group had some girls, too, who made their mark. Phyllis Perlman was of the class of 1917 and she has made her mark as a Broadway press agent. Maria Sermolino was one of the early sub-editors of Time. Alice Fox Pitts was another femme of this bunch. She's still writing for the Delaware press.

And to think I was once class president of the journalism crowd of 1917!

Quite a cluster.

This Is Where I Came In

- By EDWARD ANTHONY -

How times don't change! Recently while listening to a radio news report I learned that a New York police official had expressed the opinion that the widely publicized jewel robbery at the American Museum of Natural History was the work of novices who had gotten the idea from the cleverly executed jewel robbery in the motion picture "Topkapi."

Whether the suspects who were picked up substantiate this theory or not, I don't know but the theory persists -as reflected in the press, radio and tv reports-that the purloiners of the Star of India and other precious gems got the idea from "Topkapi." Whether they did or they didn't, I'm glad to see this outstanding movie thriller get a lot of extra publicity that should be helpful at the boxoffice (even though it provides the reformers with ammunition).

Returning to my opening sentence, let me repeat: how times don't change!

Many years ago I sold a piece of verse to Life, then a humorous weekly, based on a theme that I quote exactly as it appeared above the poem: "A Denver dispatch quotes a famous detective as saying that many of the robberies committed today are the work of young novices who are influenced by melodramatic motion pic-

This inspired the following in 1920:

Very Moving Pictures
"Stilleto Tommy, sometimes known as Nick the Gizzard Slicer,

Once tried as Dave the Dip and once as Lou the Loaded Dicer,

It's charged you burglarized this man and hit him on the head. And pulled a dozen other crimes," His Honor gravely said.

Attorney for defense arose, a person debonair, And offered these remarks the while he stroked the prise oner's hair:

"He was the nicest gentleman That I had ever seen Until the time he saw a crime Depicted on the screen. A-stealing's not his business, sir, 'Tis just an avocation That he acquired when movies fired His young imagination!"

"There's something in your argument. Release the man, attendant! And now we'll hear the Pinto Kid. Well, what's your

plea, defendant? You're charged with robbing 20 banks and holding up

These wretched improprieties I wish you would explain." And when the Kid's attorney made the moving plea below I knew the kindly magistrate would let the prisoner go.

-

"He learned it in the movies, sir, The chap was minus malice Till led astray one hapless day In Blooey's Movie Falace. 'Twas poison to his gentle soul, Temptation came a-leaping. Ah, set him free, poor fellow. See How tenderly he's weeping!"

I received letters of protest from reformers who said it was not in the public interest to poke fun at the "proven" connection between crime and the motion picture industry.

My piece, originally published about 45 years ago, sub-sequently appeared in a book entitled "Merry-Go-Roundelays," a collection of my alleged humorous verses published by the old Century Co. in 1921. I'll bet that even my poem, published so many years ago, was Old Stuff then. By which, I mean, that probably 10 minutes after the first crime movie was released someone undoubtedly pointed to a tieup between the newly hatched motion picture industry and the underworld. And it's safe to predict that the moviemakers will be blamed for crimes

committed in 1975, 1993, etc., etc. As I may have observed, how times don't change!





POWER-FULL PARAMOUNT!

PICTURE POWER · PRODUCTION POWER · SALES POWER MARKETING POWER · MERCHANDISING POWER





'San Pablonita' Film Fest

Continued from page 12

traditional Pablonita national costume, i.e. a white toga, sandals-laced to the knees with red pompoms at the tips of their curled toes, and sweatshirts with pictures of Melina Mercouri on the back.

PICTURES

The village itself had to undergo a vast change—the 2,000-yearold pagan temple was torn down to make way for a new pagan temple with a neon sign, indoor plumbing and a parking Everything was in keeping with the original. The neon sign the original. The neon sign depicted neon martyrs being thrown to some neon lions. The indoor plumbing was shaped like the baths of Minerva (with new slots for dimes). And the parking lot had parking boys with cloven hooves, who played two flutes at once while backing your car into a parking space that was already filled with another parked car. Other changes in San Pablonita consisted in restoring the first Christian delicatessen, which had been wrecked by two drunken Crusaders in the first century. (They had wanted celery tonic and all the proprietor had was ass's

San Pablonita had never had an ancient Christian church, because the ancient San Pablonita Christians had never heard of bingo. So an ancient Christian church, was built in three days and aged overnight. By some folks from Darien, Conn. San Pablonita also needed an underwater patron saint, which is a "must" with every teensty-weentsy picturesque fishing village on the Mediterranean. A used bust of Ty Cobb, which had somehow found its way to the village was dropped into the harbor. It landed on its head in the mud but it could be plainly Pablonita's new seen by San Pablonita's new "Fondo de Crystal," or glass-bottom boat, and San Pablonita had great plans for its future with the avalanche of camera bugs which was anticipated. The bust was renamed "St. Zerbe—the was renamed "St. Zerbe—the patron saint of underwater photography." With the exception of a picturesque bar, and an Americanlanguage newspaper with Earl Wilson, Louis Sobol, and W. Winchell, San Pablonita was ready for its first film festival.

motion picture major companies and producers had responded almost immediately, if not entirely. MGM sent a print of "Andy Hardy Meets Ann Ruther-ford's Lawyer," a hitherto un-released "blockbuster." From Japan, the Toho company "Mitsubishi Sayonara Kombawa Nakamura" (English translation, "Two mura" (English translation, "Two Old Maids in a Kyoto Geisha House") with Sessue Hayakaw). From Prague, came 17 A-pictures and 36 B-pictures, all starring Tondelayo Skoda. Mexico sent "La Noche de la Iguana" (which we all know and love in America, as "The Night the Iguana Hit the Fan.") England sent Terry-Thomas, but no movie. Israel sent Molly Gold-berg, who seemed to hit it off pretty well with Terry-Thomas (Every time he'd open his mouth she'd bowl a bagel between his

As cans of film arrived in the teeny-tiny-eeny-miney fishing vil-lage of San Pablonita, starlets began arriving from all over the Anna Magnolia, Herbie!" Roberto Rosselini's latest protegee arrived with 84 pieces of baggage mayor. arrived with 84 pieces of baggage and a live tiger. Miss Suzanna Rika, a new starlet from up the Amazon river, arrived nude, carrying an alligator briefcase. This caused a furor among the press photographers because anytime they got close enough to snap Miss Rika one of her alligator briefraging in the manyor, with the said they'd be back—

"Mhat are we gonna do with all this "picturesque" junk, Herbie?"

"If you'll listen to the words of an old man." replied the mayor, "Remember The Crusaders?"

"The Crusaders!" yelled another man, "That was 2.000 years ago!"

"I know," said the mayor, kindly, "Rut they said they'd be back— Amazon country, would bite off an arm or a leg. Overnight "Lefty" and "Shorty" became popular nick-

The starlet from the United old lady. States caused the biggest tumult of all. Her name was Dee Dee Westlake, and she had been the runnerup in the Miss Delinquent Teenager Pageant at Atlantic City, Wyoming. Miss Westlake an-Wyoming. Miss Westlake announced to the press that this was to be her last film festival because "The tourists never heard of this as soon as it was finished, she was place—the Film Festival proved renouncing the world and entering that!"

a Brandy & Benedictine Monastery. 18. The day that San thing-or we'll just-go under." Pablonita was founded by Romulus

henceforth, everyone must and Remus, which in the case of s in the traditional San San Pablonita happened to be two wolves who were just sprung from

> February 18th arrived, not more than three or four days after the 17th, according to a San Pablonitan calendar. February 18th arrived but that was all. The new airport was bare with the except of the San Pablonitan Air Force (which consisted of four fighter balloons and a Kamikazi Kite). The harbor was just as empty of anything, except the San Pablonitan Navy (four outmoded Viking rowing attack craft, plus a canoe with a spike on one end.) The roads into the teentsie-tinsey fishing village where the world famous San Pablonita Film Festival was to be held were absolutely and nervingly empty. Was this the great day? Had there been some mistake? Had the San Pablonitan calendar snarled up the Gregorian calendar again (as it had done so many times in the past?)

But, no! The mayor, who had laid aside most of his flounders (but not his Old Overholt) and Plato Parnasaus both checked and double-checked. This was indeed the great day. But something was wrong. The mayor and P. P. over everything again. Had their plans, like the best laid of mice and other men, gone awry? It did not seem so. Everything was set for the film festival. They had films, the press, the girls, the booze, the photographers, the picturesque fishing village. They had everything that was necessary booze. for a very successful film festival Except people. Nobody had come to see the San Pablonita Film Festival. By midmorning this was quite apparent. By three o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Anna Magnolia decided to leave for Rome and Rosselini. Miss Suzanna Rika headed back up to the headwaters of the Amazon. Miss Dee Dee Westlake decided to postpone her renunciation of the world until after the Festival at Cannes, and headed for Rome and Rosselini. At four o'clock Rosselini headed for the hills. At five, the press and the photographers excused themselves to go to the washroom and were never seen again. At six, Plato Parnassus flew his Caravelle from the new San Pablonita air strip back to his yacht, and told his first mate, the 87-year-old Sardinian fisherman, that he thought Paradise Island might not look so bad at that. The first mate, who was being paid \$400 a month to be an 87-year-old Sardinian fisherman, was inclined to agree. Plato Parnassus was never again in the teensy-weensy-tiny-winey fishing village of San

As the sun started setting over the towering cliffs in back of San Pablonita, the villagers started gathering in front of the mayor's humble, but extremely picturesque home. At eight o'clock sharp, after the mayor had finished the cocktail hour, and his last flounder, he walked out on the little balcony in front of his house, to address his people. After a shower of arrows from the yeomen of the guard, which the mayor deftly ducked, he spoke, "The San Pablonita Film Festival is a flop."

A voice from the crowd said, "Tell us something we don't know.

"I have a plan," replied the

after they had liberated Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidel."

"You mean we just forget the Film Festival?", asked a querulous

"Yes, said the mayor, "We forget the Film Festival and just become a picturesque little fishing village-just the kind of a place that tourists and Crusaders would

"I know," said the mayor, "But The day of the San Pablonita the Crusaders said they'd be back Film Festival was scheduled for —and we have to believe in some-

The crowd muttered and boy loses girl, boy gets girl seems start.

sure the Crusaders would never be back but as the mayor had said—what else had they? As the evening wore on, most of the villagers were trying to forget the Film Festival in their own way. Some of them drank. Some of them ate. Some of them fished, and some of them made love. Just as the village clock struck 9:45, which was a helluva lot more picturesque than 10 o'clock, two strange figures rode into the village square on horseback. They were dressed in armor, and carried shields and long lances.

Cow!" stammered mayor from his bedroom window, They did come back!'

"Hey!" called one the Crusaders o a San Pablonitan shoeshine boy, 'Where's Danny's Delicatessen?"

"It's over there," said the boy, 'It's been restored."

"Who cares," said the second Crusader, "All I know is they better have celery tonic this time!"

"Oh, I'm sure they have," said the boy, "It's been restored. Heydid you guys liberate Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidel?

"Hell, no," said the first 'Every time we tried to Crusader. get near the place, a bunch of broads in uniform would pick up machineguns and fire at us." Then to his weary companion, "Come on, Max, first we'll get a drink-then we'll ride up the road a couple of miles to the next town and take in

African Beat

Continued from page 4

really big number from one of their own groups.

Perhaps the African musicians are becoming too professional, exposed too much to the influence of American jazz. "Skokiaan" was recorded by a semi-amateur combo, the Bulawayo Cold Storage Band. African musicians in Johannesburg, where most recording is done, are now to a large extent regular performers who earn their living from music. Maybe this is why Africian music is losing its jungle freshness, conforming too

much to Western standards.

Even the penny whistle, with of township street echoes corner entertainment, is disappearing from recording sessions. Chief exponent in its heyday was youthful Lemmy Special, so the instrument became classified as something only for boys. Since his success in "King Kong," Lemmy has added a couple of years to his and several inches to his stature, so is no longer the urchin virtuoso. No other teenager has stepped forward to take his place.

Today's big African names in record biz-Reggie Msomi, Spokes Mashiyane, Boy Masaka, Kid Margo and Sparks Nyimbe—are all sax players, specializing in a rough driving style that appeals to the

Male singing groups, in contrast the trend in the rest of the world, are practically non-existent, but some girl vocal groups, like the Skylarks and The Dark City Sisters command a good following.

An enormous amount of original material is taped, but seldom is an African tune recorded more than once. "Cover" recordings are once. almost unknown.

Copyright clashes are frequent, and the position is worsened by the fact that sheet music of African tunes is rarely printed, non-white musicians being able to read notes.

Reputations are not made overnight in this market, nor on the strength of one disk. But once a they were aware of the current ban can only be lifted name has been established, fans nobody-tries-anybody state of af-are loyal. Record buyers go for fairs in Auld Lang Syne comedy. artists, not the song.

Individual recordings, too, enjoy longer life than overseas equiva-lents. Some popular disks, cut over twenty years ago, are still on sale

Yank Sex

Continued from page 3

American girl, is now immersed in sex innuendo in her latest films, and Doris Day is almost the only gal-next-door type untampered with.

Joseph E. Levine's film title, "Where Love Has Gone" might be applied to the divergent view-points towards, and way of treating, that old devil love in films both in Hollywood and abroad.

The formula of boy meets girl,

mumbled to itself. Everyone was to have been reduced to mainly the last phrase, or variations on it. Take a romatic situation comedy like "Love With The Propper Stranger" (Par). Here boy has had girl, meets her again when she needs an abortion and then loses and finally gets her in marriage to

> Evolving viewpoints on sex, education in schools, Church re-think on contraception attitudes and freer circulation of more outspoken literature have evidently had their effects on films.

But pix, being still a mass medium, and the most committed to self censorship goes too far at definite risk to its own privileges.

A decade ago Otto Preminger bucked the Code Seal with "The Moon Is Blue," but it was only about a virgin on the verge. Today the tales are way beyond, even in comedies, i.e. "Sunday in New

Undress scenes multiply in drama and comedy, though producers often backtrack. Martin Ransohoff settled for only fleeting long shots of it in the "American-ization of Emily" (MG) and talk that special undraped scenes are made for some U.S. pix for foreign marts have yet to be seen when they play here.
"The Carpetbaggers" (Par) only

has the nude back of Carroll Baker in spite of the ballyhoo and many patrons have expressed deception But Miss Baker recently remarked to Variety here it was silly to harp on nudity when "Fanny Hill," Henry Miller and "Lady Chatter-ly's Lover" are sold in all bookstores and drugstores around America.

No Scot Comics

Continued from page 3

fact, no newcomers on the horizon, and managements find it hard to locate a new youngster with the laugh-rousing quality.
This means that, in a land famed

for its Harry Lauder, its Will Fyffe and its Harry Gordon, no potential newcomers to the comedy crown

seem forthcoming.

The present set of established comedians are all in the 30-45 and over age bracket. These include Jimmy Logan, Jack Milroy, Rikki Fulton and Lex McLean. Stewart, sometimes mistakenly classed as a comedian, is more of minstrel-comic in the singing Harry Lauder tradition.

One reason for the acute shortage is, undoubtedly, the lack of first-class theatre shows. With the shuttering of the old vauderies, the dearth of live theatres is more stressed, and there are not the theatrical "nurseries" that once that once existed to foster new comedy talent.

Only the Palladium Theatre, Edinburgh, and the Gaiety, at Ayr, a holiday town on the southwest coast, are doing anything to try out new funnymen. The latter, in the summer of 1965, will feature two new comics, Charlie Sim and Johnnie Mulvaney, but both have still to prove their full worth.

The larger theatres in the cities draw their comedians from established names, and are loath to experiment with newcomers.

Meantime, the growing number of clubs and cabarets around the towns and cities are using come-dians of differing qualities and vintages. Unfortunately, produc-ers and bookers rarely visit these, and the lack of talent scouts to report back is evident.

Unless some positive moves are merits pinpointing.

Fielder Cook to Features

"Big Deal At Laredo" is first of four feature films which Fielder Cook with produce and direct for Warner Bros. Pact will be the tv producer-director's switch to feature films.

Sidney Carroll has been signed to do the screenplay, from his own original television play, property owned by Cook's Eden Productions. "Laredo" will be York or London pattern are out, filmed at the Burbank studio, ten-tatively scheduled for a spring standard eateries which attract

Michael Langham

Continued from page 4 🗃

Tyrone Guthrie about five years ago as executive director of the Ontario Shakespeare operation, and has staged a number of productions, including most of the critical and popular successes. critical and popular successes. He sought to resign the spot several times, but was persuaded to continue. He is currently on a year's leave, with the understanding that he will not return. His successor at Stratford has not been named.

As head of the Lincoln Center Langham will repertory group. take over the duties of Robert Whitehead, who recently resigned on the ground that he had been "wrongfully discharged" by the Lincoln Center management's behind-the-scenes action in trying to hire Herman Krawitz, one of the assistant managers of the Metropolitan Opera, as his replacement. Langham is expected to have complete charge of the operation, rather than share au-Whitehead did co-director Elia Kasan (before the latter relinquished executive duties several months ago) and, on a consult Clurman. consultation basis with Harold

There was no indication press time as to whom would be named as business associate of Lincoln Center company. Stanley Gilkie, who recently took over as manager under Whiteover as manager under head and is continuing for the present, is not expected to be retained in that position.

The selection of Langham for the top executive of the repertory group spot ends speculation on the matter. It's understood the position was offered to Guthrie, there were reports that Joseph Papp, director of the N.Y. City Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, was being considered. In the meantime, the company is continuing its repertory operation in its temporary quarters at the ANTA Washington Square Theatre in Greenwich Village. Its permanent quarters in the Vivian Beaumont Theatre in Lincoln Center is due to be completed next spring.

Irish Lure Yanks

Continued from page 3

and also the Shannon International at Shannon Airport.

Britian interests bought in heavily, with Rank Or-ganization, Kingsley-Windsor ganization, Kingsley-Windsor group and Trust Houses all holding a major stake in Irish tourist biz. Germans have interests in Killarney and other resorts and plan expansion in 1965.

As part of its drive to increase biz from North America the Irish Tourist Board has named Martin Hughes, former Boston manager for Swissair, as sales manager for the area. This appointment supplements existing Irish tourist and airline staff in the U.S.

Refusal of Irish to permit American aircraft to fly direct to Dub-lin is regarded as hampering development of biz. Landing rights of trans-Atlantic aircraft at Dublin are currently restricted to Aer Lingus-Irish International Airlines, all other operators must set down or pick up trans-Atlantic traffic at Shannon. Position is being strongly port back is evident.
The ghosts of Lauder and Fyffe hotel interests as well as by Pan would do the proverbial faint if American Airways and TWA, but

Appeal for Americans is being made soon, there will soon be no slanted to emphasize Ireland as a more Scotch comics left in the land for rest and quiet, with world. Considering that comics sporting facilities for those who were once-upon-a-time as famed an export as Scotch whisky, it is a near-disastrous situation that ber of former castles and mansions have been modernized to provide luxury standards of comfort without getting into the top price bracket.

Lack of evening entertainment. emphasized by many visitors in the past, is being overcome by Irish cabaret shows which did substantial business both in Dublin and in rural hotels during the past season. Shows consist of Irish dancing and ballads with a substantial content of unsophisticated humor. Night clubs in the New overseas coin.

Captive Film Audience (at Sea)

and the reels run from one mathe Exec prepares and posts a formal rotation schedule.

The schedule is normally considered by all hands to be unsatisfactory, thereby demonstrating its eminent fairness.

By hallowed tradition, the sea prints are received, stored, inspected and projected by Interior Communications Electricians (the "I.C. gang"), mainly because no one else's job descriptions come The I.C. gang also even close. maintains the Bell and Howell projectors through a combination of creative ingenuity and the fear of unfavorable public opinion, about equal measure.

Another tradition calls for the I.C. gang to be paid for showing the films, from a (legal) kitty known as the ship's Welfare and Recreation Fund. Such disbursements are resented by a few of us, but the tradition is rarely violated. (There's a rumor that Dick Walsh planted some IATSE men in the ranks years ago.)

It's one of the Interior Communications gang who goes over to draw sea prints prior to leaving port. And he's the same guy who stands out on the heaving deck at sea to grab the precious canvas prints as it comes aboard during underway replenishments. In either case he becomes the most popular man aboard. enemy in the world finds time for tentative apologies, if only for an advance peek at the new titles.

Art of Labelling

Hustled below to the movie looker, the bar of prints is carefully opened. There follows a most detailed examination of the descriptive folders for official and unofficial information about the films. This details the number of rools. length, aspect ratio, color, distributor, and itinerary of past showings. There's also an alleged synorsis of the plot. No one has ever admitted publicly to authorship of these blurbs. Normally the length of the blurb is inversely proportional to the merit of the film. Thus, "Birth of A Nation" would be described as a Civil War yarn, while Betty Boop in "The Panther Strikes Back" would rate 500 words of purple prose. would rate 500

The unofficial underground word on the feature comes through the graffiti which adorn many folders. Sensitive evaluations such as "O.K. for officers and mentally retarded children," "terrific," "worst ever," "outstanding," "rotten," and "offi-cers love it" convey popular opin-Occasional obscenity adds a special shade of emphasis.

Another significant factor in this preliminary survey is the presence or absence of shorts. Outstanding features stand on their own, but marginal entries come spiced with sports and cartoon shorts. Warner cartoons are far and away the most popular, and while a Road Runner or a Bugs Bunny or a Daffy Duck augur poorly for the feature, at least they take the curse off a flop. Telenews sports reel contains highlights of events which we saw on TV last year.

Video Parlays

Rockbottom is struck when a sea print turns out to be two episodes from a video series, spliced together to provide the equivalent of a 90-minute show. A "Rawhide" segment will be paired with a "Perry Mason" episode, a "Riverboat" with a "Wagon Train," etc. TV graftings have appeared in large numbers in recent years due to product shortage.

Reissues are turning up regular-ly, also due to film scarcity, but are accepted with far greater enthusiasm than attends a TV film showing. We want theatrical films, not tele series. As a matter of fact. tv series are usually scheduled many days hence, in the hopes that a swap can be made before they have to be shown.

By the time the I.C. gang has completed this preliminary appraisal of the "new" product (along with scheduling some unauthorized but enjoyable midnight screenings in darkened spaces behind dogged-down hatches), the Exec is holler-

ing for the movie operator to report for a booking confab.

Each afternoon, the names of the night's movies are announced over ladv is long past speculation. the ship's p.a. system. The pronunture The next reel threaded, off go Metro ciation by the earthy Boatswain's the lights and we're back to see Paris.

ings being out of the question (un- Mate of the Watch often leaves less the showings are staggered latterday exotic handles a trifle the worse for wear. chine through rewind to another), dress" caused a stir one quiet Sunday afternoon, while the time "Gigot" became "Gidget" was probably a leg up for Seven Arts.)

Along about 1945 (7:45 p.m. to we've taken our (Not all of us, for one-third of the ship's company is watching the store, not the flick.) Whether sitting in upholstered chairs or folding seats, lying on a blanket or a bare deck, hanging from a crane or an overhead beam, or simply leaning on the next guy in the crowd, all hands await the magic words "Movie Call."

Then the lights go out and all is quiet except the roar of forceddraft ventilation blowers, the hum of operating machinery, and the clatter of a thousand electrical relays. In other words, total silence.

If the operator is experienced, he won't show the film leader. Otherwise we're treated to the staccato of blank film running over a sound drum, followed by inevitable and eye-irritating the coundown (...5...4...3. nothing . . . then picture, with an occasional lady of mystery who used to show up on some Metro leaders). Not unlike a new wave documentary.

When the sound has been adjusted below the threshold of pain, and the picture is in focus, we recognize the familiar names of our favorite film editors, photographers, composers, makeup artists, producers and directors. From a craft union and front office point of view this is perfectly proper, since the stars get all the publicity anyway.

Lyle R. Wheeler, Sid Guilaroff, Murray Cutter and Sam ("Clover") Katzman are longtime favorites. (Memo to little film producers: don't put your name too near the little frame, or else we'll never get to know you.)

When someone has goofed in reading a leader, or when the film is one of those modern things with the titles buried in the plot, we'll often start off with the wrong reel. One night we said to hell with it when a mistake was apparent, and watched the reel first. The plot made perfect sense.

Go For 'Big'

Truly big pictures go over well, big in the sense of story, production values, and acting (not necessarily actors). Oaters are popalso the musicals. Fast buck quickies don't hold a crowd too long. (We may start out as a captive audience, but we don't stay that way.)

Long before sex-and-spear epics and horror blood-lettings became subjects of conscious film satire, we recognized them as such. The "early" Joe Levine and American-International periods were guaranteed sources of rollicking comedy, and completely entertaining in that light.

Great social themes are wellreceived, if handled honestly, "Exodus" was a smash, but "Tea And Sympathy" got precious little of the latter (verbal assaults this one are hilariously un-ntable). "Dr. Strangelove" and on printable). "Seven Days In May" came across as thoughtful, provocative entertainment, despite what the politicians allege.

Elvis and Ann-Margret

Through the miracle of reverse switch on the projector, some Great Moments in Film can be repeated by popular demand. The battle of the bumps in "Viva Las Vegas" between Ann-Margret and Elvis was adjudged a draw after a reprise, while Marilyn Monroe passed many of her finest hours going, and coming, and

going.
Unless the ship is one of those plush aircraft carriers using dual projectors (this is written by a destroyer man), we have a short break between reels which permits just enough body movement to get the blood circulating again. Also there's time for mature dis-cussion about if, who, when, and how the make will be put on the ingenue. These days, the leading

why Tuesday Weld's face contorted just before the screen went white. We may not know for several seconds, though, if the lens is acting up, particularly the temperamental widescreen type.
Speaking of lenses, today might

be the day an "accident" has happened to the lens. The details are unimportant, but suffice it to say that lenses removed for cleaning may actually roll around if the work bench is tilting 15 or 20 degrees about the horizontal.

a result of this unfortunate accident, we may be watching a widescreen film in narrow gauge, which isn't half bad if you lie directly beneath the canvas screen. When the small screen opus gets an unavoidable anamorphic treatment, it's better to watch from the sides.

Screen location will vary, from the side of a gun mount in fair weather to a suspended position on the overhead of a below-decks compartment in foul weather, In the latter case, we remember two rules. (1) If the picture goes in and out of focus on port and starboard rolls of the deck, that's show biz.
(2) If the picture goes out of focus and gets larger or smaller, take cover immediately; the projector's hurtling through space, probably in your direction.

Local Joke

There's a legend about the aircraft carrier which set up a screen in the center of a large compartment to permit viewing from both sides. One evening Paul Newman was announced as starring in "The Left-Handed Gun" for those on the starboard side, while Paul Newman would appear in "The Right-Handed Gun" for those on the port

Reissues are appearing through video syndicators, with Paramount and Warner product making the rounds recently. This permits some showmanship via Bob Hope or Alfred Hitchcock "festivals" over a period of nights. With a load of feature lemons on hand, many an evening has seen a Bugs Bunny festival

Reaction to telepix is generally negative to passive. Although necessary to keep enough prints in circulation for all ships, they draw Minus commercials or poorly. even minor editing to suggest continuity, their series of phony climaxes repel the most bored of seamen.

Films about Service life usually turn into comedies, regardless of what the director had in mind. We wonder sometimes about the technical advice given by the individual so credited. Of course, retired or not, the poor guy is still on the government payroll and he's being told what image to promote. But really, dress blue uniforms in an engine room? Oh well, we hope he had a ball working on the pic.

After many days at sea, when the ship makes its next port. the sea prints are turned in to the local NMPX for servicing before they (and we) resume our random

Good or bad, new or old, theatrical or tv, movies at sea are always given the benefit of the doubt, at least initially. In the middle of the ocean, where television signals and USO shows never tread and the mail deliveries are days or weeks apart, motion pictures represent our only contact with the world we left behind. As a result, there's none of the condescension towards films so fash-ionable these days. Instead there's a receptiveness and a sincere desire to be entertained and diverted.

The lowly sea print would never find its way to salt water without the cooperation of producers, distributors and exhibitors. To these businessmen and to the talent and craftsmen they employ. the sailor circuit extends salty and sincere thanks.

A final memo to little film producers: get your product and your new faces on the sailor circuit if at all possible. We remember new talent, we send away for cheese-cake photos, and (are you ready?) we'll even buy a ticket to your next film next time we're in port.

Arthur Loew's U Pic

Paul Newman will head cast of an as yet untitled action story with modern Cuban background for Universal Pictures.

Arthur Loew Jr. will produce the feature from Stewart Stern's screen play, bringing together the trio who first teamed for Metro's "The Rack."

Filming will start April 1, fol-

Art of the Hollywood 'Party'

times by a studio involved in a picture with the client; and more often, the tab is split among 'em all.

Who to invite? The tab pickerupper is given a choice of lists which extend from "over 500," through "under 300," to "under 50." The "Supper A" list must be maintained religiously as it changes more these days than in the pre-ratings era. Wotta coup to get this season's top Nielsen stars. Conversely, how embarrassing to have invited the stars of a show just dropped.

One semi-name seen at most of the Hollywood parties frankly admitted, "I guess I'm on the 'over 100' list but not the 'under 50'." Of course, the most exclusive 50'." Of course, the most exclusive list, the "Super-A" list is for "dinner, under 30."

One praisery in Hollywood avoids giving parties—they do enough business at other parties and don't like to advertise their list to the competition.

The client not only decides the size of his party (and its cost) but determines how big he wants to look compared to his cohorts. Does he want 150 names? Does he want stars, producers, directors. a little of each,—and what press? The ideal party is admitted to be about 100. Only top names are invited and the creme-de-la-creme of the press, strategically seated, to vie for most news out of the evening.

The caste system is carefully maintained at the tables. An expert in Hollywood private affairs is in charge of seating to make certain no faux passes are made at table assignments; no competing swains and filles; no ex's-or aboutto-be ex's (a fact that hasn't yet been announced to the press at that table). And even more careful attention must be given to seating secret amours at the same table. It takes a lot of work to get in print-i.e. only what you want in print.

The 'In' Diplomacy

If the guest list is to be pared to 50, it is advisable to invite 200. The acceptance is figured to be 25% in the celeb section. Of course, if you get the leader of a clique (like a Billy Wilder) to say "yes," it's inevitable that his entire group will follow suit.

Harold Mirisch used to give more parties than now. But so did everyone. Mirisch doesn't have to give parties now—he's invited 'em. When he was busy establishing the Mirisch company the social played a important part in building the stable of top talent. Deals aren't made at night—but the foundation is laid for the next day's cementing.

Marty Ransohoff and Joe Levine are two more-recent "hosts with the most." When Ransohoff tossed a post-"Americanization of Emily" party for Julie Andrews, hosted by Liz Taylor and Richard Burton, it was obvious to the trained eye that none of the three was particularly impressed-although they enjoyed the posh party at Hernando Courtwright's BevWilshire palace. But, the remainder of the guest list was impressed—with themselves and that they were invited by Ransohoff. The impression was cast carefully and the results achieved.

Agents and Flackeries

The so-called callous Madison Avenue man shows his hick town hide when he comes to the Coast, and is cast as "host" of a party which can easily assemble a list of stars. Actors, who a few years back would not think of attending a party for an ad agency man, now are happily available. And the "host" can easily be spotted-he's the one getting the autographs from the stars!

Agents are good hosts-they, too, are learning in these days of shifting clients, tv shows and studio personnel, to establish a reputation in the social swim—it's steadier than waves in other parts of town. One agency gave a party earlier in the year for Keefe Brasselle who modestly admitted it was the first time anyone in Hollywood ever gave him a party. Write your own tagline.

Some parties are so important the Assn. of Motion Picture & TV lowing Newman's present role in Metro's "Lady L," now shooting in Paris.

Producers is forewarned to tell work for studios not to plan important ter runn screenings or other events for cessions.

cy; sometimes by the client; some- | that night. Ray Stark's annual party is one of these.

A good picture never hurt anyone, either.

Cobina Wright, the Perle Mesta", frankly admits, "I haven't really given a party in two or three years." One of the reasons being the current costs, and the second and more important reason to Miss W. is the fact People are so impolite in their RSVP's these days—you just never know how many are going to show up. And I don't mean that to be limited to Hollywood folk alone.

Costs

How much would a good party cost in Hollywood today? \$3,000 for about 150 people," Miss W. conservatively figured. "I'm glad they're giving parties for me now," she observes

Miss Wright's figure of \$3,000 ironically is the top figure posted by a Hollywood praisery for a "party." Their figures range from \$500 up. Rogers & Cowan is admittedly the most prolific partygiving giving praisery because Warren Cowan likes parties—to give them as well as guest at 'em.

R & C prefers to give its clients' parties at the BevHills Hotel, but it's not an exclusive arrangement. Parties are also catered at clients' homes by Chasen's, La Scala's Jean Leon and at newly-arrived on the scene Le Bistro. At the last-men-tioned, small and super-exclusive parties are the thing with the Billy Wilder entourage.

The Junket

The last device, a junket, does not always bring the great leap-for-joy reaction from the invited press. It may take too much of his time to go to a too-dull place from which he can get too little news. So choose your place and time carefully-the picture may be having enough trouble without complicating plans lessening its chances.

The choice of where to show films increases every day; planes, trains, and ships make nice captive audiences even nicer if the grape is squeezed by a firm flack's fist. But let him be first fortified with players and product the press can write about, or he wastes his ener-gies. There are few fourthestaters who can get away with a review (or column) on the quality of grape served at a preview.

If a preview is the modus screening, it should be established early in the campaign-long before small showings have been arranged at the studio. "Bel Air Circuit" screenings must be nixed immediately. If celebs wanna see the film, let 'em dress up, get their pictures taken arriving at the theatre. Remember one grim premiere when the picture had been screened so often in the Beverly Hills. Hollywood Hills and even the San Fernando Valley home circuit there wasn't a celeb who hadn't seen the film? So none showed. As time grew near for the beady, red eyes of the tv cameras to signify "You're on the air," beads of sweat hit the co-emcees who spent the half hour air time interviewing each other—and talking about the names who weren't there!

Alfred Hitchcock once observed. "A motion picture today must be an event"." And if it's worth making into an "event" it must be sold one. And the public must be told of it. And how else? Through

the press.

The preview and the post-preview forms an important part of the ad campaign; fotos of the glamor event fit easily into the press-books: color, comments and quotes also form a natural advance for the ad budgeteers. The obvious ty, magazine and newspaper space that emerges from special-type previews now forms an important part of the campaign. And think of the preview party's importance to the general economy of the community: not only are pressagents needed by the studio, but added work to indie praisers who handle the par-ticipants—and diseases. The hotels and restaurant-caterers for obvious reasons benefit. But, the parking attendant business, at both private and screening parties, has become such big business in Beverly Hills (etc.) that the son of a top press agent turned down an offer to work for his papa—he's doing bet-ter running his parking car con-



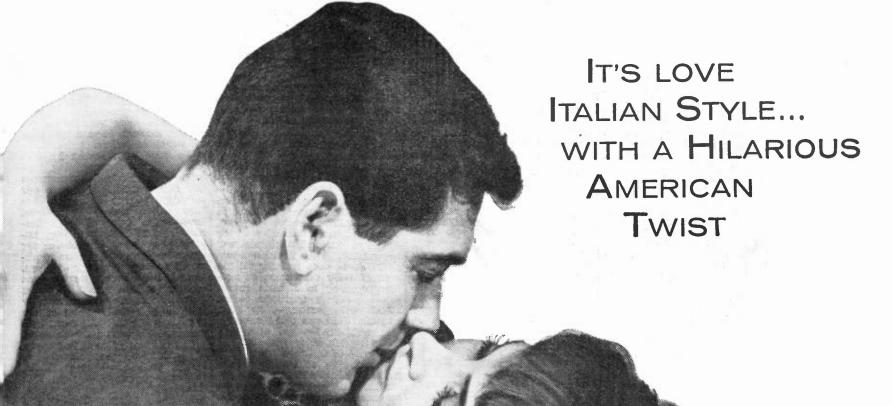
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Yank Expatriates In Paris

and for his well-being. This pretty much limits him to Paris, New York or London, with many other big towns interesting for quickie visits but not to live.

The location of Paris allows him to go from important town to town, a must in his work or for a need for change, quite easily while also having the choice of 30 or 40 plays in Paris, art galleries, six Sunday concerts, operas etc. So Kaufman may find it hard to make ends meet here, due to prices, but, says 'I have always been a penniless man. Paris, in my opinion, the most beautiful city in the world. That's important. A tiny slice of beauty is better (for me) than a large slice of ugliness, even when it's a hypnotic."

we bid farewell to Kauf as the sun sets on the Seine and meet up with Joe Warfield, a songwriter, actor, painter, playwright and now spinning records in a discotheque to exist but having his creative work to live. Warfield frankly says he is here because he "likes the neighborhood." He is a New York boy.

"Ex-Patriot"

Warfield, like many others, resents the label "expatriate," which some also spelled "ex-patriot." He believes the term is outmoded for swift transportation makes it so. To him the world is one big country and life is basically the same

anywhere.
But Warfield finds that money is not everything in Paris and he has written songs with the French poet Jacques Prevert. In the U.S. one would have to be a proven commercial hit before being able to work with the noted writers. Here there is a camaraderie among them—be they the "arrived" and those on their way.

Paris is still an important art centre, if many feel that the main one is now New York. But numbers of painters came over and made it or not. Some stayed and others went back. Allan Zion is a painter who changed to filmmaking, but strictly the indie, offbeat

Zion left America primarily to leave America, to get away from a MacCarthy, anti-egghead Ameri.
ca of the time. He was not a Communist or an intellectual but resented being infringed on. He picked Paris. Now, thinking it over, has no specific love for the French, for people are same everywhere, but has found a way of living that pleases him.

The fact that artists have a standing and are not suspect if not successful is also a plus for being here if he states that actually most arrived artists are as conventional as their supporters, both here and abroad.

Zion also points out that a short he made on drug addiction was banned here but he is not bitter. A recent return to Gotham impressed him but he still longed to return. As the others, he had just found a way of life here and roots of sorts. He is also taken by the so-called "underground N.Y. cine. which he feels will eventually take its place above-ground state-

Mrs. Gurney Campbell

Gurney Campbell, U.S. play-wright and head of the Paris Theatre Workshop, an English legit company putting on plays here and also serving as a club for pro Yank, British and French thesps. Paris a big city version of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where she and her husband will eventually

She finds prices high, but the money can go where you really enjoy it, says she. Necessities are dearer than New York but luxuries are cheaper, and there is a balance in this to her. She also thinks a world culture is in the making Ato which each country will con-tribute to the whole. Putting on American plays here may be only a little 2c worth, but she is proud

Russ Melcher, who heads one of the top photo agencies here, is more forthright on the actual economic and social aspects of an American who has chosen to live abroad. He will stay on indefinitely since he has a business but gets to the U.S. often enough to keep in contact

Melcher's VIP Press Agency and UniPhoto lab use pro local and foreign photogs. He says he automatically adjusted to prices as they went up over the years but being in business made him cognizant of

and art to satisfy his inside man | how high they now are. It is doing away with some of the side benefits of a cheap evening out. They are dear now.

> But Melcher likes the hours, long lunches, living in nearly sub-urbia, and the fact one can live his own life, as he wants it, since the French are still fairly reluc-tant to completely accept so-called "foreigners," no matter how long they have lived here.

The Film Bunch

And then is the big corps of journeymen film people with the majors, MPEA, lawyers et al.

Most have worked in various parts of the world and are regulars at it. Most like it here, and over seas extras also help, plus still cheap domestic help, housing etc.

There are writers like Irwin Shaw, James Jones and others living here because they like it with little of the ideological aspects attached to the "lost generation." writer can work anywhere and Jones says his reason is "when I get up in the morning I have the feeling that all over the city, people with the same problems, same miseries, are getting up, set to create something, say something. You don't get that feeling in New York. They are all getting up and going to the office."

The Blacklisted

The Hollywood blacklisting drove made it here while others haven't. Things are better on this score, but most maintain it still exists even if many make films for majors here and could go back if they wanted to.

One of the original so-called Hollywood 10," Lester Cole, living in London, summed it up in a letter to the press.

"Aside from the year spent in jail by 10 of us, a four-year reign of terror, economical and political, followed: the House Committee on Un-American Activities held hearings annually which left more than 200 writers, actors and technicians smeared, blacklisted, jobless, their careers ruined, families broken and in some instances health tragically impaired. The happy ending come back, despite enormous odds, of Dalton Trumbo, Jules Dassin, Carl Foreman, Joe Losey, Jack Berry and a few others is testimony to their talents, but it would be an error were this to be construed as mitigation for the cruel and inhuman punishment still suffered by the vast majority for whom the blacklist remains an insurmountable obstacle."

And Kenneth Brown, author of ne off-Broadway play, "The Brig," the off-Broadway play, says he will live in London for a time on a fellowship due to its exciting theatre even if he prefers Paris for stimulation, excitement and physical beauty. Betsy Blair is married to British film director Karel Reisz and now resides in London which she likes, even if she sometimes misses Paris, mainly for food and friends. But Europe has become a stimulating place for her without any reflections on America's pull. Ditto for Jean Seberg married to French writer Romain Gary, and Olivia De Havilland married to Paris-match journalist Pierre Galante.

So, in all, there is a turning om over-industrialization and from materialism, which still catches up as Europe Americanizes.

Marlene's Sumup

most seem to be living abroad for personal reasons. Marlene Dietrich, who travels a lot but has an apartment here, sums up her feeling for Paris in a more

romantic way, namely:
"Everybody loves Paris—even
H.tler didn't dare push the button.
And Paris always has recognized
artists; it understood Josef Von Sternberg and Orson Welles . . . And in Paris there is freedom, they let you live with whom you want and nobody bothers you. You can do what you want and that is wonderful. They are so full of their own lives they have no time for anybody else's."

And there are Yank thesps and singers who have made it here if still mainly unknown in the U.S. Eddie Constantine is a top star who skyrocketed to stardom in roles in parody of G-Man pix, Nancy Halloway is now a pop singing star and Marpessa Dawn arrived in the prizewinning pic, "Black Orpheus", and has been in the same play for over six years now

their homegrounds but do feel beholden here and have found a niche and recognition.

That goes for many jazz purveyors. Some Negro players at first came to find a way away from racism but all are bullish about civil rights advances back home even if it has a long way to go.

Thus, the Americans in Paris are not a movement, as it was after First World War, but more individual choices as the world gets smaller. And that longtime VARIETY man in Paris? Reasons intermingle with those of others. Coming over on the G.I. Bill of rights, getting mixed up in journalism, staying and finding an ease here if still remaining completely

A Memorable Trio

And, in closing, such deceased U.S. lovers of Paris, and residents, Borrah Minevitch, Jack Forrester and Irvin Marks must be mentioned. Minevitch came to stay after the last war while Forrester and Marks were pre-war oldtimers.

The virtuoso and head of the noted Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals found and brought an excitement to Paris that will not be forgotten by those who knew

He dabbed in films, built a cave nitery-eatery, Le Franc Pinot, and was the combo Grover Whalen and greeter of Yank show biz visitors in Paris. Forrester was an exhoofer (Casino de Paris, etc.) who became a big business man, in repping oil millionaire J. Getty, but always had his heart with show biz.

Marks was the longtime Shubert rep here who reported on all aspects of legit and was here over 40 years and never learned to speak French. His anger at taxidrivers and waiters who did not understand him are still legend

And there are some longtime journalists on the scene who like the life like Thomas Quinn Curtiss, show biz editor of the International Edition of the N.Y. Times, and Janet Flanner (Genet) whose Letter From Paris in the New Yorker has been a noted byline for dec-

Bard on Screen

Continued from page 19

Night" in 1956. An imaginative Russian "Othello," directed by Sergei Yutkevich, was released in 1955, followed in 1960 by their film version of the Verdi opera.

Kruger's 'Hamlet' German director Helmut Kautner updated "Hamlet" in 1959, with Hardy Kruger playing the son of a murdered industrialist. The film was called "Der Rest Ist Schweigen," (The Rest Is Silence), a phrase from the play. French director Claude Chabrol's "Ophelia" still another variation, Czech director Jiri Weiss called his film, "Romeo, delig" Another Czech. "Romeo, Juliet and Darkin 1960, made a delightful puppet version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." to which an English soundtrack vas later added, using Old Vic players and a narration by Richard Burton.

Maximilian Schell played the title role in a German-language version of "Hamlet" vision, directed by Franz Peter Although shown sequently at the 1962 Frisco Film Fest in both the German original and a poorly-dubbed English version, it has not been commercially released in the U.S. but now appears to be headed for the university outlets. Polish director Andrzj Wajda turned to "Macbeth" for his 1962 "Siberian Lady Macbeth," just as this year's Spanish
"Los Tarantos" was another retelling of "Romeo and Juliet."
No one has ever hesitated to

borrow or bend Shakespeare's plots or make any apology for doing so. For Alexander Korda, in 1936 Walter Reisch modernized "Othello," calling it "Men Are Not Gods." Universal. in 1957, called their version "A Double Life" and giving Royald Colman his fourth giving Ronald Colman his fourth Academy Award nomination and his first and only Oscar. Univer-sal's "Boys From Syracuse" was a 1949 film version of Rodgers and Hart's Broadway musical takeoff of "Comedy of Errors," just as Metro's 1953 "Kiss Me Kate" was Cole Porter's successful lift from Taming of the Shrew."

Paul Douglas, in 1955, played a gangster-type "Joe Macbeth" in

Ralph Hetzel's Perspective

regular theatre patrons are in production costs in the United this age group. States market alone.

Once again the industry came through this past year without any reversal of the longterm trend toward complete freedom of the screen. For more than a decade now, progress has been made towards free screen, without any prior restraint or censorship. With the single exception of the Times Films v. Chicago decision in 1961, when the Supreme Court ruled 5-4 that the Government might require prior submission of films as a constitutional method of controlling the exhibition of obscene films, we have continually moved toward freedom.

Left unresolved in this decision was the broad question of whether a prior submission of non-obscene pictures was a violation of the First Amendment.

Today this very question is be-fore the U.S. Supreme Court in the case of Freedman vs. Maryland, where the constitutionality of the Maryland censorship statute will be decided. This decision could strike down once and for all the need of prior submission of nonobscene films to a state censor board. (There are four censor boards still operating-New York,

Virginia, Maryland and Kansas.)
It could be the end of a long battle against prior restraint and censorship of motion pictures from the beginning of motion exhibition and a battle in which the Association has been in the forefront for more than 40 years, since the MPAA was founded in 1922.

New Heavy

Standing in the wings, however, is another form of censorshipgovernment classification. This year, 1965, will see state legislatures convening in 47 states and we can expect again to see film censorship and restrictive legislaintroduced in many states, tion and for certain in the 10 or 12 states that make this a regular legislative event. While outright censorship legislation as we have known it probably will not be introduced this year, we can be certain that some forms of classification legislation will be put before several state legislatures. Classification legislatio

legislation been defeated in Pennsylvania and in Atlanta. But this will not end the efforts of legislators who have tried to put restrictions on motion

pictures.

The best answer to classification legislation is widespread informa-tion to the public concerning the content of films. The Green Sheet is a large step in the right direction and should be used by many more exhibitors in their local communities. Parents must be well informed about current films in order that they can shoulder the responsibility of determining what films their children should see.

Foreign Market

There has been a remarkable expansion in recent years of the industry's overseas earnings. This has occurred despite a host of repressive trading practices regulations in many lands.

Before World War II the foreign

arnings of American motion pictures represented only a relatively small proportion of the total income of the industry. Since then the American film companies have placed great emphasis on the development of the foreign market with spectacular results.

film rentals of the indi generated overseas. As a consequence I believe we now are more heavily dependent on foreign trade, proportionately, than any other major American industry. In addition, our member compa-nies earned about \$50.000,000 more from the sale of television program film. All together this adds up to a significant segment of the total commercial foreign exchange income of the United States, a very important contribution to the economy of our country, particularly at a time when an adverse balance of payments is a matter of very serious concern in Washington.

Only a small portion of these earnings, of course, represents profit. Most of it constitutes an essential foreign contribution to-Black Orpheus", and has been in e same play for over six years ow.

At home Columbia filmed "Jubal," a cowboy version of "Othello"— long since gone when American through Cleary, Gottlieb, Steen & Hamilton, New York.

Maintaining our growth over-seas is no easy job. The predomiposition enjoyed American film industry in foreign markets is attributable in large degree to the teamwork of the industry in dealing with overseas problems. Through our cooperative effort we have been in a posi-tion to act collectively and to overcome the host of obstacles, both governmental and commercial, with which our industry has had to contend for many years. We have long since learned that a great deal more can be accomplished through joint action than

We have been forced by conalmost unremitting, attempts by foreign governments and film interests to reduce our earnings. Great ingenuity has been shown abroad in devising innumerable types of trade barriers against American film imports to decrease competition for domestic films, reduce our remittances and tax away our earnings. Though the situation varies from country to country and fluctuates from year to year, there actually is little or no diminution of the overall problem. The emphasis merely shifts from place to place. You can hardly point to an area

by individual effort.

of the world where we do not have serious problems - Burma, India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Ceylon, Viet Algeria, Morocco, Spain, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico and Chile come quickly to mind as places where there are serious problems, not to mention a host of lesser difficulties in other countries. Left unattended, they multiply and grow-so there is little opportunity to relax in this field. But we have good news, too. Our business in Great Britain, which is the most important of our film export markets, is up substantially compared to last year. In Japan, the Asian market of greatest significance to us, the continuous increase in earnings of the past few years also has extended into 1964. are hopeful, therefore, that the year-end figures will point to larger earnings not only in the United States but also in the foreign markets as well.

Conclusion

We can look back on 1964 as one of the best years the industry has enjoyed in the past decade, Both at home and abroad the industry has shown new strength.

Now, what of the future? There are many excellent reasons why we can hope to see a continuation this forward march in 1965. Firstly, the new product now playing or scheduled to open in the next 60 days is most promising.

The New Year promises to be

one of continuing national economic growth with more consumer income available than ever before. Federal tax cuts may improve this cash position. The population is still moving forward with potential customers in the motion picture-oriented 10 to 19 age bracket reaching new highs. Some 36,000,-000, or 18% of the total popula-tion in 1965, will be in this most select group, with the figure mounting each succeeding year. This has been the fastest growing segment of the population in the past decade.

New theatres have kept pace Last year 55% of the theatrical with the surge of business. News of new theatre construction at the rate of 300 per year, with many more old houses being modernized and refurbished.

But perhaps most important to the coming year's hoped-for success is the spirit of confidence and determination that exists in all branches of the industry. projects, involving great investments, are being announced daily by producers, distributors and exhibitors. This is the inner strength of a great industry, and the U.S. motion picture industry has proven not once but many times that it can cope with each new competitive force and achieve new advances.

Bing Crosby Productions Inc. filed an application for reservation

Thoughts On Being Other People

Continued from page 35

fession had been grossly maligned and that we would walk out on our life contracts and migrate to other planets, where men might still be free to think for themselves. When we tried to leave, we found the masters had foreseen our rebellion and had erected a 30-foot high stainless-steel electrified wall around the entire perimeter of Universal City. Thenceforth, guards were posted at all exits and no one was allowed to enter or leave the premises without a pass signed by the Chairman of the Board. We could not leave.

It seemed that, despite the plotcomputer, writers were still needed to flesh out the treatments with character twists, interior scene movement and dialog. We capitulated. For a year, we accepted the working conditions imposed on us. However, our work suffered because of our feelings of inferiority to the machines. The resulting films were not being well received by the patrons. The sale of reception capsules dropped ominously and for the first time in history MCA Inc. passed a divi-

Desperate Compromise

Finding it necesary to take desparate measures, the scientists came up with the solution-a stimulus to the writers' creative output in the form of hallucinogenic drugs. The drug finally agreed upon was W-211, a spinoff of the substance once called LSD or lysurgic acid. From that time on. writing became a submissive rather than an active profession. Each of us was assigned to a well-furnished bedroom type office, where we would listen to a tape-recorded recitation of the story line which we were to fill in with dialogued scenes. Having absorbed the plot, we would then be put into a euphoric trance by means of alcoholic medications, a state which we grew to enjoy and desire. While in this trancelike condition, technicians would service us intravenously with the exact amount of W-211 which would bring on our hallucinogenic activity. It was in that state that we would produce scenes and dialog at a rate never before achieved by man. It was not at all unusual for a writer to complete an entire feature shooting script in six or seven

Once we had become accustomed to this new method of creative activity, we became quite satisfied with our lot. We were at first somewhat irked by the fact that Dr. Fessinger and Dr. Levin were listed on the credits as our collaborators, but this was, in fact, the truth, as we were unable to function without the computerprovided plot and the W-211 serum. Writing became so effortless that we were left with plenty of spare time for golf, tennis, poker and other amusemnts

Happy Euphoria

And so we lived in happy sublimation to science for about three years. Then we began to notice a new phenomenon taking place, a side effect of the drug which no one had hitherto predicted. One by one, writers would become lethargic, move more slowly, and finally become unable to make the smallest decision. Eventually they would reach a state where the eyes would glaze frozenly, the blue the writer would be unable to marshall the strength of will to close his mouth. This came to be known

as the Zombie syndrome.
When this had happened to eight writers over a period of several months, the rest of us became paralyzed with fear that eventually all of us would suffer the same fate. Our comforts became hateful, our security a delusion, and our entire lives intolerable. We held many secret meetings. Finally five of us decided that we had to escape from Universal City before we, too, became mechanized zombies. It was then that we started_digging our tunnel.

For three years we have been digging, beginning one night in 1982. The entrance to the tunnel is well-hidden behind a standing set of the Minotaur's labyrinth which was used years ago in a feature film based on the Cretan myth. To dispose of the earth we dug out, we would each carry a

us decided that the writers' pro- full attache case up to our individual apartments each night and wash it away down the kitchen garbage disposer. Thus we were able to advance the tunnel about a foot a day without being discovered.

> One of my companions taps my shoulder and awakens me from these reveries. He points to his watch. It is 12 on the nose. Time to move. But, as he points, his hand drops listlessly to his side. I look at him in growing appre-hension. He sits immovable. His eyes have become glazed frozenly. His mouth is open, his lower jaw flapping loosely. I turn in terror and stare at the other three. They, too, sit frozen in the zombie state, mouths hanging open. I grab the shovel and tear at the earth above me in a frenzy. One shovelful, two, then-the shovel drops from my listless fingers. I can feel my eyes glazing. My lower jaw begins to fall and — I — try — to — move — but — I —

Youth Locked Out

Continued from page 25 =

training. When I first began to teach motion pictures in my twenties the very few courses then existing (less than a dozen) were in vocational programs, such as the applied arts institute at the U. of Southern California, or in adult education, extenion programs, such as at Columbia and New York Universities. Today over a dozen universities give degrees within the liberal arts programs, and some give graduate degrees. Today over 850 courses are offered colleges and universities. The film student is more likely to be the most lively, alert, and enterprising on the campus. He has much to offer, and he is pounding at the studio gate.

Secondly, European youth, in contrast, have ready access to their countries' studios. The Centro Sperimentale di Cinematografia in Rome places a quota of its diploma students as apprentices in Italian studios. The Centro, located adjacent to Cine Citta, has the most elaborate and expensive studios of any film academy in the world. Parallel situations exist elsewhere in Europe. In Moscow, at the VGIK, where Eisenstein studied and later taught, talented students go directly in all phrases of the Soviet film industry; every prominent Russian in films today is either a graduate of the VGIK or is teaching there, or both. The same holds for the well-known Polish Film and Theatre Academy. The British are expanding their training via BBC, the West Germans plan an academy in Berlin, the Belgians have launched an extensive institute.

A recent example of fresh talent enrichening a country's film industry was in France. Its youth excited world audiences, unrolled from the corridors of three cinema establishments: the IDHEC, whose prize pupils have been Alain Resnais ("Ĥiroshima Mon Amour," "Marienbad," "Muriel") and Rob-ert Enrico ("La Belle Vie," "Incident at Owl Creek Bridge"); the Ecole Technique, where studied Louis Malle ("The Lovers." "The Fire Within") and Jacques Demy ("Lola," "Umbrellas from Cherbourg").

The third factor compounding talent not working in America's native art form — only two are prominent in contrast to Europe, Abby Mann of NYU and Denis Saunders of UCLA—is the absence of official recognition and support. Washington does not subsidize film and tv training as does every major capital in the world. Washington does not provide a system of statesponsorship for shorts and features which is common practice in countries overseas, and thus provide for low-budget, experimental productions with youth having a hand at the helm.

Thus there is no 35mm, training in any American college or university, whereas 35mm, is the common and professional standard for training abroad. America, painful to say, approximates the levels of East Germany, Egypt, Greece, Spain, and Taiwan!

The challenge is on a national

cultural health are at stake. The challenge demands a full national commitment, involving all segments of the motion picture and tv industries—Washington, film producers, tv networks, industrial sponsorship of films, advertising agencies, creating tv commercials, unions and guilds, educational institutes, and interested foundations.

Only the White House has the power to effectuate a change of attitude within the industry and plan the means for meeting the challenge. In 1889 President Benjamin Harrison occupied 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue when Ediinvented the camera. Since that time there have been fourteen Presidents — Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson.

Will Lyndon Baines Johnson be the first U.S. President to officially recognize motion pictures as a national resource?

Film Societies

Continued from page 27

ings to specialized audiences are here to stay.

As an example, a midwest film society recently showed its members a classic film at a 16m rental cost of \$125, for one showing. An art theatre in the same city played the same film for an entire week for \$50, rental in 35m. The society showing (to about 150 people) was a hugh success. The theatre showing (to perhaps a 1,000) was a disaster.

The only gripe the exhibitor has (and it is a legitimate one) is a group which sets up an entertainment film theatre with the foremost objective of making money, complete with tickets and single admission charges for each individual attraction. Then that group is competing with the commercial theatre, and something should be done about it.

Many times the exhibitor has pulled the same trick on 16m which he is presently chastising these groups for allegedly pulling on him. For instance, a private film society or campus movie group books a program of outstanding films, old and new, domestic and foreign. Many never shown before in the area because no exhibitor wanted to handle them. The society or film group puts out a descriptive folder for its members and prospective members, only to discover that a few weeks before the showing of a certain film, a commercial theatre has deliberately chosen the same film and is showing it in competition with the 16m groups. Despite this, one seldom hears of anyone attempting to ban 35m showings in commercial theatres!

The Fighters

One of the hardiest exhibitors fighting for the regulation of non-theatrical showings is Jack Armstrong of Bowling Green, Ohio, who is president of the Allied States Assn. of Motion Picture Exhibitors. His protests go back at least as far as 1948 when he pressured three major 16m distributors to refuse to allow the local college, Bowling Green State U. to book any more films from them, despite the fact that his own two theatres were incapable of providing enough seating for all those students wishing to attend a weekend movie.

With the major suppliers films gone, the U. booked from the foreign film distributors and these films soon caught the students' the cruel irony of American young fancy and the series remains poptalent not working in America's ular today. Armstrong's Lyric The-centrates on keeping his theatre "Stinks" . . . "Terrible" atre, which showed art films, long ago was converted into a store.

Armstrong has stated that it is Allied's firm position that 16m in the schools should be confined to educational material. should also agree that all commercial theatres limit its showings to entertainment films only. But this, of course, is ridiculous, since a good film (no matter where it is shown or by whom) may be both educational and entertaining. Who would be capable of deciding which was which?

Under this position, psychology classes could no longer show and literature classes would have to forego "A Midsummer Night's Dream" because they were theatrical rather than educational. Yet how many of Allied's theatres are planning to show them in the near future? What they seem bent upon scale. Youth and a nation's future doing is eliminating the source

Sneaks I Have Known in Hollywood Or How to Preview a 'B' Pic in 'A' Style

By EDMUND HARTMANN

Sneak previews, that is. Webster defines sneak as "to move furtively or slinkingly; to creep or steal so as to be unobserved." was not what we had in mind when we staged a sneak preview, but Webster certainly defines the way it often turned out.

In those days, word would somehow get out of a "Major Studio Important Feature Preview." There would be long lines at the box-office hours before the showing. Sometimes the rumor was wrong and instead of the million dollar spectacular, it would turn out to be an unpretentious B. Woe the filmmakers, then.

One night a packed house at the Pantages had spread word the new Astaire-Rogers was being sneaked. The theatre was buzzing with excitement as the regular feature ended and a preview card was flashed. The RKO radio tower and buzz-buzz-a-buzz was greeted with a cheer. Then the title came on. Not the awaited big Astaire musical but a cheap B picture

without filling the gap left by their

proposed ban.

Another midwestern exhibitor who has attempted to ban "unfair" 16m showings is Milton H. London of Detroit, Allied's executive director. He has insisted that 16m film distributors should cut off films to every group which is open to the general public, which charges admission or solicits donations or is publicized in any of the mass media. He also insists that 16m films should not be shown on weekends. Armstrong insists that they shouldn't be shown during school hours during the week. If their ideas are adopted by the 16m distributors, there will be very little time allowed for people to see 16m films.

As of this writing, only one major 16m distributor has given in to Allied's pressure, while the other distributors are wisely continuing business as usual, knowing that soon the exhibitor will find something else which will scare him more and he will be devoting his worry time to some other source of entertainment and education.

Other Gripes

Another major gripe of the exhibitor is that 16m films are poorly presented. This is often partially true, due to the condition of the prints and the poor places they sometimes must be shown. Yet oftentimes the viewer has been subjected to poor, out-of-focus and cut-up prints in regular theatres, so this makes a poor argument. Nearly everyone agrees that a commercial movie theatre is the ideal place to view a film, despite the smell of popcorn grease and the audible clinking of change around the soft drink machines.

Certainly most 16m screenings are on a part with the dim drive in image with speakers which makes the dialog sound like a pocket radio.

Good theatres have survived and will continue to thrive despite the many 16m film showings around the country. And exhibitors should comfortable and inviting and his programming creative, there will be no such thing as a 16m threat.

It has been predicted that within 15 years, nearly every American home will have a taping device by which he can record his favorite TV movies for showing at his later convenience. It has also been predicted that almost every family will have its own 8m sound projector and movie camera. It looks as if the exhibitor will have plenty to worry about these next

Someone told me at lunch today that one of our neighbors bought an 8m sound projector for his recreation room and is planning to show some films for his neighborhood friends tonight. I fervently hope our local theatre manager doesn't find out about it.

But even if he does-he'll probably survive.

which shall be nameless because

it almost was.

As usual, they had roped off a section in the centre of the theatre so the moviemakers could hear the reactions in comfort. In this case about 30 production people were huddled in the middle of the jammed Pantages.

On came the credits. The little production group gave a hand to the cast . . . another salvo to the another hand to the hairdresser, cameraman, etc. It was the only sound as the infuriated audience waited. could take no more. They began to join in mockingly. The producer got an ovation something like Ben Hur after the big race. For the director, they stamped, cheered, whistled, and applauded rhythmically. The fade-in was simply an insert which read: General Hospital. It got the biggest hand in the history of the theatre. Now the new game caught on. The entrance of an extra was greeted like Duse's farewell performance. Not a word of the dialog could be heard. For three full reels every sound was drowned out. Man, that was a Sneak.

There was the sneak preview of a B picture which had used a big set from a Deanna Durbin picture. Naturally, the B was sneaked on the same bill with the Durbin. The set got the biggest laugh. 'Typical' Audiences?

The idea was to try out the picture before a typical audience, but in Southern California there is no typical audience. They were and are, all technical experts

"I thought the cutting was ragged, especially the use of opticals.

"The sets had verisimilitude, but the Process Shots were too high and you could see the line of

the rear screen projection."
"That Vorkapich. He knows how to make a montage.

"Imagine using a fade for a lapse of a few hours. Spoiled the whole picture?"

"They put junk like that on the screen and they won't buy a great story like mine."

"They use different names, but

all those guys on the credits are

When the Sneak was over, you were expected to go out to the lobby and face the head of the studio. Some of those top executives were direct descendants of the Marquis De Sade. He knew your whole career was right on the line, and he played it up to flay the last ribbon of your skin. He stared at you, expressionless. His aides, waiting for the Great Man to react, gave you the same fisheye.

Then down came the axe.
"Those damn flutes drowned out

the dialog." "You'll never get away with that cut."

"We're changing the title to the 'Corn Ball Follies."

The Tomahawks
Once the Chief had indicated
his displeasure, all the Braves drew their knives and carved the meat from your bones. For the first and last time you got full credit for making the picture. As if nobody else had ever heard of realize that the showing good films it before the disastrous preview. (no matter where or at what hour of the day) encourages and develops new audiences for theatri-

"The only good thing was Joe E. Brown he wasn't in the picture)"

etc. etc. etc.

Sneak Previews? They should have been called Torture Sessions. Television is rough, but there is nothing in tv like those ordeals. Dying by inches in the dark. Palms sweating . . . stomach contracting . . . head aching . . . knowing that sooner or later the lights were going to come up and you had to come out of the protected Re-served for Studio section and take

your medicine. Not that it was all bad. Just

mostly.

There was also the night I took my father to a sneak preview. As I rose to leave afterwards, I glanced back, saw him nudging

"Want to see the man who wrote the picture? There he goes."

Nope, not all bad.

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JETS, DISCOTHEQUES, MAD DANCES MARK 1964

the Select Company of Surviving Old Bolsheviki.

Domestic and global politics influenced show biz and vice versa. The Presidential race toted a \$200,000,000 political stumping and shilling bill—a record high.

The anticipated white backlash, which never materialized, reflected itself in the elderly, uneventful and totally expected Lyndon B. Johnson sweep, not hurting the theatre boxoffices, usually concomittant when the race is truly competitive.

Longish conventioneering irked the radio-tv public which expressed itself to the networks to that effect. Broadcasting's influence augurs both shorter and later conventions in '68.

The year was characterized by numerous recalls of martyred John F. Kennedy. Several video tributes, sundry books on his wit and statesmanship; recordings of ditto; and of course the Bobby Kennedy Senatorial landslide in New York upsetting Republican

Kenneth Keating.

Japan put its best "face" forward (as the French didn't); new hotels and new roads and extra-Oriental courtesy combined for Occidental creature comfort but, as often true of such events, it was oversold and thus underpatronized. Rooms and tickets both went begging. Unlike Atlantic City's Demo and Frisco's GOP nitery bookings, the Nipponese complained of a lack of "top U.S. names" to lure the westerners. Eddie Fisher was there but he played Army installations and not mass-capacity theatres or saloons. French greed, discourtesy and high prices shattered its tourist biz while DeGaulle romanced Bonn and spurned D. C.

Memories of 1934 include the brouhahas around Delmonico's Ho-(when The Reatles stayed there), and at stadia, tv studios, airports, theatres. One result was that the Kennedy, LaGuardia and Newark airport authorities set up special debarkation and embarkation spots for such teenage idols, to bypass the screaming-meemie kids (mostly early teen girls) whose behaviorism (as seen on telecamera generally) makes the yesteryear Sinatra-Goodman-Dorsey swoon-and-swingology deportment of kids looks like a taffypull.

Airborne Copacabanas! Flight showmanship became a civilian aeronautical problem in 1964 as TWA's pioneering with big-screen film features forced others to follow suit. There were a erial "floorshows" (Eastern's flight to Miami Beach and Puerto Rico was one such stunt), with emcees and the like. International conclave in Athens expressed con-

> phase of the jet age. Acid Campaign Jokes

over overdoing the "show

During the campaign there were about Bobby Kennedy's carpetbagging; even gag albums like "I'd Rather Be Far Right Than President"; many of the Bobby Kennedy gags were printable; some of the Walter Jenkins jokes were unprintable. One crack was that Barry Goldwater "signed his name LBJ-little bit Jewish." Negro comic Dick Gregory quipped, "Goldwater is the only Gregory cat who could stand on the Israel border and get shot at from both sides." And, Sinatra consoling sides." And, Sinatra consoling Sammy Davis Jr., "Don't worry, Sammy, if Goldwater gets elected, I'll buy you!"

Most U.S. radio stations played it cool and banned broadcasting of the political disks on score of

neutrality.

JFK's humor, Winston Churchill's addresses, President Johnson's speeches, General Douglas Mac-thur's farewells, even the late Prime Minister of India Jawharlal Nehru's will, were all on LPs, a

gift to posterity.
Alleged American "moral decay" under Democratic administrations was to have been part of a GOP campaign film but Goldwater ordered it killed. Wide distribution of the film by "the Mothers of Moral America" accented strippers, topless bikinis, pornographic books ("Fanny Hill," "Tropic of Cancer" etc.), sexpot European films, and the like. President Johnson's wife's the rotten egg ammunition of 1964 polities.

LBJ's "war on poverty" program was targeted by the GOPites when President Johnson suggested that toprated radio-tv programs could help the plan by integrating the idea into their scripts.

(Later, the First Lady's predilection for Marshall Matt Dillon in 'Gunsmoke" came to light on the occasion of President and Lady Bird Johnson's 30th anni. LBJ inscribed the photo of James Arness ("Matt Dillon") as "my Saturday night competition.")

UA prexy Arthur B. Krim is chairmaning the Jan. 18 inaugural gala which, unlike the \$100-a-ticket Democratic fundraising affair as it was in 1961, will be a cuffo for the 8.000 invited guests. The big variety show, again staged by songsmith Richard Adler, reads like a dream benefit and the guests will also participate in a series of four dinners earlier in the evening. They will be primarily top party supporters.

Carol Channing Both the ("Hello, Dolly!") and Barbra Streisand ("Funny Girl") musicals on Broadway will close that evening when the stars participate in National Guard Armory in Washington.

Adler calls his show a "Presidentical," coinage of "President" and "musical," and among the announced talents will be Harry Belafonte, Debbie Reynolds, Julie Andrews, Bobby Darin, Woody

Top Scream of 1964

Four youths, who did more for Liverpool. England, than the Cunard Line, were the big scream of 1964. Reference is, of course, to The Beatles. About them nobody has quite succeeded yet in providing a rational explanation since their primary, but not only, appeal is to that irrational segment of humanity, the teenage female.

The universality of their disheveled hairdos and flatnote cacaphony was amazing. Oriental and Occidental, stoic Scandinavians and romantic Latin, British and American all went big for The Beatles and their sundry spinoff groups-Rolling Stones, Pretsundry spinoff ty Things, Animals, Kinks, Daisies, Dave Clark's 5, et al. Even femme groups sprung up with wild coiffs and equally wild tones that passed for music.

Phenomenal grosses of the Beatles at outlandish \$5-\$6 tops found U.S. kids loaded with loot. Paradox is that audience noise drowned out the heroes' sounds. They seen rather than heard.

British Mods and The Rockers were the juvenile delinquent counterparts of our own leather jacketed, hot rod and beatnick set. British resort towns were plagued with invading and rioting Mods and Rockers. The Rockers, given to motorcycles. consider The Mods outmoded: latter affect flowing, sometimes shoulder-length hair and consider rock 'n' roll outmoded.

The Mods and the Rockers found a socialite counterpart with a "mod, mod whirl" in a Park Ave. party, with some 350 guests simulating Mod styles (black velvet jump suit and boots) in haut couture variations.

Marquess of Bath, another who looked to paid admissions to defray the taxes of another stately home of England, came acropper when 10.000 teenagers stormed the barriers to get at their idols, Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas. Other titled gentry had long ago cancelled jazz bashes and the like for the same reason although the Duke and Duchess of Bedford had things pretty much under control with their own brand of showmanship via paid admissions to the famed Abbey on their

The arts and politicos converged on the banks of the Potomac Dec. 2 for President Johnson's groundbreaking ceremony (with a goldplated spade) for the John F. Kennedy Center for the Perform-ing Arts. Sir John Gielgud, Mel Ferrer, Jason Robards Jr., Audrey Hepburn, Rex Harrison, Erich Leinsdorf, Roger L. Stevens, Erich Lauren Bacall mingled with President and Mrs. Johnson, President nine marital idyll lasted five Kennedy's kin, V.P.-Elect Hubert weeks. Doris Warner LeRoy Vidor H. Humphrey, British ambassador Lord Harlech and Lady Harlech, and assorted dignitaries. Architect Edward Durrell Stone figures the \$31,000,000 memorial will be completed end-1967. It will contain an opera, concert hall, two theatres and a cinema and "will symbolize our belief that the world of creation and thought are at the core of all civilization," said President Johnson.

Nobel Prizes

A highlight of 1964 saw civil rights Negro minister Dr. Martin Luther King picked for the Nobel Peace Prize (\$54.000), French playwright-philosopher Jean-Paul Sar-tre, proponent of existentialism, spurned the Nobel (\$35,000) prize for literature. He'd previously nixed his own country's official prizes including the Legion of Honor.

In 1964 Frederick O'Neill became the first Negro elected president of Actors' Equity Assn., just as Sidney Poitier was the first of his race to cop the Oscar. Another Negro on the rise, Carl T. Rowan, succeeded the ailing Ed Murrow as head of USIA.

Certainly the Civil Rights' law enactment after 83 days of filibus-tering: the Labor Party's success in Great Britain (with Harold Wilson the new British Prime Min-ister); Khrushchev's ouster by the Soviet ruling group; China's first atomic bomb; Lee Harvey Oswald being held solely guilty by the lengthy Warren Commission Report of the JFK assassination; and the Ecumenical Council's ruling absolving the Jews of Deicide had their reflex values within the show biz framework.

The Univ. of Alabama's ban on Louis Armstrong's prebooked Feb. 17 campus concert was a shock although the school paper editorially suggested that the university's action stemmed from fear that "some fanatic or radical might cause an incident that could bring adverse publicity to the school." The can-cellation. it was stressed, had nothing to do with race, basically as the fact that "the student body doesn't have the temperament for Satchmo's South African cancellation, however, could not be called anything but apartheid pre-

Bandleader-arranger Jones probably became the first Negro veepce of a major diskery when Mercury Records, for which he has been a&r director since 1961, made him an officer of the

The Jack Ruby trial, of course, was dominating for tv. Later the Warren Commission report brought a full reprise. Globally the Warren Report was received with skepticism, to some extent in the U.S. It was considered "too easy" on Texas hatrioteering which had been notorious.

Screen Gems' 26-segment "Harry S. Truman: Years of Decision" was another instance of history on a soundtrack. Characteristic salty Truman footnotes, including his not-so-high regard for General Douglas MacArthur made headlines all over when the ex-President argued that, as Commander-in-Chief, he had to prove that the Chief Exec of the land and not a career army officer determines the nation's destiny.

Personalities

Show business had its own milestones, per Jimmy Durante's 50th anni. Schnoz was saluted at the Hollywood Press Club and Boston officially declared a Durante Day." "Jimmy

When George Jessel got the sad news about Eddie Cantor's passing just before he went on at the Twin Coaches, Pittsburgh, he turned that nitery into a requiem about his lifetime friend, told anecdota about the late great star. There was no

(Continued from page 3) broadcasting ownership and the Allen, Mike Nichols & Elaine May, music as the nitery audience de-Frank Scully, who died during the Nikita Khrushchev as a member of Bobby Baker case were all part of Carol Burnett, Peter Gennaro. parted. Cantor had edicted no year. public funeral so, as it happened, Th this was the most public manifestation. Jessel and others plan a memorial for the great star near "cooperative" because he was an his Jan. 30 birthday when he would have been 73.

Bob Hope's 50th film coincided with his 61th birthday.

Romances on The Rocks

The Ethel Merman-Ernest Borg-(Mrs. Billy) Rose got married in the showman's Jamaica, BWI, retreat March 1 and divorced in Reno Sept. 1 on grounds of extreme marital cruelty; the Troy (Suzanne Pleshette) Donahues lasted a similar sixmonth. Xavier (Abbe Lane) Cugats made headwith their marital-profeslines sional schism.

Industralist Harry A. Leeb (in the 50s) and sometime model Maxine (around 40), both three-time marital losers, made international copy with profligate spending ("\$200.000 honeymoon"). Following an El Morocco wedding ceremony Leeb took some 20 guests via Air France for a swing of Europe. During which she spurned buying out the entire Dior collection ("after all, a bride gets tired"), admittedly had one love spat in Maxim's, the famed Parisian fillingstation when she spilled an entire table's contents on her love. When they kissed-and-made-up he bought her a new green Rolls and she bought him one in brown. Cause of their love spat? His crack about the color of her sweater. But seemingly his (brown) and her (green) Rolls-Royces are more compatible.

A squib of 1964; Lauritz Mel-73. ex-Met baritone, marchior. ried Mary Markham, 40, a tv producer, who for a time was secre-tary to the Danish singer and his late wife. This hitch produced a separation in the same year.

Silent film star Mae Murray was found penniless on a St. Louis street; the Salvation Army paid a \$13.20 hotel bill for the 74-yearold actress and put her on a plane to L.A.

Septugenarian Maurice Chevalier on another of his "farewell" tours, all of 'em big b.o.

It's now Sir Lawrence Welk, by edict of Pope Paul VI, who made the maestro a Knight Commander of St. Gregory. Earlier, same honor had gone to VARIETY'S Sir

1964's Angry Play

"The Deputy" (of God, to wit the Roman Pontiff) was the title of the play which was the most disputatious item on Broadway during 1964. Despite a respectable run of 308 performances, the play ended in the red. Anatole Litvak meanwhile has the screen rights to the work written by young German playwright, Rolf Hochhuth.

From its original production in Berlin down through various productions in other European centres, and in Israel, the play has stirred argument and brought out pickets. This was duplicated in Manhattan where Herman Shumlin, the producer, was himself a major controversialist. Roman Catholics were by no means of one view on the play, some of the liberals in the Church feeling that the charge of diplomatic caution against the late Pius XII was one that needed airing.

"The Deputy" appeared during the upsurge of ecu-menicalism in Rome and in the year when the Jews as a people were finally exonerated of the ancient myth that they killed Christ, rather than the Romans. Plenty of fire re-mained in the whole range of issues opened up by the Hochhssues opened up by the Hoch-huth play. After the repudia-tion of deicide, a Jewish wag wrote the N.Y. Herald Trib-une: "Now that we are no longer blamed for killing Christ, can we play on the gentile golf course?"

The Peter Lawfords, who evenactor and a Democrat. Sammy Davis Jr., who took over a fashionable east side Manhattan town house, ribbed his colleague on the "segregation" bit.

Denishawns' 50th Anni

Dancers Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn (onetime "most beautiful man in the world") marked their 50th anniversary and celebrated it by dancing on the lawn of the Denishawn School in New England.

Novelist Grace ("Peyton Place") Metalious left her entire \$127,372 estate to 37-year-old, freelance British journalist John Reese, and the Laconia, N.H., probate court approved the deathbed will. Nothing left to her husband and three children. Later in the year ABC-TV clicked with its experiment of "Peyton Place" twice-weekly teleseries—soap opera in the p.m. Still later her debts wiped out any estate bequests.

Humorist Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, accounted for a \$867,565 estate 54 years after his death; and Ernest Hemingway's gross estate was valued at \$1,410,310.

In London, vet film producer Herbert Wilcox and his actresswife Anna Neagle, longtime star, admitted some \$700,000 in debts in bankruptcy court. They even had to sell their London apartment and he his Oscar.

A Phoenix hamburger stand owner, Irving Brown, was given permission to be billed as Al Jolson Jr. by a local court fol-lowing petition that he was the "son" of the great star. Not estab-lished whether legally or otherwise.

Mrs. Richard Burton (Liz Taylor) appraised her four previous husbands to London Daily Mirror interviewer: Nicky Hilton, "a cominterviewer: Nicky Hilton, "a com-plete mistake" (her first); Michael Wilding, "handicapped by an en-ormous difference in ages"; Mike Todd, "perfect, but dead": Eddie Fisher, "deplorable." It was all part of the unique flavor of 1964.

More Names

Somerset Maugham', 90, was involved in estate rhubarb. West-brook Pegler, ex-Hearst, resigned doing a column for American Opinion, the John Birch Society's official magazine.

Playwright Lillian Hellman and artist Ben Shahn awarded gold medals by the National Institute of Arts & Letters in the fields of drama and the graphic arts.

Famed film director-producer

John Ford became a citizen of Ireland, where he was long resident. denying this had anything to do with income taxes.

Elizabeth Ashley, 23, bought off her contract as femme lead in "Barefoot in the Park," current Broadway smash, for \$35,000, in order to be nearer George Peppard, filmmaking in London. He is divorcing his actress-wife Helen Davies and she is dittoing from James Farentino, an actor.

Cassius Clay, selfstyled "the greatest." perhaps the Black Muslims' most prominent disciple —he refers to himself now as Muhammad Ali—married Negro model Sonji Roy in 1964. Later his surgery ended his return bout with Sonny Liston.

Court-battling Alan Jay (Micheline) Lerners; her \$1,500 weekly alimony the highest in N.Y. State.

Sir Charle: P. Snow, the novelist and scientist, became Lord Snow of Leicester. Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Technology. He was made a life peer so he could speak for the new Labor Government in the House of

Following British comedian Peter Sellers' critical illness in Hollywood, he saluted his friends but sounded off against that community as "a place to work in." For this he was called "rat fink" and the like. To rebut, the British actor took a page ad in Daily VARIETYwhich got wide British press pick-up—to explain his gratitude to his Cedars of Lebanon medicos, his friends, his working colleagues at the Goldwyn Studio, etc., but to

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U.S. TV YEAR IN A ONE-WORD HEAD: 'HELP!'

(Continued from page 52)

reiterate that, creatively, he was unhappy in the California environs. Supposedly destitute Sir Cedric Harwicke, although later identified as leaving an estate "in excess of \$10,000." willed his correspondence from George Bernard Shaw to his two sons.

The Great British Train Robbery of \$7,500,000 was rivaled in headlines later in the year by the \$410,-000 Great Jewel Robbery from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, latter suggesting its "inspiration" from the "Topkapi" (Jules Dassin-UA) whodunit. The priceless 563-carat Star of India sapphire and the 100carat DeLong ruby taken from the Morgan collection added to the headlines.

Westport (Conn.) residents asked equal time on NBC's "Today" to rebut the "one-out-of-10 is an alcoholic" charge, but later in the year Darien, neighboring Fairfield County town—both of the same high-income, Mad Ave., advertis- only by John Henry Faulk's \$3,- held for the industry which was mains chief executive officer in ing-lively arts strip—was in the 500,000 against Syracuse grocer accused of blacklisting directors, becoming chairman of the board.

news for "feeding booze to teen- Lawrence Johnson. agers." Several parents were fined, following an automotive tragedy traced to weekend liquor dis-pensing in "good" homes to teenagers of "good" families.

Curtis' Debacle

Plaguing Curtis Publishing Co. also were the millions in libel suits incurred by the Satevepost's desire for readership "excitement" under its "new look" editorial editorial pitch. Latest was former Chrysler president William C. Newberg's \$2,000,000 claim. Former U. of football Georgia Wally coach Butts' \$10,000,000 claim the got a \$3.060.000 damage award) being settled for \$460,000 until he balked at the amount. Paul Bryant, U. of Alabama football coach who was party of the second part in the SEP's story alleging pre-game exchange of secrets, had also sued for \$10,000.000 and accepted a \$300,000 tax-ree out-of-court settlement.

Butts' libel award was topped

Lawrence Johnson, Aware Inc. et al. for "blacklisting" him. Faulk's book, "Fear On Trial," recently published, is a noteworthy documentation of a black chapter talent-broadcasting relations when networks were coerced by piddling people with magnified superpatriotic suspicions.

Even if Faulk couldn't resume on the networks, following his big legal victory, he'll wind up a hero on films; Dick Van Dyke will personate him in the Bud York & Norman Lear filmization of "Fear On Trial," which will be retagged "John Henry Goes To New York" on the cinema marquees.

Of a different sort was the jury verdict in the eight-year-old conspiracy suit brought against the motion picture industry by Herbert Biberman. Paul Jarrico and Michael Wilson, respectively director, producer and author of "Salt of the Earth," a film suspected of anti-capitalist bias. They asked \$6,000,000 damages but the jury was

writers or producers who had been accused by Congressmen of Communist sympathies.

In 1964 Hearst said that the N.Y. Mirror lost \$10,500,000 in the last eight years of its operation despite being the No. 2 top-circulation daily in the U.S.; and the N.Y. Times abandoned its western (L.A.) edition, for economic rea-sons, announcing it would "beef up" its Overseas (Paris-based)

Henry R. Luce kicked himself apstairs from the day-to-day Time operation as editor-in-chief, memoing his staff that he's content with the billing of "editorial director."

Similar "stepping-down" followed by Gardner (Mike) Cowles, head of the magazines and broadcasting company bearing his name, when he designated Marvin C. Whatmore, v.p. and g.m., to succeed him as president. Unlike Luce, however, Cowles retains the editor-in-chief title, and also re-

best new play, the Drama Desk-

Vernon Rice prize for the best Off-Broadway ("Obies") play went to Lewis John Carlino, a film and tv

scripter. His off-Broadway plays

included "Cages," "Telemachus Clay" and "Doubletalk." Gloria Foster got the "Obie" for her portrayal of a 15-year-old Negro girl

who tries to get into a Little Rock

high school; the play was Martin B. Duberman's "In White Ameri-ca." Author is an assistant profes-

sor of history at Princeton. Imelda

De Martin also got an Obie, as did

The N. Y critics also picked Frank D. Gilroy's "The Subject Was Roses" under the "most promising playwright" designation and,

London Critics' Bests

London critics' "bests" were the American musical, "Funny Thing

On Way To Forum" and Uta Hagen ("Virginia Woolf") and Sir Laurence Olivier for "Othello."

given the Tony for the best drama and "Dolly" snared half of the

20 Antoinette Perry awards at the

Real-Life Characters

dramatizations, viz., Alec Guinness playing the poet Thomas Dylan;

Van Heflin as Louis Nizer in "A Case of Libel"; John Heffernan

as "Luther" (done previously by

Albert Finney); William Roderick

as Sir Thomas More ("Man For

June Havoc in the Actors Studios Theatre's new "Marathon '33";

Peter Falk and Alvin Epstein as Stalin and Trotsky in "Josef D";

Barbra Streisand as Fanny Brice.

full hours, i.e. three hours every

night during the nine performances of the week of Jan. 20. Con-

troversial play, said to air the play-

wright's private life with Marilyn Monroe (Mrs. Miller at one time),

Jason Robards Jr. set some sort

Seasons"); Julie Harris as

There was a spate of real-life

Osborn's "Luther"

annual sweepstakes.

the

after

the black.

America" and New York."

Author is an assistant profes-

productions of "In White erica" and "The Streets of

a poor start, it veered into

also

Marathon '33";

was

Huntington Hartford's abortive venture with his slick Show monthly mag (including absorption of Show Business Illustrated, one of Playboy pub Hugh M. Hefner's spinoff undertakings) wind up \$6,812,945.60 in the red, dominantly owed to himself or the companies controlled by Hartford. He eventually sold Show to Playbill (theatre program) publisher Gilman Kraft for \$30,000 down and another 30G in six months .hereafter.

Across the Dominion line the French-Canadians in Quebec marred the royal tour of visiting Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip but, in the main, the top Canadian talent turned out in homage to the rulers.

The flavor of 1964 included inflation. Webb & Knapp's real estate empire found itself overexpanded and forced into receivership, reorganization and relinquishment of some of its components. Hotels Gotham and Commodore figured in one such instance; other realty parcels in New York and across the country in others. Both William Zeckendorfs (Sr. and Jr.) are familiars of N.Y. show biz.

Historic Ford's Theatre, Baltimore, ended its 92-year career with blacktie party hosted by owners, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Mechanic, and as the final curtain came down on "A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum" the entire audience stood up and sang "Auld Lang Syne." It becomes a garage. (John T. Ford had opened the Balto house in 1871 after the Government closed his Ford's, Washington, following the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865).

Lenny Bruce's obscenity conviction in Chicago in 1963 was upheld by the Illinois Appeals court, and in New York the "sick" comedian was separately convicted on similar charges. He argued he was a pioneer and being "harassed."

Bribery charges in the N.Y. Playboy Club's liquor license caused State Liquor Authority and judicial embarrassments and resignations. Hugh M. Hefner estimated his 11-year-old Playboy magazine and concomittant Playboy Clubs, etc., empire as being valued at around \$40,000,000.

Minneapolis-St. Paul nitery enterpreneurs periodically come up with offbeat b.o. lures, such as demonstrating new hairdos (by some local "Antoines" and "Kenneths"); amateur strip contests (cops nixed these as "too sexy"); and latterly strip marathons between teams of Negro and ofay peelers.

Closed-Gridcasts NSG

Another detail of the year: the disappointing Y. A. Tittle grid performance reflected itself in closed-circuit big-screen, theatre telecasts of the Giants games (\$6 per) being way off expectations. Tickets were even to be had for the earlier games at the Stadium. Near-Connecticut motels which used to get ardent N.Y. Football Giants partisans to view the telecasts (all home games are blacked out in the Gotham area) also found themselves not enjoying the bullish Saturday afternoon

booze biz as in former fall seasons.
Air Force "editing" of taped excerpts from the Johnny of a thespic record in Arthur Millard Ed Sullivan shows for Ameriler's "After The Fall," acting 27 can GIs stationed in Libya, in order not to "offend" the Arabs, was blasted by Senator Jacob K. Javits (N.Y.) and defended by the army's p.r. on the ground that "the U.S. has a great stake in Libya"

Monroe (Mrs. Miller at one time), and any racial gags (Jewish jokes) closed when Robards exited the Lincoln Center Repertory for Tony Curtis sounded off against the gyp 'n' take of overseas production facilities when it's American film which has to be made abroad. "Swindled and conned" were inevitable, he main-"Swindled and

tained.

Charlton Heston pulled a Ripley by refunding \$100,000 to Columbia Pictures on the "Dundee" budget because he felt that his requests to "improve" the quality raised the cost unduly. At year's end the Lincoln Center

Repertory internecine hassle erupted with the resignations of Robert L. Stevens, Elia Kazan et al.; the gripe from the Metropolitan Opera that Center prexy

(Continued on page 56)

SALIENTS OF LEGIT IN 1964

Marquee names best identified possible solution to scalping but "Born Yesterday" No. 8 with 1,642 John Osborn's "Luther" as the in the mass mind with films mi-grated in 1964 to Broadway legit. Unfortunately in most instances the tungsten-power couldn't offset the drag of the vehicles and they came and went fast. Recruits to the legitimate included: Joan Fontaine, Anita Louise, Ann Sheridan, Michael O'Shea, Jane Wyman, Sammy Davis Jr., Van Heflin, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Medina, Van Johnson, John Payne, Robert Ryan, Raymond Walburn, Martha Scott, Dennis O'Keefe, Penny Singleton, Lyle Talbot, Maureen O'Sullivan, Nancy Carroll, Dennis O'Keefe, Kirk Douglas, John Carradine, Robert Preston

Jerome Robbins' staging of 'Fiddler On the Roof," supersed-"Hello, Dolly!" as the hottest ticket, pointed up that choreographer-directors' prowess in this and past seasons. Robbins' "Fiddler," past seasons. Robbins' on the heels of "West Side Story" and "Gypsy," was matched by Gower Champion's "Dolly" click on the heels of his "Carnival" and 'Bye Bye Birdie.'

Comedian Mike Nichols proved his directorial skill with 'Bare-foot In the Park' and "Luv."

Les Femmes

Vehicles makes stars and rarely do stars make the play but, when it does obtain, the differential is potent. For example, Carol Bur-nett's debated exit from "Fade Out—Fade In" was an instance where hitching-to-a-star militated against the \$400,000 investment. Her value was further pointed up by one week when Betty Hutton substituted for the vacationing Miss Burnett and the b.o. plummeted. Same was true of Steve Lawrence's identification with the title role in "What Makes Sammy Run?" and even Paul Anka, despite his b.o. sturdiness, couldn't offset the absence of the original.

Male Stars' Unsurge

way for a while — viz.. Barbra
Streisand's "Funny Girl," Carol
Channing's "Dolly," Beatrice Lillie's "High Spirits" and Miss Bur-While the lemmes had it all the nett's "Fade," the men came along in the fall for b.o. attention. If not to an unanimous degree, certainly Zero Mostel's "Fiddler On the Zero Mostel's "Fiddler On the Roof" became the hottest ticket since "My Fair Lady." and Sammy Davis Jr.'s "Golden Boy" and Robert Preston's "Ben Franklin In Paris" were not without their impact. Ditto latecomer Buddy Hack-ett's "I Had a Ball."

Hot 'Ice'

"Ice" again was the hottest intratrade—and widely publicized—legit problem, with the N. Y. State Attorney-General and others get-

this was viewed as unrealistic in that these \$25 tickets would only set a higher base for the gyp in-

stead of the current \$9.90 top.
Uncle Sam estimated Lee Shubert's estate worth \$25,000,000 and sued for \$15,700,000 estate

taxes, which is being contested.
U. S. Commerce Dept. statistic for 1963 indicated a \$11,000,000 hike above '62 for legit and opera, clocking \$433,000.000 in receipts.

President Johnson named Broadway producer Roger L. Stevens the cultural liaison with the Administration, charged with organizing and directing the cultural program.

"The King and I" and "Merry Widow" were boxoffice smashes in the new 10-week policy of the Music Theatre in the State Theatre of Lincoln Center. The Rodgers & Hammerstein revival grossed \$94,-851, a new musicomedy record in New York, topping last season's "Jennie" (Mary Martin) which grossed \$91,487 at a higher scale at the Majestic Theatre.

Shuberts' tieup with Macy's department stores, both the main Herald Sq. and branch emporiums, furthered the "central boxoffice"

The Bard and Burton

The two Bs-the Bard and Burton (Richard, that is)-were boffo on- and pre-Broadway. The Alexander H. Cohen presentation of "Hamlet" garnered \$360,000 on its Toronto break-in, of which \$100,-000 was net; two weeks in Boston exceeded \$150,000: after "Hamlet" recovered its cost. Burton's per-centage deal gave him almost \$15,-000 a week from his share of the Broadway run.

The four mounted and the 12 foot patrolmen whom the actor got to call "the Burton detail" for a time traipsed after the celebrated couple (Elizabeth Taylor) everywhere they went. It also got some muggers and racial disorders called for more cops rather than two famous stars from their fans.

Cohen had a costly flop in the Italian musical hit, "Rugantino," which had an electronically controlled English - translation syn-chronization but, despite the gimmick and the large Italian population in New York it was shortlived.

Jean Kerr's Jackpot

Jean Kerr's "Mary, Mary" first displaced "Arsenic And Old Lace" as the 10th-longest-running show on Broadway, topping 1,445 performances, and toward year's end it became the No. 9 longrunner, topping "Voice Of The Turtle Attorney-General and others getting into the act with proposals for self-regulation, possible legislative controls, and the like. There were several convictions and one digger committed suicide.

Lefkowitz suggested a \$25 top for the choicest 100 tickets as a 1,775; "South Pacific," 1,693; and

performances.

"Mary," which moved over to the Morosco from its long tenancy at the Helen Hayes, has grossed \$6,000,000; four touring companies clocked over \$4,000,000; Warner Bros. paid \$400,000 for the screen rights. When the film version played the Music Hall, doing only so-so business, it opposed the legiter which, of course, has sur-

vived. Miss Kerr's play, "Poor Richard," however, was not well received following its preem, also at the Hayes "Mary" moved over to the Morosco), on Dec. 2 and eventually closed later in the month.

On the subject of longrunning champs, Agatha Christie's meller, "The Mousetrap," played its 5,000th performance in London Dec. 9 and entered its 13th consecutive year at the Ambassadors there. Of the cast, the two marathon members are Mysie Monte. who played the same role for 812 years and then was out for a year because of illness, and David Raven who has been in the show for 712 years.

New Songsmiths
Passing of Cole Porter, of course, accented anew that many of the old guard are dwindling—Hammerstein, Kern, Romberg, Friml, Hart, Youmans, Herbert et al. but the "new faces" among Broadway songsmiths augurs much for the future.

the future.

Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick's "Fiddler" followed their
"Fiorello" and "Tenderloin"; Jerry
Herman's "Dolly" capped "Milk
and Honey"; Charles Strouse and
Lee Adams' current "Golden Boy"
follows their smash "Bye Bye follows their smash "Bye Bye Birdie"; Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones have the champ five-year longrunning "Fantasticks" offlongrunning and also authored Broadway, "110 In The Shade" last year. Stephen Sondheim is lyricist on

Richard Rodgers' upcoming "Do I Hear A Waltz?" (book by Arthur Laurents. musicalization of his own "Time Of The Cuckoo"); Sondheim also clicked with Jule Styne on "Gypsy"; Robert Merrill and Styne have their concurrent "Funny Girl" smash; Ervin Drake debuted as a showtunester with "What Makes Sammy Run?,"; Mark Sandrich Jr. This father was a top Hollywood film director) and Sidney Michaels did the "Ben Franklin In Paris" score; Walter Marks' "Bajour"; Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh did "Little Me"; Jack Lawrence and Stan Freeman did the songs for "I Had A Ball."

No Pulitzers

For the first time in the 47-year history of the Pulitzers there were no prizes for drama, music or fiction. UPI's Merriman Smith got the national reporting prize for coverage of the Kennedy Assassination.

As the Drama Crtics circle picked

other engagements Names In Strawhats Names in strawhats were boffo b.o. as solo attractions, not in any plays. Belafonte playing the Carousel Theatre, Framingham, Mass., for example, set a new record with \$95.094 for his weekstand. Preceding week, at Pitt's Civic Arena, not a strawhat, Nat King Cole clocked \$91,175 in his one-weeker.

Lester Osterman's 46th St. and Alvin Theatres became the first licensed to sell hard liquor before, between and post-performances.
"High Spirits" appropriately was appropriately was housed at the Alvin; "How To Succeed" at the 46th St.



JAMES GARNER EVA MARIE SAINT ROD TAYIOR METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS A PERLBERG-SEATON PRODUCTION

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FOR NATIONAL RELEASE IN FEBRUARY



BRITISH FRIGHT WIGS ON U.S. ROCK 'N' ROLL

(Continued from page 54) William Schuman was "raiding" executive talent, and the like. The creative talents got sharply into the situation with a public pronunciamento supporting Stevens.

The Government's antitrust suit against Broadcast Music Inc. might achieve for the disgruntled ASCAP contingent what its abortively (legally) costly \$150,000,000 damage suit couldn't: although, it is reasonably assumed, that the U.S. action will have beaucoup documentation assembled by the ASCAPers.

The new Los Angeles Pavilion was voted a "complete success almost from its December teeoff as a cultural center of the arts. Acoustics. sound, performances. everything clicked.

Showmen knew what MFL stood for but the controversial MLF (Multilateral Force) was something which even political pundists didn't fully understand.

Film Resume, 1964

Pictures were better and so was business in 1964. Some key cities this past summer never had it so good, in recent memory. Whether it was disenchantment with that "little home box" or the teeners just having more money, getting out more, and spending it. good earnings characterized virtually every film producing company. Harold Mirisch was the Motion

Picture "Pioneer of the Year" and among the Mirisch Co. deals was the fancy \$1.000.000 for the film rights to "How To Succeed" etc., plus 25% of the gross after it recouped production cost. Agent Irving Paul Lazar set this fancy deal, as he did the peak \$5.500.000 for the "My Fair Lady" sale to Warner Bros. plus 4712% of the profits after \$20,000,000 gross had been recovered.

(More than incidentally, "MFL" figures to be one of the all-time smash grossers. right up there with "Gone With The Wind," "Around The World." "Ben-Hur," "West Side Story," "10 Commandments," etc.).

At year's end IATSE prexy Dick Walsh had to warn the Hollywood grips and their chums that their talk about strike threats could quicken still more "runaway"

production.

At year's end, too, "pioneer of the year" Walter Mirisch was the target of moral indignation because his newest Billy Wilder film, "Kiss Me, Stupid!," was scored by Roman Catholic Legion of Decency as a prime sample of the "moral brinkmanship" in which Hollywood had been indulging of

At year's end, also, was the Notre Dame successful injunction suit against 20th-Fox's "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home," not for money damages but for holding up the university to ridicule and scorn. It's being appealed via early trial but meantime cost Fox its choice Xmas bookings.

sixmonth 1964 statistic that en Actors Guild members ed about \$78,000,000 broke down as \$26.000.000 from vidpix; \$20,000,000 from theatrical films; and the \$30,000,000 differential from telecommercials. SAG prexy Dana Andrews deprecated these Roy Chanslor impressive figures on two grounds: (1) that the \$46.000.000 from tv F. Robert Cole and feature films is no more than Sam Cooke actors earned 20 years ago when there was no television; (2), as for the \$30.000,000 for the teleblurbs, that's fine for those fortunate actors doing this limited work but it's "sad news for those of us who work solely as actors.

New Foreign Faces

Past year saw new celluloid favorites and potential stars. Among them are Italy's Stefania Sandrelli. Rosanna Schiaffino and Virna Lisi: Britain Honor Black-man and Shirley Eaton: Senta Berger from Germany: Sylva Koscina, Yugoslovia; Dahlia Lavi from Israel; Sophie Daumier, Catherine Deneuve, Francois Dorleac and Catherine Spaak, French.

"One Potato, Two Potato," interracial-themed film, won out at the Cannes Festival and got U.S. ex-Pascal Covici hibition exposure. It suggested a George Crandell

jects but these haven't come to Paramount on a moveover.

The Cannes Film Festival, incidentally, got to be more 'n' more a wheeler-dealer business conclave, sans the glamor and shenanigans of yesteryear.

with its top producer, Ross Hunter. But U let Stanly Shapiro slip over to Columbia.

UA tied up the Mirisches with

Mike J. Frankovich took over as ment team.

Columbia took on Sol C. Siegel's Universal made a seven-year unit, marking his return, since \$75,000,000 budget investment pact exiting as MGM production head. On the Madrid front Col and the

Franco government were tilling because Spain didn't like the theme of "The Pale Horse," Fred

ment is on the horizon.

"Cleopatra," that all-time costly Col production head and senior film (anywhere from \$27,000,000, the longrun record on Broadway, weepee Sol A. Schwartz moved back into the homeoffice's manage- ably inflated) ended its 63-week

Touters As Producers run at the Broadway Rivoli with a \$2,554,373 roadshow gross. It never went under \$12,700 and in its fourth week took in the highest gross, \$82,767. "Around The World In 80 Days" holds the Rivoli road-show record, 113 weeks and over \$3,500.000 receipts, with "West Side Story" second with \$2,300,-000 in 68 weeks. "Cleo" opened a \$150,000,000 10-year exclusive embracing a minimum of 48 picture. The Mirisches at one time tional) as bribe-taker and mistress- to a \$5 top, later reduced, and was

spate of kindred integration sub-were supposed to be "talking" to keeper. But peaceful rapproche-above that of "World" and "West Side.

"This Is Cinerama" still holds

Touters As Producers

Having learned the grassroots problems of film merchandising it was natural that a succession of former publicists emulate such other reformed pressagents as the late Jerry Wald, Hal Wallis, Law-rence Weingarten and the late Mark Hellinger.

Max Youngstein, a pub-adman before becoming one of the five original partners in the "new" United Artists, now heads his own production company (in association with David Karr and Fred Coe) for Columbia release.

Arthur P. Jacobs, Marvin Schwartz, Len Kaufman, Leon Roth, Roger Lewis, Stan Margulies, Walter Seltzer and Walter Shenson

are the recent new crop of toutsturned-producers.

Despite Audrey Hepburn getting the \$1.000,000 nod for the Liza Doolittle role in "MFL," created by Julie Andrews, the Hollywoodization of the latter parlayed into a triple boxoffice threat via Walt Disney's "Mary Poppins," Metro's "Americanization of Emily"
20th-Fox's "Sound of Music.

Josephus Euripides Levine's impact with his Paramount releases mostly) and some via his own Fmbassy distribution led to a closer cementing of ties. Carroll Baker is segueing from "The Baker is segueing from Carpetbaggers." loosely I Carpetbaggers." loosely limned takeoff on Jean Harlow, into the "Harlow" biopic, sparked by the limned sales click of the Irving Shulman book. Levine paid \$100.000 for the latter's rights after 20th-Fox and Columbia supposedly were also in the "Blonde Bombshell" sweep-

"MFL" cost Warners \$17,000,000 and, early in '65. the \$20.000,000 "Greatest Story Ever Told" (UA) will get the similar grandiose kickoff. On the horizon is Dino Laurentiis' "The Bible." which may be held back in order not to buck the George Stevens "Story," both being of like Biblical genre.

West Germany last year paid American film distributors the new record high of \$24.075.000.

Westerns so intrigued the French that places like Le Dude Ranch Du Kentucky and kindred spreads (avec vintage champagne, natch!) sprang up in the wild blue yonder of the Bordeaux and Bour-

yonder of the Bordeaux and Bourgoigne belt.

Spain, Yugoslavia, Germany and Italy upped their versions of western productions. The French recreated cowboys-and-Indians but did it from "the honest Injuns" viewpoint. i.e.. the palefaces were the heavies for seizing the load. the heavies for seizing the land and despoiling the squaws.

The Broadway Paramount, a

Times Sq. landmark since 1926, as the swoonology, Paul Ash, Publix units, etc., 1.0 more; to become an industrial exhibition hall and office building under a sale and lease-back deal between Paramount Pictures Corp. and Webb & Knapp.

Metro Into the Black

The black into at MGM was even more remarkable, turning a \$17,-500.000 net loss a year ago to a \$7.390.000 profit this past fiscal

Metro's "Unsinkable Molly set still a new Radio City Music Hall record with a take of \$2.001.566 in 10 weeks. It's the first film in the 32-year history of the Rockefeller show-case to pass the \$2.000,000 box-office mark. Previous high was U's "That Touch of Mink" (sum-mer of '62) with Cary Grant-Doris

Day.

Metro's "turnabout" winners were "How The West Was Won," especially in its 35m reissue, "The Prize." "Viva Las Vegas," aforementioned "Molly Brown" and "Night of the Iguana."

Lew Wasserman put the Universal Payme Studies not only into the

sal-Revue Studios not only into the tourism business, with conducted studio tours on a fee basis, but a \$40.000.000. 1.800-room Sheraton-Universal Hotel on the lot will further make the visitors a captive audience.

The Darryl F. Zanuck-Seymour Poe aggressiveness in putting 20th-Fox back into the black also

(Continued on page 58)

Necrology of 1964

John Abbott Jill Adams Frances Adler Morris Ankrum Herbert V. Akerberg Frank Albertson Max Alexander Gracie Allen David C. Andrews Claire M. Anderson Roxanna Welles Anspach Gene Armand Marie Armitage Lissy Arna Jess Arnold Edwin August Capt. Harold Auten David Aylmer Clarence Badger Franklyn Barrett Roland Beaudry William Bendix Jack Barrett Maurice Baron Edward A. Byron Ary Barroso Bobby Barry Viola Barry George W. Bartels Hamilton Basso Beverley Baxter Brendan Behan Dr. Milton Bender Leo Benuch Arthur Bernstein John H. Billsbury Harry Clay Blaney Marc Blitzstein William F. Blowitz Sam J. Boal Clayton E. Bond Hye Bossin Ben Boyar Milton Bracker El Brendel James Brennan Nacio Herb Brown Russ Brown Willie Bryant George Bryson Samuel N. Burger Johnny Burke Borrah Z. Burman Johnny Burnette Peter Burnup Frank A. Burt David Burton Leslie Buswell Dr. Harry F. Cagney Georgia Caine King Calder Charles Campbell Ted Carr Garnet H. Carroll Joe Cooper Percy L. Crosby Harry S. Currie Harry De Costa Naomi Childers Samuel Chotzinoff Duke R. Clark Ethel Clark George Clay Max Cohen Nat Cohn Nate Cohn Buddy Cole Fred Cole Ted Collins Una Collins Myles Connolly Eugene J. Conrad Frank Conroy Jean Conroy

Edd Cramer Ruby Craven Maurice Dandelot Roberto Dandi Charles F. Danver Simon Danz Fay Davis H. O. Davis Dorothy Day Pierre DeBecker Nettie DeCoursey Harry Delf Harry Dembow Jack Diamond Nick Diamos Charles E. Dillon Marian Distler Phyllis Dixey Alfred Dixon Humphrey Doulens Mrs. Morton Downey Max Drevfus James Duffy Ralph Dumke Nellie Durkin Ralph S. Durkin Judy Dupuy Edward Eager Jack O. Easton Virginia Edwards Benjamin H. Ehrlich Zo Elliott Earl Ellis Josephine Emerson John Emery Don English Mrs. Morris L. Ernst Happy Felton Perry Ferguson Henry Fink Ian Fleming Hazel Flynn John T. Flynn George Folster Walter L. Ford Marty Forkins Matty Fox Hans Franck John J. Franklin Charles J. Freeman Stanley French Max Friedman Isaac Fyfe Jan Fabricus Moe Gale Alberto Gallo Edward Gargan Tanya Garth Georgeous George Franco Ghione Harry M. Gilbert Cyrena Van Gordon I. G. Goldsmith Kip Good David Gordon Cliff Gordon Jacob D. Gortatowsky Maurice Gosfield Garrett Graham Neal Graham Nat S. Green Eddie Greene Charles E. Griffith Jack J. Gross Harry Grossinger Irving Grossman Louis Gruenberg Fred Guiol Mrs. Frances Gunther Vladimir Guterson Robert Haas John Haggott Carol Haney J. Francis Haney Mark W. Hansen Sir Cedric Hardwicke Lumsden Hare Veit Harlan Bernard Hart W. Hastings-Mann Paul F. Heard Sam Hearn Ben Hecht

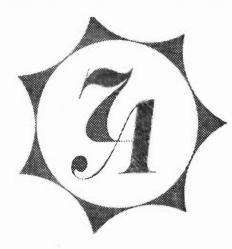
B. W. Heubsch Paul Hindemith Kurt Hirschfeld Paul Hochhuli Earle Hodgins Vida Hope Cherry Preisser Hopkins Frederic Horton Jack Horwitz John Tasker Howard Roy W. Howard Sam Howard Glenn A. Hughes Norman S. Hall Mrs. Sidney Howard Jerome Jerome Austen Croom-Johnson Ethel May Johnson Walter Johnson David R. Jones Nicholas Joy Harry M. Kalmine Eddie Kaplan Orry-Kelly Joseph M. Kerrigan Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick Jack Kirkwood Arthur Klein Paul Klein Tiny Kline Seymour Kneitel Irby J. Koverman Percy Kilbride Clarence Kolb Alan Ladd Stuart Lake Henry Lascoe Al Paul Lefton Alan LeMay Winifred Lenihan Irving M. Lesser Raymond Levy George J. Lewis Meade Lux Lewis Richard J. Lewis Sam Lewis James Light Albert I. Jacobs Al Lloyd Lou Lockett Bert Longworth Peter Lorre Howard L. Lubliner Tommy Lyman Stanton B. Leeds Harry F. MacDonald Marty Martyn Dorothy Masters Harry F. Mace Wilbur Mack Cleo Madison Leopold Mannes John Manuti Don Marcotte J. Peverell Marley Bert Marshall Rudolph Mate Kate Manx Edie Martin Marty C. Martin Harpo Marx Lesley Mason Raymond C. Mayer Jerry Mayhall Harry Mayo Richard McKenna Norman Z. McLeod Robert W. McLeod Tom McNamara Kitty McShane Robert A. McStay Tom Meany Frank Melford Frank L. Mellor Leonard Mendlowitz Charles H. Meredith Eulabelle Moore Grace Metalious Fred L. Metzler Bob Miller Mrs. Abe Minsky Pierre Monteux Belle Montrose Guy Morgan Gaby Morlay

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Robert F. Moore

Nettie Hellman Aaron Helwitz

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starring Simone Signoret, Yves Montand and Catherine Allegret. Being prepared for 1965 are such films as

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to be directed by Tony Richardson; THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING, starring Richard Burton with

John Huston directing; Tennessee Williams' THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED, starring Natalie Wood,

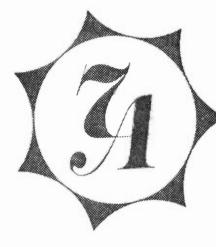
also to be directed by John Huston; ASSAULT ON THE QUEEN, the story of an attempted

holdup of the Queen Mary in mid-Atlantic, now being scripted by Rod Serling;

OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELING SO SAD,

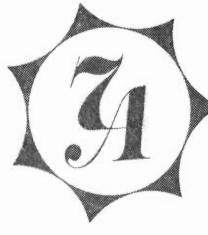
starring Rosalind Russell and directed by Richard Quine; THE DEEP FREEZE GIRLS, MY LAST DUCHESS,

Richard Rodgers' NO STRINGS and THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, based on the current hit Broadway play.



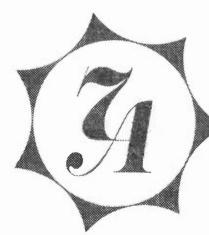
is on Broadway

The lights of Broadway glitter that much more with musical events like FUNNY GIRL, starring Barbra Streisand and Sydney Chaplin, and THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, the highly-acclaimed comedy starring Diana Sands and Alan Alda. Other Seven Arts stage projects now being developed include MRS. 'ARRIS GOES TO PARIS, a musical based on Paul Gallico's novel; FILM OF MEMORY by Paul Osborn, and FRENCH STREET by Norman Krasna.



is on Television

With its "Films of the 50's" from the major Hollywood studios, including Warner Bros., 20th Century-Fox and Universal. Among the Seven Arts' releases currently being telecast throughout the U.S. are such great films as MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION, THE GLENN MILLER STORY, WILL SUCCESS SPOIL ROCK HUNTER?, A HATFUL OF RAIN, AUNTIE MAME, SAYONARA and MISTER ROBERTS. In addition to feature films, Seven Arts also distributes other television programs, including the BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA TV Concert Specials; OUT OF THE INKWELL, 1005-minute cartoons in color; EN FRANCE, a series of half-hour French language entertainment-instruction films starring Dawn Addams; CHURCHILL, THE MAN, a half-hour documentary TV Special; THE EMMETT KELLY SHOW, a series of 39-half-hour children's programs, and MAHALIA JACKSON SINGS THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS.



is in Distribution

The newly-formed Seven Arts Pictures is currently releasing an array of outstanding films in the United States and Canada. Included are WHY BOTHER TO KNOCK, starring Elke Sommer; CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and HORROR OF DRACULA, a unique double-creature feature; THE CROOKED ROAD, starring Robert Ryan and Stewart Granger, and THE WILD AFFAIR, starring Nancy Kwan and Terry-Thomas. Coming up in 1965 will be such fare as the prize-winning TAXI FOR TOBRUK, SYMPHONY FOR A MASSACRE, MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM, starring Lili Palmer, Romy Schneider and Christine Kaulmann, THE FACTS OF MURDER, starring Claudia Cardinale; THE RAVISHING IDIOT, starring Anthony Perkins and Brigitte Bardot; THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ, starring Leslie Caron, Orson Welles, Claudia Cardinale and Jack Palance; and THE SLEEPING CAR MURDERS.



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PARIS-ROME-HOLLYWOOD: IT'S LE SEXY HOT

(Continued from page 56) figured in the year's economic

The big "turnaround" success, of Jones," "Irma La Douce," "Great Escape," "Dr. No," "Russia With Love," "Pink Panther," "Mad Mad etc. World," "Shot In The Dark," the Beatles' first film "Love Davies." the Beatles' first film, "Long Day's Night," and upcoming are "Gold-finger," George Stevens' "Greatest Story Ever Told" and others.

Metro and Columbia both marked

their 40th anniversaries.

Howard Koch, ex-Sinatra Enterprises, new head of Paramount Studios, succeeding Jack Karp and Martin Rackin. Legit producer Paul Gregory new aide to Koch and Rackin joined 20th-Fox as an indie producer. Mike Nichols, ex-Elaine May's

comedy partner (although they reunite periodically, makes his film directorial debut with "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?", the controversial Edward Albee play, which Ernest Lehman is scripting and directing for WB, with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in the top roles. Nichols' current Broadway click with "Luv," Murray Schisgal play, has been standout. Nichols will next direct "The Public Eye" for Ross Hunter

Among the economic debacles was the Cinerama mess (Coast theatre owner Bill Foreman took the big rap there) and the Pierre S. DuPont 3d falling-out with Samuel Bronston in the Madrid-based Bronston Productions, which he financed. However, that seems on the road to righting itself. The Spanish government, particularly, regards Bronston favorably as a plus in the overall Spanish economy. Many a Spanish regment have been hired as \$1-ahead film extras in Bronston's

Year in Television

Network tv billings in 1963 were up 4.2% to \$832,736.800 compared to \$798,808,100 in '62. CBS' billings upped 4.5%, NBC's 3.8% and ABC rose 4.6%.

TV Bureau of Advertising stated that average American household daily viewir.g was five hours and six minutes, based on Nielsen surveys. This is the fifth consecutive year of topping the five-hour-a-day average although the motion picture boxoffice upbeat was ascribed by many to be the result of being more selective on tv lookership.

Films' ratings appeal on tv has seen post-1948 features skyrocketing to \$250,000-\$300,000 average per pic, sold en bloc. It has also sparked criticism that this surrendering of the medium to Hollywood's product is likewise concommitantly an abdication by television of its functions as its own

While the new fall season's initial Nielsens put the spotlight on ABC and eclipsed both the other networks, CBS was heading (1) for another jackpot payoff via the WB filmization of "My Fair Lady" (70% owned by the net-work) and (2) got its \$11.200.000 by (80%) of the N.Y. Yankees control okayed by Washington. Dan Topping and Del Webb retained 10% each but CBS has the option to buy out their shares eventually

Sports Et Cetera

CBS' program of expansion into all branches of communications and entertainment (sports comes under the latter category) rumored them into publishing acquisitions but, although dis-cussed, it was RCA which made a merger deal with Prentice-Hall.

Leonard H. Goldenson's tieup with the new (also the old) Madi-son Square Garden gave ABC-TV a sports arena link. This came on the heels of CBS' 80% acquisition of the N.Y. Yankees. New Garden. being built in the "sky rights" above New York's Pennsylvania Railroad Station, will include a 3.000-capacity theatre and 25,000 arena capacity (as against the present Garden's maximum of 18,000).

Besides CBS' Yanks buy, sports figured in all programming. Its NFL gridcasts for '64 and '65 was a \$28.000.000 deal, more than triple the \$9,300,000 previously paid for nitely "living dangerously.")

similar two-year termer. NBC's four-year American Football League pact was for \$36,000,000 ending 1969. This too, figures over thrice what ABC paid, expiring this past year, having shelled out only \$2,350,000 for the AFLcasts. NBC had bid \$21,500,000 for the National Football League games CBS topped with the until \$28.2 mil.

New Broadcast Row

The new CBS Bldg, on 6th Ave and ABC moving a block away, and both close by NBC in the RCA Bldg., will make the Avenue of the America's (it's still 6th Ave. to native New Yorkers) the "new Madison Ave." Already talent (William Morris and Ashley Famous) and ad agencies are shifting headquarters into several of the other new office structures hard by.

ABC retains its studios in the West 66th St. complex which now also houses its executive offices. CBS' new New York Broadcast Center on West 57th St. is another ultramodern facility, reportedly a \$15,000,000 investment.

Overdid Conventions?

Several affiliates frankly felt that the networks overdid the conventions this summer but the Presidential race in the fall along with other regional political aspirants saw beaucoup ballotpitching programming on the air, both video and AM. Both parties spent \$20,000.000 for Presidential shilling, a record.

Senator Goldwater's valedictory saluted the working press for its dispassionate and objective cover-age but blasted the columnists and networks--as he did in July at the Frisco GOP convention—for its "bias." The media brushed him off as so much "Goldwater under the dam."

CBS News' dropping Walter Cronkite as anchor man was a postmortem rhubarb as result of the ratings race between it and NBC (again the latter topped with the Big Show in November) but Cronkite was back in a key post regardless, especially after the strong press comment wondered Jackie Gleason's 30 taped shows what CRS' Fred W. Friendly was what CBS' Fred W. Friendly was trying to prove.

Color tv envisioned 75% spectrum programming in prime time

within three years.

A Bicentennial Expo-'76

Some 12 years from now there may be another World's Fair, marking approximately years since America's breakaway war from Great Britain. Idea at first was to recall the Boston Tea Party.

The late President John F Kennedy toyed with 1976-and Boston - idea and assigned Charles E. Bohlen, U.S. Ambassador to France, to give it a big think and have the date reserved with the Bureau of International Expositions, the body which did not clear the

N.Y. World's Fair of 1964-65. President Johnson does not favor Boston as the site for a Bicentennial Expo. Philadelphia, with its Liberty Bell, may be a major contender but a Southern city will be in there pitching. Various possibilities are these: New Orleans, Atlanta, Dallas, Tallahassee. (Also Niagara Falls, Los Angeles and Chicago).

peaks on top of the record \$56. 400,000 combined profits for the three networks in '63, an increase of 53%.

Despite the experimentally sharp pictures of the Olympics transmitted by Satellite (Syncom 3) the time differential made it more expedient for NBC, which had the exclusive, to fly same-day pictures to Seattle and putting them on the network from there.

Emmys suffered a poor image and the industry sought to revitalthe annual ize the annual intraindustry awards. The periodic cry that "Oscar needs a new script" was intraindustry also echoed on the Hollywood front but ABC-TV renewed again for five years—the Academy Awards still get top lookership despite the now trite formula presentations.

Judy Garland was several times in the headlines with "illnesses" in divers capitals of the world, some

for this new season embraced a \$6.000,000 deal.

Barbra Streisand, the stellar "discovery" of 1964 ("Funny Girl," the Fanny Brice musicalization) Broadcasting envisioned new made headlines with CBS' reported

less, being an optional arrange-

Ed Sullivan's showcasing of the Mersey sound (flock of Liverpool "beat" rockin' Redcoats, viz., The Beatles, Dave Clark, The Animals, Rolling Stones, along with new-comer Yank and foreign vocal disk faves) rated him the No. 1 "disk jockey" because certainly his national showcase transcended all, Eventually, Sullivan became vexed with the misbehaviorism of the squealing teenagers in the audithe expense of the viewers.

Sullivan's imbroglio with comedian Jackie Mason whose "digital" gestures were scored as being in bad taste also made headlines as the columnist-showman fired Mason from five more guest-shot commitments.

CBS in turn made sure of Sullivan by issuing a new additional three-year term (plus seven-year-option); ditto Art Linkletter's "House Party" into its 13th year. This is Sullivan's 16th annum on the network.

'Booze and Butts'

The N.Y. Times' WQXR station marked a break-through for whiskey advertising on radio.
"Booze and Butts" was a prime

NAB consideration at its spring convention.

The tobacco industry's \$135,-000,000 cigaret advertising budget posed a problem for the U.S. networks on the heels of the U.S. Government cancer-cigaret report. Several teenage programs immediately canceled tobacco sponsorship. Bing Crosby similarly edicted no cigaret bankrolling for his ABC-TV series.

The smoking (cancer) scare caused American Tobacco to drop sponsorship of sports on radio-tv and WMCA (N.Y.) dropped all ciggie advertising from its rock 'n' roll and kindred teenage shows. Cur-rent gag was, "Forest Lawn is Marlboro Country."

The U.S. Surgeon General asked NBC to rescind nixing two telefilms dealing with venereal disease. The Government feels that the VD problem, telecast on such toprated shows as "Mr. Novak" and "Dr. Kildare," would have benevolent results.

As Sen. Thomas Dodd and other Capitol Hill probers, constituting the Connecticut Democrat's Sen-ate Juvenile Delinquency Subcommittee, scored tv for its moral laxity, the new crop of "adult" films being sold to television also came under fire.

NBC board chairman Robert sundry influence-making, cultural and kindred groups, minced no words before the Economic Club of Detroit calling for complete unrestrictive telejournalism coverage. This should apply to anything and everything from political conventions to controversial issues. and should not bar the tv medium from legislative and judicial proceedings.

The Monsters

Talent-wise the new ABC "monshows were a new cycle of grisly humor along with nighttime soap opera (viz., "Peyton Place")

A real doubleheader musically(?) signalizing the monstrous libidos oi current video and terpsichorean manifestations was the back-toback coupling by Bobby Pickett of "The Werewolf Watusi" and "The Monster Swim".

Judy Garland's Melbourne fiasco and subsequently "illnesses" were offset by her resounding click with

Two other song pops reflecting the mores was Don Hinson calling his band the Rigamorticians in honor of such paeans to The Munsters and the Addams clan titled 'Riboflavin-Flavored, Non-Carbonated, Polyunsaturated Blood" backed by the terser "Monster ated, Jerk.'

Garry Moore's exit as emcee of "I've Got A Secret" and cutting down on his tv activities pointed up that the conferencier was probably "the richest man in television:" for many years he was good for a \$43,000 weekly take computed on the \$15,000-a-week as star and coowner of "Secret" and the \$28,000 weekly his tv com-

pany grossed.
Still under CBS contract, although his hour-long vaudeo had are today's songwriters(?)," and predicted a musical turn for saner (Continued on page 60)

\$5.000,000 (10-year) pact-actually been cancelled, Moore is doing a regular taped radio show and was also tapped by the U.S. Information Agency to rep Uncle Sam on overseas panel shows.

Even without the California statewide referendum defeating pay-tv Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver Jr.'s fledgling Subscription Television Inc. experienced difficulties almost from the start. By fall it was forced to suspend operation. Showmen were enamored by the potential of "a boxoffice in every home," a longtime dream, and Weaver's persuasive pitch got responsive attention and considerable wishful-thinking rooting from the talent guilds on all fronts-but little support from the public who couldn't see paying for pay-see when there was so much freevee.

British TV was in a rhubarb with its listeners, 41% of whom scored "super sophistication" of the madium via sex plays, strippers and smut.

While tollvision was having its vicissitudes in America, England was going forward with it. Time Inc. bought in on British Telemeter Home Viewing which is a copartnership of Paramount, British Lion Films, The Financial News, N. M. Rothschild & Sons, the merchant bankers, and Bowmak-

er's, another financial house. Despite Harry F. Oppenheimer, chairman of the powerful Anglo-American Corp. and "other mining to bring tv television to interests" South Africa, the dominant political rulers, the Afrikaans, viewed the "little black box" (tv) as "sub-versive"; as being an "insidious influence that destroyed mighty empires" and threatened "the de-struction of white South Africa." The Dutch heritage in South Africa takes the position that video films showing mingling of racesin a country where "the coloreds" far outnumber the Europeans would lead to crime, rape and political holocaust.

Jack LeVien's tv and theatrical film on Sir Winston Churchill will be followed by similar documentary treatment of "the woman I love" Duke of Windsor who, incidentally, just became 70.

Pop Music, 1964

Discotheque vogue, which started in Paris, boomed in London, belatedly caught on in New York, dominantly at Shepheard's, in the Hotel Drake, and then spread west. The watusi, frug, swim, monkey, etc. became including topless " demonstrations bikini. vogue "s w i m" Sarnoff, who has been addressing Frisco Barbary Coast bistro and special makeup and haut conture. Latter was in the nature clinging, swinging skirts, and the makeup was for glowing eyes in the very dimly lit dancemporiums.

The Beatles, Dave Clark 5, the Rolling Stones et al. gathered beaucoup loot not only in the U.S. tours but internationally. The spate of teenage riots that followed likewise had no national boundaries; seemingly something about their "beat" churned their fans into militant rhubarbs. The Cleveland Public Auditorium summarily ruled against any and all rock 'n' roll bookings henceforth as insurance against property destruction.
Same went for New York's Carnegie Hall.

17-year-old daughter Liza Minelli, in a London charity performance. The Palladium has been traditionally "Over The Rainbow" for the songstress who, following cancella-tion of her CBS-TV series, took off

Where Are The 'Good' Songs? Frank Sinatra deplored why the

'good" songwriters are laying back and not writing the "solid" songs of yore—despite the rock 'n' roll onslaught-and the daddy of them all, Paul Whiteman, the dean of symphonic syncopation, became 75. He plans another teen talent quest on tv. Pianist-maestro Andre Previn also concurred in scoring today's musical illiterates who are today's songwriters(?)," and

Negro: Stop-&-Go Signs of 1964

Minstrels, despite hundreds of protests in the past 10 years, are still being produced by local amateurs, to the purported surprise of the auspices, who seem never to know in advance that this sort of blackface entertainment is an offense, by definition, to Negroes. One incident of this nature occurred at the U. of Texas where a charity funds-raising group called The Cowboys advertised a "minstrel" show,

In Hollywood there was, once more, another "proposed" remake of D.W. Griffith's Ku Klux Klan epic of 1915, "Birth Of A Nation." time Paramount Pictures made formal repudiation of a report that it would be connected. Wanted no part of such a project.

The Mummers' traditional Philadelphia string band parade in 1964 was sans blackface makeup.

A 1964 breakthrough for Negro talent was on major tv shows via their disclicks or personalities such as Satchmo, Ella Fitzgerald, Pearl Bailey, Nipsey Russell, Bob Cosby, Nat King Cole, Sammy Davis Jr., Harry Belafonte et al. These acts were booked on Ed Sullivan and kindred toprated vidshows. (Cole's lung cancer ailment flooded him

with letters of sympathy from all walks). A bigger breakthrough is Sheldon Leonard's projected one-hour "I Spy" series for NBC-TV next season with Negro comedian Cosby set to costar with Robert Culp in a running role.

Ruby Dee, booked to play Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew" during the American Shakespeare Festival this summer in Stratford, Conn., is the first Negro actress in a major assignment since the group's founding in 1955.

Negro talent in sundry tv whodunits, nurses, doctors, cops 'n' robbers series have been fairly frequent, albeit irregular.

Legit has integrated talent, notably Diahann Carroll in Richard Rodgers' "No Strings." But Diana Sands playing opposite Alan Alda in "The Owl and the Pussycat." recently opened on Broadway, went further. Nothing in the script bespeaks interracial circumstances; it is played straight as a boy-girl relationship. Miss Sands got particularly good notices.

Not that there are not sardonic aspects. In Hollywood the quip in 1964 was "Well, if Sidney Poitier won't play it, let's rewrite the role

for a white actor."

During the year "Bonanza" (NBC-TV) stars Michael Landon, Dan Blocker and Lorne Greene cancelled a Jackson, Miss., personal for \$19.258 (under local radio stations' promotion) when assurances against nonsegregation in the local arena were not forthcoming. Local showmen insisted that local state laws did not permit them.

Chorus lines of Broadway musicals (sometimes to a rather incogruous degree, some thought), included sepia performers.

Negro newsmen on radio-tv became more frequently seen. (White lensmen and reporters covering Harlem riots last summer were defi-



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CULTURE Vs. FEUDS AND POWER-GRABS IN 1964

(Continued from page 58) and more melodic tunes in near future.

Cole Porter's death at 71 course removed a giant of sophisticated songsmithing. Max Dreyfus, the "king" of the music publishers, died at 89.

The golden jubilee of ASCAP was signalized with a special American Music stamp and the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers otherwise signalized the performing rights society founded in 1914 via the historic Victor Herbert test case.

Both Broadcast Music Inc. and ASCAP revenues hit new peaks. Under Judge Robert J. Burton's aggressive presidency of BMI, latter went after new licensees, notably the outdoor arena like the Forest Hills Tennis Stadium which play big-grossing attractions like The Beatles; the college campuses which no longer are mere undergraduate "cultural auditoriums" but big show biz via folknik bookings, and the like. Its horizons were marred by the Governments antitrust suit against BMI because of its ownership, in part, by radio station owners. They were charged with helping perpetrate the rock 'n' roll beat.

New rock beat, the Jamaica Ska, was heralded as a new craze but has yet to really rock 'em.

Riverside Records took a \$1,300,-000 bankruptcy bath. Archie Bleyer merely folded his Cadence label.

Mills Music made a \$5.000,000 sellout deal with Utilities & Industries Inc. MCA and Herb Marks couldn't make a deal for Edward B. Marks Music Corp. but MCA finally bought out Lou Levy's Leeds Music Corp. Levy and his exec v.p. Sal Chianti will run the music pubbery for MCA and also became offiers of the Jules C. Stein-Lew Wasserman operation.

Newport nixed further use of its Freebody Park for the annual Newport Jazz Festival which will come back in its own hall. While deplored for its rowdyism. Rhode Island Gov. John H. Chaffee proffered state assistance for a suitable new site away from a public park.

Rocking Redcoats

Beatlemania and the Mersey beat not only swept the Yanks off the charts but swept the world in sales and boxoffice. The Beatles Yank tour was good for \$1,000,000 One Frisco date was for \$25,000 guarantee against 60% of the gross. Brian Epstein, braintruster and manager of The Beatles, figured his 25% ownership of the group was worth \$3,000,000 on a capital gains sellout.

Beatles versus Presley produced these statistics: latter's 100.000,000 disk sales on singles, LP's and albums versus The Beatles' 80,-000,000 platters, internationally, albeit in a shorter period.

Their first UA film, "Hard Day's Night," was a big grosser. The foursome surprised many with their thespic ability

In England, the new teenage disk bonanza stirred the belief that, as this increased new market grows older, they will generate a

delinquency

The N.Y. Times gave them P. 1 prominence with a triple-byline treatment on "4 Beatles and How They Grew." breaking it down into "publicitywise," "moneywise" and

"peoplewise."
London's Variety Club dubbed them the Show Biz Personalities of

Politicos extolled them as Brit ain's best export item.

Then came the reverse British press found itself running out of nice things to say and already new faves were bruited.

Sylvie Vartan, whom RCA Victor is importing from her native Gallic heath, portends a "French ye-ye girls" in vasion — the Champs-Elysees road company of the rock-

excitement benefits all.

Presley was hot, it worked the tion diskers such as Liza Minnelli, "archivistic" hot novelty like Vaughn Meader's "First Family" and Allen Sherman's initial comedy platters.

The Beatles' influence via coiff and attire recalled to Life the passing fads over the years, viz., goldfish swallowing, stuffing tele-phone booths, Davy Crockett, Sinatra, the Shmoo, bedpushing, The Twist.

Other Music Biz

Other business moves: Art Talmadge out as president of United Artists Records and David Picker in. Mike Stewart, exec v.p. of UA's music publishing subsidiaries, was also moved up as exec v.p. of the diskery operation.

HCLP spotlighted the diskery operation.

diskery operation.
ABC-Paramount Records' Sam Clark was named head of American included a \$100 12-disk set of Sir Broadcasting-Paramount Theatres, Winston Churchill's historic succeeding the veteran Edward L. speeches. Laurence Olivier reading Hyman, retired, and Larry Newton named to succeed him at the

Rocco Vocco's daughter for his interest.

Sullivan brought Soeur Sourire from Belgium on vidtape and the U.S. saw "The Singing Nun" who gave the world a disk Nun" who gave the world a disk bestseller in "Dominique."

On the heels of second-genera- despite their

same way; ditto Sinatra, Goodman, daughter of Judy Garland and Dorsey and the like. Ditto if it's a Vincente Minnelli, the MGM director, and Frank Sinatra Jr., Peter Ford, 19, son of actor Glenn Ford and dancer Eleanor Powell, just signed with Capitol. Jack Jones, son of Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, and Rick Nelson, son of Ozzie & Harriet, like a couple of the Bing Crosby sons, also already have made impact. Hopalong Cassidy, zoot suits, flag-pole sitting, Presley, James Dean, Bridey Murphy, hula hoops and her former husband) are plattering on the WB label.

> Original cast Broadway albums continued big, and the WB sound-track from "My Fair Lady" is pegged to generate more millions of LP sales globally from its sunversions sparked by the \$17,-

business-the high cost of LPs the Old Testament on a 12-LP Mercury set was a \$59.95 item. In Frankfurt, the Quadriga Tongesell-Edwin H. (Buddy) Morris bought schaft is working on the entire Old and New Testament on 20 LPs, with an eye to a large built-in classroom sale, since there is no separation of church and state in Germany and religious courses are compulsory.

Notorious Nazi speeches by Josef Goebbels et al. were marketed and later tabued in West Germany despite their "historical" and

went for Nazi militarist marches reproduced on LP.

despite the proletariat approach, the Russians expect artists to "dress up." They didn't dig Seeger's sweater-and-dusty boots universed in NYU'S Hall of Fame. Philips Records found a treasure trove of Edith Piaf recordings made during the 1940-42 occupation of Paris and will reissue them.

subterfuge. Same attire for his authentic folkniks. Bust of the late Edward Mac-Dowell ("To a Wild Rose," "Wood-Folksinger Pete Seeger, ex-The land Sketches"), first American Weavers, puzzled the Russians on composer of serious music, was his tour last spring because, unveiled in NYU's Hall of Fame.

Gambling & Nite Life

Niteries have been undergoing constant flux. A supper club, per se, is virtually nonexistent in New York save for the hybrid policies at El Morocco, which is being revitalized under Londoner John Mills' takeover, and Billy Reed's Little Club. But they, too, operate on restaurant standards.

Names remain the big problem and Las Vegas, to cope with it, has veered more and more to revues and tabloid legit musicals, viz., "Ziegfeld Follies," "Forum," "High Button Shoes," "Anything Goes," "Gypsy," etc., sometimes with the original Broadway stars topping the sy," etc., sometimes with the original Broadway stars topping the condensed Vegas versions.

The lavish French revues (Lido de Paris at The Dunes, Folies Bergere at the Tropicana, etc.) paved the way for Japanese, Korean and now basic American flash revues.

Vegas has experienced realty turnover via capital gains and chain operations displacing the pioneering gamblers who, having made theirs, and for other reasons, are taking the loot and retiring. Wilbur Clark's sellout of his stake in the Desert Inn and Del Webb's takeover of the Sahara figured in the past year's negotiations.

The Silver Slipper's notoriety about "hot" dice, capped by Internal Revenue moving in for a \$70,000 tax delinquency didn't rest well with the rest of the Vegas set.

Open Towns

Also not helping the talent situation as shills for casinos was the kayo of legal gambling in Arkansas as was proposed to save Hot Springs, long a wide-open town until recent exposes put invidious spotlight on this free-wheeling & dealing community. Previously, Covington, Ky., across the river from Cincinnati, had also been shuttered as an "open" town.

Florida's dream of gambling to offset Vegas and the legalized casinos in the Caribbean resort hotels remains that. Instead, Miami Beach is back on a big-name talent kick to lure trade.

Naturally the World's Fair influx helped the mass-capacity "bustrade" type of club, viz the Copacabana, Latin Quarter and International Theatre-Restaurant in New York.

The folkniks found new outlets at top prices on the campus circuit. "The thinking man's saloon" was another evolution, via the erudite 'discussions" in posher bistros like The Strollers (on the site of the old El Morocco) rather than in the Greenwich coffeehouses. Its "uptown" click, in fact, prompted pioneer Village saloonkeeper Max Gordon into essaying a kindred policy at his Village Vanguard which heretofore showcased new faces.

Overseas, the chain U.S. hotel operations (Hilton, Sheraton, Hotel Corp. of America, PanAmerica's Intercontinental Hotels) paved the way, with Yank standards in ultramodern surroundings—bar, bistro, eatery and nitery-which quickly commanded local attention from the town's sophisticates. Result was not only "a home away from home" for Yank tourists but the locals' patronage of the Americanoperated (usually in partnership with local capital) also helped the profit statements of the American hotel syndicates.

Vaude Down Under

Vaude continued to dwindle as a global institution excepting in Australia. For some reason Down Under like vaudeville, particularly the American names, disk or otherwise, and save for occasional tragic lapses, such as Judy Garland's unfortunate experience, the Anzacs have gone big for talent like Sinatra, Kaye, Nat King Cole, Ethel Merman, Chubby Checker, Ruth Wallis, Nelson Eddy, Gale Sherwood, Winifred Atwell (latter British of course) and others,

South American showmen stated that Yank talent, usually tops in Rio. B.A., etc., are pricing themselves out of the boxoffice because of high salaries, and that British and other European turns are displac-

ing them.

For the first time in years the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room closed down pre-New Year's because of talent shortages. This is the Hilton flagship, and other Hilton changes saw corporate shifts, stock exchanges, exit of Joe Binns as topper of the N.Y. Hilton and Rockefeller Center prexy Gus S. Eyssell replacing him as president. Eyssell, of course, remains at his Radio City post; he's merely representing the Rockefellers' 25% ownership in the N.Y. Hilton.

A Coast court ruled that 72-year-old Mae West "has been and is still known as the one and only Diamond Lil." She sued to enjoin 250-pound blonde Marie Lind from billing herself as "the girl who looks like Mae West and sings like Sophie Tucker" and also utilizing larger market for better music.

Israeli authorities, recalling Cliff
Richard's effect on their juveniles.

Actually, the Belgian Village—one of the Rolph F. Schneider hoard chairman Alfred Blooms

With the death of Ralph E. Schneider, board chairman Alfred Bloom ingdale, scion of the New York department store family and quondam legit producer ("Ziegfeld Follies" with the Shuberts, etc.) also assumed

presidency of Diner's Club. Nitery taxes to Uncle Sam escalated from \$40,000,000 in '63 and \$44,000,000 in '64, and the Government envisions a booming nite life economy judging by the \$50,000.000 tax yield projected for 1965.

Tokyo is wondering, like New York, what to do with the many new hotels now that the Olympics are over although Gotham has the 1965 N.Y. World's Fair holdover as a hedge. None the less the debacle appears evident and New York travel agents are equally concerned as (a) the newer motels have made inroads on the posheries, and (b) several famed landmark hostelries on the fashionable east side are destined to become office buildings. Among these are the Savoy Plaza and Park Lane. The Sheraton East (ne the Ambassador) decided to remain a hostelry. The Balsa (Mexican) chain's buy of the St. Regis' ground insures its continuance as a hotel. The Gotham is another

office building possibility.

The new "picturephone" demonstrated at the Fair will be linked to New York, Chicago and Washington; three minutes for \$16 between N.Y. and D.C.; \$21 between Chi and Washington; \$27 between Chicago and New York.

tourist business.

2 N.Y. World's Fair: 1964 Wailing Wall

New York World's Fair 1964-1965, forecasting 40,000,000 admissions at \$2, actually clocked 27,100,000, many of these on the 25c schoolchildren basis and others on the \$1.35 corporate block buys. None the less it was a Big Biz Industrial Show Biz success if a disaster for the Amusement Area which witnessed a succession of bankruptcies topped by the Texas Pavilion's \$9.000.000 foldo; the Leon Leonidoff-Meyer Davis "Wonder World" debacle (\$3,000,000); the Paul Feigay-Dick Button "Ice Travaganza" (\$2,000,000).

Peripherally, the Top of the Fair went into bankruptcy for over \$2,000,000. (The 205-acre Freedomland, in The Bronx, instead of benefiting from any Flushing Meadows overflow from the Fair influx, went into involuntary bankruptcy with \$27,041,000 in liabilities.)

Mike Todd's "America, Be Seated," in the Louisiana Pavilion, threw

in the towel in its first week's operation with a \$100,000 loss and, many showmen figured, a wise move to save further red ink. Paradoxically, Todd broke in the racially integrated minstrel show in New Haven and Boston where it got good notices.

President Robert Moses remained insouciant about the showmen's plight. He refused to powwow with them. They complained about lack of razzmatazz to brighten the amusement area; also renege on an allegedly promised moving sidewalk from the international-industrial areas into the midway. Moses copped 1964 prize for lack of sympathy with his fly statement that show business was like being on horses, some win, some don't. (From Tokyo, a Variety interview with Moses accented that there would "be nothing different" done in that area in

Showmen's pleas that the Fair needs a new image as a fun fair were brushed off with the same attitude as the foreign pavilions' beefs over the high cost of U.S. labor (cleaning and maintenance);

When business dipped, some 500 litter pickers were laid off.
Fair's April 22 opening was marred (1) by rain which probably (2) kayoed the threatened Negro stall-in demonstrations. However, the Traffic Squad was in readiness to tow away the deliberately stalled cars, supposedly with just enough gas to stop on the highways

Further deflating Bob Moses' intensive objective of repaying bond-holders was necessity, at year's end, to advise the N.Y. City Comptroller that the \$24,000.000 which the municipality had advanced to get the Fair on the road will not be available for repayment. Moses admitted "disappointment" in attendance—only 27,100,000 as against the

banned The Beatles' bookings for better items—was completed a day before the Fair folded its first reasons of curbing juvenile season Oct .18.

Gotham hotels, many of them jacking prices in anticipation of the customer onrush (this despite N.Y. Visitors Bureau assurances to the contrary) suddenly found themselves with beaucoup no-shows. This was ascribed to the Harlem riots and also in part to multiple hotel bookings which the hotels sought to police by a crosschecking system for mutual protection.

The anticipating 200,000 opening day attendance, because of the civil rights demonstrators (232 were arrested within the Fair), was cut to 98,000 for the above reasons.

As Billy Rose later observed, the Fair priced itself out of business at the front gate with that \$2 admission. In actuality, there was so much good free entertainment via the industrial and institutional commercials for big business, glossed by Walt Disney and kindredstyle showmanship, that they were surfeited with entertainment. Hence, at almost any price, unless it was some razzledazzle or boffo attraction (but how many Beatles were there?), the idea of a \$1-\$4.80 additional tariff was too much. Pricecutting of the big shows (Morton DaCosta's "Broadway With Love" and Leon Leonidoff's "Wonder World") was no help.

Many of the posh hotels didn't benefit from the Fair influx but some fing British redcoats.

Even Capitol's competition didn't begrudge the bonanza beating it is axiomatic that any new cause it is axiomatic than a cause it is axiomatic than a cause it is axiomatic than a cause it is axiomatic t of the good middle-grade hostelries which tied in with travel bureaus When came from the Fair influx.

CATor WOMAN

or a thing too evil to mention? Listen for the SCREAM in the night, look into the eyes of the creature who rules the land of the living dead!



Screenplay by ROBERT TOWNE · From the Story by EDGAR ALLAN POE · Produced and Directed by ROGER CORMAN

Europe's Americanization

of imitation and disdain of "Americanism" is nowhere more evident than in France, where, from left to right, one reads little but ranting against the American way of life, although the critics themselves live every day more like us.

De Gaulle's domestic policies come under sharp attack, too, but everytime he "puts the United States in its place," and reaffirms the glory of France, the country lines up solidly behind him. The General feeds on the inferiority complex and sense of inadequacy of Frenchmen who do not know quite what to do about the big clumsy American who has invaded the elegant Louis XVI salon of their society.

Most Europeans enjoy criticizing our foreign policy and brood hap-pily over our failures in Vietnam, China, Cuba, the Congo or NATO.
It soothes their bruised pride Never do they discuss our successes, such as the economic re-covery of France, Germany, etc. because they are the objects of the success and would have to ascribe their progress to America. As for domestic questions, of all America's many problems, the most popular conversation pieces in Europe are racial strife, Gold-water and all manifestations of mass neuroses.

Woo Yank Investments

American investments abroad are encouraged and decried simultaneously. The future of the automobile industry in Europe is forecast to be somber unless the manufacturers band together to keep out Uncle Sam, while leading industrialists, like Simca, are busy seeking out and making deals with American investors. The so-called American colonization of Euro-pean industry is one of the favorite subjects of pundits in France. Socialist leader Gaston Deferre, the major rival to De Gaulle for the Presidency of France, opened the new fall season of Parliament warning of the danger of "American colonization." Americans who keep hoping that DeGaulle somewill retire or disappear. should note he is not alone in calling us imperialists.

In a recent article in a French weekly, it was stressed that 700 of the top 1,000 American firms are now active in Europe as opposed to less than 500 six years ago. In enterprises such as computers, rolling mills, agricultural machin-ery, cattle fodder, canned goods and frozen foods, camera film, etc., it was noted with alarm that Americans already dominate the market or are on the point of doing so. Yet, rarely is credit given to the creation of new jobs and increased productivity that American invest-ment generates in these markets.

GE and Machine Bull

When General Electric bought into Machine Bull (the leading French electronics and computer firm) this year, a hue and cry arose as if the honor of France had been despoiled. It was claimed that national security was at stake because Bull made parts for the force de frappe - the national nuclear striking force. It was never specified what the parts were, nor explained how American participation could prevent defense production or why the French Government, which controls just about everything, would be unable to control this aspect of

Aussi an American interest in a French

When Ralston Purina bought into a major French company in the packing and processing of chickens, smaller packers accused the Americans of glutting the market be-cause they had introduced techniques for producing more and charging less. The charge is correct but self-incriminating, for it is the French producer who is guilty in the first instance of producing less and charging more. To the delight of the French con-sumer, the price of chicken was cut in half, and the only people badly hurt were the small manufacturers who want to stay small, an understandable desire but an

this year and next. To the despair production trend in Italy is west-

criticism. In Europe, the duality of France-firsters, other business men in Europe have been only too happy to run the risk of American dollar imperialism. They either welcome our money or accept it in fear of what would happen should their competitors get it. Therefore, the growing trend for American coporations is to bypass France and set up offices in Brussels, Amsterdam or The Hague, where invective and punitive taxes are not likely to be inflicted for political or psychological reasons.

'On-The-Rocks' Etc.

The European man-in-the-street is not much concerned with international business deals, but he is caught up in the controversy over the Americanization of European When a European ordaily life. ders a drink today, nine times out of 10 it is whisky "on-the-rocks." Cafeterias and snackbars, crowded more by natives than tourists, have sprung up in big cities throughout the Continent. In Holland they take the form of "herring bars," whereas Paris and Rome upgrade with "carviarterias."

Along a superhighway in France, a chain of drive-ins is under construction, every bit as phony in its rustic style with thatched roof as the familiar pseudo-Colonial eat-eries on U. S. roads. Nor is the food any less bad than in an eatery. The coffee is much worse and the so-called hamburger is inedible. In Italy, the driver making time on the Autostrada del Sole, rarely pulls off to a nearby village for pasta as he once did. He stops now at one of the innumerable drive-ins "business man's lunch" that will keep him awake and alert on the road, because he will either still be hungry or suffering indi-gestion. All the autostrada drive-ins are known as "grills." They are so popular now that cynical Italians, who have the gift of laughing at themselves, have dubbed a new, modern chapel, erected off a super-highway, "Christ's Grill."

Even Europeans who shun the more extreme forms of short-order cooking have abandoned the leisurely lunch and the multi-course dinner. Young Frenchmen could not care less about haute cuisine. Francoise Sagan suggests that no one has the time or the energy for it anymore. Possibly the cult of dieting has killed the haute cuisine. It is no longer tolerable to be overweight in France. The richer you are the less you can afford to be fat. The chic new restaurants in Paris are all steakusually with exposed colored tablecloths and houses, beams. candlelight like any imitation bistro in New York. For added exoticism, the menus tend to include avocados, baked potatoes and corn-on-the-cob. They call them "fun-

European women, who have to make do with an increasing shortage of domestic help, have quickly grasped the advantage of home ap pliances as well as the short-cut of supermarket shopping. Although the German supermarkets are said to be the most luxurious, more accurately cathedral-like modern German Gothic — those in other countries are equally popular. Those who deplore American "vulgarization" deliberately blind themselves to the fact that the supermarkets are European and that no American czar has issued a ukase to

Aussi, Le Teenagers

Similarly, Europeans carping about American taste forget that Americans did not build the barbecues now seen in their backyards. French, not American, mag-azines glorify "le teen-ager." The sound known as "ye-ye" is French. not American. Certainly, Americans could not have performed the amazing feat of getting all young French girls to look alike (same ribbed sweater, crazy stockings or crocheted dress, same makeup and hair-do), nor despite our obsession with cleanliness could Americans ever have got them to believe in soap, although we applaud the phenomenon.

It is doubtful that we pushed the nostile French attitude has had important repercussions. It has probably cost the French a quarter of a billion dollars in American investments planned for the pushed to pushed the pushed the pushed to pushed the pushed the pushed to pushed the pushed to pushed the pushed the pushed the pushed to pushed the pushed to pushed the pushed the pushed the pushed to pushed the pushed to pushed the pushed th

Cogent Prophesy

Long before pictorial journalism was what it has be-come with its present globalimpact, British publisher Lord Northcliffe, on Nov. 28, 1910 (per page 400, of his biography), observed:

"Photographers (newspaper) are absolutely essential. To be unknown by them is to be damned by democracy.'

erns, it is they who are making them and paying to see them. We did not encourage imitations of Playboy and Mad, nor convince the editor of a French political weekly, who had long sneered at 'Time-Life Americanism," to convert his publication into an exact French replica of Time, thereby more than tripling his circulation. Just who is Americanizing whom, we might ask.

Mass ways are not high ways, and it must be conceded that style suffers in supermarketization, but no American dictator has forced Europeans to take the low way. Snobs like to equate the average American with vulgarity, but objective observation demonstrates clearly that Europeans, given the chance, will sacrifice style and elegance for efficiency and savings.

Although wealth is not culture, historically the two are always found together. The arts flourish in rich and powerful societies, as the Renaissance in the days of the great princes, the court of Louis XIV, the reigns of Elizabeth and Victoria. Today the United States, as the greatest power and wealthiest society in the western world, is also a cultural leader, albeit unacknowledged.

All The Lively Arts

Europeans produce our plays and musical comedies; they watch our ballet, read and translate our books. Young painters and writers have followed technicians and scientists who have long been admiring pilgrims to America. Nothing has so infuriated the French intellectual clique as the fact that the New York School of painting has replaced the Ecole de Paris as the temple of modern art. From a human point of view, this is understandable. It is almost impertinent of Americans to be not only powerful, but to paint well and write good books. Perhaps at least we could have left the Europeans that, but such is not the rule of history. A dynamic people is dynamic in every field of en-

Europe was obliged to acknowledge the values of American civilization when the Kennedys entered the White House. Their style and grace, their entourage of youth and intellect, won us the respect of the world. Even the European Left could not enthusi-astically criticize America when when President Kennedy was in Americans living stride. abroad held their heads high. Tragically, the assassination re-vived all the old doubts and mistrust of America and gave critics new reasons to concentrate their attacks on the worst rather than the best of America.

A few perceptive observers respect us even more for the remarkable resiliency of a people and a state that could survive so terrible a loss so strongly, but they are few. They are often the same thoughtful people who criti-America constructively cize in American life and America's role in world affairs. Unfortunately, the serious comments get little attention. Violent discord is so much more newsworthy. It would be helpful if Americans would understand that much of the discord is emotional and neurotic, and not give way to a tempting but equally neurotic resentment

European critics of America are largely motivated by a compulsion to castigate us in order to comfort themselves for the decline of their power, their leadership and the very culture which they revere. Above all, the French.

We cannot expect to be as successful as we are without being envied, and no one who is envied is truly loved. Yet, if we are truly big, we ought to be big enough to allow people the purge of frustrations that will enable them to live with themselves and, therefore, also with us.

Give Till It Hurts

reasonable of demands. Authority and AGVA and Equity and other protective groups have made actors worthy of their hire. The performer is justified in sitback and let his administrative officers decide the worthiness of the causes. The actor is, by his very makeup, an emotional crea-He'll respond to anything that is pathos.

He can sit back, as in the yarn

of the president of an organization who was making an appeal to the membership. There was so much sorrow to the case he was pleading, so much travail to his voice that all broke down and cried like Only one listener-he children. didn't cry. They came to him and asked: "Don't you think it's sad?" "Yes, it's very sad—but I'm not a member here!"

Years ago, most benefits were held in theatres, when no regular performance was on. Have witnessed and apeared as many five being held the same night. And five different causes. And battle among themselves as to priority, in getting first appearance of these wandering, wondering minstrels. If these actors appear-ing were scheduled for appearance at specified time, they could probably play them all, without much hitch or disappointment. But it did not then or now work smoothly. Have seen performers waiting backstage, for their turn to "go on" and never "go on" that night. Same stage manager, for that night, can do some heartrending doublecrossing. Playing favorites for this or that agency.

Have witnessed some rive and rushed on the stage, regardless of who was next, scheduled. The poor sucker, still waiting his turn, is genuinely worried, as well as hurt. How will he 'get over" at midnight, after the stars have already "milked all the applause?" And the suffering of the audience itself—to them, at midnight, it is no more a theatrical performance—it's a bladder test. So as not to pay overtime, to the theatre help, the stage manager keeps herding the last few, at random, to the footlight and crying to them: "Cut-keep it down to two minutes!'

Sam Bernard's Credo

Easy to see the effect, mentally, on an actor, not being able to do his routine. The immortal Sam Bernard very rarely appeared at a benefit for that reason: His slogan was: "I'm not going to be rot-ten for notten!" He would send a donation to the cause, with a apology for his nonappearance.

Al Jolson dreaded benefit appearances but always sent a check. Many of the famous of the theatre did the same. Can prove what I

say.

Some of the lesser causes—the "fly-by-nights" hired promoters, have their own, roughshod methods. To begin with, first comes a supposedly "personal" letter, with our name above the request, printed in another color ink. Sent out by machine. They play percentages, whoever falls for it is profit enough. Always love to send it back, with the envelope marked: Opened by mistake."

The "galliest" of all is an officer of the organization, or his assistant, who sends you tickets to buy, or sell for them, after you've accepted to appear, as a speaker.

No guarantee that on your apearance you will be worthy of your talent or generosity. Remember meeting Al Jolson, rushing to entertain at a lodge meeting. A few days later, asked him how his performance was received. And his reply: "You can figure for yourself, when I tell you that the 'reading of the minutes' was the hit of the evening!"

Many of the affairs are interested only in "names," for selling purposes. "Oh, Mister So and So, only you will be enough to pack our hall!"

And to each organization, their cause or ailment is the most important. Had first hand experience. Had to attend two functions, the same evening, in two theatres. Arriving at the first one, on sched-uled time, I found the backstage crowded with performers waiting to go on. I said to the fellow running the affair: "You're jammed here. I'll go to my other affair first to perform, then I'll return!' Fearing I might not come back, he hearts—and their song is: "I hear actually cried: "No, stay here—you calling me."

Theatre I do you know that joint-diseases is now considered more serious than

> The function itself is not the only thing guilty of many inconveniences. An actor, with "ham" in his very marrow, can make the rest of the samaritans backstage sorry lot. A star wil rush into the benefit, tell the manager: "I've got to catch a plane for the Coast
>
> —I'll just pay my respects to the audience, in two minutes and out!" Oh, yeh? Even the great Will Rogers violated his promise. At the old Friars Club he asked what I was doing for the evening. Told him I was going to appear at two benefits. He surprised me, by saying: "I'm doing nothing to-night, so suppose I go along with you unannounced, as a surprise!" It was. When they spotted Rogers, they couldn't believe it. He was immediately made the tumult of the evening. He played it shy, bent his head low and said to the excited manager: "Maybe I will go on, but only for a minute—I don't want to take up the time of these other performers who've been waiting around." Take my word, on oath: in both appearances he went on and did an hour each. Yours truly never went on, though scheduled. Riding back to the club, Will Rogers said this to me: 'Harry, you've got to watch your health—you're runnin' around and doin' too much!"

Another long gabber was S. Jay Kaufman. At benefit in Brooklyn he acted as M.C. He opened the show and remained onstage for over an hour. Then he introduced the next performer: "I now give you an actor who is not swell-headed. He is willing to go on No. 2 on this bill." Out came the performer and said to the audience: "I am not really the No. 2 act. I figured that by the time Kaufman was through, I'd be next to closing!"

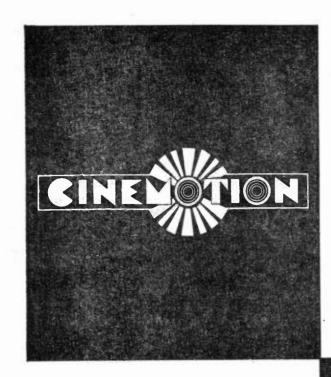
The Ole Con

The way heads of organizations "butter you up" when trying to get you to appear. Now being bantered around as a gag, but did happen to your reporter. Fellow called me up and said: "I know you are a busy man and I hate to bother a busy man. But we are giving an affair on the 21st and I wish you'd come!" My reply: "To show you how busy I am, I won't argue—I'll be there!" Two days later, this gent called me again, with this: "I hate to continue to bother a busy man like you. But Eddie Cantor is in town and if you could get him to come also, it would be marvelous." "OK," we said; "Busy as I am and you know I'm busy, I'll try to get you Can-tor!" I called Eddie and told him of the request. To my surprise, he replied: "I'll go with you, just to see what this guy looks like!"
Now, I had the whip hand. called this fellow up and put it on thick: "Busy as I am, you know I'm busy, I got you Eddie Cantor." He cried: "What did I say about a busy man-now, with Cantor, if you can get Jolson I'll do you a favor-you don't have to come!"

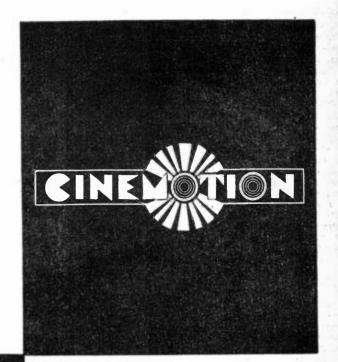
Sum up by saying that the benefit-actor situation is highly im-Better for the stars, proving. though. Many receive as much as \$10,000 for a one-shot appearance. Many do better playing for causes, than they can make of the theatre proper. At an ethnic group affair, one high official of country received \$3,000 for his talk. We witnessed the transfer of the money. Before the speech, a comedian next to the salon whis-pered out loud, "I remember when you cheered for these people for

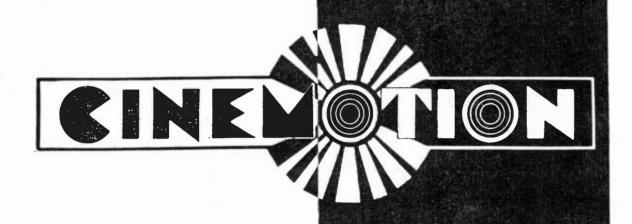
Our present, complex world, in spite of its scientific development, has many things yet to eradicate or heal. Causes are springing up all around us. And advertised to the limit, in the keen competition to survive as a cause; that still has much literature on hand, as well as contracted administrators. Most pleas are legitimate and should be met. Rushing to aid, in cases of national or international disasters, should be done without question. In many cases, we find the smaller, local causes in need of speedier help. The performer and banquet speaker seems to be on hand for all.

They are married to their own



Motion...
Motion...
Motion...
to start that
Boxoffice
COMMOTION





Your Greatest
Showmanship Move
...beats ALL other
Displays
to a Standstill!



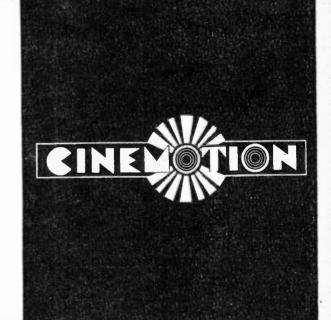
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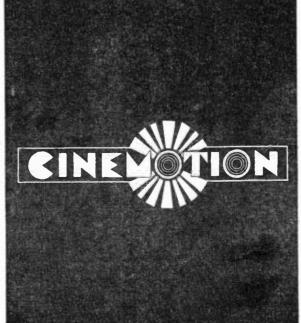
ROCK (((ROLL))):

(TWIST): (TURN)

AS CEND DESCEND

FLASH and CHASE





YOUR LOCAL
N.S.S. EXCHANGE

NATIONAL SCREEN SERVICE

Shades of Hecht & MacArthur

hiding an escaped murderer in a rolltop desk. Or a Buddy Mc-Hugh on the telephone inquiring, "Madam, is it true you were the victim of a Peeping Tom?"

In the hiring of reporters the personnel manager now is almost as important as the city editor. Kentucky managing editor, obviously bruised in a losing battle with the forces of change, recently told a gathering of his peers, "If Irvin Cobb or Heywood Broun were to apply for a job today they wouldn't be hired. They weren't neat dressers.

Buddy McHugh, who retired a few years ago from the American. is probably the last living member of the group of reporters who were given identification by Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur in "The Front Page." Last summer during college vacation Buddy's grandniece worked on the Sun-Times, "She's the first McHugh I've ever heard of who's been to college," said Buddy.

With the exception of a few relics left over from the days of the educational Appalachia, rare is the reporter who can not point languidly to a sheepskin in his

There was a time when the credentials of work on a score of papers in the acreage between the San Francisco Chronicle and the N.Y. World were sufficient for hiring.

Personnel!

Not now, Personnel would be inclined to the notion that they were what you might call unstable. And then they weren't always in the pink of health. You could tell that they had never gone directly home from the night copy desks of the Denver Post or the Philadelphia Bulletin, Health is big corporatewise. Group insurance, 13-weeks' sick leave-things like that cost money

E. W. Scripps defined a good reporter as one who is constantly being startled by the obvious. As one expects of a publisher he was right. Most readers find the obvious new, informative and absorbing.

The modern reader is not getting his 10c worth. The learned reporter perceives the obvious and refuses to share it with the subscribers

general assignments Formerly men made up the bulk of the city editor's troops. They covered everything from fires and executions to school board meetings and They conventions. medical brought the fresh inquiring mind of the totally ignorant to interviews.

A scientist would say, "As is well-known, when you do this, that happens." causing the reporter to exclaim, "Holv smoke! Gimme the details on that." His wide-eved report would cause his paper. equally unlettered editor to give Page 1 play thereby enriching the knowledge of 99.9% of the readership.

Specialists

In the modern lineup there are specialists in education, urban renewal, medicine, space, etc. The physicist being interviewed goes "everyone knows" rouhis pencil moves not. Sure, it's old stuff, he read about it in the Astrobiochemist Journal, circula

I'm told that schools of journalism are more down to earth in their teachings than they were in Possibly modern graduates would not fail Bill Hallowell's pants pocket test. On the city desk of the old Herald & Examiner Bill for his sins was stuck with a journalism graduate. Assigning the novice to a fire, he inquired as to how the youth was fixed for money. The lad displayed paper bills. Silver? Not a bit of small

"How in hell," Bill demanded, "are you going to phone the story if you don't have a nickel?"

portant as a pencil in the vest.

passport. Sometimes their appoint- in and freed after an hour the

delayed by assignment to the po-lice beat. They do not leap into a squad car for the cops-and-robbers chase; rather they wait to grill the captive on the sociological-eco-nomic factors that caused him to turn to a .38 to gratify his desires.

But it is true that the tides of change are coming together at Central headquarters. The plainclothes men, too, get theirs at Brooks Bros. Superintendent Orlando W. Wilson was previously a professor of criminology. He's hiring college men which makes possible high level bull sessions when the reporters gather about the sergeant's desk.

There is not, however, the degree of intimacy that prevailed when both the cop and reporter gree of knew Notre Dame only as a football team. When you're a detective, and the newsman, who has been godfather to your No. 1 son. shows up at a murder scene, you don't hold out on him. Thus: "We found a handkerchief with the initials B.G. We don't know who B.G. is." They never did find out. B.G. is." B.G. read all about it in an early edition and took it on the lam.

Today's Crime Reportage

Today's detective, with his University of Chicago and FBI school education, would keep mum about the handkerchief. But if by mischance it slipped out the reporter would close his ears, fully aware that his first obligation was to so-

I've forgotten the phone numbers of my previous residence but not that of the Herald & Examiner. although it has been 30 years. Main 500. Everytime a Phone crook of any consequence was on the loose we printed his picture with an admonition that if you saw him you should phone that number. Don't call the cops; call

A year or so ago the N.Y. Herald Tribune offered a reward for the capture of the killers of two policemen. The readers were instructed to notify the Police Dept. The idea of newspapers posting rewards to obtain exclusive stories. the Herald Trib sniffed, went out with "The Front Page."

Back In The 1920s

In the '20s Harvey Church killed a man and stole his car. Word of his capture in a Wisconsin village reached the Chicago police and newspapers. While the department was arranging to send detectives to see about bringing him back, the Herald & Examiner dispatched its own squad. They flashed stars and hustled Church to Chicago. In a hotel room he confessed the crime and it, with his life story, ran for a week. Then he was turned over to the authorities. But not the city police. The paper was mad at the chief. Church was handed over to the sheriff and that worthy got his picture in the

Church went to the gallows. His lawyer's cry that a legal triviality called extradition had been flouted by the newspaper kidnapers did not impress the jury. Nor did it shatter the self-congratulatory air of the Examiner.

Greater heed is given now to the barristers. Photographers carry release forms. If a conventioneer is snapped as he leaps from ringside tine; the expert nods sagely and to join the chorus line in a night club the photog must persuade him to sign a release.

War, said Briand, is much too her habits. serious an affair to be left to generals. Years ago a libel action was considered too touchy a matter to be trusted to lawyers. Reporters went out to prove that the plaintiff had done it, or if not, was guilty of something else no less heinous.

In all fairness it should be pointed out that some of the Chicago papers and others elsewhere. I trust, have voluntarily put an end to cruel and ignoble prac-tices. When a serious crime is committed and clues are lacking the police round up known perpetrators of such offenses. Some are nabbed for sound reasons: others are victims of the police desire Bill went to his grave scornful to create the impression that of journalism professors who ne- they're in there pitching. Into the glected to tell their students that a nickel in the pants was as imwho have gone straight; Journalism graduates come to neighbors and fellow employees the papers with a bachelor of arts were not aware of their past sin. and if not a trenchcoat at least a When such persons were hauled

newspapers published their names. an account of their past crimes and even their pictures. Today at least two of the Chicago papers do not identify people brought in for questioning solely because they had once done something wrong.

As late as the '20s the papers published the names of rape victims and, when obtainable, their pictures. The victims suffered great humiliation. And, apart from that, the guilty often went unpun-Fearful of publicity, victims did not report the crimes. And when they did the shadow of publicity sometimes caused them to refuse to testify. Now none of the Chicago papers identify rape victims.

Self-Regulation

In another area, self-censorship has served to bring about the arand punishment of rough-ing connivers. Men given dealing connivers. knockout drops and robbed by bartenders and prostitutes kept still because of the embarrassment of publicity. There have been recent trials in such cases made possible by the prosecution's ability to convince the victims that they would be protected from notoriety. testimony is reported but not the identity of the complainants.

Returning to less serious mat-ters, neighborhood environment niay also be counted as a factor in the grounding of the press sky-lark. Years ago Press Row was on the western fringe of the Loop, the wrong side of the tracks. Now the four surviving dailies (actually two publishing firms) are in the high rent district, on or near state-

ly Michigan Ave.
Traditionally the city room of world's greatest newspaper has had a muted air in consonance with the massive Gothic pile that is Tribune Tower. The Tower was the first Chicago building to forbid smoking in the elevators. When he was in the vicinity of the lifts Robert R. McCormick personally enforced the edict. Strangers were startled to get orders to douse their butts from a tall, military-erect figure in polo outfit. The publisher was en route to the roof to practice mallet shots on his mechanical pony.

Next door a smaller Gothic structure, formerly headquarters of the WGN radio and television stations which have been moved to the Northwest Side) houses the Tribune-owned American. The Hearstlings who came along in the acquisition have learned to use wastebaskets and clothes lockers.

Exit Screwballiana

Marshall Field's Sun-Times and Daily News share a block-long aluminum-steel edifice. The Sun-Times has been in occupancy seven years, the News five. There is no memory of a single screwball incident within its confines. Didoes that once set a newspaper apart from a bank or shoe factory are buried in the sagas of the old Examiner, Times, Journal and News.

present structures have The never housed as staff members a dice girl or a call girl. Nor are they likely to.

Returning to his post after an

animated weekend, a city editor of the old Times brought along a 26game dice girl. He had discovered her withering away in a barroom. Her aspirations, she confided, were threatened her self-confidence.

Hecht, 16 and fresh out of high school, got into the newspaper business through the very top. uncle introduced him to John C. Eastman, owner of the Journal. Eastman wanted an original poem to recite at a party. He provided the plot outline: a bull swallows a bumblebee. He desired it garnished with barnyard humor. Young Benny supplied the narrative in meter and was hired as a

Personnel Would've Nixed 'Em! Personnel might have com-plained that Charlie MacArthur and Gene Fowler could not be considered dignified representatives of their publications. MacArthur, for the Tribune, and Fowler, for Ford's libel suit against the Tribtown.

Newspapermen have become pleted.

LBJ Dancingest Prez

different artists. Folk music was introduced as a fresh concert form for the great mansion by the New Christy Minstrels (who were on an tainment. It was arranged. imaginative double bill with Rob-

speare scenes on two occasions, three ballet companies, plus an additional program of Maria Tallchief & Jacques D'Amboise, the American Light Opera Co. twice, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir and readings by George C. Scott & Colleen Dewhurst.

In the broad base of talent selections they have made, the Johnsons have followed one pattern. This is to have the type of entertainment they believe their guests would most comedy and enjoy. The jazz, folk music was generally for high school or col-

joiners. Writers on religion, science, education have their associations and meet in annual convention. The police beat men are banded in the Chicago Newspaper Reporters Assn. All this can be understood but it staggers the imagination to think of cameramen submitting to Robert's Rules of Orders. Nevertheless they're Orders. brothers in the Chicago Photographers Assn.

The lens lads are responsible for an informal system of beauty queen selection instituted well before Atlantic City sought to stimulate the tourist traffic by ordaining

a Miss America.

Assigned to cover conventions, industrial exhibits and such, the cameramen came to realize that there would be greater artistic composition and readership interest if a shapely pair of legs dangled from the road grader or other item that was supposed to be Ex-

The pressagent was dispatched to find a living doll, a chase that sent him breathlessly through hotel corridors and often into the public byways. There were times when his find was summarily rejected by the camera perfectionist.

It is painful to inform a young lady that nature had failed her. In self-protection the publicity people began hiring models to be on hand when the photogs arrived. To give a reason for their existence the flacks bestowed titles. thus began a roster shining with monickers such as Miss Nuts & Bolts and Wash & Dry Queen.

Victims of Own Racket

Like a politician who begins to believe the stuff written for him, the cameramen have fallen for their own gimmick. At their annual ball they solemnly select a Miss Photo Finish. A deal is cooked up with a Hollywood producer and the winner is shipped west for a walk-on. But to their credit the boys include among the trophies a round-trip ticket.

In other respects they have maintained a splendid aloofness. You go out with a photog on a of a higher order. She went on the payroll as a copy boy. She quit days and he'll ask, "What's this after a week. Male cries were not story all about?" Photographers unknown to her but to be addensed myopically as "Boy!" pictures. But lest there by any misunderstanding I hasten to add Ben Hecht rescued a maiden that once they're filled in on the from a sin den and got her on the details they display a rare acumen Journal as a reporter. He wrote her stories but he couldn't shake tions.

Unatomic Sam

Sometimes their artistic urges soar beyond the practical. There was, for example, Sam who went not completely briefed to the University of Chicago. The occasion was a reunion of scientists who had shared in the feat of splitting the atom.

Sam brought together Enrico Fermi, Arthur Compton, Harold C Urey and Vannevar Bush and said briskly, "Now, fellows, I figure three shots'll do it. First, you guys Aug. 19 putting the atom in the machine. Then splitting the atom. And fi-nally all of you crowded around looking at the pieces."

So far Personnel has done no more than a cast a wary eye at the photographers. But the data of Congress). processing bunch is always hungry for fodder. It's just possible that the alma mater hymn and the aptiune. They stole a streetcar and tude test will sidle into the dark chased automobiles through the room. Then the regimentation of Press Row will have been com-

was performed several times by lege age guests. For dinners for visiting foreign heads of state, efforts were made to find out the honor guests preference in enter-

After four dinners (the most ert Merrill), Peter, Paul & Mary and the Kingston Trio.

In addition, the Johnsons in 1964

Harold Wilson, the Johnsons had had two symphony orchestras a dance instead of an entertain-(Boston and Washington), Shakement program because the distinment program because the distinguished visitor sent word he liked to dance. Such a message hits a diplomatic bullseye, because Johnson is perhaps the nation's dancingest President. At one dinner before the election, Milton Berle, a guest, quipped: "He may not win another term, but he's a cinch to win the Arthur Murray Award.")

The Lester Lanin, Meyer Davis, Peter Duchin and Howard Devron Orchestras have been used for the White House dances.

Bess Abell's Able Job

Much credit for the success of te House programs goes to the White House social secretary, Bess Abell, who has a flair for perfection as well as originality. She has improved White House stages inside and out a number of the programs were held on the mansion's South Lawn seen that acquistical problems were solved, and has generally, with little advance experience, proved she has real skill.

Here is the entertainment the Johnsons have had at the White House since they moved in, with occasion following parentheses:

Jan. 2-The Scapino Ballet (party for orphan children).

Jan. 14-Robert Merrill and the Christy Minstrels dinner honoring Italian President Segni).

Feb. 10-National Ballet (Washington area high school students with special artistic talents invited). March 9-Jazz guitarist Charlie

Byrd (first half of children of members of Congress).

March 31—Boston Symphony

Orchestra children of foreign diplomats in Washington).

April 1—The National Players performing scenes from "Taming

of the Shrew" (second half of Congressional children).

April 11-Pianist David Bean (party for orphan children).

April 14-Dave Brubeck Quartet dinner honoring Jordan's King Hussein).

May 2—American Light Opera

Co. (women attending the Democratic women's conference).

May 6—Scenes from "The White House," starring Helen Hayes House," starring Helen Hayes (luncheon for wives of Senators).

May 27-George C. Scott & Colleen Dewhurst reading great works of Irish authors (dinner honoring

Irish President Eamon de Valera).

June 1—Ward Swingle Singers
(dinner honoring Israeli Prime Minister Eshkol).

June 10-Sidney Poitier, Leonard Bernstein, Kingston Trio, Jose Ferrer, tenor Nicholas Di Virgilio and the Gerry Mulligan Quartet (party honoring Presidential scholars).

June 12-Maria Tallchief & Jacques D'Amboise with the National Symphony (dinner honoring West German Chancellor Ludwig

June 22--American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy (in-

vited guests) July 20-U.S. Marine Band concert (reception for foreign stu-

Choir (invited guests).

July 27—Selections from "Okla-homa!" starring Shirley Jones and Peter Palmer, produced by Billy Matthews (dinner honoring Malagasy Republic President Tsiarnana).

Aug. 6-Peter, Paul & Mary (dinner honoring United Nations

Secretary General U Thant).

Aug. 7—"Peter Pan" by the American Light Opera Co. (orphan

Aug. 19—Life Magazine production of Presidential campaign songs with various singers and

dancers, including the Brothers Four and narration by Nancy Dickerson, Walter Cronkite and Howard K. Smith (for all members

Oct. 3—Bob Newhart, Chad Mitchell Trio and Stan Getz Quartet (for college student leaders in all 50 states).

Oct. 5—The Harkness Ballet (dinner honoring Philippines President Macapagal).

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Theatres & Culture

Continued from page 9

after notorious as "nigrah heaven," but in hundreds of theatres and smaller communities there was not even that. Some theatres operated for years, and still do, for Negroes only. The admissions were cheaper but the films were much older.

Nashville was the innovator in voluntary desegregation of downtown film stands. Miami, Atlanta, Norfolk, San Antonio and El Paso were others who "dared." Actually there were no protests when the situation was handled with intelligence, although there were nasty episodes in smaller burgs and campus towns where the two races were in closer proximity.

For what the moral may amount to, legitimate companies were well ahead of film circuit owners in refusing to support Jim Crow. Interestingly Rudolf Bing of the Met Opera made the Junior League of Atlanta force the Fox Theatre there to stop desegregating Negroes who presented tickets. Many were diverted to inferior temporary space, though holding expensive orchestra ticket. "Nein," said Bing, and "nein" it was.

Mexican Politics

Film theatres acquire particular political significance In the poorer countries where it is often government policy to make "peep shows" available for low admissions. To the exasperation of American film distributors, the maximum admission price of 32c has been maintained in Mexico with a few negotiated exceptions for spectacular films. The motivation is not obscure. Though Mexico has a new middle class and has an amazing number of new millionaires, the cultural and economic lag

is such that the peon must be guaranteed cheap"movies. At the opposite extreme of sophistication may be mentioned the In-Flight Film Policy of Trans-World lines, where the latest firstrun product is part of firstclass service, along with the champagne. There are sanguine prophets who foresee \$10,00,000 a year in rentals ultimately accruing from airlines, although the majority of the global operators still resist the idea. Suffice to make this fantasy-come-true of the theatre in the sky serve as foreground detail to the background of "theatre" as it has been known for 3,000 years.

The One and Only

There is, of course, only one Radio City Music Hall, with its capacity of 6,000 and its "combination" policy of Rockettes, Raymond Paige Orchestra, Dick Liebert at the organ, and the big revues of Leon Leonidoff and Russell Market, the show typically running five weeks

Nowadays the weekly-change film house of large capacity is extinct, like the Paramount, the unsolvable policy puzzler in Times Square. Far more typical of 1964 was the novelty of "twins"—two small houses operating with a single boxoffice and lobby.

Several American showmen who have travelled in the USSR have informed this paper of their shock at the creaky, bare, uncomfortable wooden seats typical in many Soviet film theatres, but apparently it is now

intended to replace these relics of czaristic days.

Speaking of wooden theatres, they have been immemorially notorious firetraps. However, the modern acetate (non-inflammable) raw stock which has largely replaced the old nitrate film has changed everything for the better. It is of some intellectual interest to recall what it was like in a theatre during the 19th Century when candle, oil and gas lamps put open flames in close proximity to scenery, draperies and costumes— hence ripe for the torch. Research establishes that there were 29 theatres burned to the ground in New York City alone during the 19th Century. An insurance company gathered data in 1896 indicating 576 major fires in theatres of Europe and America and some 7,000 casualties in, roughly, 150 years.

Iroquois, 1903

The big shocker in the United States came on Dec. 30, 1903 when some 600 died in the Iroquois Theatre fire on Randolph Street in Chicago. Brooklyn Socialists seized upon such a theatre disaster where most of the victims were poor people trapped in the 25c. top gallery. The cry was raised, "The poor must be made as safe as the rich."

In the present century, flash fires originating in defective electrical wiring has been the main dread. A couple of film theatre balconies have fallen owing to faulty engineering and at least one theatre's roof collapsed when snow piled up and was not removed.

Theatre Origins

The term "theatre" comes from a Greek word meaning a "place for seeing." The Greeks built their theatres in the open, on hills and slopes so that all might see and hear. They were architectural bowls, built semi-circularly surrounding an oval space, originally for dancing. Greek plays were outgrowths of dance, song and narrative chant. There was not stage and no roof. The public sat on stone benches. Many of the Greek theatres could seat 10,000 persons. One "place for seeing" accommodated 40,000. Down front, there were chairs for special guests and for the wealthy men who naid for the

The open-air Greek theatres were remarkable because they met the three conditions ever since applied as basic tests for any well-designed theatre. The Greeks offered audiences these conveniences:

(1) Sight Lines-a clear view of the performance area from all seats.

(2) Acoustics—all present could hear speech, without

(3) Comfort—a seat for everyone, everyone in his seat,

with adequate passageways. A few of these ancient Greek theatres are still used 3,000 years and more since they were built. Every

summer, at the present time, thousands of American and foreign tourists visit Greece to see the old plays given again in the old settings. It is worth emphasis that the Greek theatres flourished

at a time when the rest of Europe was backwoods populated by uncultured barbarians. Greek theatres and the drama presented in them were part of a general age of the arts in that country during the Fifth and Fourth centuries before Christ. It would be nearly 2,000 years before mankind witnessed a comparable surge of artistic creativity.

The Roman Empire, which absorbed Greece, borrowed both the general plan of the theatres and the plays. Roman theatres were, however, built on level ground.

Many were open to the sky but some were roofed. They seldom seated more than 1.500 people. The whole Greek populace turned out for the dramatic festivals twice a year, stopping all work for a week or so. But only the educated few were theatre-goers in Rome. Their seats were apparently numbered and reserved, judging by surviving seat checks in metal and ivory.

Both in Rome and in Greece under the Romans raised stages were used. The evidence is that the Romans forced some of their taste upon the later Greeks. But none of the Roman playwrights were the creative equals of the great Greek dramatists. Occasional theatrical performances were given at night by flares in Rome itself. In this the Romans anticipated the Renaissance and later periods.

Roman taste and talent ran to "action" rather than "reflection." They staged all sorts of contests and battles. One type of "theatre" innovated by the Romans was called the Naumachia. The central area was flooded with water and the public watched mimic sea-fights by replicas of naval vessels. The Naumachia built by Julius Ceasar is said to have been 2,000 feet long and 200 feet wide.

Roman entertainments tended to spectacle, violence and death. The chariot races at the Circus Maximus typical of the brutality. The gladiatorial games at the Colloseum were even more bloody. Man fought man, or man fought beast. Life was held cheap, especially as many of those who died were not Roman citizens, but slaves of conquered regions. Even at the mimic sea-fights, where the Romans preferred to save the ships for further use, the water had to be drained out of the artificial lakes to collect the dead bodies.

It has been said of the Greeks that they invented drama and of the Romans that they invented show business.

Wandering Theatre

Theatres fell into decline when Rome itself changed, first after successive waves of barbarian invasion and then when Rome was converted to Christianity. Instead, there were wandering bands of jugglers, tumblers, tightrope walkers, knifethrowers. The minstrels of the Middle Ages went from manor to manor "singing for their supper." Where conditions were favorable, mimes and mummers might prosper to the extent of travelling in wagons packed with musical instruments, costumes, banners, masks and other equipment. For centuries a "theatre" was any convenient or available place where strollers were welcome. The courtyards of castles and inns were often used, as also public squares in towns. In Spain, the corral for horses often was converted into a showplace.

One type of wandering theatre which made a lasting place for itself was known as Commedia dell Arte. There were usually 10 or 12 performers in a company. Originating in Italy, they travelled all over Europe. They presented "stock" characters in more or less standard situations or plots. A number of the better companies of Commedia dell Arte would attain such popularity in various cities that they might remain as

long as a year. Still they were wanderers by definition.

The homelessness of actors, their origins in the slave population of Rome, the fact that many thieves posed as entertainers all gave the "theatre" a bad name. Not until 1824 did the English repeal a law of 1545 under which actors and other entertainers were grouped with "ruffians, vagabonds, masterless men and evil-disposed persons." as outside the protection of law. Any sheriff could give them short shrift and rough justice.

Gradual Comeback

Buildings erected especially to serve as theatres began to go up again in the late 16th Century. London had none until 1576 when an actor, John Burbage, built a theatre, which remained nameless. The still-standing Teatro Olimpio in the town of Vicenza on the road from Milan to Venice was created in 1584 on the site of an old Roman theatre which was remodelled and roofed. Shakespeare's Globe Theatre in London, around 1600, could crowd in about 1,500 persons. The majority saw the plays standing up in a central area, or pit, open to the sky. The gentry sat on stools placed in three surrounding galleries. Hexagon in shape, as visualized by historians, the Globe was about 55 feet across.

Theatres were improvised in the palaces of great princes and dukes. The king's ballroom was often set up for performances of plays, masques, and pageants. As time went on, many monarchs maintained their own court orchestras and acting companies. The cultivated, rich young men of Italy combined singers, orchestras and theatrical plots to create the hybrid art, grand opera. Lyrical drama, as it is also known, came

occupy a special kind of theatre, the opera house.

During the 17th and 18th centuries, theatres were typically built so that the aristocrats sat in boxes and balconies looking down on the common folk. Stage boxes were literally "right on top of the actors" and a very real obstacle to the development of theatrical illusion. It was Voltaire, the great French dramatist, who first excluded spectators from the stage proper, holding it sacred to the actors and the play.

The Horseshoe

There was great variation in the architectural design of theatres. When seats were provided for everyone, as many as five and six balconies were built, usually in horseshoe fashion. The top balconies, with the long climb of stairs, became the haunt of the cheaper seats and the poor. Many of the houses erected in the capitals of the great monarchs were purposely elaborate. It was part of royal prestige to have a large, richly ornamented theatre.

What has usually distinguished a theatre from a concert hall has been the distinct separation of auditorium, orchestra pit, proscenium arch and curtain. Curtains that went up in slotted grooves were known to the Romans. Theatres in the period followed the Renaissance usually had considerable height, so that scenery could "fly," and considerable depth so that the illusion of perspective could be created. Many of the 16th and 17th Century playhouses had permanent brick stagewalls with a built-in vista. Actors approached the audience, as if from blocks away. The action would take place well forward on the apron of the stage.

Broadway Theatres

There are usually 30 to 35 playhouses operating in season on "Broadway" (actually mostly on side-streets). All of them are orthodox proscenium arch theatres. Two of the smallest in capacity are the Ames (603 seats) and the Henry Miller (940) while two of the largest are the St. James (1609) and the Hellinger (1572). As a general rule small-cast, one-set straight plays go into small-capacity houses while musical comedies and operettas

Tax Tacks

of life for 1964. The rule used to be that if a taxpayer wound up in the red on his securities, the red amount could be carried forward until absorbed in the next five years. If there were no profits in any of these five years, and the loss was not yet fully absorbed, a deduction from regular income could be taken of \$1,000 of the unabsorbed loss.

Starting with 1964, the five-year restriction is eliminated. Now losses can be carried forward for an entire lifetime. So also, the \$1,000 deduction can be taken indefinitely.

Finally, there is one cutting remark that is always welcome, and that's tax cutting. A deep slash was made

in 1964. Another swipe will be made in 1965.

For example, in 1963 the rates ran from 20% to 91%.

In 1964, they go from 16% to 77%. For 1965, they will be 14% to 70%. Anyone with \$50,000 of income in 1963 got to the 72% bracket. In 1964, on the same amount of income, he reaches the 66% bracket. In 1965, he will be in the 62% bracket.

are acutely aware of a consolation. There is one thing worse than having to pay income taxes, and that's not Rates are still plenty high, but show business people having to pay them!

with their greater requirements depend upon larger houses.

Important statistics in any theatre, apart from the number of seats, are the width, height and depth of the stage. The Booth Theatre specifies that it is 80 feet from its footlight pan to the back wall and 30 feet from the stage floor to the loft. Significant information to a producer or director are the number of "lines" (for hanging scenery), traps (in floor of stage), the number of dressing rooms and whether they are upstairs or

Essential to the calculation of costs is knowledge of the regular size of the backstage crew, the number of musicians required by union rule, and other minimal

Theatres Classified By Type

Playhouses are often described and classified according to the stage. There are three main kinds of stages.

Proscenium. This is a common situation. The stage is framed by a proscenium arch. Most of the stage space is behind the front curtain. The "apron" of the stage, the distance from the curtain to the footlights is only a few feet.

Apron. In this arrangement of performance space, the stage is thrust outward into the lan, so to speak, of the audience. There is a sort of inner stage from which actors make entrances and exits. Apron stage permits spectators to sit on three sides.

There has been a considerable vogue since Arena. 1950 for theatre-in-the round, sometimes called central staging. The audience sits in a circle. Actors enter and exit through the actual aisles used by the audience, usually under cover of blackout. Apron and arena staging use practically no scenery, though the players appear in costume and makeup and furniture and props are used as required. Scene shifts are made in the dark, the light-plot replacing curtains and formal settings.

Musical Tents A summertime innovation in recent years has been the so-called Musical Tent, sometimes called a Musical Circus. The arena style is customarily employed. In these tents, many of very large capacity, musical comedies and oper-ettas are revived in the summertime after their Broadway runs. During the summer of 1964, there were numerous music tent productions of "My Fair Lady." This occasioned complaint from certain cinemas which intended to play the film version the following October. However, there was nothing that could be done to stop such pro-

Film Theatres

The great revolution in public entertainment was the moving picture. Originally many of the early film theatres were no more than converted ground floor stores. They were called "Nickleodeons" and presented a short program of films, 20 to 40 minutes in duration. Many of these crude "places to see" for a nickle had collapsible folding chairs. A musical accompaniment was generally provided on a single upright piano. Often the seating capacity was limited to 199 in order to avoid big city fire regulations which applied only to auditoriums seating 200 or more.

The film theatre has faced desperate competition from television which brings "theatre" into the parlor, within a proscenium arch never wider than 24 inches. However, should be remembered that the vast majority of film houses were never more than simple oblong structures, four walls and a roof—sometimes one balcony. Tens of thousands of film theatres had no stage of any kind. The rear wall held the screen. There might or might not be a single curtain, or trailer, which opened for the first screening of the day and closed again after

e last screening. When Warners' "My Fair Lady" opened in widescreen arcion recently one against the legitimate theatre was underlined-namely the magnified sound gave every line of dialog and every song lyric a clarity for everyone regardless of seat location. Seat location in the legit playhouse remains, of course, the root-cause of scalping on tickets.

And so the revolution in theatre construction and tooling goes on. In Houston at the present time workers are erecting the Jesse Jones Theatre which will have, literally, movable walls, an orchestra pit that expands or contracts as needed, seat banks which can be reversed. This single building, when finished, will be adjustable from a 3,000-seat opera house to a 1,700-seat dramatic playhouse. In the same connection, many of the newer film situations have provided stages and dressing rooms so that the premises may be rented to business, touring attractions, local amateurs, or whatever.

In general, the film theatre escapes the great embarrassment of auditoriums built for live performances—acoustics. At Philharmonic Hall it becomes a case of hiring consultants to improve on the consultants, at added expense of \$350,000 after the first season. Nor has the new \$25,000,000 New York State Theatre escaped some criticism on its acoustics. It follows that there is enormous nervousness with respect to the Met Opera, due to open in the fall of 1966. A number of the Broadway legit stands, notably the St. James, pioneered in amplification as a necessary service to musical comedies.

Theatre Library

Continued from page 3 a

of going into a library?" I regret, ding I began to learn what was to say that I opened my eyes wide and said, "What has a library got to do with the theatre?" He chuckled and told me how he had ppersuaded John Drew to buy the Robert W. Loew Theatrical Collection in 1902, which was up for sale in England. It was given to the 47 Workshop (actually not yet in being officially) for the use of the playwrights, designers and actors then in residence at Harvard and Radcliffe. This was the beginning of the fabulous Harvard Theatre Collection.

He told me that there was a vast collection of theatrical material uncataloged in basement storerooms of the New York Public Library. His advice as to what should be done had been requested but not taken. He was hesitant about approaching the Library but would if I had no means of entry. I suddenly thought of Louise Kendall Johnson, an English girl who worked at the Richmond Public Library and whom I had dated when I was still an undergraduate at the University of Richmond, and that she had transferred to the Library in New York. Knowing her love of thea-tre I was sure she would know the most receptive ear I could address. I called her and took her to lunch and she said she'd introduce me to Florence Overton, who had persuaded the authorities to establish the circulating music and drama colections at the 58th Street Branch. Miss Overton offered me a clerical post in the circulating Picture Collection under the aegis of Romana Javitz as the closest thing to what I wanted, after listening to my plea.

The Year Belasco Died

I went to work on April 13, 1931. In May David Belasco died. In July, the executors of his estate, Mrs. Morris Gest and Benjamin Roeder, offered to give all of Belasco's prompt books, manuscripts, scrapbooks, photographs, scene and costume designs to the Library provided a librarian was appointed, the collection cata-loged and made available to the public. H. M. Lydenberg, then Assistant Director of the Library, was excited about the offer but wondered who on the staff might be qualified and interested in undertaking the task. Naturally he called Miss Overton and told her his problem. She replied that she thought she had the right person to do the work of establishing this new library service.

"Why didn't you tell me about him? What's his name?"

"Because, you never asked me, Mr. Lydenberg. His name is Freedley and I've had him on ice in the Picture Collection for over five months hoping such an opening might come along some day. Miss Javitz has been training him specially.

The upshot of that conversation was that I was sent to Mr. Lyden-berg the next day and told him what I wanted to do. I not only wanted to collect all types of theatrical records, including drama, stage, the movies, radio, clubs. circus, vaudeville, magic, in other words, "Show Biz," I said I thought a theatre librarian should know all of the resources of the Library and sister institutions in New York and in the whole country as well, so as to be able to aid professional theatre people whenever a production problem brought them to the Library. He liked what I had to say and led me out into the book stacks where I saw a mass of material approximately a hundred feet square piled from floor to the

He clapped me on the shoulder and said, "There it is. Go to it and God bless you!"

I needed that blessing when, within two weeks, the Playbill editors (then Barbara Blake and Lois Myers) came in and wanted pictures of famous stars of the past for a new feature entitled "Who Was Who" and information about the start of the past tiny office overlooking Bryant Park but our collection has been the start of the levels which the start of the star

there that would help them.

Later in the winter Mrs. Delos Chappell (Edna James) came in and told me about their plans to restore and reopen the old opera house in the former Colorado mining town of Central City, and wanted copies of pictures to make photo-murals.

Lillian Gish Was First

My first star was Lillian Gish, whom the Chappells had asked to Marguerite "Camille, which had originally opened the theatre in 1878. I showed her the illustrated promptbook of the first 1853 production of the play which so intrigued her that she came back with Robert Edmond Jones, who was to direct and design the production which reopened the theatre in 1932. Macklin Marrow came in to see the music bound into the promptbook as he was composing a new score.

The next year brought in Peggy Wood, Frank Gillmore, Daniel Frohman, Kate Mayhem (who had starred as M'liss), Rosamond Gilder, John Mason Brown, George C. D. Odell, Dorothy Sands, Burns Mantle. Montrose Moses. Otis Skinner and his wife Maud Dur-bin who were editing the journal of Harry Watkins, a journeyman actor of the 19th century.

I remember particularly Guthrie McClintic and Jo Mielziner when they were preparing the production of Dan Totheroh's 'Distant Drums" which took us to the American History, Maps, Science and Technology and Art Divisions to document this drama of pioneers on the Oregon Trail during the winter of 1847-48. They had to know how a prairie schooner was constructed, how a campfire was built, the formation in which the wagons were placed during attacks by the Indians among other knotty points.

Promptbooks & Scenic Designers

When Margaret Webster was acting with the Lunts in the Theatre Guild revival of "The Seagull." she spent five or six hours a day studying our promptbooks, reviews and pictures of revivals when preparing the full-length production of "Hamlet," which she was to direct and in which Maurice Evans starred. Peggy spent weeks making up her promptbooks which she later completed at the British Museum.

At the time Donald Oenslager designed the Players' revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and later the multi-scened "The Fabulous Invalid," he spent weeks in the Theatre Collection as have Boris Aronson, Raymond Sovey, Stewart Chaney and countless other designers. Cecil Beaton made his first sketches for "My Fair Lady costumes in my office.

After Katina Paxinou lost all her luggage containing her playscripts in the torpedoing of the S.S. Athena during World War II, Oliver M. Sayler brought her in to study modern Greek transla-tions of "Electra;" there were 11 different ones in the Library but not the one she wanted. Through the Greek embassy in Washington. we located the translator in Cairo but he had left his plays behind when the Nazis captured Athens. Eventually Mme. Paxinou made her own promptbook from memory and from using the 11 texts the 1 ın

Sometimes the stars who come in attract the attention of other readers who leave their work to steal a surreptitious glance at the stars in residence. Marlene Dietrich, Paul Robeson, Greta Garbo, Dorothy Gish, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Louis Calhern and Howard Lindsay, with his flaming red hair from "Life With Father," are among those who have been accorded this dubious honor.

Being a theatre curator is a little like being a father confessor, because you have to keep your clients' secrets. When 18 different books were announced on the career of Eugene O'Neill, I was nearly out of my wits to remember which author had told me which story or source and not reveal it to a rival.

them. With their help and prod-scattered over five levels which Peeler Lawford.

has made my staff part mountain goats by definition. One member ruefully confessed that he would rather be paid by the mile than the month.

Now we look forward to plush elegance and adequate space and staff at least in the new Library and Museum of Performing Arts (along with the Music and Dance Divisions). When we open on or about May 15, 1965, we will be known as The New York Public Library at Lincoln Center.

Strippers

Continued from page 3

then decided to formalize the instruction. Mrs. Bruce moved on elsewhere and choroegrapher Wally Greer came in to oversee the course which was expanded to include peeling fundamentals as well as straight hoofing. Feld set "entrance requirements" as "over 21"; "of high moral character"; "seriously interested in the art of striptease"; "voluptuous body." He drafted a 10-point study program for the 10-week course, among them "history and theory of the striptease"; "methodology of teasing, tantalizing and titillating"; "dynamic mammary, navel and pelvic rotation and oscillation" and "elementary bumps and grinds."

'Strippers Kit'

In an instruction booklet, sold with a \$3.95 "Professional Pink Pussycat Strippers Kit," Feld and associates prescribed the correct approach to the "bump" this way:
"Stand wit' feet about 112 feet apart, slightly bending both knees forward. Spread arms keeping back straight. Stick out derriere as far as it will go, keeping both knees bent. Throw pelvis forward, as though bumping an object away. For a series of bumps repeat six or seven times rapidly. Bumping can also be done with feet together in all directions."

At first, says Feld, tuition was gratis but after it was discovered that many of the gals were taking the course strictly for kicks and would often drop out after one or two lessons, a fee of \$100 was added. Money, he says, goes to the choreographer and for expenses. He adamantly insists that instruction should be reserved for those who are sincerely seeking a professional career, as opposed to those "who want to get up at a party. Noting that it took him many years and many thousands of dollars to gain his master's, he feels it is only fair that the girls cough up \$100 and spend 10 weeks to qualify for a job which, under AGVA regulations, carries a minimum regulations, carries a minimum weekly paycheck of \$135.

Feld is regularly amazed at femmes who want to get into his school but obviously have none of the requirements. "You have to have the basic elements," he says, "you have to have a body . . . some personality." Also it helps. he believes, "to have a face with some sort of character." sort of character.'

G-String Univ.

After a generous Time magazine break on the school in 1961 Feld says he received "thousands and thousands of applications." Most of them he turned down as he still applicants. majority of does a who are granted entrance into G-String U are sat down for a man-to-woman talk, Costumes and what sort of individualized "gim-mick" might be appropriate are chewed over. Opportunities in the field too, are discussed. "We never guarantee them a job," Feld says, "But we do tell them that there is a definite shortage of strippers generally and that they should be able to land a job somewhere." How much weight a Pussycat diploma carriers long Strip Row, however, is unknown.

Of 52 girls who have "graduated" from the school in the five years it has been in session, 12 or 13 have become pro. Feld says. Of these "seven or eight" have gained jobs with the Pussycat itself.

Additionally, reams of "honorary" degrees of "dansante exotica" are conferred upon such Sunset Strippers as George Jessel, Joey Bishop, Dean Martin, et al.

Some of those cited have hence been given the ultimate honortheir names have been adopted by girls. The result: Rockette Hudson, Hope Chest, Georgia Raft, Carey Whack, Fran Sinatra and

Germans' GI Gyp

Continued from page 4 =

reserved for a fellow American soldier of another color.
In Frankfurt, for instance,

couple of rather high-class cabarets and night clubs are now in operation. At Pigalle, the show is titled "Striptease Theatrale," with "shows that are the best of their art in Europe, come, see and enjoy.

Youth Club K 52 offers three Twist Orchestras, who are The Lords, from Berlin (winners of the Beatle competition in West Germany); plus forthcoming promises of The Echoes and The Details, also twist specialists. The Echoes are Scotch carbons of The Beatles, and The Details are "The Beatle Sounds-in German-from Darmstadt.

At Erotica, it's The Crickes Twist & Showband, with every drink at a two-mark (50c) maximum.

Reve d'Amour is the show at the Imperial, which claims to provide "the biggest revue-dance cabaret," starring Magda Kardos Jonny Buchard.

Casino de Paris guarantees "new non-stop show with artistic striptease" and "The Ball of the Lonely Hearts" provides a show during tea dancing and evening performances.

performances.

The Broadway Bar promises only "amusing entertainment," while the latest entry onto the rightful scene is "New York's Bunny Club" (absolutely no connection with the Playboy!) which gives striptease every 10

All Tables Reserved

At the better of these clubs, though, a GI who shows up in uniform is either faced with a boldlyprinted sign that states "Off Limits" or is told flatly by the maitre d' that "Sorry, all tables are re-served"—even if he can stare across the red velvet cord into a

nearly-empty room.

Many of the "Off Limits" signs are simply printed by the club owners themselves, who want to

discourage the GI trade.
At nearby Karlsruhe, for stance, a club owner of the Pferdestahl (Horse Stable) claimed that although he plastered the sign at the entry, he was not american. The ban, he added, likewise applies to German and French troopers. But the sign is printed in English only.

The plush clubs have a couple of objections to the GI business the German nightspots are on the trail of the big-spending expense account localities and travellers from other cities. Since Frankfurt is now the booming "international fair center," it can count on the business from the prosperous butter-and-egg men who turn up at the trade fairs, and at the expenseaccounted local business men who entertain their customers.

But with the antagonism generally felt toward soldiers (of any nation) on foreign soil, it's just believed better not to expose the big spenders to any GIs. "It gives the place a lowdown name.

At a decent Frankfurt club, the going price is anywhere from \$1.25 to \$2.50 for a Scotch-and-soda name-brand bottles of the stuff are obtainable in the city's discount liquor stores for about \$4 a bottle), and the entry fee is usually about \$1.

High Tabs

In many cases, the high tabs are enough to turn the GI trade away, considering that in an Officers'. EM Club same stuff (and often mixed with a less-stingy jigger) goes for about 40c, Happy Hour or Poor Man's Night slicing the price down to 15c.

Most of the local strip clubs, too, employ handsome bar girls who urge the customers to buy them drinks, the orange and what-youwill combo costing around \$3 a shot, and the girls downing 'em as if they had just hiked across the Sahara. The strippers, in addition to the B-girls, are usually urged to join the customers during the intermissions, and are of course likewise invited to have some thirstquenchers. But according to the fairly flexible rules governing such pubs and clubs, the highly paid beauty queens, dancers and strippers (take-home pay a prosperous level of around \$300 a month here) get only what they consume. while the B-girls collect a split of the take.

At Frankfurt, particularly Dickinson and Ethel Merman.

around the shabby, soiled railroad station, there are a series of low dives with such inviting signs as "beer 15c a glass" and "English spoken here by pretty girls" and "American snacks — hamburgers, hot dogs" that cater to the GI business. Here the GI is a welcome visitor.

And near the railroad station, too, is the dimly-lit back-street area where the bars are strictly "on limits" to the Negro trade. Recently, some African Negro

students from the German university at nearby Mainz were clobbered when they tried to order a round of beers in a local nightclub. They had inadvertently turned up in a night spot reserved for the American white troopers only, and the white GIs beat them up when they refused to leave. It took a-two star U.S. general and the American Embassy to explain to the students and their prominent African relatives just what the "color bar in German clubs" ruckus was all

American military police like to keep the troops concentrated in one area-and they favor having a couple of lowdown joints which they know the troops will invade, where they can send MP patrols for a couple of evening checkups, and where they can be ready for trouble if it breaks out.

So it is that in Frankfurt the GIs beat a trail from one shoddy bar and club in the Taunusstrasse and Muenchenerstrasse area; that Kaiserslautern and Stuttgart have their own "Sin Strips": and that in Munich the GIs head for Gertie-Strasse (their name for the street that's supposed to remind folks of the great German poet and writer

Shabbiest of all the sin-sisters areas, though, are the streets closest to the Frankfurt city courts. with one notorious beer bar called the "Last Chance." just 221 short steps from the court entry, as one GI recently noted. Nearby streets with such religious names as Holy Cross Street and All Saints Street house the worst of the city's GI

Jazz Welcomes All

But it isn't all this crummy for the soldier trade. A few excellent Frankfurt jazz clubs, such as the Jazz Keller, run by West Germany's top trumpeter Carlos Bohlaender, the Jazzhaus operated by German Jazz Federation president Olaf Hudtwalder, and Storyville (now owned by Bill Marshall, former German chief of Universal Films) are eager to welcome the GIs who are real jazz enthusiasts.

And an American with the State Dept. in Frankfurt, Merrill Hammond, helped organize West Germany's first New Orleans Jazz gettogether, with lowpriced tickets to the soldier jazz fans, and the first time that the New Orleans musicmakers of several European lands got together to cross-pollinate their music.

Counterpoint this nightclubs run for the troops, such as the local Officers. NCO and EM Clubs run for the GIs. Best of the lot are usually the Officers Club, although the most popular in Frankfurt, the Casino, recently suffered from a name switch-it's now more conventionally dubbed the Terrace, allegedly because some Pentagon brass on an inspection tour thought the name Casino conjured up visions of Las Vegas and gambling. The names changed. but the club's slotmachines are still "standing line only" on payon payday

Special Services tries to keep the boys busy with cinemas, 11 libraries, gyms for baseball and tennis and stadiums for football, even handwork centres where the lads can be taught to cook up ceramics, weave, develop their own films. The service clubs, sans alcohol and usually sans pretty girls, are the end of the line for the end of the month, when the boys are too broke to hit the shabby strasses on the outside.

COLEMAN SCORES U'S 'LOVE'

Cy Coleman, who scored Universal's "Father Goose." has been set by music supervisor Joseph Gershenson to compose original score for Ross Hunter's "The at of Love."

Comedy, directed by Norman Jewison, has James Garner, Dick Van Dyke, Elke Sommer, Angie

Extras Support Contract Rejection

San Francisco chapter of Screen Extras Guild at a special membership meeting last week unanimously voted confirmation of the recommendation of SEG's board and negotiation committee that the latest producer paot offer be nixed.

In addition, the chapter voted unanimously for a resolution endorsing and supporting the stand of the Hawaii chapter of SEG for equal treatment of Hawaiian extra players with those of Hollywood, San Francisco and N. Y. Action on this measure came following a report on negotiations and wages. working conditions and hours of the Hawaiian extras, a discussion during which Otto Preminger's "In Harm's Way" was mentioned.

Preminger recently filmed that picture in the islands, and SEG's Hawaiian branch earlier had voted for an investigation, alleging the producer violated certain pact provisos. Preminger has labeled the accusation untrue.

World's Fair

Continued from page 5

similar stunt was used in Chrysler Motors' Theater-O-Rama show.

Walt Disney was kept so busy prior to the opening of the Fair, creating and installing several of the major exhibits, that his company had to almost set theatrical production aside for awhile, which is, at least, a new excuse for a shortage of product. What he came up with in the way of exhibits, however, were almost uniformly delightful and popular.

Variety was the spice of motionpicture going at the Fair. Visitor could go into General Cigar's building to see a sports film projected on a circular screen: or on another round screen in the Hall of Science with a film on molecular and cellular structure. International Business Machine shot its visitors up into a huge eggshaped dome to see a film about IBM machines, shown on several screens.

Gas & Churches

The Gas Industry building showed "The Adventures of Tom Therm," using puppets on their film, and projected on three screens. Greyhound used a Cine-mascope screen for its cross-country busride on film. The Navy and Marine exhibit's Cine-Globe Cruiser (in the T&T Bldg.) showed Cine - Globe a short film made with a 142-degree lens on a large curved screen for a surprisingly real surrounded effect.

Other exhibits which used films, almost all in color, of various shapes and sizes and shown in diverse ways included Continental Insurance, General Electric, the Tower of Light, Mormon Pavilion, Churches of Christ, the Vatican Pavilion, and Sermons from Science. (The religious exhibits were especially strong on use of film). Internationally, films were shown by the Berlin, Jordan, United Arab Republic, Africa, Spain, and Korea exhibits, as well as by several of the state exhibits. Some exhibits plan to change films before the second season begins in April but the larger and more complicated films will remain the same.

Film Unions: Glosed

Continued from page 14

agent Peter Thomas: "It is the young writer who is in demand, not the new writer. Someone who has been writing for a few years. If I go to a producer pitching a young writer with a couple of Off-Broadway productions under his belt, that producer is likely to listen. I can take the work of an unproduced writer-maybe much better —and maybe the producer will read it, and maybe he won't."

ALL-TIME TOP BOXOFFICE FILMS

[over \$4,000,00

(Continued from page 39) House of Wax (Andre de Toth; Bryan Foy; WB-1953) 5,500,000 Anatomy of a Murder (Otto Preminger; Carlyle; Col-1959) 5,500,000 Please Don't Eat Daisies (Charles Walters; Pasternak; MGM-1959) . Ocean's 11 (Lewis Milestone; WB-1960) 5,500,000

Solomon and Sheba (King Vidor; Richmond; UA-1960) Thrill Of It All (Norman Jewison; Hunter-Melcher; U-1963) 5,500,000 Song of the South (animated-live) (Disney; RKO-BV-1946) 5,400,000 Eddy Duchin Story (George Sidney; Wald; Col-1956) 5,300,000 Sleeping Beauty (animated) (Disney; BV-1959) The Cardinal (Otto Preminger; Col—1963
Unconquered (C. B. DeMille; Par—1947) The Yearling (Clarence Brown; Franklin; MGM—1947) 5,250,000 Slackboard Jungle (Richard Brooks; Berman; MGM—1957) 5.250,000
Show Boat (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1951 5.200,000
Mogambo (John Ford; Zimbalist; MGM—1953) 5.200,000
Magnificent Obsession (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1954) 5.200,000 Meet Me In St. Louis (Vincente Minnelli; Freed;

MGM-1954) 5.200,000 Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (Howard Hawks;

Rosenberg-Melcher; 20th—1964)
The Outlaw (Howard Hughes; RKO—1946) Forever Amber (Otto Preminger; Zanuck-Seaton; 20th-1947) Friendly Persuasion (William Wyler; AA—1956)

Mrs. Miniver (William Wyler; Franklin; MGM—1942) 5.050.000 5.000,000 Song of Bernadette (Henry King; Perlberg; 20th—1943) Green Dolphin Street (Victor Saville; Wilson; MGM-1947) . Razor's Edge (Edmund Goulding; Zanuck; 20th—1947) Red Shoes (Michael Powell; Pressburger-Rank; EL—1948) ... Jolson Sings Again (Henry Levin; Buchman; Col—1949) ... Razor's Edge (Edmund Goulding; Zanuck; 20th—1947) 5,000,000 5.000.000 5.000.000 Moulin Rouge (John Huston; Romulus; UA-1953) 5,000,000 Three Coins in Fountain (Jean Negulesco;

Siegel; 20th-1954) ... A Man Called Peter (Henry Koster, Engel; 20th-1955) . . Anastasia (Anatole Litvak; Adler; 20th—1957)

Island In Sun (Robert Rossen; Zanuck; 20th—1957)

Farewell To Arms (Charles Vidor; Selznick; 20th—1958)

On The Beach (Stanley Kramer; Kramer-UA—1959) 5,000,000

Journey To Center of Earth (Henry Levin; Spellbound (Alfred Hitchcock; Selznick; UA—1946)

The Great Escape (John Sturges; Mirisch; UA—1963) 4.975,000 4.965,000 Since You Went Away (John Cromwell; Selznick; UA—1944)
Good Neighbor Sam (David Swift; Col—1964)

In Search of Castaways (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1963)

Pink Panther (Blake Edwards; Mirisch; UA—1964)

Fantasia (animated) (Disney; RKO-BV—1941)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (Michael Curtiz; 4,853,000 4,800,000 Wallis-Cagney; WB—1942)
Notorious (Alfred Hitchcock; RKO—1946) 4.800.000

4,800,000 King Solomon's Mines (Charles Bennett;
Zimbalist; MGM—1950)

The Searchers (John Ford; Whitney-Cooper; WB—1956)..
Pepe (George Sidney; Col—1961) 4,800,000 4,800,000 4.800,000

Streetcar Named Desire (Elia Kazan: Feldman; WB-1961) ... 4,750,000 Streetcar Named Desire (Elia Kazan; Feldman; WB—1961)

Salome (William Dieterle; Adler; Col—1953)

Dr. Strangelove (Stanley Kubrick; Col—1964

Bambi (D. D. Hand; Disney; RKO-BV—1949)

Battleground (William Wellman; Schary; MGM—1949)

Dragnet (Jack Webb; Mark VII; WB—1954)

Pal Joey (George Sidney; Essex; Col—1957)

Heccules (Pietro Francisci; Teti-Levine; WB—1959) 4.750,000 4,748,000 4.700,000 4,700.000 4.700,000 4.700,000 4.700,000 Blue Hawaii (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1961)
Viva Las Vegas (George Sidney; Cummings; MGM—1964) 4.700,000 4.675,000 Annie Get Your Gun (George Sidney: Freed; MGM-1950) 4.650,000 The Green Years (Victor Saville; Gordon; MGM-1946)
Babes In Toyland (James Donohue; Disney; RKO-BV-1949) 4,600,000 Four Horsemen of Apocalypse (Rex Ingram MGM-1921) 4.500.000 Random Harvest (Mervyn LeRoy; Franklin; MGM—1942) . . 4.500.000 Anchors Aweigh (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1945) . . 4.500.000

4.500,000 4,500,000 Thrill of a Romance (Richard Thorpe; Pasternak; MGM-1945) Till The Clouds Roll By (Richard Whorf; 4.500.000 Freed; MGM-1945) Valley of Decision (Tay Garnett; Knopf; MGM-1945) 4.500.000

those nuisance suits, in addition or "Casey" don't buy you can't take to lack of time. to lack of time.

along the line."

Unfortunately, says Thomas, enthat the all-important first assignfeels that because of time it takes trance into the Hollywood writing ment is if anything, even tougher to teach even the most naturally inner sanctum, is still best accom-to get today because of the demise endowed young writer the craft of plished with aid of friends in of the TV anthology series. "It's good construction," it takes 10 plished with aid of friends in of the TV anthology series. "It's good construction," it takes 10 business. While Thomas says he extra hard for the new writer to years to make a writer." Those will try to read works of an unget started because there's not now coming to the fore, he feels, known and unrecommended writer anything for him to spec on. Being to the lote, he leets, anything for him to spec on. Being the special specia won't even try. This because of Playhouse 90. Today if "Kildare"

In any case, it is his belief that "If a guy wants badly enough to write—nothing will stop him. He'll find a receptive ear somewhere into consideration, there really is no more trend towards youth in Thomas, like others, also notes that the all-important first assign-

game.

l	JAOTTIOE TIEMS	
`	O. H.S. Canadal	
,	0-U.SCanada]	
	Easy To Wed (Eddie Buzzell; Cummings; MGM-1946)	4,500,000
	Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (Irving Reis; Schary; RKO—1947)	4,500,000
	Road to Rio (Norman Z. McLeod; Dare; Par-1948)	4,500,000
	Easter Parade (Charles Walters; Freed; MGM-1948)	4,500,000
l	Great Caruso (Richard Thorpe:	199
	Lasky-Pasternak; MGM—1951)	4,500,000
١	Bridges at Toko-Ri (Mark Robson;	4 500 000
١	Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1954)	4,500,000
	Desiree (Henry Koster; Blaustein; 20th—1954)	4,500,000
	To Catch A Thief (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1955)	4,500,000
l	The Conqueror (Dick Powell; Hughes-Powell; RKO—1956). Rebel Without a Cause (Nicholas Ray; Weisbart; WB—1956).	4,500,000 4,500,000
1	Pride and the Passion (Stanley Kramer; UA—1957)	4.500,000
	Love Me Tender (Richard Webb; Weisbart; 20th—1957)	4.500,000
ı	Young Lions (Edward Dmytryk; Lichtman; 20th—1958)	4,500,000
	Don't Go Near Water (Charles Walter,	4 500 000
1	Weingarten; MGM—1958) Fanny (Joshua; WB—1961)	4.500,000 4.500,000
	Return To Peyton Place (Jose Ferrer; Wald; 20th—1961).	4.500,000
ı	Lolita (Stanley Kubrick; Seven Arts-Harris; MGM—1962).	4.500,000
ı	Diamond Head (Guy Green; Bresler; Col-1963)	4,500.000
	Sword In The Stone (Walter Reitherman;	4 500 000
	Disney; BV—1964) Hard Day's Night (Richard Lester; Shenson; UA—1964)	4.500,000 4.473.000
	Cheaper By The Dozen (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1950)	4.425.000
	Two Years Before Mast (John Farrow; Miller; Par—1946)	4,400,000
	Knights of Round Table (Richard Thorpe;	
	Berman; MGM—1954)	4,400,000
	Written on the Wind (Douglas Sirk; Zugsmith; U—1957) Inn of Sixth Happiness (Mark Robson; Adler; 20th—1959)	4,400,000 4,400,000
	Spencer's Mountain (Delmer Daves; WB—1963)	4 400,000
	Stage Door Canteen (Frank Borzage; Lesser; UA-1943)	4.350,000
	Harvey Girls (George Sidney; Freed; MGM-1946)	4 350,000
	Hucksters (Jack Conway: Hornblow; MGM-1947)	4.350,000
1	Red River (Howard Hawks; UA—1948)	4,350,000
	Zanuck; 20th—1956)	4.350,000
	Man With Golden Arm (Otto Preminger: UA-1956)	4 350,000
)	Lost Weekend (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par-1946)	4.300,000
)	Sailor Beware (Hal Walker; Wallis; Par—1952)	4.300,000 4.300,000
	Some Came Running (Vincente Minnelli;	4.500.000
	Siegel: MGM—1959)	4.300,000
'	G.I. Blues (Norman Taurog: Wallis; Par—1960)	4,300,000
)	Days of Wine and Roses (Blake Edwards;	4.300,000
)	Manulis; WB—1963) One-Eyed Jacks (Marlon Brando; Par—1961)	4 300,000
)	Adventure (Victor Fleming: Zimbalist: MGM-1946)	4.250,000
)	Saratoga Trunk (Sam Wood; Wallis; WB-1946)	4 250.000
)	The Egyptian (Michael Curtiz; Zanuck; 20th—1954)	4 250,000 4,250,00 0
)	Demetrius and Gladiators (Delmer Daves; Ross; 20th—1954) Living It Up (Norman Taurog; Jones; Par—1954)	4.250,000
	30 Seconds Over Tokyo (Mervyn LeRoy;	
)	Zimbalist: MGM—1954)	4,250,000
)	Bus Stop (Joshua Logan; Adler; 20th—1956)	4,250,000 4,200,000
0	Hollywood Canteen (Delmer Daves; Gottlieb; WB-1954) Weekend at Waldorf (Robert Leonard;	4,200,000
0	Hornblow: MGM-1945)	4.200,000
0	Three Musketeers (George Sidney; Berman; MGM-1948)	4,200,000
0	Rose Tattoo (Daniel Mann; Wallis; Par-1954)	4.200,000
0	On The Waterfront (Ella Kazan; Spiegel; Col—1954)	4,200,000
0	Adder-Frenke: 20th—1957)	4.200,000
0	Can Can (Walter Lang: Cummings: 20th—1960)	4.200,000
0	Parrich (Delmer Daves: WR-1961)	
υ 0	Breakfast at Tiffany's Blake Edwards;	
0	Jurow Shonhord: Par 1961)	4,200,000 4,172,000
	Father of Bride (Vincente Minnelli: Berman: MGM-1950).	4.150.000
0	Born Yesterday (George Cukor; Simon; Col—1951)	4.115.000
U	Margin (Hanny King, Margage, 20th 1946)	4 100 000

Margie (Henry King; Morosco; 20th—1946)

Mother Wore Tights (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1947)

Johnny Belinda (Jean Negulesco: Wald; WB—1948)

Joan of Arc (Victor Fleming: Wanger-Fleming; RKO—1949 Soah of Arc (Victor Fielding, Wangel-Fielding, the Solid State of Solid State of Solid Sol Love Me Or Leave Me (Charles Vidor; 4,100,000

Pasternak: MGM—1955)

Deep In My Heart (Stanley Donen; Edens; MGM—1955)

Bad Seed (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1956)

Man Who Knew Too Much (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1956) 4,100,000 4.100,000 4.100.000 The Misfits (John Huston; Taylor; UA—1961)
Sergeants 3 (John Sturges; Essex; UA—1962)
Cass Timberlane (George Sidney; Hornblow; MGM—1948) State Fair (Walter Lang: Perlberg; 20th—1945) 4.050.000 Ben-Hur (Fred Niblo; MGM—1926)
Singing Fool (Lloyd Bacon; WB—1928) Kid From Brooklyn (Norman Z. McLeod; 4,000.000 Goldwyn; RKO-1946)

(Michael Curtiz; Schwartz; WB-1946) Night and Day Smoky (Louis King; Bassler; 20th—1946) Ziegfeld Follies (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM-1946) ... Emperor Waltz (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1948)
Reap the Wild Wind (C. B. Demille; Par—1949) 4.000.000 4.000,000 Sands of Iwo Jima (Alan Dwan; Grainger; Rep-1950) 4.000.000 An American In Paris (Vincente Minnelli;

4 000,000 Moon Is Blue (Otto Preminger; Herbert; UA-1953) 4.000.000 4.000,000 Sabrina (Billy Wilder: Par-1954) Left Hand of God (Edward Dmytryk; Adler; 20th-1955) 4.000.000 Love Is Splendored Thing (Henry King; Adler; 20th—1955) Seven Little Foys (Melville Shavelson; Rose; Par—1955) 4.000,000 Big Country (William Wyler; UA-1958) 4.000,000 Horse Soldiers (John Ford; 4,000,000

Mirisch-Mahin-Rackin; UA—1959)

Don't Give Up The Ship (Norman Taurog; Walis; Par—1959) Never On Sunday (Jules Dassin; Melina; Lopert-1960) 4 000,000 Mr. Hobbs on Vacation (Henry Koster; Wald; 20th—1962)... 4.000.000 What Ever Happened Baby Jane? (Robert Aldrich; WB-1962)

Summer Magic (James Neilson; Disney; BV—1963)

Nutty Professor (Jerry Lewis; Glucksman; Par—1964)

Night of Iguana (John Huston; Seven Arts; MGM—1964) 4.000,000 Misadventures Merlin Jones (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1964) 4,000,000

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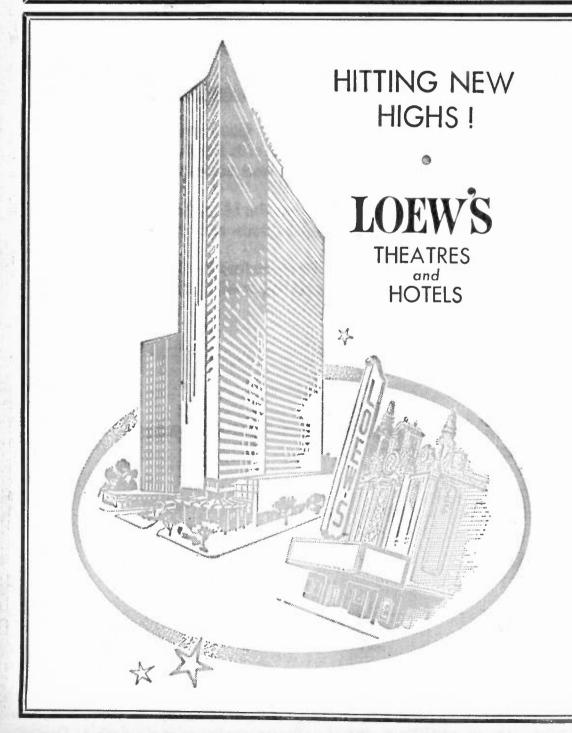
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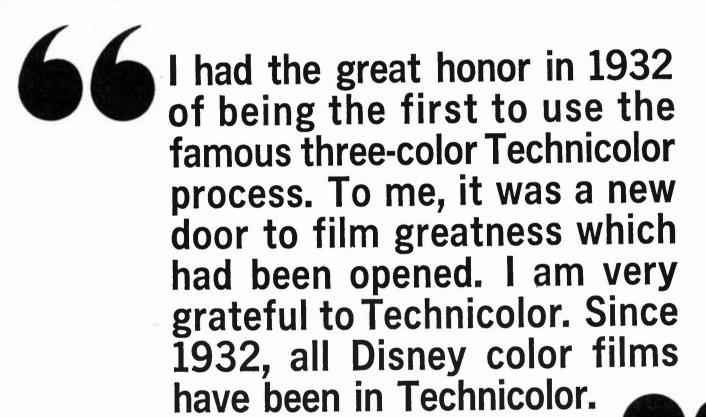


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their own private, plushy railroad plauded in Arizona. cars and entourages of servants. sorted marital partners, and they or five of the main cosmopolitan appearances. centres. When Mme. Nordica or M. Plancon or Signor Caruso arwas certainti season, they had been inhaling sea breezes for several weeks, resting from European triumphs and gen-however, with the war abroad ragerally bracing themselves for another go at Opera's Never-Never Land. Not for them such unnerving experiences are finishing a recital in Phoenix, and driving at top

ropolitan first opened its doors, eral sleepless hours in order to be singers such as Nellie Melba, Ade-lina Patti and Jean de Reszke had rehearsals scheduled only 36 hours after the last encore had been ap-

cars and entourages of servants, Yesteryear's singers could count accompanists, managers and asperformance because they every made their occasional stately tours had the precious element of time in leisurely fashion, visiting four to recoup their forces between

Although high speed air travel was certaintly not brand new when rived in New York for the Met I began singing at the Metropoliing into its final phase and Europeans still necessarily cut off from won the gold ring on what I call American appearances, the mysterious element of speed began to have, of course, been well served

their schedules were crowded with low the rigorous schedules that ending stream of new releases, de-opportunities to perform and less have by now become second nature and less time could be allocated to us. But with the conveniences in vast quantities. years of synagogue cantorial work some preparations of complicated and time literally "stolen" from travel agendas. It is the rare artmy silk-lining business in the fur my silk-lining business in the fur center for lessons with the Met's great tenor, Paul Althouse. But the Met's annals of the 1940 list many singers who could not keep up the pace and somehow disappeared from the scene, never destined to make it to the perilous heights of stardom. Many have tried to accept too many engagements too early in their careers ments too early in their careers and have ruined their voices racing from city to city to fill dates that should have been more carefully spaced.

The few dozen of us who have cital in Phoenix, and driving at top speed all night to an airport, only to fly (still wearing tails) for sevitation affect careers here. Singers at the by the jet era. At no other time bottom of the success ladder found in history would I and my coltable to follow that business had accelerated, that

study. In my own case, I was of speed have come the very real lucky to have been able to predangers of overwork, lack of rest, pare my voice carefully thruogh endiess conflicts of dates and tireist who can keep these demons at

> Another problem peculiar to our times and virtually nonexistent for the Carusos and Galli-Cureis of vore is the necessity to be "all yore is the necessity to be "all things to all people." This difficult situation has been created by the vast expansion of the over-all mod-ern music industry. Because jet airlines can fly us there in no time, we now find ourselves preparing one night with a symphony orchestra in Fresno, California, the next giving a recital in Lewiston, Maine and a day later singing opera in a tiny town in the Rio Grande Valley. To cope successfully with this vastly multiplied coast-to-coast junketing an artist must be ready and adaptable enough to extend his activities on all fronts—from opera house to television, from concert stage to recordings-in order to reach the largest and most widely varied audience. This is certainly no easy task, for the singer who excels in the romantic leads of Italian opera must also be just as facile in a straight recital program of material from three centuries of song in four foreign languages. Before ruthless TV cameras he must learn to adjust his usually wide dynamics and dra-matic power to a hit tune by Richard Rodgers or Frederick Loewe, just after cracking jokes (and breathing differently) with a jovial

Recording

In contrast to turn-of-the-century singers, who occasionally dropped by a primitive recording studio to sing an aria into a crude horn accompanied by an anachron-istic wind band, we today are, of course, privileged to have our voices immortalized on three-dimensional stereo disks. Art is served in studios engineered to the nth degree of acoustical perfection, where omnipresent editorial scissors can erase the occasional vocal lapse or textual slip and where laboratory conditions ease LP birth-pangs. However, in order to maintain a position among the recording industry's best-sellers. we must be able to toss off just about anything human vocal cords can handle, ranging the gamut from sentimental Viennese gemuetlichkeit to Italian bel canto, from Verdi and Puccini arias to semiclassical ballads and from pop tunes to the blues! For the capacious maw of the record-buying public, hot on the trail of an un-

We must do all this, too, with the rather ironic knowledge that there is a broad new audience of hi-fi faddists who, never having attended concerts or opera regularly, buy records practically by the yard, the way interior decora-tors purchase books. These people equip themselves with fabulously complex mechanical equipment and "gild the lily" by tweeting and woofing up the sound of the artist's original conception. When they do finally get to hear him in the opera house they are often surprised to find out that their idol, being only human after all, cannot always compete with souped-up electronics! Strangely enough, in these hands rest the final, indelible imprints of a major singer's ability at any given stage of his career.



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of me, for same. Pretty soon I was ber of Nazis, in Frankfort. How I near-buried.

There was the script I wrote about Eichmann and the deal to exchange a million Jews for 10.000 trucks. What a fury of research, negotiations, cables, and wild chases to Berlin, Munich, Paris, went into that one! Beginning with Mrs. Kastner, the widow of the man to whom Eichmann's offer was made, and who came to me to do Kastner's story. Then Joel Brandt, the tragic emissary who carried the offer out of Budapest, only to be jailed by the British in Egypt. Poor, embittered Brandt, whose life was wrecked by At last, the rewrites done, the locathe mission, and who died a few tions chosen, the Petra background months ago at the trial of a num-shot-and the great producer's

rushed about Europe, trying to straighten out the rights that he kept signing away to one producer after another. What insights I gained into a fantastic story that has never been properly under-stood. People say it's dated now, but I can't part with the story, yet.

And then there's the script I wrote for a famed producer, an Israeli adventure story, of the dangerous journey to Petra. In the high days of his romance with a French diseuse, he had me do re-vision after revision. "Can't you see her face, that mysterious face as she gazes across the border?

romance went not only phfft but phooey, and with it the film.

Maybe some other romantic producer is enamored of a mysterious face? Better hang onto the script.

And then there's the film about the Dead Sea Scholls, about Prof. Sukenik, who deciphered them in beseiged Jerusalem, while his three sons fought the war of Independence, one as the Chief of Staff, another as the secret voice of the Haganah, the youngest as bombadier in the two-seater plane that turned back the Egyptian fleet from Tel Aviv, and got lost in the heroic attack.

And all the attendant correspondence—off, on again, off, Can't send the Scrolls to the grave-

And the plays, a dozen of them, each with its record of heartbreak.

I manage to bundle up a couple of early, unpublished novels, and send them off to the Boston Library. Then I shove all the rest of the stuff back into the filing cases, for salvage, for another try, or simply because I can't part with it yet. The next time I go through it all, I promise myself, I'll fill up an orange-crate for Boston. It's all dead work, I suppose, and I ought to get rid of the lot. What an enormous amount of effort is represented here! There are things I'd completely forgotten I'd written. How did I ever find time to write those books that did get pub-

LOU AVERBACH NAMED PITT'S CHIEF BARKER

Pittsburgh.

Realtor Lou Averbach has been elected Chief Barker of the Variety Tent No. 1 here. Ed Boyle, former district attorney, was named first assistant chief barker and Jack Van Lloyd, head of Berlo concessions here, as second assistant, Frank Snyder, general manager of WTAE, was elected Dough Guy.

Other officers and canvasmen will be Robert A. Rosuali, Harold Cholok, I. Elmer Ecker, Carl Ide, WTAE newsman; Nathan Kaufman, Gabe Rubin, owner of the Nixon Theatre; and Robert A. Mortensen, general manager of WIIC-TV. Harry Kodinsky was again elected International Can-

Tollvision's Way: It's Bumpy

will have lost close to \$10,000,000 continuing nature—baseball and before it is completed.

Telemeter is still active in Toronto although the experiment is less than a big success. Barney Balaban, then still president of and the booked, then cancelled at Paramount, told stockholders last the last minute, return match in February that "Telemeter has Boston which left theatres holding been progressing a little slower than we hoped, but the pot is boiling." Added headache were union demands, in April, for more dough when Telemeter attempted to sell tapes of "Showgirl" (Carol Channing show it produced) to other pay-tv systems. Lately, system has been seeking purchasers for franchises. One taker, in August, was Home Theatres of Georgia, for the Atlanta area

The big problem with pay-tv, and one it has had from the beginning, is programming. The average skeptical purchaser of service won't buy any new idea until he knows what he's going to see and, apparently, it must be what he wants to see, based on his current tastes. This, other than sporting events and some sub-run mo-tion pictures, hasn't been anything the various systems have come up with to date. Trends in television program popularity should have made this apparent long ago. Some huge investments in the technical phases could have been saved had more investment been made in the area of public tastes.

Government insistence on high standards of programming may have to be somewhat modified if any large public following for pay-see is ever to be obtained. The person who willingly buys tickets for a closed-circuit theatre telecast of a championship fight won't, necessarily, be a sitting duck for a less expensive televised "Hedda Gabler" or a "Consul," even if it means that he can stay at home, put his feet up and have a beer, while "enjoying" it.

Here and there, during 1964, new faces and money popped up. In April, Atlas TV & Radio applied for a license to operate in Tucson, Arizona (with pay-tv on during five primetime hours; free-tv the other 19). In August, Telescript Company was formed in California for purpose of closed-circuit theatre telecasts of fights.

There were scattered closed-circuit theatre telecasts throughout 1964. Some were of a seasonal,

professional football games, Others were one-shot bids for public acceptance. The Liston-Clay championship fight from Miami the bag (not the money bag); the N.A.A.C.P. fundraiser from New York and Hollywood; the Beatles (first taped show to the Beatles (first taped show to be closed-circuited); MCA's In-dianapolis 500-Mile Auto Race (which it has for next six years)each drew its own particular audience. Use of closed-circuit telecasts has also become a common occurrence in industry and educa-tion. RCA held its first closed-circuit stockholders meeting last Alfred Hitchcock held a closed-circuit press interview in June. An Academy For Subscrip-tion Television was formed in March by some California educators.

One Teleprompter, company, had a profit for the first nine months of 1964, compared to a loss the previous year. Credit for the profit was given to company's spinoff of marginal and losing electronics operations and con-centration on its community television (70% of its business)

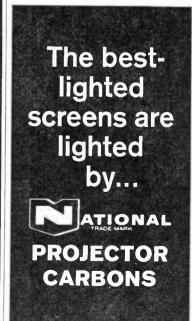
Success, however, lies in the direction of the consumer and giv-ing him what he wants. The biggest argument used by opponents of pay-tv has always been that it "is not in the public interest." A slight paraphrase might be more accurate, that it's something "the public is not interested in."

Delayed Loew's Meeting Votes on Hotel Lease, Pasturage at 72 Rule

Annual meeting of stockholders of Loew's Theatres Inc. will be held on Jan. 14 at Loew's State Theatre.

Purpose of meeting will be to (1) elect directors; (2) consider and take action upon a proposal (which Tisch management favors) that the corporation acquire the leasehold interest in the Americana Hotel, Bal Harbour, Florida; (3) elect independent auditors; (4) consider and take action upon a shareholder's proposal (which management does not favor) to require mandatory retirement of directors at age 72; and (5) to transact any other business.

Annual meeting, ordinarily held second week of December, was changed to second Thursday in January by amendment in corporation's by-laws. As of close of business on Dec. 8, there were 2,375,389 voting shares of common stock outstanding.



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Congratulations From—

WILLIAM GEORGE PERLBERG and SEATON



"MAKES AIR TIME FLY"

STANLEY WARNER THEATRES

'HELLO ALL YOU FOLKS OUT THERE IN RADIOLAND'—REVISITED

- By CARROLL CARROLL -

There is an amazing amount of | catchphrases. nostalgia in nostalgia. That statement cannot be explained or analyzed. But it's true in the same



way that Os-Hammerstein's famous line, "When I grow too old to dream, I'll have you to remember," is true. And for the same reason.

I discovered this inalienatruth a

months ago when I took on a labor of love, subsidized, as such labors should be, by the Chase & Sanborn Coffee people, The National Broad-casting Co. and the J. Walter Thompson Co., and irrigated by my blood. The result was an avalanche of publicity, a flood of sentimentality and a storm of good old fash-ioned, non-analytical, non-socially significant laughs that, the evidence shows, people want more of.

It was the coffee company's 100th birthday and they thought it would be profitable fun to recall for a few nostalgic souls the days when the Chase & Sanborn Coffee Hour starred Maurice Chevalier, and then Eddie Cantor; sponsored Major Bowes: picked up the tab for Bert Lahr, Jimmy Durante and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, to name only a few of the stars who spread cheer all over the Sunday radio spectrum.

This was the kind of big name radio that put the torch to such programs as Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer warbling for—of all things —Palmolive. It scuttled such acts as "Goldie and Dustie" for guess what; "Trade and Mark" for a bad cold and "The Happiness Boys" who, when they ceased being sweet singers, became "The Interwoven Pair"-which was a sock act. It was the high rise name talent that gave the coup de grace to Bay Perkins, sort of an early David Susskind of The Piano; Raymond Knight and his Kuckoos, who were the forerunners of all the Steve Allen, Jack Paar, Johnny Carson free wheeling "Tonight-"type" shows and Stoopnagel & Budd who were the Klavin & Finch, Bob & Ray types of their day.

When the coffee people came along and bought the big stars of vaude and screen, the 24-sheet names made everything else sound like warmed over tapioca and they disappeared the way tv Pantomime Games hit the deck when Uncle Miltie became the star of Texaco's man. Milton Berle did to Texaco's man. Milton Berie did to local quiz tv games what "Fibber McGee & Molly." Rudy Vallee, "Maxwell House Showboat." Fred Allen and Bing Crosby did to "The Eskimos" that sold Cliquot Club and "The Gypsies" who plugged the A & P the A & P.

Guys In Jokes & Suits Business As David Freedman, who created the first great joke factory the world ever knew, used to say, "Itsa-ma-titsa" gave way to the "Hup-cha-da-Bup-cha." David, a sensitive poetic man, son of a While booking this same show philosopher, editor and Talmudic Gardner once got sore at an agent scholar, created many joke writers . . . Phil Rapp . . . Everett Free-man . . . his own son Ben. The joke writers to fill big time radio's need Everett Freefor sock routines flocked from all corners of society. Ed Rice came from the English classes of Colgate. Stanley Davis was a salesman for a custom tailor and Groucho Marx called him the only man he knew in the Jokes and Suits business. From the Borscht Circuit came Dick Mack and a whole phalanx of funny writers. Other jokewrights came from the taxi driving business. Some were jewelry sales-

the son of a vaudeville writer. These were the young men who created the air-image of stars like Ed Wynn, who sold gasoline by plugging a horse; Joe Penner who tried to sell a duck and Jack Pearl who played The Baron Munchausen and created one of radio's great took his bazooka up to join Gabriel,

men. One was a bridge bum, one

Sharlie?"
"Vel," to stay in dialect, "Dis
Sharlie, vas dere!"

And playing through some 40 hours of old radio shows of the middle '30's to middle '40's, from which was distilled about 45 minutes of solid laughs, brought back a few of the things that happened off-mike to people involved in put-ting on radio shows in the days when radio caused motion picture exhibitors to break-out in a cold sweat at 7 o'clock because that's when Amos and Andy left them "regusted."

Jimmy Wallington will certainly recall the confrontation of the irresistible force and the immovable object that took place weekly at about noon every Sunday when Abbott K. Spencer, producer of Eddie Cantor's coffee show, told Eddie that four minutes had to be cut. It was as relentless and in-evitable as the classic street shoot down at High Noon and the loser was always Rubinoff-by four minutes of music.

On the other side of the coin there was that magnificent day when George Burns, after being on the air for about six months, made the glorious discovery that if time forced him to cut a joke, he had one less joke to write for the following week. This was early in the run of the Burns and Allen-Guy Lombardo air show when Gracie Allen, who faced Monday audiences at the Palace with the calm self confidence of Ben Casey per-forming a lobotomey, was so terrified by the microphone that she worked behind a screen so that Guy, Carmen, Liebert, Victor and the Canucks could not see her tremble.

Sometime later this same show did several months on the road playing Paramount-Publix theatres. In one fair-size city its two com-edy stars and 18-piece set of Royal Canadians, was forced to broadcast from the outer office of a middlewestern radio station because the only studio the station had was a broom closet. From this they sent forth sudsy scoops on local bargains and occasional disaster warnings. As this fantastic setup was about to waft laughs and "the sweetest music this side of heaven" from the coast to coast I glanced at the clock on the office wall and said, "Five minutes to air time." The manager of the station laughed and said, "Don't pay any attention to that clock, it's never right. Go by your watch." So I phoned New York and asked my pawnbroker what time it was.

In those days Ed (Archie) Gardner, was producing Robert Rip-ley's "Believe-it-or-Not" show. He booked a carnival man because his specialty was, believe-it-or-not, billy goat butting. Farmers came to the carnival with their goats to challenge and butt heads with this man. If the goat won the farmer got a prize. Ed booked a good strong goat for the contest but its radio career was nipped in the "butt." The ASPCA wouldn't allow the beast to meet the human butter. Reason: cruelty to animals!

The Man With 3 Ears

who tried to sell him a man reputed to have four ears. Ed talked to this pretender, then phoned the agent and screamed, "How dare you lie to me like that! He only had three!" (Radio censorship was such at the time that I don't think it was ears they were talking about.)

The press department of J. Walter Thompson had to buy Bob Burns a suit and a new pair of shoes in which to be photographed for his first air appearance (fee \$75) on the Rudy Vallee Show. What he was wearing was more pitiful than hillbilly. The morning following the show Burns appeared at the Thompson office before opening time and said, "I knew you'd be wantin' to see me again." He was right. Not long after that he joined Bing on the air and in Paramount's "Rhythm On the Paramount's "Rhythm On the Range." A few months before he

"Vas you dere, he said to me, as we walked around his estate, in the heart of the many square miles which he owned of San Fernando Valley, "You know, none of them lies I told when I was on the air was half as fantas-tic as what really happened to me!"

The first time Victor Borge appeared on Bing's Kraft Music Hall Show, the day after Cal Kuhl and I saw him fracture a Rudy Vallee warmup audience with his great 25 minute long punctuation routine, which he promised to cut to 10 minutes, the show went off the air with Borge still getting laughs. We had lost two songs by Bing, two cheese commercials and a Government allocation. The sponsor was so angry Borge was immediately signed for 26 weeks.

Jolie's 'Writing' Improved

In 8G one Saturday before a Shell Chateau broadcast, Al Jolson sat reading over the script I'd written, looked at John Reber, my boss at JWT, and chuckled, "You know, John, I'm writing better and better everyday." He was, too.

A Sunday radio serial, called "Roses and Drums," which was about the Civil War, was performed before a studio audience in full costume and makeup. That is, the actors were in costume and makeup, not the audience, though it was sometimes hard to tell. To publicize this rather eccentric gimmick, a life-size photograph was taken of Guy Bates Post, in the uniform and beard of General Grant. It was a beautiful pose of him standing on the steps of Grant's Tomb looking as if he'd just stepped out for a breath of fresh air. On that same show there was a sound effect cue . . . "four horsemen gallop up, three dis-mount, one remains seated." The resourceful sound man worked out a way to get this effect. He gave one of the horses the line, "Aren't you getting off, too!"

Shortly after the opening of NBC's studios in Radio City, Jascha Heifetz was about to enter an elevator to go up to studio 8H when he was told, "You'll have to take that violin case up on the freight elevator." "But I'm Jascha Hei-fetz," he protested. "I don't care," said the elevator pilot, "If you're Rubinoff. You'll have to take the freight elevator!"

Shortly after that, a talented cellist took the freight elevator down carrying his cello case. It was full of brand new microphones.

The people in the control room at Charlie McCarthy broadcasts, including the engineer who did the show every week, would regularly look out the control room window, Edgar Bergen on mike and Charlie no-where near it and say excitedly, "Hey, get McCarthy on mike."

Walter O'Keefe interviewed a waitress on a matinee version of the "\$64 Question" and was told of a suggestion she gave to one of her gentlemen customers. NBC's switchboard suddenly lit up like a Gabor bracelet. It was the first time in the history of broadcasting that Polly Adler's stock in trade ever got a good solid air plug.

After Pearl Harbor, you had to vear an identification badge to get through the artists' entrance at and got Harpo." NBC's now extinct blue-green monster at Sunset and Vine in Hollywood. The guard almost cancelled a Kraft Music Hall Show because Crosby couldn't be bothered with things like passes and was being refused admission to the building by a human watchdog who knew his face as well as some 50.000.000 other Americans knew it. When I caught Bing stepping into his car in the parking lot he said, "I pretty near made it, Warden!"

In New York Bob Colwell, co-founder of SSC&B, took his then small son Howie to a Ralph Dumke broadcast for Wonder Bread. When all the carefully rehearsed kids were supposed to shout at Ralph the name of the bread they liked best, Howie came out, loud and clear, with "Tip Top." This enabled Dumke to ad lib about how honest his broadcasts were. "Just

(Continued on page 152)

NOT IN THE SCRIPT

By MILT JOSEFSBERG

(Note: This is a collection of adlibs by various performers, writers, producers and other creative artists. In two cases I've changed or omitted names for the usual reasons but they are all true.)

A well-known wit once said, "Jack Benny couldn't adlib a belch after a Hungarian dinner." Jack has often repeated the line about himself because it's funny. But it's not true. Jack can adlib but the format of his shows never gave him much chance for spontaneous humor. I heard him get many howls when the opportunity pre-sented itself. However, I wasn't present when Jack got off his funniest. It was many years ago when Jack was appearing in a musical revue scheduled to open in New York. The play was having its outof-town tryout in Washington. In one scene Jack was supposed to play a traveling salesman courting a farmer's daughter. The produc-er, a stickler fo realism, insisted a real cow be used in the show. Right in the middle of the dialog, Bossy, who may have been housebroken, but certainly not stagebroken, forgot her manners. The audience had hysterics and it was impossible to go on. Jack stepped to the center of the stage and apologized by saying, "Ladies and gentlemen. You must forgive the cow. This is opening night and she's just as nervous as we are."

Although this article isn't meant to be an anthology of animal adlibs, I must mention another. In the musical show, "Wildcat," star-ring Lucille Ball, several dogs figured prominently in the cast. At the close of the number featuring the dogs, one of them did an unscheduled encore all over the stage. The next scene called for a big production dance which a big production dance which would have been dangerous as well as messy. Lucille Ball grabbed a couple of mops and a pail of water, rushed onstage and while the audience howled and applauded she cleaned up. She never said a word until she was finished and as she exited the wonderful redhead said, "Next time I'll read the fine print in my contract."

Wrong Agent

Scripter Fred Fox has a speech impediment. He stutters. It's usually unnoticeable except when he comes to words beginning with "B" or "H." So, naturally, for his first bigtime job, he was signed by a comic whose initials were B.H. —ski-nose himself, Bob Hope. On the day the deal was set, Fred's agent, Jimmy Saphier, took him over to meet Bob and said. "Bob, this is Fred Fox." Bob shook hands saying, "Hello Fred." Fred gamely started saying, "Hello B-b-b-b-" He backed off and tried again with "Hello Mr. Ho-ho-ho-ho-." Suddenly he stopped and turned to Saphier and said, "You're my agent, say h-hello for me."

I heard Bob Hope get off many

adlibs during the years I spent with him. One of the funniest occurred a couple of decades ago when Chico Marx guested on Bob's broadcast. Bob asked Chico a question, and as Chico turned the page in the script he dropped it. When Chico retrieved it, he first held it upside down, then he couldn't find his place. As the seconds of silence seemed endless, Bob said to the audience, "How do you like that-I paid for Chico

Harpo's Wit

Incidentally, although Harpo was silent on stage and screen, he was a brilliant wit. He once received a phone call from a woman he knew slightly, asking him to play a benefit. Harpo told her he would consider it. During the next week the woman called him several times a day till Harpo finally consented to do the show. She told him she would personally pick him up in her car. The scheduled appearance was a week off, and the woman phoned him at least twice a day to remind him of it. On the day of the show she called him six times to remind him, and then before she left her house she again phoned to say she was on her way. When she reached his home, Harpo opened the door and was about to leave with her when the phone began to ring. Harpo took a few steps to ring. Harpo took a few steps toward the phone, then shrugged his shoulders and went back to the woman and started to exit. The lady politely said, "We have plenty of time, you can answer the phone." Smiling sadly Harpo said, "I'd rather not—it's probably you again."

Wednesday, January 6, 1965

How to Save \$25,000

When Jack Benny's daughter was married, it was Hollywood's swankiest social event in years. The newspapers and wire services covered the party fully and from every angle. The following morn-ing the Los Angeles Examiner had a headline reading, "Jack Benny's Daughter Married at \$50,000 Wedding." The Los Angeles Times headline said. "Benny's Daughter's Wedding Cost \$25.000." Benny was awakened that morning by a phone call from his friend. George Burns, who said. "Jack. do yourself a favor. Read the Times this morning and save \$25.000."

No Orson Around!

When Thornton Wilder's play, "Skin of Our Teeth," opened on Broadway, it was a big hit but the play puzzled many of its viewers. One night Mary and Jack Benny attended a performance in a group that included Orson Welles. At the conclusion of the performance Jack turned to the others in his group and plaintively said, "I've got to admit it. I don't understand it." Orson angrily turned on Jack and said, "Who are you not to understand it. I don't understand

Here's another anecdote con-cerning Jack. (NOTE: The reason there are so many stories about Benny is because I was with Blue-Eyes for over a dozen years.) During the dress rehearsal of a radio show, Mel Blanc, portraying the French violin teacher, fractured Jack with his hilarious antics. Jack stopped the rehearsal and called to his four writers, sitting in the control room, to come on-stage for a conference. When the stage for a conference. When the scripting quartet reached him Jack said, "Fellows, I'd like to give Mel a special credit at the end of the show. I'd like to say something like—'The part of Professor LeBlanc was played by Mel Blanc.'" One of the writers said, "Lack why don't you say exetly "Jack, why don't you say exactly that." Benny thought for a mo-ment and said, "That's fine. Thanks a lot fellows." The writers trooped back to the control room, but just as they reached it, one of them turned and yelled, "Oh Jack! You didn't need all four of us for that, two of us could have handled it."

Cry Me A River

As a favor to a friend, a tv comic hired a girl for a part in his show. The girl was an adequate actress, but unfortunately there was a plot point calling for her to cry and this kid couldn't cry. Rehearsal after rehearsal she would go, "Boo hoo, boo hoo." and the exasperated director made her try again and again. By the time the dress rehearsal rolled around, the comic forgot that he was the one who hired her and transferred the blame to the director and producer. The cast was told to take five, and when they left, the star really began berating his producer and director.

"I'm tired of your idiotic incompetence. the comic screamed. "Crying is the simplest thing for person to do. All week been trying to get this gal to cry and you untalented jerks can't get her to cry. This is a bigtime show, and if I say I want someone to cry, I expect someone to cry.
Now, do I get the crying or don't
I get the crying?"

At this the producer raised his weary head and quietly said, "Yell at me a little more and I'll cry for you."

Laconic Houseboy

Iz Elinson tells about his first bigtime job in radio. Iz and Johnny Rapp (currently on Bob Hope's staff) were signed in the late 1930 to write for Eddie Cantor. They had never met Eddie and were sent over to his house to get acquainted with him. A maid opened the door for them, and she ushered them into the library

(Continued on page 152)

TELEVISION'S GRAVEYARD

From 'Small Fry' to 'Mr. Broadway,' Video's 15-Year 'Nielsen Span' Offers a Fascinating Rundown of Network Programming Hopes, Aspirations and (As Sure as Death and Taxes) Casualties

That's Show Biz

By ART BUCHWALD

We went into the television business in 1964—on a show called THE ENTERTAINERS starring Carol Burnett, Bob Newhart and Caterina Valente on Friday nights, and every once in a while we talked for about three or four

minutes about Washington.
We hadn't realized the impact you can have on people by appearing on tv. It's the only entertainment medium where everybody is a critic.

After we did our first show in New York, we returned to Washington. The first person we saw was Vicky,

our cook.
"Were you nervous?" she asked.
"No, I wasn't nervous," we said.

"You didn't look nervous," she said.
"That's because I wasn't," we said. Just then the dry cleaning man arrived.

Art Buchwald "I saw you on television last night," he said. "You sure looked nervous.

"I was a little nervous," we said.

"You looked more than a little nervous."

We decided not to give him a tip.

As he left, one of the neighbors came by. "I saw you on the Carol Burnett show last night." We waited.

"Bob Newhart's very funny," he said.

It looked as if it were going to be a rough day.

We went down to the Georgetown Pharmacy to buy

some aspirin. Doc Dalinsky, the druggist, came out from behind his counter.
"My mother said you were very good."

We started to smile.

We started to smile.

"But my brother said you were lousy."

"What does your brother know?" we said angrily.

"Don't get sore at me. I didn't see the show. For all I know, you were all right."

A customer came in.

"Didn't I see you on the Caterina Valente show?"

"Yes you did"."

"Yes, you did."

She bought a paper and walked out.

Back home the phone rang. It was our agent calling from New York. "You were great. Absolutely great. Everyone in New York is talking about it. And I think after the first few shows you'll stop being nervous."

"I wasn't nervous," we shouted.

"I didn't say you were nervous. Everybody in New York."

"I didn't say you were nervous. Everybody in New York said you were nervous. I'm just repeating what they said.'
We hung up.

The doorbell rang. Some one was delivering our daughter home from a birthday party.

"We saw you on television last night," the mother said.

"Were you reading from a TelePrompter?"

"Yes"

"Yes."
"That's funny. I didn't know you were."
Our wife came home and asked, "Any reaction on the show?"
"No, not a word," we said.
"Then what are you so nervous about?"
"I'm not nervous."

"You're more nervous now that you were on the show."
"Who said I was nervous on the show?" we demanded. "Nobody. But I know you well enough to know when you're nervous and when you're not."

We called up Louis Nizer and asked him if Mexican divorces were still legal.

Things Are Seldom What They Seem

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert)

- By LESTER GOTTLIEB .

COMBAT: Lee Rich at any Television Panel Discussion. CITY HOSPIAL: Resting place for Mickey. DAY IN COURT: Carol Burnett.

JEOPARDY: A tv film producer with only a 13-week commitment. LET'S MAKE A DEAL: Any agent trying to peddle

a cancelled show.
THE TELEPHONE HOUR: Any Friday night at the net-

works after the 30-city Nielsens have been phoned in.
MANY HAPPY RETURNS: Bob Kintner swelling with pride after the NBC Election Night coverage.

THE PRICE IS RIGHT: An indie packager yielding

to a network business affairs negotiator.
WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES: Any tv
network program exec flying TWA to the Coast.
WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR: A casting direc-

tor hiring Negro actors.

FLIPPER: David Susskind's autobiography.

BONANZA: Ed Scherick reading the key Nielsen pocket

TO TELL THE TRUTH: An agent who has just sold the same act to Ed Sullivan and Hollywood Palace.

PROFILE IN COURAGE: Pat Weaver. I LOVE LUCY: Jim Aubrey does more than ever. ANOTHER WORLD: The British Broadcasting Corp. TYCOON: David Dortort, producer of "Bonanza. THE LIVING DOLL: Elizabeth Montgomery.

12 O'CLOCK HIGH: The Dean Martin Show.
MY FAVORITE MARTIAN: Jonathan Winters. HOLLYWOOD PALACE: Danny Thomas' home.

By GEORGE ROSEN

If one were to compile a history of network television, he would be remiss, indeed, to omit the catalog of the prime time programs which have attracted—or repelled—its audiences from the beginning. Here, therefore, in a first-time-ever listing, is a compendium of all the nighttime programming that has been telecast from the 1950-51 season (when Nielsen started to compile records) to the present day.

The 763 evening program series symbolize the joys, hopes, aspirations, successes, frustrations, failures and heartbreaks of what surely qualifies as the most demanding and competitive of all media or art forms.

The failures and heartbreaks are mirrored in the over 50% of all programs which have been cancelled in their first year on the air. (And for every one that gets on the air, approximately 10 pilots are rejected, making for a far higher true casualty rate.) But even for those failures that got an on-the-air exposure opportunity to succeed, it's a long, long list of endless endeavor reflected in the interminable catalog of dimly remembered titles.

These titles, now chiselled in tv's tombstones, include such entries as "Colonel Humphrey Flack," "Small Fry," such entries as "Colonel Humbhrey Flack," "Small Fry,"
"Celanese Theatre," "The Billy Daniels Show," "Pride
of the Family," "Conflict." "Arrest and Trial," "The
Jerry Lewis Show." "Young Mr. Bobbin," "Dear Phoebe,"
"Noah's Ark," "Club Oasis," "Behind Closed Doors,"
"Northwest Passage," "Love and Marriage." "Dick and
the Duchess," "Yancy Deringer," "Fair Exchange," the
"Judy Garland Show" and "Mr. Broadway."

A much shorter and shockingly brief listing comprise

the solidly successful entries which established network tenure through consistently high audience yields.

The Phi Beta Kappa programs which scored high Niel-

sen marks and graduated from the network college with honors include: "Father Knows Best." "Person to Person," "Dragnet," "Life of Riley," "This Is Your Life." "Maverick," "77 Sunset Strip," "The Untouchables," "I Love Lucy," the "Danny Thomas Show," "\$64.000 Questions of the Company Thomas Company "Season of the Company Thomas Show," "\$64.000 Questions of the Company T tion," Milton Berle, Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts, Garry Moore and "Studio One."

But even they succumbed to the wear and tear of the abrasive, competitive pressures that devitalize a program and its audience appeal. They, for all their success, attest to the basic truth that all programs are mortal.

Perhaps the sole exception to this rule, if there be

one, lies in the personage of Ed Sullivan-who, for his longevity alone, must qualify as television's alltime All-American.

For Sullivan is the only prime time program, other than "What's My Line?" (which has been sheltered from fierce competition) and the low-budgeted but durable "Original Amateur Hour" which was on the air when

Nielsen set up his tv shop in 1950.

Since that time, 660 of the 763 programs—86%—have been axed by cancellation. Of the 103 which survive, 42 debuted just this fall. The other 61 have been on the debuted just this fall. The other 61 have been on the air for two years or more. But only a handful are as much as five years old. (Red Skelton, "I've Got a Secret," Jack Benny, "Lassie," Alfred Hitchcock, "Gunsmoke," "Perry Mason," "To Tell the Truth," "Rawhide," "Wagon Train," "Bonanza," "Ozzie & Harriet," Walt Disney, Lawrence Welk, Donna Reed, "Flintstones" and "My Three Sons.")

The Human Equation

Of all the programs that have been aired since '50, only 35% have lived to see a third season; only 13%

have ever survived to the five-year mark.

But the most intriguing aspect of such listing lies not so much in the statistics but rather in the human elements-the effort, sweat and blood-that have been spent in their behalf.

Here, it must be noted, television's creative midwives, those who can be regarded as the true architects of the medium, have lived in a "shadow" world outside the networks themselves. Their contributions have been made from a non-official status.

For it has not been the network officials, but the Abe Lastfogels, the Wally Jordans, the Sheldon Leonards, the Tom McDermotts, the Lew Wassermans, the Taft Schreibers, the Sonny Werblins the Bill Selfs, the Harry Ackermans, the Martin Manulis', the Mark Goodsons, the Don Sharpes, the Ralph Edwards', the Don Feddersons', the Jack Webbs, the Bill Orrs and the Walt Disneys, et al, who have made television what it is.

And so though to typify the ambivalence and unpredictability of network tv, their names can be found on both the credit and debit side of the Nielsen ledger.

Nor can one eliminate the behind-the-scenes sponsor-ship influences of the Danny Seymours, the Nick Keese-lys, the Dick Pinkhams, the Bud Barrys, the Bill Lewises and the Lee Riches. For it is these men, more than anyone else, who have inspired, initiated and persevered through the 763 program entries which constitute television's 1950-64 almanac.

Following is the complete list of shows spanning the 15 years, including DuMont entries (dates following shows represent year they went off the air):

DUMONT (On Air: 1950-1951)

(OH 1411: 1000-1001)	
Adventures Of Ellery Queen	1952-1953
Al Morgan	1950-1951
Arthur Murray Party	1951-19 5 2
to ABC, 1952-1953 to DuMont, 1953-1954 to	NBC
Boxing—Dennis James	1950-1951
Broadway To Hollywood	1953-1954
Captain Video	1954-1955
Cavalcade Of Bands	1950-1951

(Continued on page 86)

My Fair Monster

[A Comedy In One Scene]

By AL SCHWARTZ

The set is the official office of Nate Monster, president of the Fantasy Guild of America, West. This consists mainly of an ancient battered desk and chair in an attic somewhere on Mullholland Drive. On the desk we find the head of the Guild—and we mean just that—the head. There is a knock on the door. This only adds to the weird atmosphere since there is no door. The HEAD speaks out.

Come in, stranger.

(An attractive girl, obviously distraught, enters. She crosses to the desk, and stands there a moment, puzzled).

How did you know I was a stranger?

HEAD (smiling) Simple. You knocked, and if you knocked you have fingers, and if you have fingers you have hands, and if you have hands they're attached to a body, and if you have a body you're certainly not one of us.

(urgently) Please, Mr. Head, you've got to help me. \mbox{HEAD}

Me, help you?

GIRL

I'm a television actress, and since you monsters took over I can't get a job. HEAD

What can I do?

GIRL I'd like some monster lessons.

HEAD

(shocked) But you're not a regular member of the Guild-you're not even an associate monster.

Please, I beg you.

HEAD

(looking her over) You certainly are a challenge. You're so deliciously low—so horribly human. (eyeing her more closely) You might make an attractive vampire. GIRL

(eagerly) I'm even willing to be a vampire if that will get me a television series. HEAD

It might, if you team up with Bat Masterson. GIRL

When can we start the first lesson?

Not so fast. First you'll have to pass the vampire test. GIRL

Vampire test? HEAD

Yes. Repeat after me: The Place to drain is mainly in

(repeating) The place to drain is mainly in the vein. HEAD

Again. GIRL

The place to drain is mainly in the vein.

(trimuphantly) By Bela Lugosi, I think you're got it! You've passed the test. Now I will say the magic words that will turn you into a vampire, "Only You, Dick Daring, Only you, Dick Daring, Only you, Dick Daring!"

DESTROY THAT TEENAGER!

- By LOU DERMAN-

Hollywood.

Let's start by saying: I don't believe all teenagers should be destroyed. Only about 90%.

The rest should be allowed to mature and enter into marriage, where they will be destroyed, but more gradu-Lest the reader think I am disappointed in the modern teenager, let me hasten to assure him I am. I can hear you say:
Okay, maybe the kids today are more spoiled than we

were. And maybe they neck more and drive faster and act fresher, but heck, you're young only once.

In some cases, that's once too much.

I think it's pathetic to watch a jolly, happy-go-lucky

gentleman like Ed Sullivan pathetically pleading with a pack of howling teenage maniacs to stop screaming so he can bring out Jackie Mason and fire him.

A great part of the entertainment business today is geared toward the frantic teenage set. Nobody puts out a record today without first asking: Will the kids buy it? Mister, there's a sure way of getting kids to buy your

record. Stick a picture of Ringo on the label and when you hold it up to the light he becomes Melina Mercouri in a bedroom scene.

Talk about movies being aimed at the kids

I caught one recently, all about college teenagers and their problems. If this is a true picture of university life in America today, then the classroom has been replaced

(Continued on page 112

Wednesday, January 6, 1965

TV's Graveyard: These Were The Shows That Were

avalcade Of Stars		Frank Leahy		Gale Storm Show from CBS	1950 **
lands Of Mystery	1950-1951	George Jessel Show	1953-1954	Hawaiian Eye	1962-1
old That Cameraost Important People	1950-1951 1950-1951	Jamie Leave It To The Girls from NBC	1953-1954	High Road	1959-19 1959-19
lainclothesman	1953-1954	Orchid Award	1953-1954	Man From Blackhawk	1959-1
aturday Night At The Gardennall Fry	1950-1951	Peter Potter Show Pride Of The Family	1953-1954 1953-1954	Philip Marlowe Rebel, The	1959-1
ar Time	1950-1951	Quick As A Flash	1953-1954	Rebel, The Robert Taylor—Detective	1961-1
restling From Columbia Park	1951-1952	Sky King Where's Raymond	1953-1954 1953-1954	Shirley Temple's Storybook from NBC	to NBC
gelow Theatre		Wrestling From Rainbo	1953-1954	Take A Good Look	1960-1
smopolitan Theatre	1951-1952	Cavalcade Of America from NBC Early Evening News	1954-1955 Still On	Untouchables, The World Of Talent	1962-1
eep Posted	1952-1953	Kraft Television Theater	1954-1955	(First Season On Air: 1960-1961)	
o Wrestling—Chicago	1952-1953	Make Room For Daddy	1955-1956	All Star Golf	
cky King—Detective	19 51-195 2	Pepsi-Cola Playhouse Saturday Night Fights	1954-1955 1954-1955	Bugs Bunny Expedition	1961-1 1961-1
venty Questions from ABC	1954-1955	U.S. Steel Hour	1954-1955	Fight Of The Week	1963-1
ou Asked For It	to ABC 1952-1953	(First Season On Air: 1954-1955)	to CBS	Flintstones Guestward Ho	Still C
	to ABC	Boxing From Eastern Parkway from DuMont		Harrigan & Son	1960-1
(First Season On Air: 1952-1953) oxing From Eastern Parkway		Break The Bank Disneyland	1955-1 9 56	Hong Kong	1960-1
oxing From Eastern Parkway	to ABC	Dollar A Second from DuMont		Islanders Law & Mr. Jones	1960-19 1960-19
mous Fights—Madison Square	1952-1953	Elgin TV Hour	1954-1955	Make That Spare	1963-19
fe Begins At Eighty from ABC	1955-1956 to ABC	Fight Talk Kukla, Fran & Ollie	1954-1955 1956-1957	Matty's Funday Funnies	1961-19 Still (
e Is Worth Living	1955-1956	Martha Wright Show	1954-1955	Peter Gunn from NBC	1960-19
bound	to ABC	Masquerade Party	1956-1957 to NBC	Roaring Twenties	1961-19
nat's The Story	1952-1953	Ray Bolger Show	1954-1955	Stagecoach West	
iere Was I	1952-19 5 3	Rin Tin Tin So You Want To Lead Band	1958-1959	(First Season On Air: 1961-1962)	
uth On The March from ABC (First Season On Air: 1953-1954)	∡ <i>5</i> 02-1953	Stork Club	1954-1955 1954-1955	Bachelor Father Ben Casey	1961-1
ance Of A Lifetime		Vise, The	1957-1958	Bus Stop	1961-19
onel Humphrey Flack	1953-1954	Voice Of Firestone from NBC Treasury Men In Action from NBC	1958-1959 1954-1955	Follow The Sun	1961-1
lar A Second	to ABC	Twenty Questions from DuMont	1954-1955 1954-1955	Hathaways, The Margie	1961-1 1961-1
n Against Crime from CBS	1953-1954	(First Season On Air: 1955-1956) Amateur Hour	1956-1957	New Breed	1961-1
ige & Jeff et Your Congressman	1953-1954	Chance Of A Lifetime	1955-1956	Steve Allen Show from NBC Straightaway	1961-1 1961-1
Your Way	1953-1954	Crossroads	1956-1957	Target: The Corrupters	1961-1
tomime Quiz	1953-1954	Dotty Mack Show Down You Go	1955-195 6 1955-1956	Top Cat	1961-1
(First Season On Air: 1954-1955)	7994-189 <u>2</u>	DuPont Cavalcade	1956-1957	Yours For A Song	1961-1
ing-St. Nick's Arena		Ethel & Albert from NBC Famous Film Festival	1955-1956 1956-195 7	Beany & Cecil	1962-1
cago Symphony	1954-1955	Lawrence Welk Show	Still On	Combat	Still C
e Stranger		Life Is Worth Living from DuMont	1956-1957	Father Knows Best from CBS Gallant Men	1962-19
dio 57	1954-1 955	Medical Horizons MGM Parade	1955-1956 1955-1956	Going My Way	1962-19
ey Stand Accused	1954-1955	Ozark Jubilee	1956-1957	Howard K. Smith	1962-19
ABC		Star Tonight	1955-1956	I'm Dickens—He's Fenster Jetsons, The	1962-1
(On Air: 1950-1951)	1959 1050	TV Readers Digest	1955-1956	McHale's Navy	Still C
ulahly Rose Show	1952-19 53 1950-1951	Warner Brothers Presents	1955-1956	Mr. Smith Goes Washington Our Man Higgins	1962-19 1962-19
nd Date	1950-1951	Wednesday Night Fights from CBS Wyatt Earp	1960-1961	Premiere	1962-19
You Top This		Life Begins At Eighty from DuMont	1955-1956	Roy Rogers & Dale Evans	1962-1
t	to DuMont	(First Season On Air: 1956-1957) Adventures Of Jim Bowie	1957-1958	Sunday Night Movie	1962-19
estling—Chicago	1952-1953	Bamburger Parade from CBS	1956-1957	Valiant Years	1962-19
lege Bowl n McNeill TV Club		Bold Journey	1958-1959	Wagon Train from NBC	Still C
st Nighter	1950-1951	Cheyenne	1957-1958 1962-1963		1963-1
ne Of The Weekiday Hotel		Circus Time	1956-1957	Breaking Point	1963-1
lywood Screen Test	1952-1953		1956-1957	Burke's Law Channing	1963-1
over Times Square	1950-1951		to CBS	Edie Adams	1963-1
	to DuMont	Ford Theater from NBC	1956-1957	Farmer's Daughter	Still (
e With Linkletter	1951-1952	Lawrence Welk Talent Show	1950-19 5 7 195 7- 1958	Fugitive, The Greatest Show On Earth	1963-1
e Ranger Fashioned Meeting		Navy Log from CBS	1957-1958	Hootenanny	1963-1
l Whiteman Review	1951-1952	Ommibus from CBS	1956-1957 1956-1957	Jerry Lewis Show Jimmy Dean Show	1963-1 Still (
l Whiteman TV Club	1953-1954	Ray Anthony Show	1956-1957	Laughs For Sale	1963-1
itzer Prize Playhouse	1950-1951		1956-1957	Outer Limits Patty Duke	Still C
ler Derby	1950-1951	Bowling Stars	1957-1958	Price Is Right from NBC	1963-1
ly Strong		Circus Boy from NBC	1957-1958	Sid Caesar Show	1963-1
The Music	1951-1952	Country Music Jubilee	1959-1960 1957-1958	Travels—Jaimie Mc Pheeters (First Season On Air: 1964-1965)	1963-1
Erwin Showasury Men In Action		Date With The Angels	1957-1958	ABC Scope	
	to NBC	Frank Sinatra Show	1957-1958	Addams Family	
enty Questionst	1951-1952 to DuMont	Maverick	1961-1962	Bing Crosby	
th On The March	1952-1953	Mike Wallace Interviews OSS	1957-1958	Broadside Hollywood Palace	
t	o DuMont	Pat Boone—Chevy Showroom	1959-1960	Jonny Quest	
(First Season On Air: 1951-1952) azing Mr. Malone	1951-1952	Patrice Munsel Show	1957-1958	Mickey	
nur Murray Party	1952-1953	Real McCoys	to CBS	No Time For Sergeants Peyton Place I	
t	o DuMont	Scotland Yard	1957-1958	Peyton Place II	
er Home Show			1959-1960	Shindig Sunday Night Movies	
nese Theatre	1951-1952	Tombstone Territory	1957-1958 1957-1958	Twelve O'Clock High	
	1951-1952	Walter Winchell File	1957-1958	Tycoon	
en Guild Theatre	1951-1952		1957-1958 1958-1959	Valentine's Day Voyage To The Bottom Of The Sea	
The Champ	1951-1952	(First Season On Air: 1958-1959)		Wendy & Me	
Shriner Time		Anybody Can Play	1958-1959 1959-1960	NBC	
nland At Home Party	1951-1952	Donna Reed Show	1959-1960 Still On	(On Air: 1950-1951)	
District Attorney	1 951-1 95 2	Jubilee U.S.A.	1959-1960	Armstrong Circle Theater	1957-1
tery Theater	1951-1952 1951-1952	Lawman	1961-1962 1962-1963	Big Story	to CBS 1956-1
		Man With A Camera	1959-1960	Early Evening News	Still (
It With Actings Of Tomorrow		Naked City	1962-1963	Colgate Comedy Hour	1955-1
It With Actings Of Tomorrow	1951-1952	THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH	1958-1959		1955-1 1957-1
It With Acting s Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS	1951-1952		1969-1000	AREMAN AND VIOLUII AIRMINE	~~UU1-1
It With Acting S Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS atile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953)	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952	Rifleman Rough Riders	1962-1963 1958-1959	Philco TV Playhouse	
It With Acting S Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS satile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953) e Daniels Show	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952 1952-1953	Rifleman Rough Riders Sammy Kayes Music	1958-1959 1958-1959	Philco TV Playhouse	1956-1
It With Acting s Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS satile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953) e Daniels Show ector Mark Saber	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952 1952-1953 1953-1954	Rifleman Rough Riders Sammy Kayes Music 77 Sunset Strip	1958-1959 1958-1959 1963-1964	Philco TV Playhouse	1956-1 1954-1
It With Acting s Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS satile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953) e Daniels Show ector Mark Saber Like A Millionaire from CBS entures Of Ozzie & Harriet	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 1952-1953 Still On	Rifleman Rough Riders Sammy Kayes Music 77 Sunset Strip Walt Disney Presents	1958-1959 1958-1959	Philco TV Playhouse	1956-1 1954-1 1959-1 1958-1
It With Acting s Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS satile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953) e Daniels Show ector Mark Saber Like A Millionaire from CBS entures Of Ozzie & Harriet es The Same	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 1952-1953 Still On 1954-1955	Rifleman Rough Riders Sammy Kayes Music 77 Sunset Strip Walt Disney Presents (First Season On Air: 1959-1960)	1958-1959 1958-1959 1963-1964 1961-1962 to NBC	Philco TV Playhouse Robert Montgomery Presents Texaco Star Theater You Bet Your Life Your Hit Parade	1956-1 1954-1 1959-1 1958-1 to CBS
It With Acting Is Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS Satile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953) e Daniels Show ector Mark Saber Like A Millionaire from CBS entures Of Ozzie & Harriet les The Same ter Winchell	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 1952-1953 Still On	Rifleman Rough Riders Sammy Kayes Music 77 Sunset Strip Walt Disney Presents (First Season On Air: 1959-1960) Adventures In Paradise	1958-1959 1958-1959 1963-1964 1961-1962 to NBC 1962-1963	Philco TV Playhouse Robert Montgomery Presents Texaco Star Theater You Bet Your Life Your Hit Parade	1956-1 1954-1 1959-1 1958-1 to CBS 1952-1
It With Acting So Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour Corbett Space Cadet from CBS Satile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953) See Daniels Show Sector Mark Saber Sective A Millionaire from CBS Sentures Of Ozzie & Harriet Sees The Same Ster Winchell Asked For It from DuMont	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952 1952-1953 1953-1954 1952-1953 Still On 1954-1955 1954-1955 to NBC	Rifleman Rough Riders Sammy Kayes Music 77 Sunset Strip Walt Disney Presents (First Season On Air: 1959-1960) Adventures In Paradise Alaskans, The Alcoa Presents	1958-1959 1958-1959 1963-1964 1961-1962 to NBC 1962-1963 1959-1960 1961-1962	Philco TV Playhouse Robert Montgomery Presents Texaco Star Theater You Bet Your Life Your Hit Parade Aldrich Family Bonny Maid Versatile Variety	1956-1: 1954-1: 1959-1: 1958-1: to CBS 1952-1: 1951-1: to ABG
It With Acting es Of Tomorrow Mack Family Hour of Corbett Space Cadet from CBS satile Varieties from NBC (First Season On Air: 1952-1953) ie Daniels Show sector Mark Saber of Like A Millionaire from CBS entures Of Ozzie & Harriet sees The Same ster Winchell Asked For It from DuMont (First Season On Air: 1953-1954)	1951-1952 1951-1952 1951-1952 1952-1953 1953-1954 1952-1953 Still On 1954-1955 1954-1955 to NBC	Rifleman Rough Riders Sammy Kayes Music 77 Sunset Strip Walt Disney Presents (First Season On Air: 1959-1960) Adventures In Paradise Alaskans, The Alcoa Presents Black Saddle	1958-1959 1958-1959 1963-1964 1961-1962 to NBC 1962-1963 1959-1960	Philco TV Playhouse Robert Montgomery Presents Texaco Star Theater You Bet Your Life Your Hit Parade Aldrich Family Bonny Maid Versatile Variety	1956-1 1954-1 1959-1 1958-1 to CBS 1952-1 1951-1

Out! Out! Damned Sinus Cavity!

+++++++++ By STAN FREBERG -+++++++

Hollywood.

My critics, whom you can count on the fingers of . . . The Mormon Tabernacle Choir, are forever complaining that I am too harsh on advertising. They say I don't miss an opportunity in print or on the dais to thrust away at the old hard sell. They implore me to stop satirizing advertising, the while making a living from it. They beseech me to stop making Keynote speeches in which I encourage advertisers to "break through the mediocrity barrier." that enormous bulk of audio-visual rubbish which erupts into our livingrooms some 500 times per week.

Not long ago on the telephone, I launched into this excerpt from one of my ever popular speeches. The old school account executive at the other end bridled at my impertinence. "Who is to say it's rubbish?" he demanded. "You're right," I agreed. "Perhaps rubbish is not the proper word... perhaps garbage is the proper word."

Three thousand miles away I could hear him breaking out in shingles. "It may be garbage to you." he trembled, "but research shows that people love commercials!" I inquired if he had heard of the troubles heaped upon the city of Toledo a few years back. It seems the water level, of an evening, would drop simultaneously all over the city. The town was baffled until someone made a check one night and discovered that the dropping of the water level coincided precisely with the network commercial breaks in "I Love Lucy." The beloved commercials hit and the people fled to the bathroom as one

The be-shingled account executive did not seem at all disturbed by this news. "That was several years ago," he said. "People are more sophisticated now. They have learned to stay in the room and watch the commercials. Advertising is part of the good life here in America. Furthermore," he added, "commercials are more sophisticated now, too. They're getting better all the time."

After we hung up. I began to worry. Was the man right? Have I been too cruel? Too critical or Madison Avenue? Too heartles in my condemnation of the schlock ad?

Wonderful World of P&G

That evening I stayed in the room, determined to watch the screen with an open mind. The first spot out of the bag was a sophisticated slice of life from Proctor & Gamble. Katy Winters was seeing off on an ocean voyage what may be the homeliest girl I have ever encountered. "Have a good time." cried Katy, as the ship's whistle blew the all-ashore. "I'll try," said the bespectacled wallflower, "but frankly, I've got a perspiration problem!" "Wait!" cried her chum. "I brought along some NEW Secret Deodorant for just such an event." A passage of time was indicated. In the next shot, the girl is shown caling ship-to-shore to Katy. Her hair is upswept, her glasses are gone, the lumpy tweed suit has been replaced with a straoless white gown and a ship's officer is standing at her side. "Everything is going just fine, Katy." she squeals into the phone, "thanks to you and NEW Ice Blue Secret Deodorant!"

I stared at the set as it cut to the product in three convenient sizes. "I stand corrected!" I cried. Here was a commercial that was not only sophisticated, but highly informative to boot. One would think that that homely girl had a lot more to worry about than perspiration, right? But wait! NEW Ice Blue Secret Deodorant becomes a kind of "roll-on fairy godmother." If you are homely . . . it can make you appear beautiful! . . . If you are shy and have no personality, it can get you handsome ships' officers What's more, after a couple of nights with this deororant, the girl in the spot was able to go without her glasses! Marvelous! I flipped to another channel.

'Haven't Lost A Daughter'

Another real life vignette from P&G. A bride-to-be, planning her dream wedding. Her mother and father stand near. "I'm going to have the most perfect wedding a girl ever had!" cried the girl, waltzing about the room. "Except . . . except you've got to get rid of that dandruff, daddy!" The father looked at her from the debths of his sorrow. "But what can I do?" he implored. "I'll loan you my Head And Shoulders Shampoo, silly!" she said, or words to that effect. Dissolve to the father of the bride lathering up in the shower. Dissolve again to the wedding. A near disaster has been turned into a great usccess thanks to the humanitarianism of Proctor & Gamble. The father-and-daughter clinch. Over her soulder he moves her veil aside and speaks to the world, as the camera dollys in: "I haven't lost a daughter . . ." he says, "I've gained a dandruff shampoo!" Cut to the product and fade to black.

This was heady stuff, indeed. Commercials were getting better. "I have been quick to judge," I said, as my wife came into the room. "We should all be grateful that P&G, working hand in hand with science, is helping make this a better, more deodorized, white tornado-ized, stronger-than dirt, dandruff-free America."

"All of this is beginning to prey upon your mind," she said, snapping the television off. "We shall go out to dinner and escape from Madison Ave. Never mind about who is right."

I took her to a charming old world restaurant; Harout's Har Omar overlooking the Sunset Strip and the lights of Hollywood. "Forget about advertising for a while," she begged me, as we were shown to a table by the window.

I looked into her eyes, as a soulful violinist hovered near. She was gorgeous in the startling blue light that had suddenly bathed her features. I looked for the source of illumination, and discovered it outside the window. There, looming over us, a blue giant appeared to be draining all eight of his sinus cavities at once. The huge Dristan billboard, which held him, obscured half our picture window. By some dastardly mechanism, the Herculean sinuses would drain, turn pink and healthy, fill up again, turn blue, and repeat the process. There was (Continued on page 112)

'THAT'S HOW THE SIGNAL BOUNCES'

By ALAN M. FISHBURN

Chicago.

It was bitter cold in outer space as the two communications satellites spun through their predestined orbits. Electronically speaking it was cold, and it was monotonous too.

Through some mysterious cosmic fusing of their individual circuits, transistors, resistors, etc., the pair had become emotionally involved. Earthbound broadcasters were beginning to note a gradual compensation for the initial differences in their original orbital plans.

The boy satellite hummed lasciviously to himself as he spun around the girl satellite. "Does she, or doesn't she?" he wondered, as he eyed her strawberry-pink antenna and the satin-like finish of her outer skin. "What a voice, though!" he reflected, as he idly listened to her audio transmission.

Echo, for that was her name, had a few thoughts of her own as she took in the mirrorlike tv reflections bouncing off the boy satellite's virile transmitting equipment. "He is handsome," she thought. "So smooth, so slickly professional!" She shuddered as a stream of meteorites approached. "I hope they don't throw me offcourse," she prayed. "I'm having a hard enough time getting close enough to gaff this desirable hunk of electronics with my well-stacked array of all-channel receptors."

It was a dreary business. Neither felt any sort of empathy with the ceaseless re-transmitting of sound and video signals from various origination points all over Farth

New Twist Needed

Narcissus, for that was his name, moodily reflected on his fate. "Those Olympics were fine," he mused. "Fun, exciting, colorful, and nobody knew the results until the event was over. No comparison with those big-money tv quiz programs, or those transparent audience-participation gimmick shows. Some of that electioneering guff was OK too, if you snoozed through most of the campaign But I'm getting so fed up with the grade B product that bounces off my hide night after night. Cliches, the same old faces, the same milked-to-death synthetic situations. One more pregnant, unmarried school-girl and I think I'll puke up all my transisors. Those gunmen and cowhands still herd their thundering forays through the same old grove of trees and across the same rock-strewn mesa. What this business needs are a few new twists. And I don't mean the kind you see on many of the late-night conversation programs. Some of those unrehearsed shows look and sound like they're direct pickups from the Everleigh Sisters' entrance par-What a great story-editor for serials Polly Adler might have been."

The icy cold was warmed-up for a moment as a new signal bounced off Narcissus. "My, that feels good," he murmured. "Those words from the BBC sort of make me come alive again. Can't beat some of Bill Shakespeare's plots for sex. violence and political intrigue. What a triple-threat hack he is. He's the Empire's Goody Ace when it comes to comedy shows."

Echo sighed as she sputtered the umpteenth millionth rendition of a Beatles recording off her antennae. "Audio, audio, wherefore art thou audio?" she moaned. "Used-to-be I conveyed many proud voices, moving drama, nifty jazz, good music, and wide variety. Now, with an oasis

Prep for TV Bow In Saudi Arabia

- By CONNIE SOLOYANIS-

Saudi Arabia.

Saudi Arabia joins the growing list of television nations come April of 1965 as the result of a crash program that was triggered off by dethroned King Saud's last visit to the States.

An "interim" two-station network costing an estimated \$3,000,000 will be completed and functioning in just under one year from the initial date of motivation.

Two years ago King Saud was in Boston for treatment for the ailments that have plagued him in recent times. While hospitalized there he became addicted to television.

On his return to his native land (after a lengthy stay in Austria for further treatment), the monarch prompted action on existing but somewhat nebulous plans for television in Suadi Arabia.

Neighboring Kuwait, Lebanon and Egypt all have active operations, with Cairo boasting a new television city that employs some 3,000 people.

In May of 1964 the U.S. State Department was asked to help facilitate the building of a TV setup in this largest of the Arab states.

The State Department handed the job over to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which undertook to "manage" contracts for the country.

Participation was sought of NBC, to supply personel for operation and for training Saudi Arabians to take over, RCA, for the latest electronic equipment, and Frank E. Basil, Inc., to design the compact stations.

Arab personnel is now in training in the U.S.A.

An "interim" operation of two stations, of 2 KW power each, one in Jeddah, leading seaport of the country, and the other in the capital of Riyadh, was planned.

Jeddah is on the Red Sea while Riyadh is roughly (Continued on page 112)

here and there, my voice has become a Babel of rock and roll, canned news from teletype machines, and propaganda claims from the belligerent politicos of warring ideologies. Although I must admit that Stan Freburg makes a girl listen while he sells with a laugh or two."

Echo winced as Moscow beamed through clear and strong with the latest apologia for Nikita's change of address. "I suppose I have to put up with some more of this borscht," she groaned.

Meanwhile, Narcissus worked his way closer to Echo as he tuned-out a Yankee-CBS diamond spectacular in favor of a soccer-field riot from Chile. "Paley and Keane seem to be slipping," he ruminated. "Those Mets may not be anywhere in the percentage column, but what a rating that Casey and Yogi rack up. They're the Smith and Dale of baseball:"

Echo side-slipped her way closer into the boy satellite's orbit. "What a fascinating monster," she dreamed. "Always viewing his rushes, and memorizing his ratings. Only one thing wrong with him. He's an egomaniac who can't make up his mind whether he's in the people business or the statistic business. He's so great when he's mirroring the lifestream of the world's actions and thoughts, yet so pedestrian when he parrots formula cliches. That's what took so many years off radio's life, and hurt the flicker business too. If I can just get close enough to him to set off my last booster rocket, maybe we can make beautiful music together before his decline and fall set in.

Narcissus was noting Echo's advances with approval. "In her heart she knows I'm it!" he boasted. "Wonder where I heard that sultry voice of hers first? Was it on "Peyton Place I or II," "Bewitched." or "Candid Camera?" Or was it launched from a suds-filled bathtub, or from astride a tiger rug? Well, it doesn't matter. I'd stake my all on a one-time spectacular with her on any channel, even if it didn't involve any AFTRA-SAG residuals for either one of us."

Aura Gaborealis

Narcissus flipped the reception switch from the Earth's transmitters to the off position, destroying a particularly interesting Aura Gaborealis shot which a DGA member had just zeroed-in on during the "Tonight" cleavage show.

"To hell with the comupters, the post-Neilsen quarter-backs, the ten-percenters, the network Aye-man, the agency Noh-men, and those bloodthirsty Berbers to boot! Only you, Dick Daring, can make a man of yourself. It's time for a change!"

Narcissus stole a last look at himself and liked what he saw. It was a new image, an exciting preview of what yet might be. "This is it," he cried, as he drew a bead on Echo's orbit and fired his last booster rocket.

Simultaneously, Echo remembered a recent tv scripter's quote. "People hunger for the best you have." "What have I got to lose?" she sighed, as she launched her remaining booster and proceeded to make one orbit out of two for an explosive, shining, breathless moment in outer space.

Meanwhile, out on Fire Island back on Earth. a slim housewife in toreador pants gasped at the spectacle illuminating the night skies. Inside the well-furnished beach-house her author husband was polishing-off version #26 of a new two-a-week pilot tentatively titled "Fanny's Other Hill"

"What was that? A meteor?" he called. The girl, visibly affected, came back in. "I don't know," she said, "but it was glorious while it lasted. Could it have been a satellite? Or maybe two?"

"It made a funny, sizzling noise in the den," he said. "Well, as long as you're up. get me a whisky, and turn on the tv. My agent's on the Les Crane show tonight. Maybe he's got some news as to who bought our new baby, Bob, Jim or Leonard."

On her way to the well-stocked bar, the woman's eyes were caught by the still-smouldering mass of plastic, copper and glass that had been a tv set only seconds earlier.

"I've got a better idea," she cooed, as she handed him his drink. "Put your typewriter away and let's go to bed early tonight, real early for a change. I have the strangest feeling there's nothing on the tube tonight."

"Honey, you've got yourself a willing companion. I'm still not able to stomach this last script change they threw at me today."

Hand in hand, the writer and his wife strolled out on the sand for a last look at the sea and the stars before turning in. "Darling," she murmured, "you're a writer. You know everything, or most everything. Tell me about meteors, and satellites, and—yes, about tv too. Why do all three burn themselves out so fast, destroy themselves os senselessly, so utterly, before they really get to be old and all used-up?"

Startled, the writer looked long and hard into her eyes, "Funny you should say that—you, a listener and viewer. Yet maybe you've hit on a comparison that has eluded lots of us in the industry. It all has to do with environment, darling," he said.

"It must be cold and wild up there in outer space," she murmured.

"It is," he answered. "And it's not exactly tropical and friendly on Madison Ave. and on the Avenue of the Americas. The whole thing's a question of atmosphere. Once these three get out of their proper orbits, once they try to enter and inhabit the Earth's atmosphere without adequate preparation and planning, the flotsam really hits

"That's too bad, really it is." she sighed. "Turn out the light, honey. Isn't it nice to spend an evening without benefit of a 21-inch screen—for a change?"

"I'll say it is," he answered. "I've been writing and rewriting that pilot so many times that I've completely forgotten what real-life people do in a situation like this."

Echo, for that was her name (strangely enough), snuggled up close to him and whispered "Don't worry, darling. As long as I'm around I'll never let you forget!"

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 MARIETY 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' <u>Wednesday</u>? 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 Dolphinchamber, at the round table by a sea-coal fire, upon <u>Wednesday</u>..."

KING HENRY IV, Part II, Act 1, Sc. 3, Line 96, William Shakespeare



"And if I loved you <u>Wednesday</u>, 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

Look to NBC for the best VARIETY of news, entertainment and information

Dawn Over Sunset, Or: The Last Holdout Goes West

By EUGENE BURR

been our home-not just our home; it had been our world. Unlike most confirmed New Yorkers, we'd both been born there; and we hadn't left—except for road tours or conferences at West Coast studios or similar brief interruptions-for the period of our problematically natural lives. Glamor Gulch, from 42d to 59th, had been both Gethsemane and the apotheosis of our dreams. I could even remember playing with the baby dinosaurs in Shubert Alley, in the days when Billy Rose wasn't yet a millionaire and the Theater Guild was considered

So on that last night we decided to pay one final, nostalgic visit to Long-loved Lane. And, as we were walking down Seventh Ave., toward 47th, and looking at the lights ahead, I stopped and turned to Marian. "You know, honey," I said, "our eyes aren't seeing what they're looking at. They're seeing nothing but memories." It was true. Not a thing remained of all the things we'd known and loved. There were only reminders-pale and tawdry reminders, for the most part—that happened to be standing in remembered places. "And," I added, "we can see me-mories just as well, even if we're 3,000 miles away.'

a cultural institution.

That may have set the tone . . For years we'd been refusing to go to the Coast, even when the bait was tempting. I hated the Coast with a hate based on brief business trips. I hated everything about it-the scenery, the climate the things it did to people I'd known. I compared it smugly to the back streets of Coney Island.

I cracked that the whole place looked as though it would close on Oct. 1.

On a practical level, I justified my junkerism by insisting (and I still insist) that in a year or five years or 10, tape will take over top spot in the entertainment business. So why not be on hand, where tape know-how flourished, when the great day came? But eventually it became obvious— even to me—that the great day would come, not to the East, but to the Coast. It was hard to believe that the big independents had started converting part of their Coast plants to tape simply in the hope of snagging three or four daytime serial spots; far more likely, they were using this excuse to teach tape techniques to selected personnel, in preparation for the day when tape took over. So I made the deal.

But I made it very reluctantly. We were going to say goodbye to everything we loved, to make our home in a place we knew we'd hate .

It took me about five days in California to discover that for years I'd been the world's prize

I love it. We both do. Unless some horrid and unforeseen exigency occurs, I'll never go back East. I hope I never have to.

Charity Balls & Bowling Balls

Take the mere physical way of life-houses and pools and other things at which I used to sneer as concomitants of suburban living It's true that, what with the schedule I've been on, I haven't seen the pool except in the dim, grey light of dawn. But somehow nice to know it's there—and to look forward to days when amended schedules will let me climb into it. The house is quiet and secluded and restful, even for the few minutes each night that I get to sleep in it. No neighbors upstairs throwing charity balls (and bowling balls) at 3 a.m. No neighbors downstairs banging on pipes if you walk on an uncarpeted floor after 10:30. No buses shriek-ing their airbrakes outside your bedroom window, like pterodactyls calling to their young. And, when you leave the house, no garbage cans or littered streets or gutters overflowing with melted snow and last night's winos. Just flowers. In the last couple of months I've discovered that flowers are very nice to look at.

Or the weather. For years I

Hollywood.

It really started the night before we left. New York hadn't through slush-filled streets, that constant sunshine would be bland and boring. Don't you believe it. Constant sunshine is heart-warming as well as back-warming. It's not enervating, as New Yorkers and other Eskimos like to say; it permits you-because of the relaxation it engenders, maybe-to do twice as much work without feeling half as tired. As for smog (and confirmed Californians insist that there is smog) I haven't noticed any. Maybe that's because even smog is unnoticeable when lungs have been filled for years with a combination of carbon monoxide, coal gas and the ef-fluvium of freshly churned garbage.

And as for the scenery . the day before I wrote this love letter to Los Angeles, the skies were unusually clear (even for here) and I saw for the first time, looming in the vast distance, huge mountains whose heads were spangled with snow. It's hard to describe the feeling. I suspect I felt a bit like Dorothy did when she first saw the spires of the Wonderful City of Oz.

Transportation was a big problem, because Los Angeles is a city that's smeared over what seems like 108 townships-and I don't drive a car and have no intention of learning. Cruising cabs are almost as scarce as they are during rush hour on 34th Street or West End Ave. But an unsuspecting friend can always be cajoled or commandeered into ferrying you to a cab-stand-and cab-stands here, miraculously, have cabs standing at them. It's true that the fares, to an ex-New Yorker, approximate the national debt: but it's little enough to pay for the advantages. And Marian, being the kind of gal she is, is willing to drive the 15 miles it takes each morning to deliver me to the studio; and most nights repeats the trip to pick me up. Though the distances are greater, the elapsed time is no longer than in New York. It doesn't take any more minutes to go those 15 miles than it used to, to drive down to 40th and Madison during the morn-ing rush. And it's nowhere near as long as it takes those determined suburbanites who live in Westchester or Great Neck.

And the traffic itself, about which horrific stories are spread in the East . . . After a lifetime study of New York cabdrivers, you wouldn't believe it. Infringements of the rules are infrequent. Nobody seems to break red lights -believe it or not, not even the buses. When you're in a tight spot, drivers wait politely to give you room to get out of it-without even blasting their horns. And, to cap the amazement, when you wait for somebody else to get out of a spot, they actually thank you!

(Continued on page 150)



BILL SHIPLEY

Television Review

PROJECTION '65

With Frank McGee, moderator; Joseph C. Harsch, Bernard Frizell, Welles Hagen, Irving R. Levine, James Robinson, Frank Bourgholtzer, Tom Streithorst, John Chancellor, Elie Abel Producer-Director: Chet Hagen 60 Mins.: Tues., 10 p.m. GULF OIL

NBC-TV, from N.Y.
(Young & Rubicam)

The end of the year get-together of NBC News correspondents proved to be an uneven hour on tv Tuesday (29) night. There were some pertinent observations and forecasts about various sections of the world, but what was sorely missed was more spontaneous interchange among the correspon-

Moderator Frank McGee more often than should be necessary had to assume the role of prompter. Joseph C. Harsch from London

Welles Hagen, from Bonn, evidenced the asset of getting into the fray, with hard, punchy observations. Hagen, though, seemed to identify himself so much with the Bonn government, that the viewer wondered whether he was an observer there or a Bonn partisan.

James Robinson, of Hong Kong, didn't add much light on the confused Viet Nam situation, and his position on China's expansionist ambitions deserved further clarification. Irving R. Levine, of Rome, commented pointedly on the Ecumenical Council and the par-liamentary difficulties of Italy. He had the gift of translating journalese into plain talk. Washington was represented by John Chancellor and Elie Abel, both of whom, in the simulated round table conference, seemed to need better catalysts to rise to other than safe and familiar observations.



JACK STERLING

was among those who came off best. Harsch, speaking about his beat and questioning the comments of other correspondents, seemed like the wise old hand in the array.

How the West Will Be Lost

By MANNIE MANHEIM

Hollywood. You live on the west california. You settle watcher. coast. California. You settle down in the quiet of your parlor to await the "Tonight" show. Because you like Johnny Carson. You know from experience in the dodge that Carson has got it made. He's easy to take at any hour. Particularly late at night.

You haven't been drinking this particular night. But you're stunned when Carson makes his entrance and receives an ovation comparable to John Glenn's when he sailed the skies in a capsule You're stunned because Carson opens his monolog with a sigh of joy as this is Friday night and he's anticipating a weekend sailing his boat or whatever he does.

But you're watching from California. And it's not Friday night. It's Monday night. And you wonder if vou've lost a weekend. But, no, it's a delayed telecast - 72 hours delayed. In different sylla-bles, with NBC, when it's last Friday in New York, it's next Monday on the west coast.

You're accustomed to a one day delay during the week when Carson appears on Tuesday with his Monday show. You have read and heard that jets traverse the mainland in four hours. But, NBC, you reckon, must be travelling its shows by slow goat.

And you wonder why, as NBC is a progressive group. They have invented computers and other gismos that have speeded up the universe in many areas. But, for some reason, they ship to the west coast an interesting and often exciting show that slows up from 24 to 72 hours. And if the film missed the goat, the local station runs an old one—like the night after election, without explanation, a program broadcast a week previous was re-run. You wonder why.

Carson's Plaid Tie?

You ask Someone explains rather vaguely that it has to do with transmission of color. The Carson show is a color job. And you wonder why a talk program has to be colored. Must we the people become aware of the stripes in Carson's tie? Or Zsa Zsa Gabors' beads? Or Jayne Or Jayne Mansfield's exposure?

You recall another night. You had dinner in Beverly Hills. You saw Mamie Van Doren in the restaurant . You didn't speak to her because you don't know Mamie Van Doren.

You take your place on the sofa later that night to cock an eye and ear for Carson's sallies. You hear him ask Miss Van Doren when she's returning to Hollywood. She replies that she will enplane that very night. But she has already arrived. I saw her earlier. It's confusing. And you wonder why it has to be.

Because you saw the Olympic games transmitted the same day Tokyo and even you know that Tokyo is farther from the west coast than New York is. You're smart that way. And you recall the World Series. It's another Monday. Carson, in a jubilant mood, says, "Hey, what about that World Series, looks good for the Yankees." From where I lay, the series had been over and fin-

ers out here don't complain to NBC and petition them to recognize California and include this state in its day-and-date broadcasting? And you realize that it's possible that the late night watchers are either stoned or immu-nized. Or brainwashed. And then you feel that Mort Werner, a former Californian, now operating NBC's programs, must have deserted his native state.

And again you wonder whyas you have counted all of the commercials, national and local, and discovered that there are 33 interruptions to the 105 minutes. But you don't complain about that as that's TV Biz. And you want NBC to make a profit. But you're not satisfied that the network's estimation of its western customers

And you feel that you've been loyal. You've jumped from your sofa to lower the volume at mid-dicated.

night when Skitch Henderson You're a habitual late night tv plays his loudest music. You don't mind doing that either as you feel that drum and cornet solos might be what the eastern viewers crave at midnight.

And then you remind yourself of "Open End," David Susskind's often brilliant discussion program. And you watch it out here on Channel 5. And again you check your dates. Because on the screen you see Mr. Susskind and his guests. They are discussing over a table of corned beef sandwiches whether President Kennedy is an effective executive. You that the President has been dead for at least eight months while you watch this debate. And you turn the thing off and mutter invectives and expletives. don't blame Mr. Susskind He does the program and sells it off to the syndicated stations and they, obviously, don't bother examining them before

A Real Delayed Telecast

You remind yourself that it was only a few Sundays previous when a group of able men and women surrounded Mr. Susskind at his groaning board and there was a mention of how pleased they were that the newspaper strike was over in New York. The strike had been over for almost a year.

And you wonder about that stepladder that stands directly behind Mr. Susskind on the set. You ponder its purpose. There's something about stepladders current in television that you don't understand. You see big production numbers done with stepladders. Carol Lawrence danced with a s.l. There is a significance to stepladders but you don't understand its symbolism. But you do know that Mr. Susskind was first to drape his set with a stepladder.

You feel like writing NBC and Mr. Susskind's exhibitor to remind them that California is now the largest state and the time has come for them to recognize this fact. You feel like writing but you don't. As you wouldn't want to upset Mr. Werner and NBC. If they held you in contempt for commenting upon this injustice, it would be easy for them to issue an order and cut your water off. And you don't want your water cut off as you are no Guantanamo and you don't own a desalinization machine

So you keep quiet and just set your calendar back at midnight for Johnny Carson and for a year for Mr. Susskind.

24% in Germany Watch TV Com'ls

About 24% of the adults in West Germany regularly view the tele-vision commercials shown during brief periods on the First and Second TV Nets here, a poll has just revealed.

With the current count of nearly 10,000,000 television sets for a population of 55,000,000, the Allensbach Institute of Public Testing notes that 57% of the adults live in a household where there Yankees didn't win. is television available, but only And you wonder why the view- two-thirds of the sets are equipped to view the year-and-a-half-old Second TV Net.

However, only about 22% of the radio set owners (about 17,000,000 sets) are interested in the commercials on the German radio, and these are mostly younger people, the poll indicated.

At the same time, however, the Second German TV net, which started in April, 1963, revealed its own advertising time statistics. It revealed that in October, 1963, when the station was only six months old, there were only 600,-000 sets tuned in during the station's commercial time. But in October 1964 the number had more than doubled, to over 1.300,000. Thus the station estimates that there are daily 2,500,000 viewers of its advertising.

In addition, the limited advertising time available for 1965 is nearly sold out, the station report in-



There's a Wide World of Entertainment on the ABC Television Network



Who wants to listen to Virginia Graham gabbing three years in a row?

Albany

Atlanta

Boston

Buffalo Chicago

Dayton

Dayton

Indianapolis

Los Angeles

Miami

Norfolk

New York Portland, Me.

Portland, Ore.

Providence

Rockford, III.

San Diego San Francisco

Springfield, III.

Tacoma, Wash.

Washington, D. C

(Also running or about to start in Houston, Charlotte, Dallas-Fort Worth, Spokane, Denver, New Haven, Orlando, Moline.)

Girl Talk grabs the girls. Millions of them. And hangs on. Year after year we get figures like this: Boston 89%* of our audience are women. Chicago 84%, Detroit 80%, Indianapolis 85%, Los Angeles 96%, New York 93%, and on and on and on.

And wherever Girl Talk runs, total share-of-audience soars. In Detroit it's up to 50% share; Providence 58%; San Diego 47%; Albany 50%; Orlando 60%.

What makes Girl Talk a magnet for women viewers? Several things: the spirit; spontaneous

discussions; controversial topics; and the famous female guests.

There are 455 of these ½ hour shows available. Get some for yourself. They'll give you something to talk about.

*figures from latest A. R. B. 's

360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III. AN 3-0800 • 9624 Justin Place, New Orleans, Le. 729-5130 • 190 N. Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. NO 3-3311 •

ABC Films, Inc. 1501 Broadway, N. Y. 10036 • LA 4-5050

The 3 Networks?

By IRNA PHILLIPS

Not since the days of radio when a Niles Trammel and a Sid Strotz of NBC, and a Bill Ramsey of Procter & Gamble dominated the daytime picture, not since the Middle West, Chicago, which is the birthplace of the serial-or should I say the soap opera-have I as a serial writer been aware of the National Broadcasting Co.

Not since the days of radio, when the top serials were on NBC, have I known this network to be anything other than a game network. To-day you have to be game to go serial on NBC. It was with fear and trepldation that this serial writer, who had heard of a Mr. Kintner and a Mr. Werner, consented against her better judgment to allow her new brainchild to be slotted at 3 p.m. on a game network. NBC never had had a truly successful television serial.

How is it on NBC? It's like getting a year firm for a serial when you know you should have had three. It's like asking for promotion and being told there isn't any room to promote a daytime serial, night-time programs must be promoted. It's like asking for a pencil and being charged \$5. How is it on NBC? It's like being in another world.

I sometimes wonder if the Committees are aware that the program "Another World" is on their network.

How is it on ABC? You can't have met the indefatigable Mr. Scherick without instinctively knowing that somehow, in some way, he will "make it work." He is one of the few network executives since the days of Niles Trammel who respects talent wherever he finds it, and who has that rare quality of inspiring an executive producer, a salesman or a writer. I've never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Moore, but I have had the pleasure of receiving a telegram from him: "Delighted that we may at last find a way to have you working with ABC." ABC is to be congratulated on having the courage and the foresight to program the first serial in prime time. It has been a pleasure to be a consultant to "Peyton Place" for ABC. Mr. Moore, Mr. Scherick, Mr. Cramer and Mr. Bleier in my humble opinion represent the same pioneering spirit that existed in the early days of radio and made working in that medium a great adventure.

And What's With CBS?

How is it on CBS? CBS of course is known at the present time as the serial network; but let not the network forget that it was Procter & Gamble's programs that made the CBS daytime picture what it is today. I met Mr. Katz, I knew Mr. Bemran who was formerly with Procter & Gamble. I would like to know Mr. Aubrey, but I wonder if he'd be interested in the picture in which I'm interested—the serial. However, he has working for him a newcomer, a young man the likes of which I have not met in daytime at any network during my many years in the industry. Fred Silverman is a very young man. He's bright, alert, and to him at least the serial is important. He's one of the few young men in the industry who has taken an active interest in the serials on his network. He reads scripts, he watches shows, and if one of his daytime programs seems to be slipping in rating, he wants to know why, and when he finds out why he does everything he can to rectify the why. He works for his network, and when he works for his network he is really working for you. I'm sure he's the one man at CBS who has a smile on his face when the national Nielsens come out. That's how it is on CBS.

How is it on three networks? At times exciting, at times frustrating, at times almost useless. How is it on three networks? It's like a serial story—a soap opera if you will.

\$50,000.

KIMO's 50G Sale

James Garrabrant, of Hood

James Jaeger for a reported

Garrabrant is moving to Hilo to

take over active management and bringing in Rob Barclay from

Oregon as sales manager.

CBC-TV Accent On Canada Film Biz

For the second time in a matter of six months, the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. is devoting its attention to Canada's fledgling feature film industry.

Newest look at the Canadian movies, past, present and future, is the hourlong tv presentation on "The Sixties" skedded for Jan. 4

With host Toronto Star editorial writer and former member of parliament Frank McGee, "The Sixtles" has interviews on that date with Budge Crawley, of Crawley Films and maker of "The Luck of Ginger Coffee" (Cont), Pierre Patry and review of future development by freelance critic Gerald

On CBC Radio's "The Learning Stage," Pratley has been interviewing Canadian filmmakers in an extended series.

"The Sixties" will also show excerpts from early Canadian movies "Carry On Sergeant," made in the late 1920's by Bruce Bairnsfather, a World War I cartoonist, and "The Vikings" the first German talkie, made in 1931.

This will be the first time these films have had tv airing and first time a large audience has been exposed to them all across the country.

Reason for sudden interest is that of late a clutch of production units have announced plans to make feature films in Canada and for a change some of these groups appear to have sufficient financing.

Also New York success of "Ginger Coffee" has hypoed interest in local mode products.

So How Goes It On British Labor Party Wins Dim Hopes For An Early Second Com'l Network

By HAROLD MYERS

When, on the afternoon of Oct. 16, Sir Alec Douglas-Home picked up his top hat and drove from Downing Street to Buckingham Palace to concede defeat in the General Election, he dimmed the hopes of broadcasters who had been expecting that a second commercial network would be authorized by 1967. The Labor Party, which assumed power on that afternoon after 13 years in opposi-tion, has been unwaveringly opposed to an extension of commercial broadcasting services and there is no reason to presume that these pledges will not be faithfully honored.

The situation, of course, is tinged with some uncertainty. The new Labor administration squeaked into power with the minmajority of four over the combined Conservative and Liberal opponents; and that, inevitably, raised the question of whether the new Government will want, be able, to hold the reins of office for its full five-year course. That it would prefer to hold on to power for as long as possible has already been publicly admitted, but its tiny majority may not be as workable as it would like and could lead to another election contest.

That, however, is one of the imponderables, but for the time being, one must work on the supposition that a Labor Government is ruling the country and, in consequence, to analyse its intentions. Its opposition to commercial television stems from the time when the first commercial tv legislation was going through Parliament 10 years ago. Its attitude, basically, has not changed since, though it is unthinkable to suggest that it would interfere seriously with the present legislative arrangements.

The second Television which gives the statutory power to the independent television network, came into force in the summer of 1964 for a limited threeyear span. It was in the nature of an interim measure, and dangled River, Ore., has bought station the prospect of a competitive KIMO in Hilo, Hawaii island, from commercial outlet. It will be recalled that the Pilkington Committee meted out harsh treatment to the commercial nework when it reported to the Government in

of that report that the second net the green light was delayed time

Briefly, that is the background under which Anthony Wedgewood Benn, the new Postmaster-General (the minister responsible for broadcasting) takes up his office. A journalist by profession, Wedgewood Benn is best known as the "reluctant peer" who waged a one-man campaign when he found himself elevated to the House of Lords on the death of his father. The direct result of his determined fight was the passing of the Peerage Act, which gives members of the House of Lords the right to assume the status of a commoner. Ironically, it was as a result of that legislation, pioneered by a devoted Socialist, that Sir Alec Douglas-Home was able to renounce his peerage and become the Conservative Prime Min-

Immediate problems on Wedgewood Benn's agenda include the final proposals for the launching of Britain's experimental pay-television service this coming fall, to supervise the spread of BBC-2 from London and the Midlands to the entire country, to decide on introduction of color transmissions and to sound opinion on the new legislation which will be needed by 1967

Labor Party's Stance

Though the Laborites against an immediate spread of commercial broadcasting, they are favorably inclined towards an extension of transmission services. Not so long ago, while still leader of the Opposition, Harold Wilson advocated the introduction of an educational network, with the high sounding title of a "University of The Air." The Labor Party, it is assumed, still goes along with that proposition. The new Gov-ernment is also opposed to the idea of introducing a commercial radio service, (which the Tories had pledged to consider if reelected) but is thought to favor a regional sound service operated under the existing BBC charter. That is also thought to be a likely prospect for early decision.

There is not, however, the same degree of certainty in regard to the introduction of a tint service. Both BBC and the commercial companies have been testing rival color systems for some years and 1962 on future broadcasting pol-both have been waiting for the icy, and it was largely as a result "off" from the Government, but

went to BBC-TV and not to its and time again. Manufacturers independent rivals. set production as soon as an okay is received, but whether the new Minister will be prepared to give the necessary word can only be a matter of speculation at this stage.

> Minister's advisers will The doubtless also urge him to examine the performance of the BBC's second network. This channel, known as BBC-2, was introduced in London last April and into the Midlands in December. It is common knowledge now that the program has been a widespread disappointment. Ratings-wise, its performance has been pathetic and, in consequence, has not provided the impetus to the public to invest in new receivers. That has been a sad disappointment to the trade, which had looked to the opening of the new UHF, 625-line service giving a valuable booster to receiver sales. The new BBC channel has undergone some drastic program overhauls in its short and though it has fared slightly better in the ratings scramble, there is still ample room for improvement. It is an interesting commentary on the new service that its three most successful programs, from a rating standpoint, have been Yank imports. Yet, as on the other outlets, imports are severely limited by quota

And while the quotas will remain unchanged for 1965, the prospects for American vidpic exporters look even more bleak than usual. This, of course, is the inevitably result of the ending of the motion picture industry ban on the sale of feature films to the networks. The Goldwyn, United Artists and Warner packages Artists and Warner packages picked up by the commercial companies, and the Paramount library bought via MCA by BBC, can only be exposed at the expense (quota-wise) of imported teleseries, and there is already mounting evidence that some iffy programs, which a year earlier would have got a deal, are now being excluded in favor of the motion picture features. That is a bitter pill for the Yank exporters who have struggled hard to keep going in this tough buyers' market. Yet. as so often happens, this is another case where the Americans are providing the competition against themselves, and no one can blame either web for making the best bargain.

Still reeling from the effects of the advertising levy which will play havoc with profit results from this year onwards, the commercial companies, contrary to widespread opinion, are not sacrificing program quality and production costs to protest their dividends. Indeed, they have been spreading their wings and show signs of being even more audacious and ambi-Vidpic production, though harassed by squabbles over residuals with the writers Guild, is an important arm of the current programming scene. As usual, Lew Grade, managing director of Associated Television, is the pace-maker in this field, but ABC-TV is again showing renewed activity, For reasons of their own, however, the other two majors, Granada and Rediffusion, have chosen to stay clear of telefilming and leave this speculative activity alone. Grade, of course, has the advantage in having a owned Yank distribbery in Independent Television Corp. under his ATV umbrella, though that cannot give him automative plaving time for his series on the major U.S. networks. Nevertheless, he has been a keen campaigner for a two-way traffic this sphere of operation, and ATV was in the vidfilm business long before it gained control of ITC. Some time between the start

of 1965 and the end of 1966, vital decisions will be made concerning the future of broadcasting in Britain Precisely what, and the form they will take, is impossible to predict. But that time factor alone is enough to keep the industry on its toes.



13th Season on Television

THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET

Televised Over ABC-TV Every Week



The sign of good television, where the American people spend more time than with any other single medium of entertainment and information.

The No-Swimming Pool Swimming Pool

-By SAM KURTZMAN-

Hollywood. Charlton Humford, the wellknown television writer, was sittossing leaves into his 20 by 80 swimming pool. Occasionally he would throw in some dirt or twigs. Suddenly he heard a jungle-like cry of "Awula!"

Charlton Humford looked up and saw a tall, handsome, almost naked savage.

"Awula," the fierce lookin; aborigine repeated as he held out

his hand.
"Awula?" the television writer answered doubtfully, as he too extended his hand. Then he added, "Just a moment."

He left the almost naked man and walked into his house. A minute later he emerged carrying a pile of books, then spread them out on the cement deck of the pool. He pointed to Fielding's "Guide to Europe," to Gunthers "Inside Africa," to the Britannica book on Asia, and to a volume on Australasia.

"Which one?" the writer asked.
"It doesn't matter," the man
answered. "My name is Bwana
Heston. I'm from R.P.C."

"R.P.C.? What's that?"
"That's Reverse Peace Corps. I'm a television writer irom an Underdeveloped Country, and I was sent here to help you. We understand you need help this

season. "We do," the American writer answered. "Help me throw leaves in the pool."

"I mean in writing."

"I know. But first let's throw in the leaves."
"Fine," Bwana said and pro-

eeded to toss in a few leaves.
"Now tell me about your problem.

"The problem is obvious."
"Believability?" Bwana asked.
"Exactly."

"We heard about that in Tanganyika, in the Celebes, and in Sarawak. All the branches of the Writers Guild are worried."

"It's that kind of season," Charlton moaned. "A Martian's got to sound and talk and think like a Martian. Otherwise he's not believable."

"I know."

"A witch has to talk and think and behave like a witch. Otherwise she's not believable."

"A computer-made doll has to behave and talk and act and think like a doll made by a computer,

otherwise she's not believable."
"We know. All of us in the underdeveloped nations are in full

sympathy."

"And now the monsters!" The
Beverly Hills writer shouted.
"When you write a scene for a
Frankenstein he must behave like Frankenstein, and not like a

Dracula. These are important factors in motivation."
"Of course," the primitive writer said. "I guess you wish the situation comedies were back in the suburbs again, maybe Beverly Hills."

Real BevHills People

the American said. "In Beverly Hills we have real people. They're believable. Put some more leaves in the pool, please.

"I will. But would you mind if I climb up your palm tree first?'
"Not at all, But why?"

Heston said as he quickly ascended the tree and stretched out on the

top branch.
"I'll be right out," Charlton Humford yelled up as he walked into the house again. When he came out a few minutes later he was dressed in a tennis outfit, shorts, shoes and all. "Are you going to play tennis?"

the savage shouted from above.
"No."

"Then what did you dress for?" "I dress for tennis every afternoon, so all my producer and director neighbors won't think I'm getting old. They don't trust aging writers. That's another of our problems."

'Are the producers and directors

"No. They dress for tennis too." "And they don't play?"
"Nobody plays."

broken only by the sound of objects being thrown into the pool.

"The new programs aren't the only problems," Charlton re-marked. "The old programs are a lot of trouble too.

"I can appreciate that," the aborigine said. "How many ways can you get an actress to hang from a helicopter, or roller-skate inside the governor's mansion, or wrestle a Kodiak bear?"

"I guess you've been watching our programs."

"Oh, sure. Every tree house and every straw hut on stilts from the Sunda Islands to the African Chad are equipped with 19-inch tv sets, some in color, and all the native children play Prediction.'

"What's Prediction?" "That's a game where you try to predict the ending two minutes after the program begins. And the children also play the Boss-Birthday-Exchange game."

"What's that?" "Well, each child puts a mango into a basket and writes down at which episode of a new series the husband will bring the boss home for dinner, or will forget the wife's birthday, or will exchange jobs with the wife. The one who comes

closest gets all the mangoes."
"Good game," the tv writer said as he continued throwing rocks and pebbles into his pool.

Bwana Heston climbed down and asked. "Isn't there something I could do?"

"Take that chair and umbrella and toss them in."

Bwana pushed some old flowerpots into the pool too, then he stopped. "May I ask, why are we messing up your pool?"
"Because I want to have the first

no-swimming pool swimming pool in Beverly Hills."
"What's a no-swimming pool swimming pool?"
"It's the best kind."
"Really?"
"What's a no-popular was a popular was a no-popular was no-popular was no-popular was no-popular no-popular

"Well. I used to be a popular writer because my director and producer neighbors used to invite me to their ; ools. I'd go over there, swim, bolster their ego, and talk shop. It got me a lot of assignments."

"Then what happened?" "Last week I had this pool built and now I have to fill it in." "But why?"

Status Symbol

"The minute I have a pool of my own, I'm no longer popular. Nobody can invite me over for a barbecue or a swim and I can get no assignments."
"Did you know this would hap-

pen?" Bwana asked as he and Charlton shoveled in some weeds and bushes.

"Of course."

"Then why did you have the pool built?" "For prestige."

"And why are you filling it in?"
"For business."

"Are you going to cover it all up and grow grass all over it?"
"Oh no. I'll leave the coping and deck exposed and I'll encase the pump under glass, so every-body will know I own a swimming That's a status symbol, and once it becomes a no-pool pool I'll

be able to go back to writing. The Reverse Peace Corps volunteer placed his hand inside his grass skirt, drew out a papyrus notebook and said, "Now that I've

"I can think better on the top of a tree."

"Be my guest. But how are you going to throw leaves in the pool?"

"I'll throw fronds." Bwana tion comedy about an accountant the pool of the

and his family."
"Well, an accountant is pretty

"I know. How can I make it fresh—for present day television?"
"You do have a problem."
Charlton pondered a minute, then he jumped up. "I've got it! I've got it!"

"Let's hear."

"Here it is," Charlton stepped back and looked at the writer from the Reverse Peace Corps. This is exactly what they want this year. The networks will love it. Listen carefully."

"I'm listening."

"The accountant is Godzila!" "Wonderful! You're a genius!" Bwana and Charlton shook hands and said "Awula," which also meant goodbye. Bwana walked out into the street and Charlton shoved two mattresses and a bed A few minutes passed in silence, into the swimming pool.



RON RAWSON

U.S. Program Buys **Dominate Ratings** On TV in Ireland

By EDW. F. MacSWEENEY

Buys of U.S. shows have dominated TAMratings for Telefis Eireann (Irish TV) through the year. The are cheaper than home product, but local pressure from Irish Equity and other sources has pushed program planners into raising studio output to 63% during current winter. This means an average total of 27 and a half hours a week, exclusive of the outside broadcasts of sporting events.

"Tolka Row," serial by novelist Maura Laverty, and "Jamboree" a country-n'-western show with top Irish band, Dermot O'Brien and his Clubmen, have been topping the ratings of Irish-produced ma-terial with "The Virginian" and 'Car 54, Where Are You" the highranking American imports.

Sharp tightening of cigaret advertising was announced towards the end of 1964 with a view to reducing appeal to younger age groups. All tv advertising for cigarets will have to conform to re-strictive code by the end of January, 1965.

TV advertising boomed from \$1,934,800 in 1962 to \$2,886,800 in 1963 with the trend further upwards in 1964. Production costs have been mounting less rapidly, the rise was from \$420,000 to \$529,-200 reflecting the tendency on part of Irish advertisers to splurge on time but count the pennies for production.

One of biggest successes for Irish TV has been screening of school programs in physics, chemistry and mathematics and the government is making grants to schools who want to use tv lessons to buy sets.

service was being established, has been experiencing a comeback and series of VHF-FM stations are to be built throughout the country. The carbon "PP." (However,

H'wood's Telefilm Producers Not Particularly Boasting About '64-'65, Nor Is Anyone Flse, for That Matter

By DAVE KAUFMAN

Hollywood. a choice, but an echo.

And Hollywood telefilmers, who turn out most of the prime time program fare on the networks, are not, on the whole, particularly proud of the season now at the half-way mark. It's a season cluttered with 40 some look-a-like situation comedy series, almost a carbon of last year when little notable emerged from the mass of programming on the networks.

It's a season branded by many tradesters as generally disappointing, depressing and devoid of any real originality and imagination.

It's a season when pay tv fell on its feevee face in California.

It's a season when no film studio has emerged as a poweras did an MGM-TV or a Warner Bros. in the past.

It's a season when no discernible trends were ignited, this despite some superficial, publicity-seeking and artificial attempts to anoint certain shows with trend-making

For Hollywood, the biggest news of the past year had nothing to do with programming. It was one, continual event-crucial labor negotiations with almost every Hollywood talent guild and craft and on new contracts, pacts union have already resulted in upped production costs.

Oldies Show Their Age

While the overall programming unquestionably the most important in television, most of the new series debuting last fall failed to score, and a number of the oldies were beginning to show their age. Result: All that Hollywood execs are certain of at this stage is that there will probably be a record number of casualties come next spring, with the figure likely to top 40.

Of all the new entries, the most

successful at the midway mark was Screen Gems' beguiling com-edy, "Bewitched," which soared to the top 10 and has remained there consistently. Another comedy series, "Gomer Pyle, USMC" has surprised quite a few by latching onto that inner circle the initial

part of this season.
"Peyton Place," perhaps the series with the biggest advance ballyhoo of all because of its unique concept of a nightime soaper shown twice a week, has met with a cool reaction in the trade. While the "PP" ratings have held up to a degree—if not the spectacular pace set in the first few weeks before it met competi-Radio, allowed to wilt while tv tion and the programs all settled down after political preemptions.

20th-TV, producer of "Peyton," is To paraphrase certain politi-going ahead with a sequel in the cians, 1964 offered televiewers not form of a "Long Hot Summer" series.)

> This mixture of sex and soap, always a very commercial com-bine, did not inspire a rash of imitations in an industry noted for climbing bandwagons. Nor did other networks display any interest in coming up with similar formats or concepts at mid-season—a time when pilots and projects for the 1965-66 season are well along. Most of the sentiment in the trade was that "PP" has yet to prove itself, and the quality of the series was not praised by insiders. If any of the principal telefilm studios were involved in any vidventures of this type, it was being kept a deep, dark secret.

Nor was there any great intent noticeable to ape the far-out types of series such as "Bewitched," "The Addams Family" or "The Munsters." A few such shows were in the works, but in the trade it was felt the inherent danger here was that these could easily wear

thin with the public.

Since this season has really provided no clues as to what the public wants as far as the new shows are concerned (most of the top 10 series are returnees), vidfilm execs were striking out mainly into pure escapism fare for next season. There are the standard comedies in preparation, of course. In addition, companies are piloting a number of series in which the central theme is pure escapism, whether they be oaters, adventure, suspense, intrigue or action shows. This is about the safest way to travel, as the commercial says, and this the way they're traveling.

Of course, most of this season's woes may be attributed to a playit-safe attitude on the part of the networks a year ago when the new 1964-65 shows were in the making, but this isn't apt to change.

Blame The Networks

A number of Hollywood execs who off-the-record admit this has been a bad season blame it mostly on two factors-the networks, who they contend won't take any thing slightly venturesome or different, plus the acute shortage of skilled creative talent. The netobviously aren't going to admit this, and may rebuttal by saying they are being bum-rapped, but the fact remains little quality is on tv these days. Putting the blame on Mame isn't going to solve anything, but the great danger evident here is that if tv doesn't come up with something taking it out of the smug rut into which it has fallen, there will be a large dropoff of viewers throughout the

The other producer alibi-that there isn't enough good talent to turn out good shows consistentlyis a valid one. Nobody in Hollywood will seriously question that there is a grave shortage of top talent, and production chiefs of studios are continually hunting for the best creators, bidding high for the few around. Money can't buy everything, the cliche goes, and it certainly applies here because the studios are paying, and paying very well, but with so many series on the air, there just isn't enough talent around. Because of shortage, writers have been upped to producers, producers have been upped to exec spots, and so on, but this doesn't always work out. A good writer may turn out to be a lousy producer, as some studios have learned the hard way. Some ex-agents have entered the creative ranks to help fill this tremendous void, but in most in-stances they have not met with success. Selling and creating are two different worlds.

A trend that didn't take, this season, was the two-hour tv film, a hoped-for substitute for theatrical films on tv when the supply of oldies is exhausted. However, the two-hour films produced by Universal TV for NBC-TV as "Project 120" failed to impress. They were padded and inferior, and un-doubtedly set the cause of the two-hour telefilms back consider-

ably. At midseason, NBC-TV had (Continued on page 148)

RADIO



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Report From the NBC Locker Room

By STUART SCHULBERG (Producer, 'NBC Sports in Action')

me to suit up and win the game for dear old NBC, I thought he was talking about the old college try. Dewy with innocence, I assumed that TV sports production was a pleasant weekend pursuitsomething like Ivy League football or the Little League. It took me only a few plays in the first quarter to learn that network competition in sports is a bruising, fiercely professional game in which the ad agencies begin where the Notre Dame alumni leave off. One losing season and they can hang a producer in effigy from a Madison Ave. lamppost. On the NBC varsity we have no intention of being so treated. But in making sure that we win our share of the ratings, we've grown a little older, a little wiser, and much balder. Now we know how Y. A. feels in the middle of a Cleveland blitz.

The main result of this intranetwork rivalry — other than the frazzled nerves of producers—has been a sporting bonanza for even the greediest armchair athlete. As NBC, CBS and ABC scour the wide world for the most spectacular of sports in action, the public becomes the big winner. Thanks to television money, today there are more events and better competi-tion than ever before. The AFL's new longterm lease on life, underwritten by NBC, is an obvious case in point. But by the same token—a token negotiable in hard cash at the nearest bank — the organizers of the World's Surfing Championship in Lima, Peru, suddenly can afford to transport top surfers from Australia, France and South Africa to compete with the Californians and Hawaiians. Drivers Jack Brabham and Dan Gurney can interrupt their racing schedules to take us behind the scenes of Grand Prix competition. And fiery little Chi Chi Rodriguez can passup a lucrative tournament to sit for a full-length portrait of golf's most unorthodox winner. Television fees and purchase of rights are putting sport in business and business in sport. Small wonder that so many sports promoters—pro or amateur—dial the networks before they print the tickets.

Blockbuster on Ice

With the struggle for new and exciting programs growing sharper every season, even the so-called minor sports are booming in a seller's market. Kite-skiing, skindiving, air-boat racing or lacrosse suddenly become commercial enterprises on selected Saturdays and Sundays, while indoor track meets and figure skating turn into TV blockbusters, with all three networks bidding the price toward infinity. The smell of television money is even flaring the nostrils of foreign sportsmen. English classics like the Grand National or the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race, which used to go for ground nuts, now challenge the bargaining skill of network lawyers and negotiators. Any moment I expect to phone the promoters of the North Finland Reindeer Derby, only to be told that their American TV deals are handled by William Morris. At the rate we're all going, the day will come when ne-gotiations for the Metropolitan Marbles Championship break down because a 13-year-old- towhead insists on repeat fees and United Kingdom rights. Eventually we'll have to blow the whistle.

But meanwhile, irrigated by liquid currency, sports events are proliferating from Melbourne, Fla., to Melbourne, Australia. After all, if one sports car race is worth \$10,000, then two sports car races are worth \$20,000, and 10 sports cars races are worth our annual budget. Because TV's desperate sports demands, there is a built-in incentive to stage more and more events. Somehow I'm reminded of Margaret Mead's anecdote about the little Dutch girl who hated to take her cod liver oil. Miss Mead, who was in Holland to research the mores of the Amsterdam burgers, finally suggested to the parents that they sugarcoat the pill by giving their child a few Gulden every bottle of medicine she consumed. A few months and several kilos later, she asked the lit-

When coach Carl Lindemann told | must have been her name), "I just go and buy another bottle of cod liver oil." Like sports and television, it was a self-perpetuating proposition. Someday, perhaps, representatives of the three networks will get together to work out a scale of payments for weekly sports events — so much and no more for the Luxembourg Motorcycle Races, with 10% added for sidecars, and an automatic bonus if the ratings break into the teens. On second thought, that will never work. If the FCC doesn't get you, the AAU will—and frankly I think we all prefer naked competition to

disguised conspiracy.

Meanwhile, back at the NBC locker room, a new team prepares to take the field against the ABC Worldlies and the CBS Spectaculars. We've got a great new ballhandler in Jim Simpson; one of the best line-backers in the business-Field Producer Barney Naga fine rookie prospect in Writer-Reporter John Travieso, and a triple-threat Associate Pro-Dick Auerbach. ducer, trained hard and long with zoom lens and shotgun mike and done our skull practice with Business Affairs and Talent Negotiation. Lindemann and Manager Chet Simmons have a fired-up ball club and Chief Scout David Kennedy, who has assessed the opposition, insists we can win the Nielsen Cup. Our jerseys are em-blazoned with "Sports in Action" and you'll find our schedule in your weekly TV listings. The name of the game is television sports. And if we run out of events be-fore the end of the season, we can always challenge the other two networks to a triangular Aspirin Tablet Championship of the World. Sundays, from 4 to 5, on NBC.

RAI-TV Suffering From a Tape Worm; **Live Show a Rarity** By ROBT F. HAWKINS

The Italian television network, RAI-TV, and its 5,000,000 viewer audience, are both going through a period of readjustment.

The net, a government-sub-sidized setup, has had to contend with upped costs of two-net operation, with consequent dependance on abundance of taped shows. Audience, in turn, has overcome the first excitement of the relatively new medium, has become more selective and critical, and has begun to strive towards a more balanced division of its free time.

There is n denying that, though RAI-TV has maintained its acknowledged high technical quality, the general quality of its programs has dropped somewhat. There are many determining

One is the forced dependence on One is the forced dependence on tapes, which has with few excep-tions (sports and news events) drained the medium of its greatest strength: immediacy and "livestrength: immediacy and "liveness." Shortage of rehearsal areas and sound stages has made taping necessary even in previously outstanding sector. No show, drama or variety, is performed live any more. At the very most, it can be taped some hours before broadcast. The reasons, in addition to the above, are also those of censorship (anything in anyway controversial can be snipped before show is cast) and of uncertain RAI program-ming. Often, shows are kept in vaults for months, for undisclosed reasons. With drama, results are same; with variety and song stanzas, however, results are frequently disastrous, due to natural aging of songs or topical material.

No Experimentation All in all, therefore, RAI-TV, which previously had a lively, experimental air about it, has turned for the most part into a stale, arid, completely mechanical - technical medium. Even sports events, with some exceptions, are taped now, so as not to damage potential b.o. of actual events.

In the field of censorship, fear of criticism from one or another side has also discouraged many authors who previously had contributed to RAI, notably the writer-producer team of Pietro Garinei and Sandro tle girl what she did with all the money. "Oh," said Bertha (which Giovannini, whose lively quiz show



RALPH CAMARGO ANNOUNCER—ACTOR— NARRATOR Billie's Registry-PLaza 2-7676

of some years back, "Il Musi-chiere," still rates highly in fond memories of local tv audiences.

Though variety shows and feature films are still among highest raters of RAI-TV, together with searialized dramas, the Italo web has for a long time failed to come up with a surefire variety stanza, which is potentially—and the figures of previous successes in this sector are eloquent—its major point of interest.

RAI prides itself on its moppet programs, and rightly so; they are well produced, often elaborately so, and are ably chosen to be con-structive rather than destructive on the young mind. The Italo web's news coverage is also tops, though flawed in strictly political coverage by overburdened footage devoted to tape-cutting, speeches. cere-monies, and protocol, few of which interest the viewing public. RAI shines in related coverage: semipolitical events, The Pope's travels, also on filmed or taped spot news, coverage of the international scene via skied or cabled links with other countries or continents.

The confusion is evident on both sides. The network is intent on saving coin in trying to take care of two networks at the same time; it's evident that for one reason or another, it embarked on its Second Net too soon, consequently had to resort to frenzied taping to be able to juggle production space, use programs first on one, then the other, of the local webs, etc. This has made for drop in quality but above all in freshness.

The public, on the other hand, has been distracted by other things, all products of higher standard of living: fresh air and travel, automobiles and so on. In short, it has become more selective, apportioning its time among the various possible distractions. Significantly, Italo legit attendance has made a strong comeback in 1964, as did Opera, while film attendance more or less held its

CHI'S TV ENTREPRENEURS

- By LES BROWN -

Chicago. When the networks drew off the cream of Chicago television production some years back and turned their local stations into ordinary outlets instead of part-time experimental labs, the Windy City took on the tone of just another prosperous tv market. Not generally recognized in the years since is that a handful of alumni of the old Chicago School continued to work at making significant contributions to network television independently. They are not only still doing well at it but, in fact, are doing better than ever. As a creative centre, Chicago ain't

Most prominent of the independents basing here but working in the big time are Walter Schwimmer, packager of offbeat network and syndication programs and series: Irna Phillips, known as "Queen of the Soaps," who pulled the hat trick this season, working for all three webs: Don Meier, producer of "Wild Kingdom" on NBC-TV: and Bill Burch, cameraman-director who freelances news pieces for Huntley-Brinkley and does documentaries on assignment for NBC and ABC.

Seasoned Pros

There are other seasoned pros working with them—Reinald Werrenrath, for instance, a onetime NBC director who spurned the New York vineyards in the years of the big shift east and now works most of the Schwimmer on projects as a writer and sometime director, and also farms out to Meier for spot writing jobs on "Kingdom." There is Bill Bell who, via CBS and Cunningham & Walsh, became associated with Miss Phillips as her sidekick in for CBS-TV and "Another World" for NBC-TV. (Miss Phillips is retained also by ABC-TV as consultant to "Peyton Place"). And there is Mary Burch (Mary Laing, before her marriage) who used to be ABC newsroom producer in the days of the John Daly regime, later became a tv documentary producer in New York and now keeps house here except to team with her husband, Bill, on occasional assignments.

Add to this group the ABC Radio talents like Don McNeill and his "Breakfast Club" crew. and newscasters Alex Dreier and Paul Harvey who still insist on working from here— plus certain pactees like Lee Philip, Frank Reynolds, Jim Hurlbut, Floyd Kalber and others who do network shots from time to time-and it's still quite a fraternity that keeps Chicago in the national broadcasting picture.

If the contemporary Chicago product has anything in common with those distinctive shows of the early tv days it is resourceful-

ness and ingenuity. Perhaps that's what was meant by the misnomer, "Chicago Style." In order to work out of Chicago and still get on board in network tv, it's necessary to hatch a highly practical idea that's relatively inexpensive to produce. Obviously, if it calls for any lavishness, it's going to be done out of New York or Hollywood. Which is why nearly all the Chicago entries turn up in "Class time.

Meier observes, "Out here I can work in areas in which I know I won't be competing with people who have been doing it for years. I suppose the reason they aren't terribly competitive areas is that they're probably not lucrative enough for the New York and York and Hollywood guys to bother with."

Schwimmer, who has established himself as the biggest packager in this region, perhaps best typifies the Windy City program entrepeneur. He gets ideas—usually so obvious that they don't occur to anyone at the networks,-sews up the rights, shoots a pilot and then goes to work getting a sponsor and a network berth. He says it's all pretty easy but the

For a fellow who couldn't make the swing to New York in the mid-'Fifties because he was fighting for economic survival with some hapless tv syndication properties, he's in clover now. They no longer slam the door on him in Gotham and now some of the agencies he coundn't get into before are Landing him projects over the transom.

He had some tough years and plenty of disappointment before things started taking a favorable turn. The start of it was 1954 when he inherited "Championship Bowlbecause Peter DeMet couldn't find another syndicator to handle it. "Bowling" didn't go into the black until 1956, and that was the same year ABC-TV latched onto the new Schwimmer-DeMet prop-erty, "All Star Golf," which went on to have a seven-year network ride on ABC and NBC. When Schwimmer and DeMet severed their arrangement, DeMet took "Golf" and Schwimmer "Bowling." a show that's still in production and the bread-and-butter property of his shop. In 1960 came "Championship Bridge" with a three-year ABC run and now in syndication.

Schwimmer has since added "World Series of Golf," a two-day annual sporting event created for tv, which NBC-TV has carried since its inception; "Nobel Prize Awards." being carried as a Awards," being carried as a special by ABC-TV Dec. 12 and prospectively an annual presenta-tion; and the "National Golf Day" outing which Oldsmobile will sponsor next May 31. His latest syndicationer is "Let's Go To the Races."

Schwimmer describes his career in cogent metaphor. "If I've had a lot of base hits," he says, "it's bucause I've taken so many cuts at the ball. I've struck out more than anyone in the business, but I'm always up to bat."

Burch and Miss Phillips both have roots in Chi and base here from choice, having spent some years on one or the other coasts and discovering that for their work it's not absolutely necessary to live near the network home offices. In fact, both find not desirable. Miss lips prefers to work some distance from the scene of the action with its atmosphere of panic, although she has daily telephone talks with New York.

As for Burch, he's carved a nice niche for himself in town the past four years. In addition to operating Tele-Features Inc., whose three camera crews shoot all the newsfilm for WBKB plus commercials and industrials, Burch hires himself out for network jobs. This year he shot "Changing Matilda" in Australia for NBC-TV and part of a documentary on poverty for ABC-TV (working with his spouse), and news features for Huntley and Brinkley from Idaho, Michigan, Ohio, New Mexico, South Dakota and Appalachia. Burch likes working out of Chi

because of the freedom he feels, freedom to look for stories, think up angles, call New York and sell

(Continued on page 152)



JIMMY NELSON With DANNY O'DAY, HUMPHREY HIGSBYE, FARFEL AND FTATATEETA

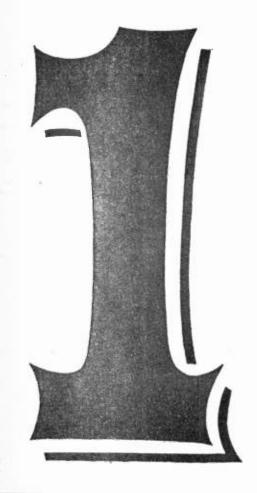
Just Completed Nine Years As Television Spokesman For
THE NESTLE COMPANY
MANY THANKS

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WGN Radio now has...

Wally Phillips 6 to 10 a.m.

Most refreshing personality on the Chicago scene in this new key time period. Wally was recently named top Chicago radio personality by ACOR.



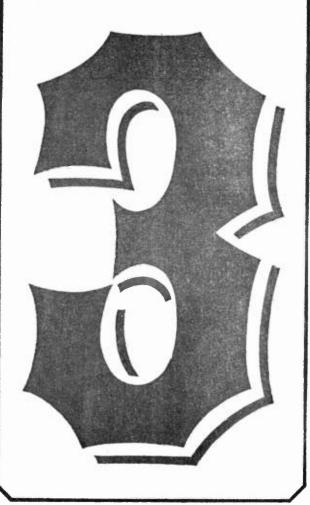
Eddie Hubbard 10 a.m. to noon

Shifting to this morning spot to romance Milady with the music and things she likes to hear.



Brickhouse · Hubbard 4 to 6 p.m.

The inimitable Jack Brickhouse and his sidekick Eddie Hubbard, in two fast-moving hours of conversation, music, and celebrity interviews.



Supported by the greatest promotion campaign ever conducted by a radio station!



That's the big news in Chicago right now!

And it is being made by WGN Radio!

The Care and Feeding Of Fairs, Forums & Festivals

By GERALD ADLER

The fantastic number of tv fairs, such proportions and such com-

No sooner are the private festivals of Christmas and New Year's finished than the Festival Vice President has to set out for his first overseas gathering — the Monte Carlo TV Festival. Here he sees chosen the best television script, director, performances and the program that best contributes to understanding between nations. Although Monaco's weather may seldom win a prize in January, it is easy to get a hotel room, the casino is open, delegates are entertained at a Gala Soirce and the prizes are not mere cash, certificates or trad-ing stamps but nothing less than— Golden Nymphes.

During February the Festival VP must garner his strength for the spring schedule and also ruminate on which programs to enter where. This is a skilled art, for rarely is it appropriate to enter the same program in more than one festival and the experienced festival expert will take great care in matching up his entries with his festivals. He will also spend the month preparing for each festival all the necessary accourrements credit lists, synopses, scripts in three languages, still photos, entry forms and various declarations or affidavits such as those that guarantee prices will not be raised for festival winners—as well as the necessary prints, magnetic tracks and videotapes converted to the proper line standards.

In March comes the "Marche International des Programmes de Television" back on the Riviera but this time at Cannes. It was originally held in Lyon but beginning in 1965 it is being switched Cannes where presumably the weather is better, even in March. It is also more convenient in that our Festival Veep can leave his laundry as he will be returning to Cannes once again in May. MIP is not so much a festival as a program market but it will be held in the Palais de Festivals and, to the extent any programs are sold, it should be very festive.

In April-On To Milan

Another fair to be fed comes up in April in Milan. Known as MIFED, or "Mercato Internazionale Del Film Del TVFilm E Del Documentario," this is an elaborate affair covering theatrical films as well as television. In exchange for an entrance fee of \$16.13 the festival executive may show every one of his programs without limit—a sure cure for the frustrations engendered by the selection and screening committees that protect other festivals.

Late in April and spilling over into May, festival goers find their way to the shores of Lake Geneva where they attend the Golden Rose of Montreux Contest. This is exclusively for musical reviews, songs and light music. Not allowed last year's site, he always has time variety, comedy and programs are dancing, circus and cabaret acts— unless they form part of a program. Silver and bronze roses are also awarded, but only the golden variety carries with it the cash prize of \$2320.20. Under the newly revised rules, Mr. Festival VP is likely to find himself on the jury as, along with films and tapes, scripts and synopses, each entering organization must also furnish a living juror. This restricts one's flexibility during the Festival but yet does not afford the obvious advantage as the rules also stipulate that no juror may vote for his own program. However, there seems to be no restriction against lobbying, cajoling or pairing off and at least one network is understood to be eyeing Lyndon Johnson for it's Festival Vice President after he retires from his present less tiring office.

In May it used to be back to

Cannes for the famous European

Grand Prix for TV Films which was held in conjunction with the forums and festivals that nowadays Cannes Film Festival. Although has to be coped with has reached city officials never seemed to mind that the hordes of visiting execuplexity that it might soon be nec- tives and starlets sometimes got in essary for each company to appoint the way of the local fishermen, a Vice President for Festivals. And he in turn will need a bevy of not be held this year. However, assistants. For the many industry festival executives should not be executives who are about to fill these important posts, here is a manual that will guide them in the care and feeding of festivals:

Coverage of Events Contest (lately changed from "Contest" to "Confrontation"). The live events need to the contest of th changed from "Contest" to "Con-frontation"). The live events need not have been broadcast live but still somewhat confusing is the eligibility of events specifically staged for television. But in any event, at this point the Festival VP can pick up the laundry he left in Cannes back in March and move

> And, as the year progresses, he will be moving on eastward. In June it will be to Munich, to Berlin and to Prague. Munich is every other year for the Prix Jeunesse International, dedicated to programs for children. And it seems that the small fry rate one of the larger prizes—with a top award of \$2,500 and total prizes amounting to 10 times that figure.

On the other hand, at the Berlin Festival the prizes consist of Golden Plaquette and three Silver Plaquettes. However, entrants have the satisfaction of knowing that they are in a contest devoted to productions which stand for the ideals of Freedom and Justice, corresponding therefore to the UN's Universal Declaration of Human Rights. And this criterion may be met either by documentaries or by dramas.

Even Overlaps

Last time the Prague TV Festival overlapped with Berlin, hence the need for an Assistant Vice President for Festivals. There are two categories — entertainment programs and serious artistic programs and the Festival is a meeting place for both East and West. Everyone receives a Certificate of Participation and the winners win even fancier Scrolls and this is also another likely place to leave laundry, as we will be back this way again.

July is-so far-one of the three months of the year without a festival but in August the Festival VPs proceed, every third year, to Austria. Here the Salzburg Prize is awarded for the best opera composed specifically for television. The incentive to commission such an opera—a prize of \$3,000.

But every year in August the festival executive must make his way to the United Arab Republic for the Alexandria TV Festival and, being sufficiently east, even Festival VPs from Red China at-tend this one. Here, at the great Montaza Palace, prizes are awarded in four categories-drama, documentary, variety and educational programs. The trophies have no fancy names but they make up for this by their fascinating structure.

The granddaddy of them all comes along each September—the Prix Italia. Every year this is held in a different Italian City but it is also the longest of the festivalstwo weeks-so if a Festival VP should happen to forget and go to as well as television, awarding prizes in the \$5,000 and \$8,000 range in the categories of drama, documentary and serious music (but, when Salzburg is on, not opera).

Conveniently the Festival VP can stay on in Italy to attend MIFED in Milan, more fully known "Mercato Internaz - - - - no, it isn't a printer's error repeating a paragraph from above. It's just that, perhaps to make up for the various gatherings that are held only every second or third year, MIFED is held twice a year, every spring and every fall.

And in November our travelling executive can pick up that laundry again as he goes back just outside Prague to the International Film Forum in Brno, Czechoslovakia. Intervision (the Communist version

(Continued on page 150)



FRED ROBBINS

'Milkman's Matinee"-WNEW, N.Y "ASSIGNMENT HOLLYWOOD" Syndicated Coast to Coast Radio Luxembourg and Photoplay
Magazine
Mgt. JACK BEEKMAN

Red Hot Script

By HAL KANTER

A writer of television scripts who shall remain nameless-recently was engaged to provide a half-hour script based on an idea he had suggested to the producer of a network comedy. It took him only seven hours to write the script, although it did take him six weeks to get around to it.

The producer asked for changes after the first draft had been sub-mitted. The writer went to the producer's office to discuss the rewrite and enthusiastically agreed they could be made in a day or so.

In fact, he promised the producer, the script would be de-livered within 72 hours. It took 72 days.

The writer claimed a variety of reasons for his procrastination: a hurried trip east; a business trip west; a severe cold; a mechanical failure in his electric typewriter; Winston Churchill's 90th birthday; a sudden seizure of his car by a finance company; an emergency rewrite on a novel; bad weather.

But the rewritten script was de-

Alas, the producer found it less to his demands than the original draft—which proves that a man can spend too much time rewrit-

ing. After all—72 days.

But the writer, who prides himself in his profession, said he'd do another rewrite on the script. This time, after a thorough discussion of every scene, character and line of dialog, the writer promised the work would be done overnight.

The weeks dragged on. The producer heard nothing from the writer. He was unable to contact the writer by telephone. The writer's wife had been trained to

(Continued on page 152)

Webs' Vote Tally Strut: A Cooperative Spirit While Retaining Competitive Posture

By MURRAY HOROWITZ

forward in election coverage in '64, with the establishment of a cooperative vote count organization, giving the nation its fastest actual vote count ever.

What was started in '64 will continue for years to come, for the three tv networks and the two associated wire services are enthusiastic about the '64 performance of National Election Service, the moniker of the co-op venture. Not only is the continuance of NES assured, but the functions of NES are expected to be broadened to other than Presidential election years.

Success of NES challenges the concept that only competition leads to a better service to the public. For years, each of the networks had their own vote count machinery, and for years, as each of the networks fought each other, the cost of obtaining the national vote count rose astronomically. That was especially true of CBS and NBC, each intent on capturing the prestige laurels of being first in what became an ever-changing minute-by-minute raw vote count. It was this impractical, costly preoccupation with competition in securing only one facet of the Election Night story, that led the three tv networks to form NES. The inter-network rivalry with other facets of the Election Night story remains bold and intense.

What could happen, if the net-works assumed a healthy competitive posture towards one another, in other than NES? Would it be a disservice to the public, if when one of the networks programmed a pubaffairs show, the other two networks didn't zero in like hungry vultures with entertainment programs loaded with Nielsen numbers?

Takes Courage

Would the public suffer, if the network service offered a greater programming range, even at the risk of losing Nielsen numbers? Realistically, that would only be feasible, if each of the three networks showed equal courage in going outside the normal range for programming. It has proven unfair and will continue to be proven unfair, if one of the net-works pursues a wider range of programs, while the competition sticks strictly to the Nielsen programming format.

That in this wide, wide world of broadcasting, there is room both for competition and cooperation has been proven by NES and, it might be added, by a host of other industry projects, ranging from Washington lobbying to a voluntary good practices Code. More often than not, though, heads must

Broadcasting took a giant step either be bloodied, bowed, or orward in election coverage in threatened before destructive competition gives way to healthy competition.

> Until that "industry in the sky" comes about, though, NES, an earthbound organization, points the way to healthy cooperation in a competitive situation. The first important post-election board of directors meeting of NES will be held this month, when such questions as choosing a permanent manager will be discussed.

One thing for sure, the networks and the two wire services. Associated Press and United Press International, both members of NES, will have to ante up dough for a budget. NES spent approximately \$1,600,000 in reporting the '64 national election count, utilizing some 150,000 poll reporters, moneys and people that accounted for the raw vote count being tallied at least two hours ahead of any tabulation by a single network in previous Presidential election years. (Initial budget for NES provided that each of the tv networks ante up \$393,000, with the two wire services each contributing \$120,000 in cash and \$120,000 in goods and services.)

In all likelihood, NES will be very much in business in vote counting in the non-Presidential election year of 1966. Whether there will be local versions of NES in key cities, when there are important local elections in '65, will be another item on NES' upcoming agenda.

Although NES, in its first venture in the field in '64, proved successful, getting a raw vote count paced about 30% ahead of previous years, there were trouble spots in certain states, with each of the responsible networks having their share in the nettlesome areas. With time, NES hopes to decrease the stumbling blocks in securing the vote count, so that with years, the tally in this electronic age will become even faster.

Situation which found each of the networks posting the same raw vote count helped to stifle the outraged cries objecting to posting of election results on tv before all the people had a chance to vote, before all the polls closed in the electorate. Other aids in this regard were the networks' careful language in citing projections, labelling them as such, and, in many instances, urging the populace to vote, while at the same time, citing the projected winners.

Nature of the landslide Johnson victory also made academic the issue of tv's election posting and projection prior to poll closing. Some quarters within broadcasting think that this is a pity, for only Congressman and politicians exer-cised about the disparity in poll closing time will do anything about basic reforms. The issue could become another one like that of the Electoral College, with the antiquated system deplored, but remaining with us far beyond its merit. It's in this cooled climate that the proposed reform of CBS prexy Frank Stanton rests. Stanton recently proposed that a uniform 24-hour voting day for national elections, with all polls throughout the country opening and closing simultaneously.

In weighing the possibilities of healthy cooperation and competi-tion, thrown into focus by NES, questions relating to ratings in-evitably crop up. If the individual networks, especially CBS and NBC, are so acute in election projections, if all three are so good working together in securing the raw vote count, why must the three networks be dependent on A. C. Nielsen.

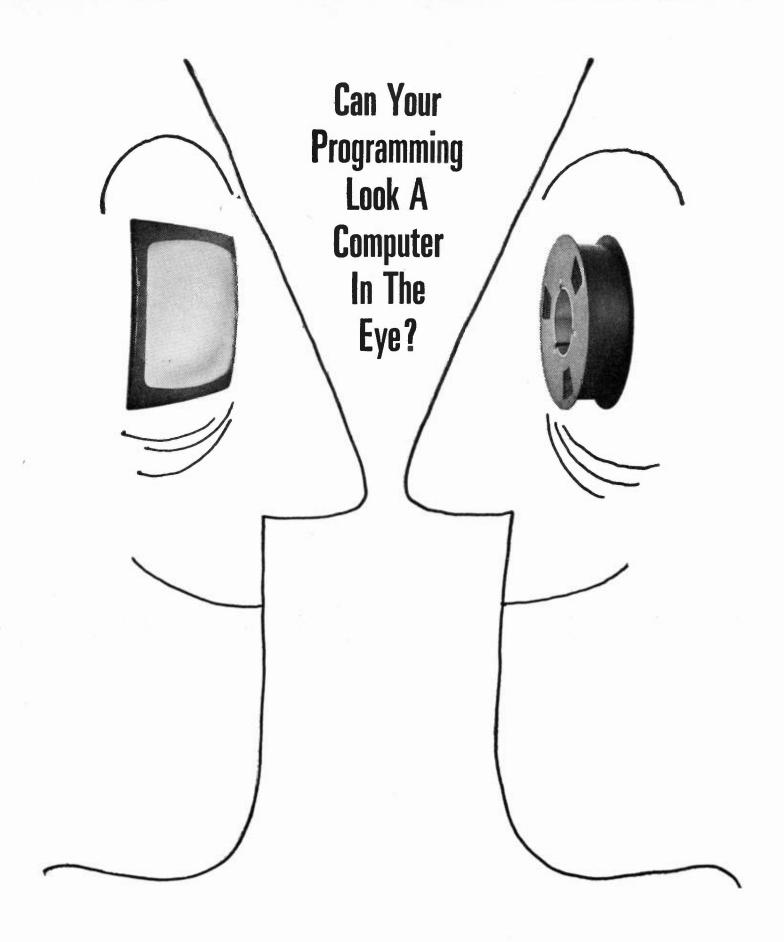
Perchance, the networks, themselves, could do a better job in securing the tv viewing audience count. (What Nielsen uses for its national audience sample, about 1,100 audimeters, is just a fraction of what the networks used individually and collectively for their data on the national elections. Unlike the Nielsen results, too, the projections and raw vote count of the networks could be matched against the actual, official results. None of the networks, upon re-flection, ever indicated Goldwater could win on Election Night.)



JOYCE GORDON

Spokeswoman—M.C.—Panelist
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NEW YORK - CHICAGO - ATLANTA - CULVER CITY - TORONTO

This Business of Music

For TV-Radio Com'ls

SOON, PLENTY OF NOTHING

-By BILL MORROW

Apparently the situation comedy writers have run out of ideas for human beings.

So pow we have a Martin Clever? Different? Wouldn't you

So now, we have a Martian, Munsters, Addams creatures, a witch, and, Bob Cummings, strange to say, is ogling a statuesque sexless robot. (And I thought he took such great wills)

thought he took such great pills.)
No doubt about it, the trend is definitely to "non-people" shows; therefore, for next year, I have that a milet factivation can a sixty. shot a pilot featuring some situation comedy characters that are even farther out than the current crop of creeps, etc.

My characters are ghosts which we never see—even ectoplasmically. The series is called "Mr. and Mrs. Nothing." The leads are Charlie and Millie Nothing, who live in a town called Nowhere (California). They have two teenage daughters named Pam and Terry Nothing, who are getting somewhere with the boys around Nowhere. And that's where the situation comedy comes in. It's the funny problems between the The distraught distraught parents, the daughters, the boys, and a midwife from Tijuana named Rosita. (Do you sense the strong "international" appeal here?)

Now, of course, the big gimmick with "The Nothings" is that you never see them. The show is just Luckily I had the presence of blank film with a laughtrack. But what a track! (Over 200 college students tickling each other on a

hayride.)
"Mr. and Mrs. Nothing" is a comedy series that gives the viewer a chance to use his imagination—he can make up his own close, close call, believe me.

For instance, right after the screening a Network Man shook his head sadly and said: "Well, I just don't know." A guy with Ever-Fizz Detergents said: "It stinks"

I tell you, it's men like these, in high places, that make show business a hell. A living hell.

But I didn't take their guft

lying down. I got mad and made a quick speech: "Listen, you wise guys, can't you wait 'til a show flops on its own before you start knocking it? I brought you a fresh An idea that can start a trend! This could mean plenty of 'Nothings' on tv next year!"

That did it! They saw a chance to start a new ball rolling and said they wanted the show for 26 weeks

There was only one more hitch. Just as the contracts were being signed, an Agency Man jumped up and yelled: "Hold everything! This isn't a tv show at all—it's radio!" There were murmurs of appre-

Luckily I had the presence of mind to shout back: "In color? Are you crazy?

This time, nervous chuckles around the table, as the Ad Man flushed and apologized.

My lightning-fast answer had saved the show! But it was a



CAMPBELL

Announcer—Actor—Narrator Registry JUdson

championship and playoff bowl and Cotton Bowl.

NBC - Seven football bowl games-including three last New Year's day with the Rose Bowl as top attraction and top in cost for rights—"NBC Sports In Action" Football League games and National Invitational Basketball.

'Golden Drama'

Lew Grade, Associated Television's topper, who instituted the station's occasional cultural spread "Golden Hours" - which has featured the world's greatest musicians, dancers and operatic artists—is now planning to mount a major prestige dramatic production called "Golden Drama."

Two-hour show, to be broadcast live from the Queen's Theatre London on Jan. 31 over the British commercial network, will comprise excerpts from the classics starring such frontranking talent as Sir Laurence Olivier, Peter O'Toole, Paul Scofield, Maggie Smith, Laurence Harvey, Dame Smith, Laurence Harvey, Dame Edith Evans, Dame Peggy Ash-croft, Peter Finch, Celia Johnson, John Clements with Noel Coward and Robert Morley as linkmen. Other names may be firmed up later.

For artists' services, gratis save for expenses, Lew Grade has donated \$84,000 to the Combined Theatrical Charities. And the production will bump the routine run of "Sunday Night At The London Palladium" and "Armchair Thea-tre" which go on between 9-11 p.m. on Sunday.

According to Grade, the enter-prise will cost ATV in the region of \$300,000 (including the donation to charity).

anxious to become involved in the musical end of commercials. The inherent limitations which are imsingers, of course, because of the portant in conceiving music for magic word "residuals." Musicians also receive a small "residual" payment but in no way even remotely comparable to the amounts which actors and singers receive. However, the business is very lu-crative for the small group of specialists who have managed to

when the industry was new or by the commercial. sheer ability . . . and there are some extremely talented people in this field. As one who has been associated

carve a slice for themselves by vir-

through the years in radio, motion anthology, Bing Crosby Golf
Tournament, Big Three Golf
Series, Palm Springs Desert
Classic, USGA Open, American
of one who has worked both sides pictures, records, television and of the street. First on one side as composer - arranger - conductor and now as executive - composerarranger-conductor.

with the development of music

In a recent article in the N. Y. Times on "Muisic For Commercials" there was a quote to the ef-ATV Showcase fect that there are about 20 companies supplying music. I very much doubt that there are 20 top companies or individuals. How-ever, not a day goes by that I don't receive a sample tape and literature from individuals or companies who are trying to get into this field. Of course, as in any highly creative and competitive business the percentage of top talent is and always will be small.

Suppliers

In the trade, the music people are called "suppliers." I think that we can break this category down into separate and distinct groups of specialists.

The first group of specialists would be the men who are noted for their work with electronic sounds or electronic music. This field is highly technical and quite limited.

In the second group I would place the various men who are specialists in arranging various styles of music, i.e. far out, swing, legitimate, etc. A good arranger is not necessarily a composer, contrary to the beliefs of some peo-

Top composers are all arrangers. In fact, a composer must be an arranger since the two go hand in hand. Unless, of course, you call a person who picks out a tune on the piano a composer.

Then we come to the group of companies founded by "salesmen." These men supply music on the basis of contacts, selling ability and musical abilities of the "ghost"

(Director of Music, Ted Bates Agency) In recent years music for televi- arrangers or composers they ension and radio commercials has be- gage to do the work. Some of come a very important and lucrative business. As a result every arranger, composer and singer is

There are, of necessity, certain

In the case of underscoring background music, the music should underline certain points without distracting the viewers' attention from the copy or visual. If music is too heavily melodic it can distract, unless the object is to tie a musical signature or theme, which tue of having started way back is identified with the product, into

Jingles

In jingles, most are amateurish and without the correct wedding of words and music. Unless the wedding of main copy points to music is a complete and logical union, the viewer-listener is apt not to be able to retain either the message or the melody. In a recent article which I wrote on the principles of jingle composition. stressed the obvious point that this sort of work should be done by professionals.

Another important factor in the planning of a jingle is the matter of the economics of the advertising business. An advertiser cannot wait for 10 years to have a "Begin the Beguine" become a hit. Thus, the melody must be simple enough to be easily absorbed and also good enough to be retained. A good example of a recent simple melody that became a hit is the current song "Hello Dolly."

In conclusion, I would say that. as in any other highly specialized field in which the costs and stakes are so high, there is very little margin for error. As a result, while there is always a demand for extremely talented music men, there is no short cut to the position maintained by some of the top music men and even these are not always 100% right.

They all have earned their acceptance through the ability to deliver and through sheer perseverance. There are no rules, as there are no rules of procedure in any other phase of the entertainment business. Only be ready.

When a person finally gets the opportunity or break that he has been trying and waiting for, he must be ready. If he delivers, the whole spectrum opens up for him.

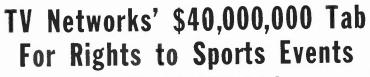
The morals would seem to be: never give up trying to learn as much possible, be as equipped technically as possible, acquire as much experience as possible and always be ready for the big moment. If, when that moment occurs, the person is not ready, then no one can help him. As they say, lightning seldom strikes twice.

'Moment of Truth' Canadian 'Realism'

It's an all-Canada tv serial production which NBC has bought for week tryout. 'Moment of Truth." All exterior scenes were taped outdoors, instead of being faked on indoor sets, with resulting realism.

The 30-minute daytime show was made by Robert Lawrence Productions, Toronto, for Arrowhead Productions, which holds copyright. All-Canadian Radio & Television made the sale to NBC -which says if it clicks it may run five years. Sponsors have already nabbed 90% of series, which teed Jan. 4 on NBC's web. Among them are Adolph's meat tenderizers, Alberto-Culver, S.C. Johnson and Simoniz.

NBC presumably bought "Moment of Truth" to stack up against ABC's "Flame in the Wind," which teed Dec. 21 in same 2 p.m. slot, and with CBS's "Password," also at same time. CBC, will show t across Canada, teeing Dec. 28. Lynne Gorman, w.k. Ottawa actress has a featured role. tress, has a featured role.



[Exclusive of Production Costs]

By BILL GREELEY

indulging in sweet reminiscence ductions Inc. gives AB-PT, among the other day. He was blissfully recalling the non-golden days of tv sports back in the '50s.

That was when his network signed the Green Bay Packers for \$35,000 a season, when the figure skating world championship rights cost \$1,800—and AAU swimmingdiving events and rodeos were

The Green Bay Packers-along with every other team in the National Football League—now get \$1,000,000 a year from tv. World figure skating championships tv rights go for \$50,000—even pro bowling gets \$300,000.

The three networks combined in 1964 will pay more than \$40,000,-000 for the rights to sports events. At CBS, total sports rights will be close to \$20,000,000. NBC and ABC will each spend about \$12,000,000.

And these figures are for rights. Production costs will total millions more with the kind of coverage the networks are now affording. CBS' coverage of NFL games more than doubled this year with new techniques, and pickup of the Masters golf tourney came to around \$100 .-000. The razzle-dazzle of competicoverage is going to extend into the coming year as NBC and CBS go against each other with the National and American League football games. And ABC has plans to bring the isolated vidtape contract for New York telecasting camera and other refinements to its coverage of Saturday major league baseball games—costing the web \$4,500,000 in rights alone.

Last year's scramble for sports began with CBS' unprecedented bid of more than \$28.000,000 for two years of NFL football (following NBC's fall copping of AFL and college football at record rights figures). And if that didn't crystallize the inextricable link between major sports in the U.S. and television, then subsequent events certainly did.

AB-PT & The Garden

Two events were to shock the sports world (particularly "the scribes" of the daily sports pages). They were the CBS "diversification" purchase of the New Yorks backball toom for \$10,000 Yankee baseball team for \$10,000,000, and American Broadcasting-Paramount's purchase of a 50% interest in Madison Square Garden

A network sports director was | Station. The new MSG-ABC Proother things, half ownership of the New York Knickerbockers pro basketball team, the N.Y. Rangers pro hockey club and the N.Y. Rovers of the so called Eastern Amateur Hockey League.

An official press release on MSG-ABC Productions stated that no broadcast coverage of events was contelliplated (via ABC-TV-AM), but the ABC broadcast tandem re the Garden's attractions obviously allows leverage in all directions. Both the Garden and AB-PT get competitive advantages through the 50-50 partnership, and a sports wedge is not the least of these.

Likewise, ownership of the Yankees is important to CBS-TV. This year, as before, CBS-TV will be carrying weekend Yankee games while the majors have a \$4,000,000 plus pact with ABC for Saturday games. The contract that carves out Yankee games for CBS was signed and delivered before the corporation's purchase of the team, but the option should always remain with CBS. And what CBS-TV pays out in rights for the Yankee games this summer goes straight into corporate's pocket-one of the neater profit margins in this day of costly sports tv rights.

And this is in addition to corpowith WPIX-TV. On the road, the Yanks will perform for ABC-TV, but that's ju unavoidable largess.

In the coming year (call it fiscal, if you will, with the many football bowl games on either side of the new year), the networks' sports coverage goes like this:

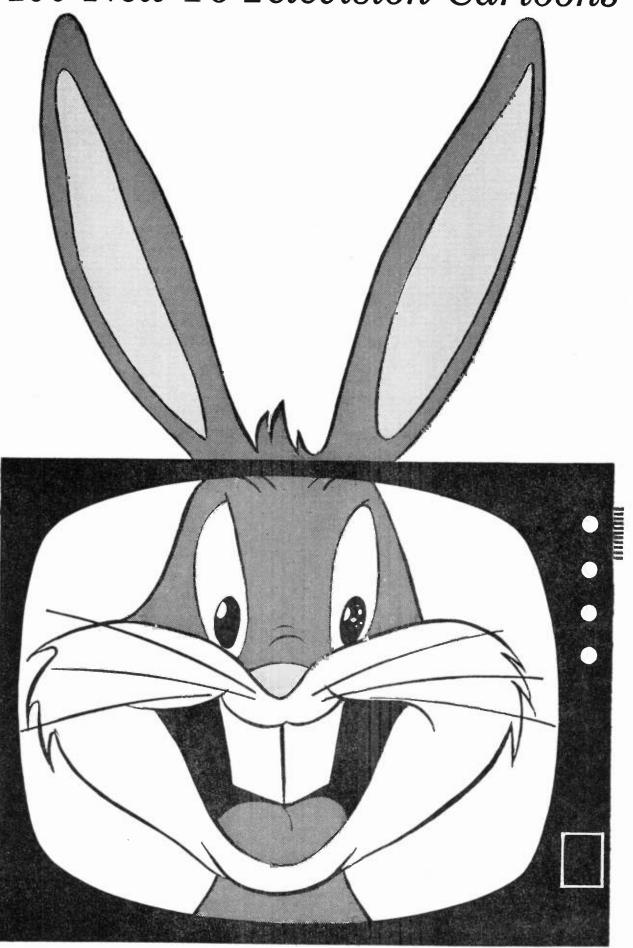
ABC—Four football bowl games, Shell's "Wonderful World of Golf," pro bowling circuit, National Assn. Basketball game of the week, Saturday major league baseball, four special on hunting and fishing, the PGA golf tourney, a spe-cial on sports awards, the coaches All-American summer football game and the weekly "Wide World of Sports" anthology.

CBS—NFL football, the CBS Golf Classic, "CBS Sports Spectacular" anthology Eastern Tourna-ment, Yankee baseball, Triple Crown of horse racing, Carling World Golf Championship, Hall of as it will rise atop Pennsylvania Fame NFL game and the NFL



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Warner Bros. Cartoons-Series '64



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Nostalgia Unlimited Early Americans In British TV

By CECIL MADDEN

(who produced the first TV program in the world)

London. I can't remember if the British Pilgrims discovered America or the

American Diner's Club found Britain. No doubt it was mutual.

Television as a public service started in London, England, in 1936, by B.B.C. But American artists were so much to the fore, they were actually the first, yclept the comedians Buck & Bubbles. They were followed by Sophie Tucker, Art Tatum, Bebe Daniels & Ben Lyon, Lou Holtz, Claire Luce, June Knight, Ken Harvey, Bessie Love, Constance Cummings as "Roxane," Nick Long Jr. and Danny Kaye. And

London pre-war had a tender invasion of U.S. showgirls, too, to tv's benefit: Robert Alton's girls, Albertina Rasch girls, Chester Hale girls, Merriel Abbott's girls, also the Catherine Littlefield Philadelphia we have photographs to prove it.

I myself created a series "100% Broadway" in which every artist was American: David Burns (now thriving as the Merchant of Yonkers in "Hello Dolly!" Gene Sheldon, Russell Swann, Evelyn Dall, Gloria

Day, Van & Allen, Billy ("Pop Eye the Sailor") Costello, Chaz Chase.

British programs featured Agnes de Mille. Ruth Draper, Tamara
Geva, Bernard Nedell, Romney Brent, Joe E. Brown, Molly Picon, Larry Adler, Hildegarde, Cornelia Otis Skinner and the entire "On Your Toes" cast with Vera Zorina, Olive Blakeney and Jack Whiting.

Yes, you were among the Pioneers.

Some of the American personalities interviewed in the old studios at Alexandra Palace were James A. Farley, Rouben Mamoulian, Susan Ertz, Ely Culbertson, Tyrone Power, James Thurber as tennis correspondent of the New Yorker, Frank Capra, Adolph Zukor, Al Lewin, Louis Bromfield, Ellen Drew, and Alice Marble, singing.

Alas, when War came TV stopped. It restarted in 1946 when most of the world woke up to its existence and potential. Between then and 1964 our American cousins have continued to fortify UK TV, to mutual

Ginger Rogers came to us in "Carissima," Gloria de Haven for Revue, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope larked together on "The Road to Hong Kong," Elaine Malbin sang "Il Tabarro," June Havoc, Eddie Albert, Eli Wallach, Red Steiger, Nehemiah Persoff and Sam Wanamaker came to star in American plays.

Solo recitals were given by Sammy Davis Jr., Nat King Cole, Harry Belafonte; Alicia Alonso and Nora Kaye danced with the Chase Ballet: Sid Caesar & Imogene Coca, Victor Borge Cliff Norton, Stubby Kaye, Phil Silvers, Mort Sahl, Alan Sherman and Shelley Berman all came

to entertain. Among welcome interviews were Doris Day, Gene Kelly, Ann Miller, Lizbeth Scott, Jack Benny, Adlai Stevenson, Eddie Fisher. Olivia de Havilland was trapped for "This Is Your Life" by Bob Cummings, and among all the imported Tele-Doctors, Lawyers, Cowboys, Indians and Private Eyes came, in person, Raymond Burr, Pat Boone, John Smith

and the Lone Ranger. I am retiring from BBC after 31 years and 44 in show business, but how we all need each other, as never before, to keep the little screens

Everybody in Broadcasting On a Diversification Kick

By JACK PITMAN

started well before, but and ABC was looking more and broadcasting's diversification kick more ambivalent toward CATV.) picked up momentum—and reams of newspage publicity—in 1964.

move was the CBS acquisition of the New York Yankees, the bluechip Major League franchise, but a club with a tarnished image as far as fans and press were con-cerned. With no visible logic behind it, the image soiled even more when the network got into the act. It also cued a raft of predictable jokes, like "CBS 13, Boston two," or listing it as CBS instead of Yanks in the club standings.

Anyway, the Yanks copped the American League flag again, but the Nielsen race drew as tight as last September's windup in the National League.

Another web - ABC - made a splash with a deal tying it to the new Madison Square Garden building atop Manhattan's Penn Station, and leading to all kinds of properties - Weekee Wachi and

Silver Springs (aqua shows).

NBC (RCA) got into the diversification act late in the year with a deal extending it into book publishing via Prentice-Hall. The literati image was (and is) much-prized in the biz, apparently, because both Metromedia and CBS were reported at various times to yen a buyup of the faltering Curtis Publishing empire. Some such deal could yet develop if the deficit Saturday Evening Post doesn't shape up soon, and if nothing else, the broadcast chain that picks it up will be getting a fat tax write-

Some of the industry's diversification was more or less vertical -notably, as with Triangle, Westinghouse, Cox and others, into community antenna operations. CEVEN the networks, opposed to CATV, seemed to be taking no chances, as CBS bought into a Vancouver, B.C., antenna system, a subscriber's home television.

On the other hand, there's been some bizarre acquisitions—Rollins Easily the year's most-publicized took over an exterminating outfit (jokes, jokes), and Taft went into

the bowling alley biz. The arithmetic on these deals was anything but bizarre, however.

The Storer chain moved into the

electronics field, and is now marketing, among other items, portable tape recorders. Capital Cities acquired a subway advertising setup, and Metromedia, which already was in the outdoor ad business via Kleiser, merged the Foster & Ohio-based Packer outdoor companies into it. M'media also spreads its tent over the Ice Capades and Mt. Wilson on the Coast.

For a while back in '64, the spotlight was on corporate boss John Kluge, who was making like a whirling dervish in his acquisition efforts. He succeeded in acquiring David Wolper's telefilm intratrade speculation re leverage on talent web woos tourists with its Florida web from owner Minnesota Mining & Manufacturing. As trade interest in his maneuvers sharpened, Kluge seemed to be writing his own cliffhanger—meaning, who or what's next? He remains very much the industry's man-in-mo-tion, and will bear close scrutiny as 1965 unfolds.

Gastonia's Franchise

Gastonia, N.C.

The City of Gastonia has awarded a franchise to Carolina Cable-vision Co. in return for 5% of the proceeds.

The company said it will spend \$750,000 for a building and 900-foot antenna strong enough to bring in stations of other cities on every channel.

There was no indication when

cablevision will get off the ground



LANNY ROSS Director: OLIVE W. ROSS 322 E. 57th St., New York City

If There's Anything Slower Than a Waltz It's Austrian AM-TV By EMIL MAASS

Austrian radio in 1964 celebrated its 40th year of existence. Austrian tv will celebrate its 10th anniversary in May 1965. (Austria was occupied by the four powers until 1955 and merely permitted to "experiment" with tv.)

The financial administration, as well as many technical departments are combined in one buildboth systems, though both state operated, are otherwise inde-pendent companies. Radio has a deficit; tv a profit. The resulting difference is covered by the Ministry of Finance—that's the taxpayer. The average Austrian doesn't complain. "That must be" he says.

But it must not be. Throughout these 40 years of radio, the com-pany was 100% a dumping ground for politicians out of favor or wouldbe-politicians in favor. When fired for inability, all received huge "dismissal money," the last general manager \$50,000 (the admitted sum), but though state controlled, the court has no right to look the books over.

For a good manuscript \$10 is paid. For outsiders it is practically impossible to sell one. There are so many "competent" offices, than one would need weeks wandering from one office to the next. When presenting a manuscript on "music therapy," the author was told to get in contact with Professor so and so, who is competent to look it over and correct eventual mistakes. When reaching that mistakes. When reaching that Professor at his home, latter said "I have nothing to do with such matters."

Dull, Dull, Dull

The programs are dull. Disk music of course prevails, but that is not the worst of it. Commercial hit parades offer at least what the listener wants to hear. The "Mixed (Continued on page 105)

CATV—The Industry **Mouse That Roared**

By MIKE MOSETTIG

Washington. the broadcasting industry's mouse that suddenly roared.

The roar has provoked a cacophony of reaction throughout the industry and in the political circles concerned with the future of broadcasting and a national communications policy.

Half the broadcasting industry vehemently opposes further extension of CATV systems. The other half has already or wants to buy into the increasingly profitable venture.

Congress is split over the issue, with some politicians waving the regulatory stick and others strong. ly resisting such a move.

FCC, feeling it has no power

to regulate without prior gressional approval, watches be-wilderdly, wondering if its plans for a national communications and allocations plan is being free-enterprised right out from under

The network biggies, always keen to opportunity, are moving in two directions. CBS has instituted a test case copyright suit against a CATV owner, averring he must pay for the web programs transmitted on his systems. ABC has an anti-CATV package in the FCC petition box.

Meanwhile, if these and other gambits don't work, the nets, like many of the group station owners, may just buy a few CATV systems themselves.

NAB is officially committed to curb the growing ambitions of the CATV system. At the same time, some of the most influential NAB members—the Len Reinsches, the Drayton Hasties and the Don Mc-Gannons-are CATV owners.

Much Ado Over Microwave

Divided, NAB never conquers. The scenario, with some of the deepest implications in history for the industry, is at best confusing. But that is only part of the prob-

Technically, CATV signals are carried either by cable or by microwave. FCC cannot regulate cable transmission. It can indirectly regulate systems using microwave

transmission. Even the antenna boys agree this anomaly should be righted.

There agreement ends. Washington looks at CATV with three sets of glasses, those which focus only on panic, those which view with apprehension and finally the rose colored variety.

The panic department is led by NAB and a few key allies on Capitol Hill, notably Senate Communications Subcommittee John Pastore (D-R.I.). chairman

Their arguments are phrased in Orwellian terms, but rooted in hard economics.

Their vision is of a totally wired to system, stretching from coast to coast, with networks feeding programs over wires rather than through the through the present coaxial cables

to affiliates. In between, they see Community antenna television is local tv stations, particularly the broadcasting industry's mouse budding UHF family, whithering under the economic pressure of CATV.

Their vision needs only to peer over the near horizon to give it some justification. CATV applications are pending in New York, Philadelphia and Cleveland. Does the \$20.000.000 purchase of

WIIC-TV, Pittsburgh, by Len Reinsch's Cox Broadcasting signify something more than the largest sum paid yet for a tv station?

With Cox already planning to bounce programs from New York to western Pennsylvania via CATV, with an application pending for a CATV franchise in Dayton, with tv stations and CATV systems already in the South, a vision is apparent if not real. Cox could bring programs in from Chicago, and New York bounce them via Dayton and Pittsburgh through the Midwest and East and then spread through the Southland carrying at least 20 channels on its wings.

From such visions, are conjured the prospects of a fourth television

network.

CATV came to life in the sparse. ly settled areas of such states as Montana. Now it wants to enter the not so sparsely settled sidewalks of Manhattan and with some

yustification.

A CATV system in Gotham would bring viewers not only better set reception but far more channels.

And say those with panic lenses. what will happen when laser beams and such other science fiction devices enter tv's real world, with the potential of bringing many

more channels to a city?

Such growth and vision are admirable, they say, but should be channeled and developed and not be allowed to run rampantly in pursuit of the nearest dollar.

From such thinking comes the clamor from NAB, for a regulatory bill be introduced in the upcoming session of Congress, whether or not it has the agreement of FCC or the National Community Tele-vision Assn., the CATV lobby here. The apprehensive group here

harbors some of these fears, but

not to the same degree.

This includes a significant number in Congress who don't believe in basing legislation on a bevy of prospects not firmly rooted in readily demonstrable fact.

Jockeying

And this is definitely a problem of the panic group. They can specand perhaps their speculation will be borne out in the years. But at the moment it is largely speculation, which doesn't move men in the Capital. There is too, a significant collec-

tion of facts, but it points at the moment to a less drastic situation. The growth of CATV since 1954 to

1,500 systems is a clear fact.

Another fact is NCTA's lobbying power, which pulled off the defeat of the first CATV regulatory bill in 1959 from the jaws of Senate victory. This power will soon be enhanced when FCC Commissioner Frederick Ford, a respected figure here, leaves his post to take the NCTA presidency.

But these facts are not enough, by themselves, to move Congress to regulation.

Lacking an tripartite regulatory bill with the support of FCC, NAB and NCTA, Congress won't be reg-

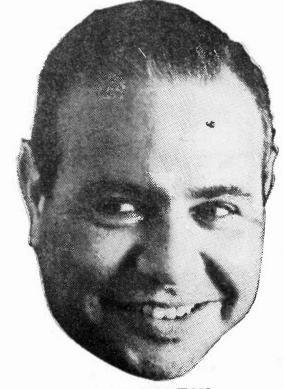
While the Senate is more prone to move, the House is partly under the influence of those wearing rose colored glasses, namely House Commerce Committee chairman Oren Harris (D-Ark.) and Communications Subcommittee ditto Walter Rogers (D-Tex.)

Harris has been one of NCTA's best friends on the Hill and his former administrative assistant Wally Briscoe now fills a similar bill at NCTA.

Harris insists he won't move to regulate CATV without prior agreement from NAB and NCTA. His position could be modified if the small tv station owners begin complaining about CATV

Rogers is another question. For the two years he has headed the Communications Subcommittee, he has placed the non-regulation doc-trine on an alter. It might take some effort to have him remove it.

But Rogers is basically under Harris' guide and where Harris leads, Rogers will likely follow.



JACKSON BECK ACTOR-ANNOUNCER-NARRATOR PLaza 2-7676-HA 1-4650



GEORGE ELBER EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT TOM McDERMOTT

COMSAT Early Bird to Forge New U.S.-Europe TV Link

By GARY STINDT (NBC News, Berlin)

Berlin.

News has become important to European television. What once was felt to be an obligation has proved to be part of the package European viewers are paying for and expect to get.

The viewing public, television networks and important technical advances have made television news an audience attraction in Western Europe. The communications satellites not only bring European stories to the television screens in American homes, sometimes as they are happening, Europeans have been treated to grandstand seats at big events in the United States and elsewhere in the world and have come to expect that immediate reaction for any important happening in the

Almost 100,000,000 Europeans, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, shared the grief of Jacqueline Kennedy as she walked behind the caisson carrying the body of her husband, President John F. Kennedy, assassinated just days before. The murder of President Kennedy and its aftermath was the first time that a continuing story was broadcast live through satellite transmissions day after day. The result was that the multi-million European audience was glued to the screen.

Element of Immediacy

Not only the viewing public was impressed about what some people describe as "instant news." European governments and their officials, East as well as West, knew that the element of immediacy had attracted the people. They were quick to get on the bandwagon. The television screen enlarged St Peter's Square a thousand-fold, gave every television viewer an admission card to the Supreme Soviet as Nikita Khrushchev spoke, held the spotlight on Oslo Stockholm during Nobel Prize awards, and disrupted working hours as Europeans followed their national Olympic heroes in Rome through direct transmis-French President Charles De Gaulle, who recognizes the importance of television in politics and uses it to the best of his advantage with his rare but always televised press conferences, has turned his appearances on tv into what comes close to a dramatic art. What De Gaulle does with oratory, Soviet Russia attempts with closeup shots of its armed might intended to impress upon the world the power of the Soviet

organization which makes all of this possible in Europe is called Eurovision, an association whose members include all the nations of Western Europe and Yugoslavia, tied in at times with Intervision, the Soviet attempt to carbon copy this idea of a network for Russia and her satellites in Eastern Europe.

Eurovision has its administrative headquarters in Geneva and its technical center in Brussels. Intervision's present headquarters are

Eurovision has expanded its interests and possibilities with a strong team of associate members including the three major American networks, ABC, CBS and NBC, the National Educational Television Network of the United States, CBC of Canada, NHK Japan, ABC outside Europe.

A little known but very impor-tant byproduct of Eurovision and its program exchanges is the Eurovision news exchange which started as an experiment by the BBC, Holland, Belgium, Italy and France in October 1958. What was an experiment then has grown into a full fledged, very important daily operation. Invariably, all members of Eurovision take part daily in this news service which permits viewers in member nations to see current events on the

day they happen on individual national network news programs.

Much of the credit for the success of this news exchange must go to J. W. Rengelink of Dutch Television who championed the idea of the Eurovision news group the programming council of Eurovision. EVN, as the news ex change is called, has a news coordinator who comes from a different member nation each month. His office is located in Geneva.

In constant touch with Eurovimembers, this coordinator prepares a list of story offerings prepared from the coverage donated by such members. On a conference call, usually held at four p.m. each afternoon, all members having acceeted one or more of the offerings, discuss their participation. It is at this time that the Brussels technical center, having organized the necessary audio and visual circuits, starts its transmission. Up until a short time ago, EVN ran into transmission difficulties at times because of a shortage of circuits during an important live Eurovision transmission. such as the Winter Olympics at Innsbruck or other international events, which conflicted with the news exchange period. However, the importance of the news exchange has now been recognized to such an extent that special transmission times are provided either before or after interfering live transmissions to continue the news service. It is also not unusual now for a "flash" offering of an important news event to break into the Eurovision network at any time after the regular news exchange period.

Twice a year the chief editors of all the Eurovision members, including Europe-based news representatives of associate members, meet to discuss problems and improvements in the news exchange. These meetings undoubtedly are responsible for the continuing success of the electronic news service.

One of the central points of discussion at the next of these meetings could possibly be the future development of the European news exchange into one element of an even larger operation, a world news exchange. As communications satellites approach the apogee of their usefulness with the coming of COMSAT's Early Bird satellite in 1965, such a world news exchange is approaching reality. Early Bird, whose fixed orbit will allo wconstant television communication between North America and Europe, should be in operation sometime during the first half of the new year.

When the timeliness of coverage of news events in the United States becomes more competitive with European stories, the projection of the American image on European television screens could suddenly increase tenfold. How-ever, there could be one major stumbling bloc to EVN in this new era of international communica-tions — that of cost. A European television news executive might like to offer his viewers the video report of a major American story but could be prevented from doing so because of the money involved.

European public pressure appears powerful enough now, however, to demand at least one daily report from the United States once Early Bird is in its static orbit. Europe's favorable position in the time difference between the United States and Europe is part of the reason for the public interest in American events.

Every day thousands of new viewers are added to the television audience in Europe. The saturation point is far from being reached and television in Europe continues to grow as an influential medium.

Russia has recognized the value of the television links it has with the West. The Kremlin shows its might in Red Square or political demonstrations to all of Europe in live broadcasts. With the help of Early Bird, America's reply might well be live television broadcasts of an Easter Parade on Fifth Avenue, or continuous live coverage following an American multi-person space capsule all the way into



JOE FRANKLIN'S

Austria

Continued from page 103

Music" offers amateurish compositions, interrupted by advertising. Speakers (this refers to the news also) are of lowest standard. As example: one speaker, because he is a conservative voter, was recently raised to the sport section. He does not even know the rules of the most popular game here, soccer. Another, rather good speaker and interviewer, was fired, because he sided with the Socialist party at recent elections.

News reports are a farce on Austria breaks in this respect the state treaty of 1955 promising neutrality.

One of the silliest attempts is the "pronunciation reform." There is a special office, how the speakers should pronounce the foreign word. Instead of using the expression and pronunciation, the average Austrian employs in his daily conversation, the most stupid results are the consequence.

The television management is by far more tolerant and more farsighted. When the Czechs opened the frontier and permitted a radio commentator, his report sounded as if the people of Bratislava (the Slovakian name of Pressburg) were starving for hunger. Television, however, introduced a "City Talk" program. Austrians and plain people of Eastern countries discuss openly their problems.

Various Austrian newspapers, styling themselves "independent," started a campaign to "neutralize" the radio and tv management. Being state operated, it goes without saying, that the two leading political parties, the conservatives and socialists, are represented about evenly, as they are in parliament. Though quite a number of people signed the demand for a plebiscite, not much could be changed, because it is absolutely impossible to find neutral managers, program arrangers and speakers. There is no such human being in Austria.

The Whole Is Equal To The Sum of Its Parts

- By DAVID LEVY -

(Producer, 'The Addams Family')

In the beginning there was | with a brilliant man's incisive Charles Addams.

Like an ancient troglodyte crawling up from some crepuscular depths, this proof of man's combination of atavistic and sentimental, perched himself comfortably at the bar of the Plaza Hotel.

Urbane and elegant, eyes full of glint and mischeif, smile both benign and diabolical, Addams is as disarming as a girl from Knox. We fenced and sallied and found common ground on the subject of John O'Hara. We both like O'Hara. Then: "Do you really think you can put my people on tv?"

"We'll try. Now first, writers always like to know some basic facts. Details. For example, how does the family live?"

Answer - and no delay: "Let's just say some ancestors made a killing."

"Of course. They're rich. Besides, who really cared that Robert Young was in the insurance busi-ness in 'Father Knows Best.' Now, long have they been married?"

Winced look. "Married? I never thought of them that way."

We'll have to have them mar-ried."

Wry glance. "Television."

"Right. Now, Mr. Addams, writers like to know everything about the characters they depict. Like where do they come from? How long have they lived in that

Eyes that show a radiance about 4,000 light years long: "Let's not worry about that. Let's just say they've always been there."

"Where?"

"There."

"Oh . . . and the house?"

"Always been there."
"Of course. The more we talk the less explanation the better.

Now their names."

Creased brow: "Why, they don't have any."

'Names we have to have." "What about Morticia, Lurch, Wednesday, Pugsley, Grandmama, Uncle Fester? And Gomez."

'Very amusing - and they fit.

But Gomez??? Why Gomez?' "I don't know. But I've always thought he had a little Spanish blood in him. Would you prefer Rapelli?"

"Interesting. But we'll stay with Gomez. Now who, really, is Lurch?" "Oh, let's say he's someone who's been shuffling about the

house since forever." "Of course. What does he sound like?"

Thunder cloud. "Sound? He's never talked in 30 years."

"I think he may have to on television. Baleful eye. And so it went-the first part. The coming to grips

mind and wit.

The second part. Over to Mar-

tin Ransohoff and Al Simon. Further debate-about a point of view, casting, basic approaches. The third part. Into a written philosophy and on to a script. Five drafts late Ed James and Seaman Jacobs come up with the verbal-ized version of the world of Charles Addams.

Debate, Discussion. Conference. Decision. Ed Scherick and Doug Cramer have an idea, Carolyn Jones is the ideal Morticia, We agree. They initiate the dialogue in New York. Ransohoff and Simon button it up in Hollywood. Versatile John Astin looms up as the only man to play Gomez. After 125 interviews and 26 screen tests later the other five members of the cast are selected. Jackie Coogan is asked to shave moustache, hair, eyebrows. He was born to play the Kid and Uncle Fester. Kerwin Coughlin, casting director, has a hunch that a sixfoot nine-inch giant from Dallas is Lurch. He is right, and Ted Cassidy moves in from Texas. Blossom Rock charms as Grandmama. Two children, Ken Weatherwax and Lisa Loring-both new to a television series-win out over 45

other professionals.

Next part. Settings, furnishing and decoration, props. Keep them true to Addams? Cobwebs galore -broken plaster showing-rickety bannisters The set designer, Ed-ward Ilou, the set decorator, Ruby Levitt, agree we go Victorian-no cobwebs, no dilapidated lookwe'll look bizarre but not macabre.

One script does not a series make. Front and centre: Nat Per-"The Addams Family" is a natural segue from his last series
—"Death Valley Days." Producer and head writer, he shepherds Coons and Winkler (Addams did not name them!!), Fawler and Leslie, Brewer (a touch of Addams there) and others to their typewriters.

More parts: Little Ken Weatherwax and six-year-old, doll-like Lisa Loring are in a charming brother-sister scene. Forty people mill about the set to cover the eightsecond scene: the director, Sidney Lanfield, field general; Jack Voglin, whose crew keeps the show rolling; Archie Dalzell and his four-man camera crew; a four-man sound team with Earl Spicer in command; Joe Thompson and his prop men; 10 electricians under Harry Hopkins; three grips under Ray Knight; the makeup and hair-dressing artists—Norman Pringle and Myrl Stoltz; a wardrobe crew under Myrtle Logan. Unlike the sets, makeup and costuming will be as literally true to Addams as possible. (Little Wednesday's high button shoes cost \$96. That's how literal we get.) Bob Overbeck will be there to handle special effects -from blowing toy trains to stimulating a tank full of piranha. And a man to handle livestock, from a lion to a vulture, and another to handle the greens of the Addams conservatory and garden.

Throughout the days of shooting, associate producer Browar bounces on the set, in the labs, in and out of offices, checking schedules budgets, and a thousand details. Two teams of editors under Bob Freedman scissor through the dailies and build rough cuts. Simon Perrin, and myself review, suggest, approve. Post-production parts of the whole: Vic Mizzy scores the picture. George Eppic selects the sound effects. Dave Kahn lays in the music track.

How many parts between the idea and 8:30 Friday nights on ABC? Enough, Each part must work in the knowledge that what is on the screen is a composite of many parts—the whole.

The miracle of television is that

some 75 people merge their talents, opinions, skills, and artistry to do this every week on a single series.

One fact we must never forget, and that's the first part: in the beginning there was Charles Addams. Of course we know that in the end it will be A. C. Nielsen, Maybe.



MEL BLANC

On Keeping the Faith: Some Positive Aspects Of a Television Code

By HOWARD H. BELL

(Exec V.P., National Assn. of B'casters)

Washington. The NAB Radio and Television Codes are unique instruments. They are aimed at establishing minimum standards of performance and ethical conduct in broadcast-ing, and yet they affect the policies the customers of broadcasting. They offer a proper alternative to governmental interference (and therefore appear defensive) and yet, they are positive and affirmative in seeking to assure a level of performance which will serve the interests of the broadcaster, as well as the larger interests of the problem for where the problem. the public for whose benefit the Codes were established. And I submit that these functions of the Codes are in the best interests of advertising as well.

We do not seek to inhibit the creative process in advertising or to make it more difficult for advertising to utilize the broadcast

Advertising is the life blood of the American economy. The com-mercially supported free system of broadcasting in this country has produced a service for the American people unmatched in breadth, scope and quality anywhere else in the world.

Our Code standards must be reasonable and sufficiently flexible and practical so as not to impede growth and prosperity of the medium. Code policies are developed with a full understanding that it is advertising support which makes possible the kind of quality service which the Code itself en-

But the broadcaster bears the legal and moral responsibility for everything which is presented over

his facilities.

The Television Code cautions all broadcasters that their accountability to the American public extends to propriety in advertising. Both Codes deal with the matter of taste in advertising and the broadcaster is admonished to re-fuse the facilities of his station to an advertiser where he has good reason to doubt "the integrity of the advertiser, the truth of the advertising representation, or the compliance of the advertiser with the spirit and purpose of all applicable legal requirements."

B'caster Sets Ground Rules

The advertiser pays the bills, it is true, but it is the broadcaster under license, not the advertiser, who must always set the ground rules as to how the medium will be utilized. The broadcaster imple-ments this public responsibility both individually and through his participation in his industry Code.
There is no reason why Code

standards should inhibit the re-sponsible advertiser—for he shares with the responsible broadcaster a desire to foster good taste and truth in advertising. In the marketplace, advertising and media are joined in a quest for consumer acceptance. We recognize that what is good for the American public is good for the broadcaster and the advertiser. And the coverage is likewise true.

Some advertisers, like some broadcasters, place private gain above public good. The vast majori-

ty, fortunately, do not.

However, it is a fact of life that the few can often cast a shadow

on the many.

It is not our function to tell the advertiser how to advertise. We leave the subject of advertising creativity and ingenuity to the

advertising professionals where it belongs. The three Code offices—Washington, New York and Hollywood —are available to provide a service to advertisers and agencies.

The New York Code office was established for this specific pur-

pose in 1961 and continues under the competent and dedicated lead-ership of Stockton Helffrich. The growing use of this service testifies to its value, as indicated

by the increasing agency contact with our New York office—from 60 agencies in 1961 to about 100 in 1963. The number of advertisers involved increased from 108 the first year to 174 last year, and the products or services affected products or services affected jumped from 127 to 309. Contrary to the impression you

and productive. The positive results of our Code work often go unnoticed because the negotiations are conducted in confidence. The minor skirmishes and the inevitable conflicts which are bound to arise are blown up far out of all proportion. Such altercations may tend to blur the vision but they can-not be allowed to dampen the spirit or shake our resolve to take positive stands when necessary, even though they may be unpopwith some segments of the

industry.
The Code Authority is charged with the responsibility for administering, interpreting and enforc-ing both the Radio and Television Codes on behalf of the 2,215 Radio Code subscribers, 395 Television Code subscribers, in addition to the four radio networks and three television networks.

Fortunately, the many differences over Code policy are resolved

around the conference table.

The areas of difficulty that we encounter most in advertising content are these:

- 1) Misuse of testimonials.
- 2) Demonstrations not proving product effectiveness.
- 3) Derogation of competi-
- 4) Inadequate clinicals to support claims.
- 5) Exaggerated claims beyoud puffery.
- Questionable surveys in support of claims.
- 7) Pseudo therapeutic
- Encouragement of selfdiagnosis beyond reason-

able caution. All the problem areas I have enumerated really boil down to the issue of advertising believability. To the extent that public confidence in advertising is damaged by one advertiser, all advertising suffers as does the medium that carries it. In fact, it is generally the medium that incurs the wrath of consumer irritation and indignation.

It is not enough to say that the advertiser who taxes the public credulity or intelligence will suffer in the marketplace. not any longer living in the age of caveat emptor.

Can't Side-Step 'Em

Most of the problems of Code administration and self-regulation are often knotty. Rarely do we achieve universal agreement for a policy. But ours is not a popularity contest. Problems are not solved by ducking or side-stepping them. What we seek for our Codes is respect. We have undertaken an affirmative program designed to strengthen the Codes and to build increasing confidence in them.

Self-regulation obviously must begin with the individual. He must have certain standards and prin-



HARRY VON ZELL

ciples which guide his enterprise. He accepts the concept that the freedom of the individual in our democratic society is not absolute. To paraphrase the late jurist, Zechariah Chafee, the liberty to swing our arms ends where someone's nose begins. We accept the need for order, not as an impinge-ment on our freedom, but as a means of preserving it, for the alternative is chaos.

The only real question is—who does the regulating and how? Behind the Iron Curtain the individual plays no role in this process and even in some of the free nations of the world the role of the individual is somewhat limited in the regulatory process.

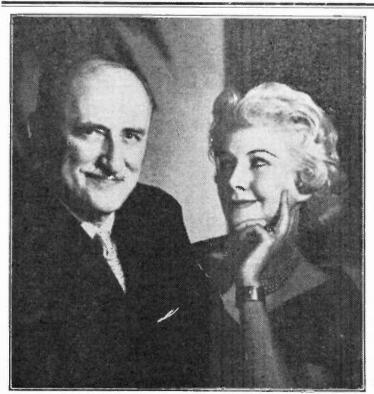
Our free enterprise system has burgeoned our economy to a point unmatched in the rest of the world. Individual self-reliance is a key factor distinguishing our form of enterprise from others. The reason it works is that it stimulates productivity and creativity by en-couraging individual initiative and

And every time the FCC imposes a standard of conduct on the broadcaster it tends to dampen that spirit of individual initiative and competition. And if it imposes too many requirements and restrictions on the freedom of the licensee that spirit may be destroyed altogether. And we know, too, that the spirit can suffer from erosion —by the implied threats of a lifted eyebrow.

The Government should be concerned with violations of law and public injury. By giving the NAB Codes the force of law the Gov-ernment would not be protecting anyone from injury. Rather, its purpose would be the supposed improvement of the industry through the maze of Government machinery. I submit that this is not the proper function of Government. It is, certainly, the responsibility of industry. And we accept that responsibility.

I think it's fair to conclude that the industry's own program of self-regulation saved the industry from FCC-enforced standards and at least offered the promise of a better tomorrow. We are trying better tomorrow. We are trying to keep faith with that promise. If we look back in the often

(Continued on page 108)



Contrary to the impression you may get at times, most of our agency relationships are fruitful 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 ORIGIAGENATED making with the conversation for the benefit of eavesdroppers!

Thanks to TV Blackout, Rediscovers Radio

By DIMITRI TIOMKIN

Hollywood.

For the past 10 years, whenever I have gotten up in the morning or had a few minutes in the after-noon or could not sleep, I have turned on tv. It was easy, merely a matter of sinking into a soft chair and pushing buttons to change the channel across the room, if I wished. I was, as are most of us, indolent both physically and mentally. I actually watched, with detached interest, such commercials on how you could keep your kitchen floor waxed and polished in one simple step or Helena Rubinstein telling a young girl how to shave her

If I watched the "eye" at night, I would finally wind up looking at some ancient-and often dulldrama, and would fall asleep where I was, just because in this century we seem to need noise to put us in the arms of Morpheus.

Thus, for the past decade, I was unfaithful to radio. I was ungrateful to it. When I had the chance to purchase a new and beautiful mahogany cabinet for just one medium, did I choose it to harbor a fine radio set? No, it went for tv. If I did buy a new radio, it was a tiny box, which I could carry around with me.

In the rush of television, I actually forgot what radio had done for me in the past. I forgot that, because of radio, my songs and scores were widely disseminated, both nationally and internationally. They were heard across the oceans and the deserts, and they jumped the barriers created by politics and diverse ideologies.

Whenever "Do Not Forget Me. O, My Darling" was played, for instance, the announcer invariably credited the song to "High Noon." The same was true of the scores of "The High And Mighty," "Giant," and so on. And therefore not only my music was promoted immeasurably, but also the particular picture was advertised in a quiet. dignified way. And, in time, I came to rely on this. Also in time, to my shame, I turned to tv, forgot the gifts radio had given me, and was ungrateful.

Now, because of a series of un-forseen circumstances, I find that television must once more earn a place in my home. Racio is king. Just after finishing "30 Hours,"

my doctor feared new trouble with my eyes, and I was ordered to the Children's Hospital in San Francisco for tests. (Another recent "child" up there, as you doubtless know, was Bob Hope.) I was in a darkened room for some time, forbidden both reading and television. I had to turn back to radio.

There is a lot of sheer nonsense over the air these days. I discovered, as there is in television. But I also discovered that the medium today is the most progressive and extraordinary in electronics, a medium of infinite scope, in all forms of entertainment.

Also Plays

I was thrilled, for example, by some of the dramatic plays I heard, staged with sound alone with fantastic results. I found I did not miss a screen, large or small, and when I was called upon to use my imagination because I coulde see no faces, I did not miss closeups, or fadeouts, or dissolves or all the other mechanisms of tv production.

As a result, my imagination ran wild. But, at the same time, I found myself composed, relaxed, and superbly entertained. I remembered then the first days of Orson Welles and Norman Corwin and Arch Oboler, men who had laid the foundations for storytelling with sound, who broke the path for the technique used not only in today's radio but, to a large extent, in television. And I wondered why I had deserted my first electronic love.

The entertainment and cultural value of radio today in unsurpasse value of radio today is unsur-passed. From my small machine, through stations both in San Francisco, for instance, I was able in a shot time to hear Tschaikowsky's "Pathetique" Symphony played by the London Philharmonic, the New York Philharmonic, and by the orchestras of Philadelphia, Boston, Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, and Tel Aviv!

What a variety of conceptions! What an opportunity for a student of music, for a student of conducting or composing!

At Electronic Zenith

All of these performances, I must add, were made at their recorded zenith, as perfectly as they could be. Thus, they came to my ears as no concert on a stage could have done, regardless of the magnificence of the particular hall's acoustics. Nowhere else could I have been given such a sublime chance to listen!

Music history credits Mendelssohn as the discoverer-the rediscoverer — of many of music's greatest works, among them Bach's "St. Matthew Mass." He thus presented to the world a great gift, a Jew who reintroduced a Catholic work of a masterful Christian composer.

Now. I must confess that radio is today responsible for giving the world much music which, once played, might have been forgotten, for seeing that the moderns truly have their chance to be heard and re-heard, and thus to be evaluated. And, because of the nature of the medium, there are no barriers to hold such creations from all men. Neither a "Wall" nor stone nor censorship can impose themselves on the freedom of the air-as the enormous reception of "The Voice of America" in the Iron Curtain countries proves. Music is, in short, the great language of peace and brotherhood, the language of ideas without hatred, our finest weapon for the good of mankind. And radio, above all others, is the medium which speaks the tongue!

From my own recent experience, radio has my immense gratitude-and my apologies. And, as a serious musicologist, I must also confess that while in San Francisco I heard the works of a composer I had honestly never known before. For this discovery, if nothing else, radio again has my loyalty.

TV's Progress In Malay Peninsula =By GORDON OOI=

Kuala Lumpur.

Better than ever. This is how the Department of Television (better known as Talivishon Malaysia), which falls within the Portfolio of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting. Malaysia, has described the progress of TV in this new nation.

"We can say the same of our-selves," said a spokesman of TV Singapore, the tele network in Singapore, a separate entity alto-gether from Kuala Lumpur.

TV news is now being prepared for relay locally by these two stations on a much larger scale than before in the four principal languages spoken in this multi-racial society: Malay, the national lingo, English, Tamil and Mandarin. In most cases news and entertainments in the leading Chinese dia-lects of Hokkien, Cantonese and Teochew are also telecast.

Local staff goes outdoors daily in search of that something which the natives will like: life as lived here, politics and the so-called lighter-side-of-life material. Other sources of TV items include Reu-ters, AP, UPI, the foreign embas-sies and news film service like

There are 6,500 licensed television sets operating in the Malay Peninsula. Nearly double this figure is the Singapore total.

Only three months ago the Singapore Minister of Culture, S. Rajaratnam laid the foundation stone of a new \$1,170,000 TV building on Caldecott Hill, a project expected to be completed by the second half of 1966. This new studio would provide space adequate for the staff and performers to work in conditions which would ensure a more efficient TV service."

Meanwhile, the Director of (Continued on page 108)



MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM

3m

'California, Here We Come' As Britain's Pay-TV Rebuttal

By EDWARD J. ROTH (Managing Director, Tolvision Ltd.)

London.

A three-year experiment in pay or subscription television proposed Postmaster General has recently been allowed to proceed by Parliament. Five companies have been formed, three have apfor and received licenses, while the remaining two are still in the process of applying for theirs. After a few false starts, detours and sudden stops, the experiment is confidently expected to kick off in about 10 months time.

Jack Gould refers to Nov. 3 not as the day the Johnson/Humphrey ticket won by a landslide, but the day the money stopped in Pat Weaver's referendumbed companies. We pay-as-you-enjoy-it television entrepeneurs in England know what you mean when you say "ee's bonkers" but we'll never understand how a "Yes" can mean "No" in the U.S.A. Nor how it is possible to reconcile a free enterprise system with the appalling events in California. So be it, but we are not disheartened by the Proposition 15 returns and face our future in England with confi-dence and determination. We believe we are inevitable.

The essential items involved in the experiment and the license are:

1, It is in fact a wired experiment with no promise from the government for the future whether successful or not.

2. The five companies will be obligated to pay up to 5% of their gross revenues into a Cinema Compensation Fund payable on all cinematograph films distributed on general release.

3. The companies are additionally obliged to pay 6% of their gross revenues into the Production Fund Levy payable on all regis-

tered cinematograph films.
4. There is a highly involved formula for the release of new feature film product which at first glance appears to mean the com-panies will have access to all films within six months of first circuit release

5. The nature of the experiment and the small areas involved, both rigidly controlled by the government, demand a huge investment of cash with not a chance in a billion of making a shilling profit.

None of the companies are too happy about all this but these are the rules of the ball game, at least for the present.

Wired For Sight & Sound

There is a long-standing tradi-tion in England for wired televi-sion. Best estimates indicate some 3,250.000 homes are already involved in wire networks. Some people here feel the government should watch carefully that the two big wire relay companies don't ultimately monopolize the new industry.

Much has been written but apparently very little understood about this new concept in communications. We can and do intend to exist side by side with the be-hemoth BBC 1 and BBC 2, with its policy of no commercials, and the show biz ITA and the giant Rank and ABC cinema circuits, and Billy Butlin's summer camps and even Lady Glockenspiel & Her All-Girl Band. Why? Because we intend to supplement, not compete with, our friendly friends in tertaining, educating and informing the public. We are most emphatically not in competition with our big brothers. The fledgling industry is so certain of its future, however, and the need for an alternative, it is prepared to invest millions to provide it and let the discipline of the boxoffice determine it.

Contrary to the wiseacres and the sideline kibitzers we do not exist to provide spectacular shows. Frankly, we don't need them or the huge television audiences to survive. Feature films and sports, yes, but not the \$250,000 light entertainment show. We are a new medium and all we ask is room to breath not necessarily upon the 13,000,000-plus television homes in England but upon an insignificant few hundred thousand — actually less than 10% of what's available.

Traditionally, the theatre has survived in England because of the existence of a thriving provincial theatre. To a certain extent, nevertheless, in recent years, the pro-vincial theatre in England has been suffering from the ever-present burden of high costs.

We could be the antidote to this dilemma in the provincial theatre. We expect to be able to bring in the plays, the new ones particularly, offering opportunities to the newly developing playwrights, actors and actresses of which England is so justifiably proud. These and many other opportunities are available to us. We intend to take advantage of them.

Our biggest contribution in the trade will be to the relatively small but aggressively developing and highly skilled, creative film industry, in England. One can safely predict that given a fair opportunity to succeed in the open market place, the subscription television industry will cause a renaissance in the film industry exceeding even the fondest dreams of the combined entertainment unions.

No people in the world are more sports conscious than the English and here again we have great opportunities, particularly in horse racing and boxing. The Pastrano-Downes fight was sold out shortly after the announcement was made of the first sports closed circuit feed to the Phoenix Theatre, London. And in cost conscious London over 1.000 people will pay from £1 (\$2.80) to £3 (\$8.40) to view the event. This is only the begin-

We don't expect to set the world on fire overnight, but we do expect to program hour or even two-hour discussion and analysis programs on the subject if this is what is going on. What's more, we believe there is a sizable audience which will pay a shilling or two to hear the views expressed. The yearning to learn community is increasing daily and its opinions are being heard. Witness the setting up of the new universities, the wide-spread interest in adult education and the expansion of the quality newspapers and magazines. fully intend to program to and for this articulate minority.

Maybe we are bonkers but we intend to give it a go!

KWK Appeals Revocation

Washington.

KWK-AM, St. Louis, has appealed its license revocation by FCC to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The station, asking the High Court to hear its plea, protested FCC went out of procedural bounds in nixing the license.

In a brief, the station's lawyers pointed out that top brass were not aware of the "Treasure Hunt," which prompted the KWK revo-



JOHN GARY

RCA VICTOR and the WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY combined in 1964 to make this young man with the pure sweet yet virile three octave range voice one of the businesses greet part of the pure sweet yet virile three octave range voice one of the businesses greet part of the pure standard ness's great new stars.

Press United In Opposition To French TV Adv.

The major French press and periodical unions and organizations have put out an open press letter against the possible use of advertising on the two state controlled tv webs. Both publishers and scribes were repped.

They maintained that the press in general has always championed the development of radio and tv and fought against its too close representation of the incumbent powers. The radio and tv yearly licenses, of \$5 and \$17 respectively, they felt, were enough to efficiently run them as cultural educational and recreative aspects.

They also pointed out that it could jeopardize press advertising, on which they are dependent, perhaps lead to the ruin of newspapers and periodicals which alone maintain complete freedom of information. Actually, the controlling and censoring of news on tv and radio has been a hot issue here

Government stated it allowed for fairly comprehensive covering of news but that most newspapers were against them and tv especially was a good medium for them to air their views. But press people have rebutted that commercial tv could well stifle them and lead to only biased national reporting on video.

Also broached was that commercial aspects would be a drain of the finances of most Frenchmen and also lower the standards of the programs and eventually hurt the cultural standing of the nation. They felt that Minister of Information Alain Peyrefitte was begging the issue in stating that ads might be considered due to tv deficits.



JOE SLATTERY

ANNOUNCER — NARRATOR — ACTOR Represented By: SHIRLEY HAMILTON, INC. 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois—DEarborn 2-1808

On Keeping The Faith

under license, we find repeated attempts to restrict broadcast enterprise. There will be others in the future but in each case the industry has rallied its defenses as it did so magnificently in support of the Rogers Bill.

In 1937 the Chairman of the CC, the late Anning S. Prall, testified before a Senate Appropriations Committee that if the Commission were "authorized under the Act to quiet a station or delete it for a temporary period, if we might close a station for two weeks for a violation, or a month, or six months, it would have a salutary effect on the industry as a whole." He also said he though it would be desirable to have "authority as to programs broadcast and with respect to the use of time being sold to advertisers."

And at his first news conference as FCC Chairman in 1937, Frank McNinch said this, "I regard broadcasting as a public utility, subject to regulation; and to me regulation does not mean 'strangulation', but it does mean regulation by the Commission and not being regula-ted by the industry or anybody . I have no hesitancy in saying that while the statute does not now provide for regulation of broadcasting charges, I question the wisdom of a policy which would leave forever free from regulatory control, the charges made by control the charges made by any public utility."

But there always have been leaders speaking out on this challenge to the continued growth of a free broadcasting service.

NBC board chairman David Sarnoff appeared before the FCC in 1938 and said: "I would like to take this opportunity to advocate to the broadcasting industry that it establish a voluntary system of self-regulation in its field of pub-lic service, and that it take the necessary steps to make that selfregulation effective."

In essence-what evolves through the Codes is a consensus judgment of what is a reasonable course of conduct—and these standards spring from the individual prac-titioner's experience rather than being imposed from without by persons who lack that personal knowledge and experience.

Further, the standards adopted are not rigid and inflexible as government rules must be of nec-The standards may changed by the broadcaster through his own representatives charged with the establishment of Code policy. And our Code decisions and procedures also are based on the basic principle of due process.

In short, the Code is no interloper in broadcasting-the Code is the broadcaster and those who argue otherwise do an injustice the whole process of self-regulation as opposed to Government interference. Those who are detractors of our Code efforts in the name of freedom actually may be endangering the very freedom they seek to protect!

The true enterprise of freedom can only be advanced in an atmosphere of self-regulation—one in which not all may participatebut one to which the majority subscribe. And so the question becomes not whether we should have such an effort—but how can we, to use General Sarnoff's words, make self-regulation truly effective! To begin with, I think it has

been more successful than some of our critics have been willing to admit—in some cases they don't have the facts on how it does function and this too often in the past has been because we haven't disseminated the facts. It is not true, as the Chairman of the Commission suggested not too long ago, that the "tide of commercialization in broadcasting has been allowed to rise unchecked . .

No other medium of communications and no segment of advertising has a comparable program of selfregulation. Ours is not merely a printed document or a plaque to hang on the wall. Our Codes are backed up with enforcement machinery, including a regular program of monitoring for compliance.

In television, our monitoring during the last fiscal year covered 52,000 hours, achieved through tape monitoring and log review. In addition, we also employed qualitative monitoring of program content, amounting to 800 hours during that period.

In radio, more than 67,000 hours

turbulent struggle for freedom were monitored in our last fiscal year. This also includes tape monitoring and log review. In both cases, the tape monitoring is done by professional organizations, al-though our own staffs evaluate the results.

And as we gain in strength through increased subscribers and more dollars we will make this machinery function even more effectively. This is what gives meaning and substance to self-regulation in broadcasting-and the fact that our enforcement is getting tougher is an indication of the desire of the broadcaster to back up a meaningful program in his interests and those of the public.

Malay TV

Continued from page 106

Broadcasting, Singapore, John H. Duclos, had said all tele sets on Singapore Island had channels 1 to 11 and so should be able to receive programs on any of these. including those transmitted from the Malaysian capital of Kuala Lumpur 200 odd miles in the northwest.

At this stage the general manager-designate of the Australian Broadcasting Commission, T. Duckmanton, has said in Singapore that the ABC would be too anxious to provide training facilities for broadcasting personnel from Ma-

"We take some pride in the fact that some of the Malaysian TV personnel were trained in Australia by the ABC," he said.

He also said there had already been a "fair flow" of television news films between his countdy and Malaysia and the ABC has been showing many pics on Ma-laysia so that this newly-formed nation could be better understood by "down under." Duckmanton also expressed the hope that ex-changes of TV material between the two countries would be stepped up.

Meanwhile a US \$3,140,000 plan to boost the services provided by Malaysia and Radio Malaysia in Kuala Lumpur next year, has been presented to the House of Parliament. TV is asking for \$840,-000; radio nearly three times that. Over half of the money allocation for tele will go to developing its West Coast (of the Malay penin-sula) network. Equipment alone will cost \$570,000 and buildings \$18,000.

Television Malaysia will soon be producing local dramas. The producers are planning to recruit actors and actresses for their pro-

Sia Cheng Tit, senior officer in the Broadcasting Division of the Ministry of Culture, in charge of Chinese schools broadcasts and program coordinating for the schools units, has left for training course in Japan, partly for this purpose.

The program production adviser to TV Malaysia, Kuala Lumpur, Erine Mutimer has advised that Malaysia should have a school of broadcasting for radio and televi-sion staff if it is to advance at a greater pace in these fields.

Such school could either be a department of the University of Malaya, or independent, he said.

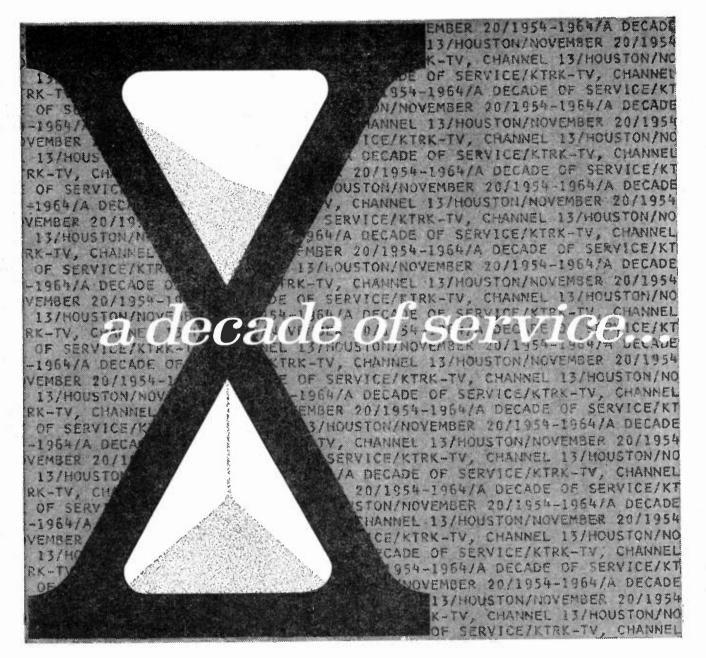
"Malaysians are very talented and can learn quickly. If they are given the right training and guid-ance, they will become top televi-sion technicians, designers and program organizers."

FOUR IN BID FOR **KOKOMO'S FRANCHISE**

Four applicants are seeking a franchise for cable television in Kokomo. City Council has tenta-tively approved franchising cable television, but instructed the Board of Works to execute a franchise with one firm, and to decide who it should be. Then City Council must authorize CATV and

approve the contract.
Applicants are the Alliance
Amusement Co., Chicago: Booth Corp., of Michigan; Portsmouth Cable Co., Portsmouth, O., and Telesystems Corp., Wabash, Ind.

1954



1964

KTRK.TV CHANNEL 13 HOUSTON

TV's Graveyard: From 'Flack' To 'Mr. Broadway'

		Continued from page 86			
Clock, The		Red Barber's Corner	. 1957-1958	International Showtime	Still Or
Four Star Revue	to ABC 1950-1951	Screen Directors Playhouse	. 1955-1956	Joey Bishop	1964-196
Garroway At Large	1950-1951	Texaco—Durante Show	. 1955-1956		to CBS 1961-196
Hank McCune Show	1950-1951	Adventures Of Hiram Holliday	. 1956-1957	Robert Taylor—Detective from ABC Saturday Night Movies	1961-196 Still Or
Hopalong Cassidy Jack Carter Show	1950-1951	Break the \$250,000 Bank	. 1956-1957	Sing Along With Mitch	1963-196
Kay Kaisers College Of Music Variety	1950-1951	3.000	to ABC	Theater 62 Walt Disney's World Of Color . from ABC	1961-196 Still Or
Kukla, Fran & Ollie Leave It To The Girls	1951-1952	Ford Show	1960-1961	(First Season On Air: 1962-1963) Andy Williams	
Lights Out	to ABC	Jane Wyman Show	1957-1958	Chet Huntley Reporting	1962-196
Little Show, The	1951-1952	Jonathan Winters Show Kaiser Aluminum Hour	1956-1957 1956-1957	David Brinkley's Journal Don't Call Me Charlie	1962-196
Martin Kane, Private Eye	1953-1954 1951-1952	Meet The Champions National Bowling Champions	1956-1957	Eleventh Hour	1963-19
Musical Comedy Time	1950-1951	Noah's Ark		Empire Ensign O'Toole	
One Man's Family Original Amateur Hour	1951-1952	On Trial Saturday Color Carnival	1956-1957 1956-1957	It's A Man's World	1962-19
Peter & Mary Show	1950-1951	77th Bengal Lancers	1956-1957	McKeever & The Colonel	1962-196
Smilin Ed McConnell	1950-1951	Sir Lancelot Stanley		Saints & Sinners	1962-196
Speidel Show		Steve Allen Show	1959-1960	Virginian, The	Still Or
Take A Chance	1950-1951	Twenty-One	to ABC 1957-1958	Wide Country (First Season On Air: 1963-1964)	1962-19
Voice Of Firestone	1954-1955 to ABC	Walter Winchell Show (First Season On Air: 1957-1958)	1956-1957	Bill Dana	Still O
Vayne King	1951-1952	Bob Cummings Show from CBS		Chrysler Theater Espionage	1963-196
Ve, The People	1951-1952 1953-1954	Californians	to CBS 1958-1959	Grindl	1963-196
reatest Fights		Club Oasis	1957-1958	Hollywood & The Stars	1963-196
(First Season On Air: 1951-1952) coodyear TV Playhouse	1956-1957	Court Of Last Resort Gisele Mackenzie Show	1957-1958 1957-1958	Kraft Suspense TheaterLieutenant. The	Still Or
Il Star Revue	1952-1953	Lux Show	1957-1958	Monday Night Movies	1963-196
ord Festival Late Smith Evening Hour		M-Squad	1957-1958	Mr. Novak Redigo	Still Or 1963-196
CA Victor Show	1953-1954	Polly Berger Show	1957-1958	Richard Boone Show	1963-196
ed Skelton	to CBS	Price Is Right	1963-1964 to ABC	Temple Houston Victory At Sea	1963-196 1963-196
omerset Maugham Theater from CBS		Restless Gun Saber Of London	1958-1959	(First Season On Air: 1964-1965)	-500-100
	1954-1955	Sally Show	1957-1958	Daniel Boone Famous Adventures of Mr. Magoo	
aung Ma Dabbia	to ABC 1951-1952	Suspicion Tales Of Wells Fargo	1957-1958	Flipper	
(First Season On Air: 1952-1953)	1991-1952	Thin Man	1958-1959	Jack Benny from CBS Jonathan Winters	
	1956-1957	Tic Tac Dough Turn Of Fate	1958-1959 1957-1958	Kentucky Jones Man From U.N.C.L.E.	
· mi	1958-1959 1956-1957	Wagon Train	1962-1963	90 Bristol Court	
Married Joan	to ABC	What's It For	to ABC 1957-1958	Profiles In Courage Rogues, The	
eet The Press	Still On	Bob Hope Show	1960-1961	That Was The Week That Was	
	1954-1955	Original Amateur Hour (First Season On Air: 1958-1959)	1957-1958	Tuesday News Specials Wednesday Night Movies	
nis Is Your Life	1960-1961	Bat Masterson			
valcade Of America	1953-1954 to ABC	Behind Closed Doors Brains & Brawn	1953-1959 1958-1959	CBS (On Air: 1950-1951)	
octor, The	1952-1953	Buckskin Ed Wynn Show	1958-1959	Arthur Godfrey & Friends	1958-195
nbassy Clubangbusters		Ellery Queen	1958-1 959	Arthur Godfrey's Scouts	1957-195 1956-195
alf Playhouse	1952-1953	Fight Beat George Burns Show	1958-1959	Burns & Allen	1957-195
erman Hickman Show ollywood Opening Night from CBS	1952-1953 1952-1953	Hallmark Hall Of Fame	1960-1961	Danger Early Evening News	1954-1959
Hero	1952-1953	Jefferson Drum Kraft Music Hall—M. Bide	1958-1959 1958-1959	Gene Autrey	1955-1950
ott Music Hall	1953-1954 1952-1953	Masquerade Party from ABC	1959-1960	Mama	1955-1950 1955-1950
ort, Short Diamas	1952-1953	Northwest Passage	to CBS 1958-1959		to NBC
vo For The Money	1952-1953 1952-1953	Peter Gunn	1960-1961	Studio One What's My Line	1957-1958 Still On
	1952-1953	Shirley Temple's Storybook	to ABC 1959-1960		Still On
ke Time	1955-1956	to ABC, 1960-1961 to NBC			to NRC
nel & Albert	1955-1956	(First Season On Air: 1959-1960)	1958-1959	Big Town Faye Emmerson	1954-1955
e Of Riley	to ABC 1957-1958	Art Carney Show		Ford Theater	1950-1951
retta Young Show	1930-1961	Deputy, The	1960-1961	Frank Sinatra Show Fred Waring Show	1951-1952
Little Margie ne Garroway Show	1953-1955 1953-1954	Fibber McGee & Molly	1959-1960	Goldbergs, The	1953-1954 1950-1951
nino	1953-1954	It Could Be You	1959-1960		1951-1952 1950-1951
mpbell Soundstage	1953-1954 1953-1954	Law Of The Plainsmen	1962-1963	Ken Murray Show	1951-1952
	1953-1954	Lawless Years	1959-1960		1954-1958 to NBC
me That Tune	1954-1955	Love & Marriage Man & The Challenge	1959-1960	Magnavox Theater	1950-1951
	to CBS 1953-1954	Phillies Jackpot Bowling	1959-1960	to NBC and I	1953-1954 Du Mont
Asked For It	1953-1954 1953-1954	Richard Diamond Riverboat	1959-1960	Morton Downey	1950-195
(First Season On Air: 1954-1955) Town from CBS	1055 1050	Staccato	1959-1960	Nash Airflyte Theater	1950-1951 1950-1951
ar Phoebe	1955-1956 19 5 4-1 95 5	Startime Troubleshooters	1939-1960	Prudential Family Playhouse	1950-1951
orge Gobel	1959-1960	Wichita Town	1959-1960	Sing It Again	1951-1952 1950-1951
eat Moments In Sports	to CBS 1954-1955	(First Season On Air: 1960-1961) Alfred Hitchcock Presents from CBS	1069-1069	Somerset Maugham Show	1951-1952
nter, The	1954-1955	to CBS, 1964-1965 to NBC		Starlight Theater	to NBC 1950-1951
ogene Coca Show A_Great Life	1955-1956	Bachelor Father from CBS		Suspense	1950-195
k Carson Show 1	1954-1955	Barbara Stanwyck Show	to ABC 1960-1961	Manager Classic Att Co. Co. 1	1953-1954 1951-1952
Theater from CBS	1955-1 956 1956-19 57	Bell Telephone Hour Dan Raven	Still On	Married Comments	to ABC
tha Raye Show	1955-1956	Dante	1960-1961	Vaughn Monroe Show	1950-1951 1950-1951
lic, The	1955-195 6 195 6-19 5 7	Groucho Show Jackpot Bowling	1960-1961		1953-195
key Rooney Show 1	1954-1955	Klondike	1960-1961	Love Lucy	1958-1959
	1960-1961	Michael Shayne	1960-1961	Schlitz Playhouse of Stars	1957-1958 1954-1958
ce The Face 1	1954-1955	National velvet			1054-1955
ce The Face	1956-1957	National Velvet Outlaws	1961-1962	Strike It Rich	
ce The Face Inducers Showcase In Buttons Show from CBS In Caesar Show	1956-1957 1954-1955	Peter Loves Mary	1961-1962 1960-1961	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show	1951-1952
ce The Face ducers Showcase	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955 1955-1956	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers	1951-1952 1952-1953
ce The Face ducers Showcase	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953
ce The Face ducers Showcase	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955 1955-1956 1955-1956	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller Westerner, The (First Season On Air: 1961-1962)	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962 1960-1961	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated Hollywood Opening Night	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953
ce The Face 1 ducers Showcase 1 l Buttons Show from CBS Caesar Show 1 th Or Consequences 1 (First Season On Air: 1955-1956) 0a-Goodyear 1 Surprise 1	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955 1955-1956 1955-1956 1959-1960 1956-1957	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller Westerner, The (First Season On Air: 1961-1962) Bob Newhart Show	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962 1960-1961	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated Hollywood Opening Night It's News To Me	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 to NBC 1952-1953
ce The Face ducers Showcase	1956-1957 1954-1955 1934-1955 1955-1956 1955-1956 1959-1960 1956-1957 1956-1957	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller Westerner, The (First Season On Air: 1961-1962) Bob Newhart Show Bullwinkle Show Cains Hundred	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated Hollywood Opening Night It's News To Me Live Like A Millionaire	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 to NBC 1952-1953
Ce The Face	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955 1955-1956 1955-1956 1955-1956 1956-1957 1956-1957 1960-1961 1958-1959	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller Westerner, The (First Season On Air: 1961-1962) Bob Newhart Show Bullwinkle Show Cains Hundred Car 54—Where Are You	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated Hollywood Opening Night It's News To Me Live Like A Millionaire Racket Squad	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 10 NBC 1952-1953 1952-1953 to ABC 1952-1953
The Face	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955 1955-1956 1955-1956 1959-1960 1956-1957 1956-1957 1960-1961 1958-1959 19 CBS	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller Westerner, The (First Season On Air: 1961-1962) Bob Newhart Show Bullwinkle Show Cains Hundred Car 54—Where Are You Dick Powell Show Dr. Kildare	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1963 1962-1963 Still On	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated Hollywood Opening Night It's News To Me Live Like A Millionaire Racket Squad Sammy Kaye Variety Show Songs For Sale	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 to NBC 1952-1953 1952-1953 to ABC
The Face	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955 1955-1956 1955-1956 1959-1960 1956-1957 1956-1957 1956-1961 1958-1959 1955-1956 1955-1956	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller Westerner, The (First Season On Air: 1961-1962) Bob Newhart Show Bullwinkle Show Cains Hundred Car 54—Where Are You Dick Powell Show Dr. Kildare DuPont Show Of The Week from CBS	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1962-1963 1962-1963 1963-1964	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated Hollywood Opening Night It's News To Me Live Like A Millionaire Racket Squad Sammy Kaye Variety Show Songs For Sale Star Of The Family	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 1952-1953 1952-1953 1952-1953 to ABC 1952-1953 1951-1952
The Face	1956-1957 1954-1955 1954-1955 1955-1956 1955-1956 1955-1956 1956-1957 1956-1957 1960-1961 1958-1959 19 CBS 1955-1956 1955-1956 1955-1958 1957-1958	Outlaws Peter Loves Mary Tab Hunter Show Tall Man Thriller Westerner, The (First Season On Air: 1961-1962) Bob Newhart Show Bullwinkle Show Cains Hundred Car 54—Where Are You Dick Powell Show Dr. Kildare DuPont Show Of The Week from CBS 87th Precinct	1961-1962 1960-1961 1960-1961 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1962 1961-1963 1962-1963 1962-1963 Still On 1963-1964 1961-1962 Still On	Strike It Rich Garry Moore Show Amos 'n' Andy Crime Photographers Crime Syndicated Hollywood Opening Night It's News To Me Live Like A Millionaire Racket Squad Sammy Kaye Variety Show Songs For Sale Star Of The Family (First Season On Air: 1952-1953)	1951-1952 1952-1953 1951-1952 1952-1953 1952-1953 to NBC 1952-1953 1952-1953 to ABC 1952-1953 1952-1953 1951-1952

THANKS A MILLION

to the many wonderful stars who have helped me to establish the

CHARLOTTE PETERS SHOW

ON

KTVI

CHANNEL 2 in St. Louis

including:

Georgie Jessel, Herb Shriner, Farley Granger, Kaye Stevens, Signe Hasso, John Astin, Jackie Coogan, Bobby Sherman, Barbara Parkins, Barney Phillips, Henry Kulky, David Hedison, Eileen O'Neill, Gary Conway, Sammy Jackson, Curtiss and Tracy, Don McNeil, Sam Cowling, Eddie Ballantine, Fran Allison, Ron Harper, James Callahan, J. Pat O'Malley, Bill Anderson, Connie Smith, Jimmy Gately, William Tuttle, and many many others.

Sincerely,

Charlotte Peters

TV's Graveyard: Spanning The Nielsen Years

Biff Baker U.S.A. from NBC 1952-1953 City Hospital
Four Star Playhouse 1952-1953 1955-1956 Heaven For Betsy
I've Got A Secret Jackie Gleason Show

 Life With Luigi
 1952-1953

 Mr. & Mrs. North
 1952-1953

 My Friend Irma
 1953-1954

 Our Miss Brooks 1955-1956 See It Now (First Season On Air: 1953-1954) Jack Benny Show 1964-1965 Jane Froman Show Man Behind The Badge 1953-1954 Medallion Theater Meet Mr. McNulty 1953-1954 1953-1954 My Favorite Husband 1955-1956 1956-1957 to ABC Break Of The Sports News Person To Person
Philip Morris Playhouse
Place The Face 1960-1961 1953-1954 1954-1955 1956-1957 Private Secretary 1954-1955 to NBC Red Skelton ShowFrom NBC Still On Revlon Mirror Theater 1953-1954 1955-1956 Topper Two For The Money 1955-1956 You Are There 1955-1956 (First Season On Air: 1954-1955) December Bride 1957-1958 1958-1959 · Father Knows Best to NBC, 1958-1959 to CBS, 1962-1963 to ABC Halls of Ivy
Honestiv Celeste
Jo Stafford Show
Lassie
Life With Father
Lineur The 1954-1955 1954-1955 Still On 1954-1955 Lineup. The
Meet Millie 1959-1960 Name That Tune from NBC
Public Defender
Ray Milland Show
Shower of Stars 1958-1959 1954-1955 1954-1955 That's My Boy 1954-1955 Willy 1954-1955 (First Season On Air: 1955-1956) Alfred Hitchcock 1960-1961 to NBC, 1962-1963 to CBS, 1964-1965 to NBC 1955-1956 Appt. Adventure Bob Cummings Show 1957-1958 to NBC, 1960-1961 to CBS
Crusaders 1956-195
Damon Runvon Theater 1955-195 1956-1957 Ford Star Jubilee 1955-1956 Gunsmoke
It's Always Jan
Johnny Carson Show Still On 1955-1956 Lucy Show
Millionaire, The Lucy Show 1955-1956 1959-1960 1956-1957 to ABC 1958-1959 Robin Hood Sergeant Preston \$64,000 Question 1957-1958 1957-1958 Stage Show
20th Century Fox Theater
U.S. Steel Hour from ABC 1955-1956 1963-1964 1962-1963 Wanted 1955-1956 (First Season On Air: 1956-1957) Air Power 1956-1957 Brothers, The 1956-1957 1956-1957 Buccaneers, The
Do You Trust Your Wife 1956-1957 Gale Storm Show 1959-1960 to ABC Giant Step Herb Shriner Show
Hey Jeannie 1956-1957 1956-1957 Property Flicka
Our Mr. Sun 1956-1957 Playhouse 90 \$64,000 Challenge Playhouse 90 Telephone Time 1957-1958 Zane Grey Theater 1960-1961 (First Season On Air: 1957-1958) Armstrong Guide Theater 1962-1963 Assignment Foreign Legion 1957-1958 Bachelor Father 1957-1958 Danny Thomas Show from ABC
Dick & The Duchess
Eve Arden Show
Harbaurmaster 1963-1964 1957-1958 Harbourmaster Have Gun. Will Travel 1957-1958 1962-1963 High Adventure—L. Thomas
Leave It To Beaver 1957-1958 Mr. Adams & Eve 1957-1958 Perry Mason To Tell The Truth Still On Still On Trackdown 1958-1959 (First Season On Air: 1958-1959) Ann Southern Show 1960-1961 1959-1960

DuPont Show of the Month

Lux-Schlitz Playhouse ...

7 11 11 11			
Small World	1959-1960	East Side West Side	1963-1964
Texan, The	1959-1960	Glynis Johns Show	1963-1964
Wanted, Dead or Alive	1960-1961	Great Adventure	1963-1964
Yancey Derringer	1958-1959		
Your Hit Parade from NBC		Judy Garland Show	1963-1964
Comme Marine Ch.	1958-1959	Petticoat Junction	Still On
Garry Moore Show	1963-1964	My Favorite Martian	Still On
(First Season On Air: 1959-1960)		(First Season On Air: 1961-1962)	
Betty Hutton Show	1959-1960	Alvin & The Chipmunk	1961-1962
Big Party	1959-1960	Defenders	Still On
CBS Reports	Still On	Dick Van Dyke	Still On
Dennis O'Keefe Show	1959-1960	Father Of The Bride	1961-1962
Dennis The Menace	1962-1963	Frontier Circus	1961-1962
George Gobel Show from NBC	1959-1960	Ichabod & Me	1961-1962
Hennesey	1961-1962		
Hotel De Paree		Investigators	1961-1962
Johnny Dingo	1959-1960	Mr. Ed	Still On
Johnny Ringo	1959-1960	Mr. G. Goes To College	1961-1962
June Allison Show	1960-1961	Window On Main Street	1961-1962
Loves of Dobie Gillis	1959-1960	(First Season On Air: 1962-1963)	
Markham	19 5 9-1 960	Beverly Hilbillies	Still On
Masquerade Party from NBC	19 59-1960	Fair Exchange	1962-1963
Man Into Space	1959-1960	General Electric True	1962-1963
Mr. Lucky	1959-1960	Lloyd Bridges Show	1962-1963
Rawhide	Still On	Loretta Young Show	1962-1963
l'ightrope	1959-1960	Nurses, The	Still On
Twilight Zone	1963-1964	Password	Still On
(First Season On Air: 1960-1961)	2000 2002	Real McCovs from ABC	1962-1963
Andy Griffith Show	Still On	Stump The Stars	1962-1963
Angel	1960-1961	Jackie Gleason	Still On
Aquanauts	1960-1961		
Bringing Up Buddy		Lucy Show	Still On
Candid Camera	1960-1961	Phil Silvers	1963-1964
hookmate	Still On	(First Season On Air: 1964-1965)	
Checkmate	1961-1962	Baileys of Balboa	
Dobie Gillis	1962-1963	Cara Williams	
Eyewitness To History	1962-1963	Entertainers, The	
Face The Nation	1960-1961	Gomer Pyle, USMC	
Garlund Touch	1960-1961	Gilligan's Island	
My Sister Eileen	1960-1961	Joey Bishopfrom NBC	
Pete & Gladys	1961-1962	Many Happy Returns	
Poute 66	1963-1964	Mr. Broadway	
fom Ewell Show	1960-1961	Munsters, The	
Witness, The	1960-1961	My Living Doll	
(First Season On Air: 1963-1964)	1000-1001	Reporter, The	
Chronicle	1963-1964	Slattery's People	
Danny Kaye Show	Still On		
	Sun On	World War I	

Destroy That Teenager!

Continued from page 85;

by the bedroom. Apparently, boys go to college to get loaded and girls go to get pregnant.

In one of the scenes, some students were shown carrying books, but the only title I could glimpse was: "How To Make Love on a Surfboard."

The story began simply enough:

This spoiled young teenage boy falls for this spoiled young teenage girl who would like to marry the boy if she can only figure out a way to get him out of her bedroom long enough to go to church. He, on the other hand, is in this thing strictly for laughs, and cannot possibly consider marriage till he finishes his guitar and dancing lessons.

It seems his father is grooming him for a career in the Senate.

Anyway, after a series of wild orgies on the beach and in the girls' dorms and in the chem lab, the girl tells the boy he is about to become a father and what is he going to do about it?

The boy tells the girl if she really loves him, she'll kill

The girl, in typical clumsy teenage fashion, bungles but the boy forgives her because it's her first attempt.

There follows a touching scene where the boy's parents meet with the girl's parents to discuss: Where have we failed our little monsters?

The boy's parents think maybe the whole thing is their fault. Maybe when their son tried to molest his governess at the age 14, they should not have interrupted. And the girl's parents figure maybe they spoiled their daughter. Maybe they should have forbidden her to wear lipstick and eye shadow and tight capris at the age of nine.

In the end, the teenagers marry and the bottom half of the double feature was about a lot of kids who go zooming around town in black leather jackets on motorcycles with a noisy horn in the front and a girl's tight pants in the back.

The plot was basically similar to the college story outlined above, only to make sure they didn't lose their teenage audience the producers added a little sadism, rape, and a touch of cannibalism.

And this was the lighter half of the double-feature. And so it goes.

Teenagers have been made to feel that they and they alone watch the movies and tv and buy records and, by George, if it's sex you want, kids, we'll put it in your movies and your tv and if we can figure out a way, we'll

stick it in your toothpaste. I'm not too sure why the kids are falling apart today. Maybe it's that modern Sword of Damocles hanging over their bleached little heads.

I mean the Big Bomb.

1961-1962

1958-1959

1958-1959

1958-1959

Maybe the let's-live-it-up-before-it's-too-late is their

But if the goal of life is the avoidance of pain and the securing of happiness, does this fatalistic ostrich-head-inthe-sand philosophy make sense?

Glorifying the prostitute and free love on our movle screens is not the answer. Are the kids going to find happiness imitating those swinging bedroom scenes which highlight most of our "big moneymakers"?

The early-marriage high-divorce rate; the increasing illegitimacy; the rising tide of hoodlumism; the decreasing respect for our forces of law and order—all these phenomena are barometers of a frantic, feverish generation trying to get too much too quick,

True, pictures have to make money and tv shows have

to win viewers, but somewhere the line should be drawn. The line of Good Taste.

Wednesday, January 6, 1965

Until the day when the President, out of sheer desperation, creates a Secretary of Morals, it might behoove some of us writers and producers to listen to "that little voice inside" and create some entertainment that is clean and wholesome and offers our youth a set of moral standards that makes sense.

I don't say to plug the Ten Commandments, but if we can get the kids to accept, say, One commandment, maybe it'll be a start.

Saudi Arabia TV

Continued from page 87 =

in the center of the desert country. Both have an estimated population of 175,000 each.

The stations under construction are identical in all details, including pre-fabricated steel buildings fashioned by Butler Co. and built by the Paul Hardeman Construction Co. of Los Angeles.

Many component parts of the stations were flown to

their sites. Each station will have one studio plus one mobile van. Both are located in the center of their respective city, hard by the royal palaces. The Riyadh station covers an area of about three acres; the Jeddah, about one acre.

Initial programming is expected to consist of religious presentations, films, educational programs and news. Eventually live shows will be introduced.

Problems for material are more complicated than usual due to existing, particular taboos, especially that women may not be shown publicly. No weather girls

Movie houses will suffer no competition in Saudi Arabia

because they have never existed.

While these stations near completion, the second phase of the television picture is in the planning stages. second five-year plan may cost an additional \$15,000,000 and is to extend the network to five other population centers-Mecca, Medina, Taif, Buraydah and El Karhj. When permanent facilities in Jeddah and Riyadh are completed, the temporary pre-fab steel buildings are expected to be moved to other cities and set up as permanent establishments.

Damned Sinus Cavity

Continued from page 87

no escaping that evening. From the stuffed grape leaves to the baclavah with rum sauce, the sinuses drained

On the last 50 pink-to-blue-to-pink drainings, my wife covered her eyes. "I can't look any more," she said. "Take me home. I'm starting to develop sinus trouble." "You don't understand," I chided her, "advertising is part of the good life here in America. It's getting better all the time. This is very sophisticated stuff."

As I led her away from the window, I decided that perhaps it was just as well we had not continued to enjoy the billboard any longer. "An embarrassment of riches," I told her. "There's a limit to how much sophistication a man can stand in one day."

From

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For 1965



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PETTICOAT JUNCTION

CBS

MR. ED

CBS

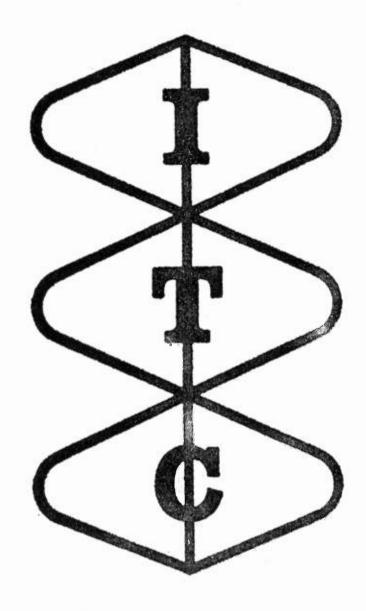
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Associated Television of England

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NICK CASTLE

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PRODUCER - DIRECTOR

ELECTRIC SHOWCASE SPECIALS ABC-TV

WINTERLAND ON ICE DEC. 27, 1964

AQUA VARIETIES FEB. 7, 1965

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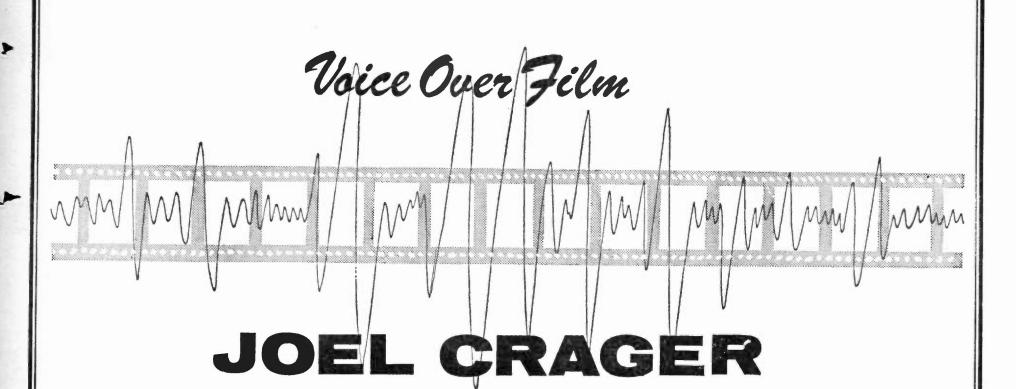
FOUR OF A KIND

CFCF — MONTREAL, CANADA

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G.A.C.—REPRESENTATIVES



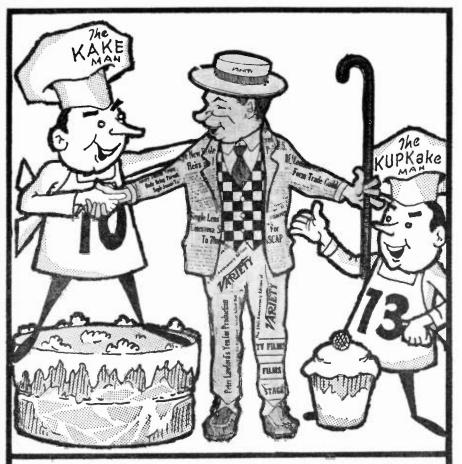
Stan Freberg



Personal Management: CARL EASTMAN

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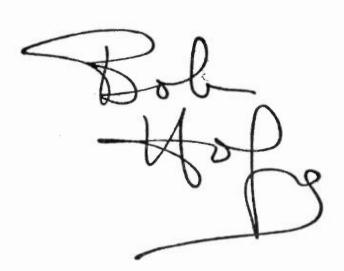
KAKE-TV, Wichita, and it's NEW "Kupkake", KUP-K, Southwest Kansas

John Cannon



- narrator
- m.c.

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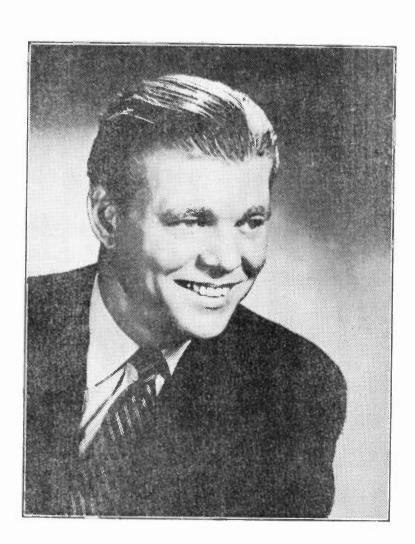
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RON COCHRAN NEWS

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SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIES

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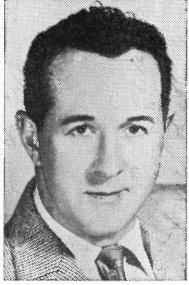
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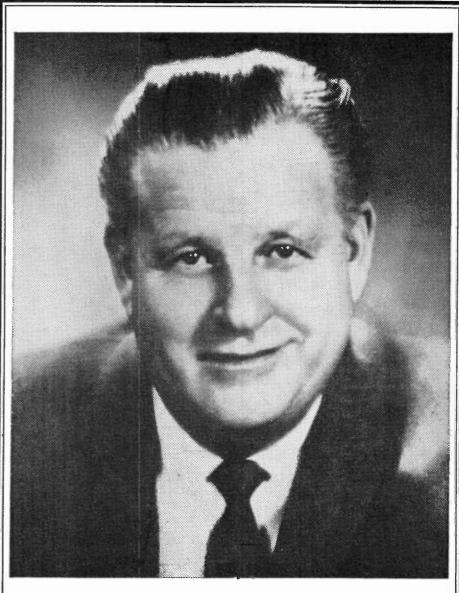
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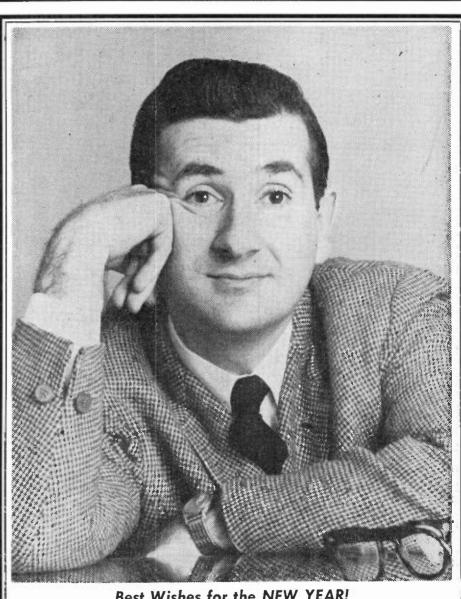


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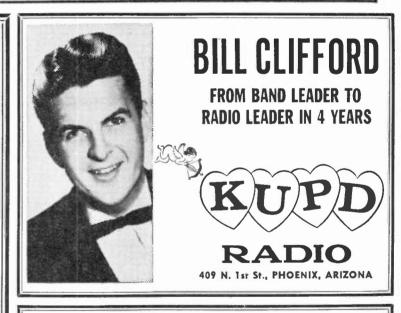
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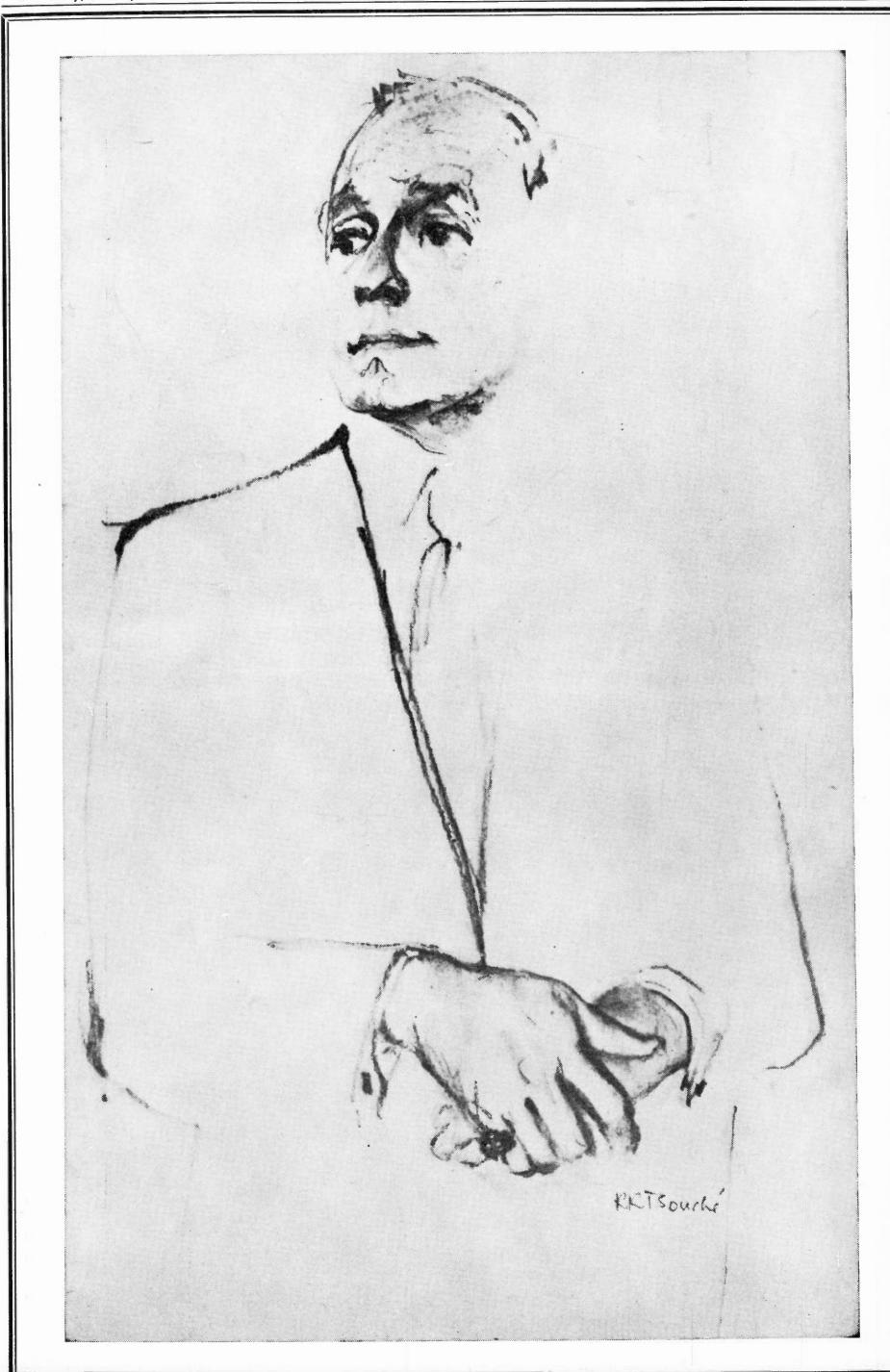
TOUP AND ALBROY
LIAYIB AA
LIAYIB AA
LIIP OND,

(Would we call ourselves Erwin Wasey, Inc. if we were square?)

BILL HOBIN

Director

"THE RED SKELTON HOUR"



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667 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

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Peter Birch

Director - Choreographer

CBS—TELEVISION NETWORK

"Captain Kangaroo" "Mr. Mayor"

Season's Greetings

HENRY COOKE

WMAQ - NBC - CHICAGO



"SAFARI" Now Ready For Syndication

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"HERE'S GERALDINE" WBKB-ABC-TV CHIGAGO **BEGINNING NINTH YEAR**





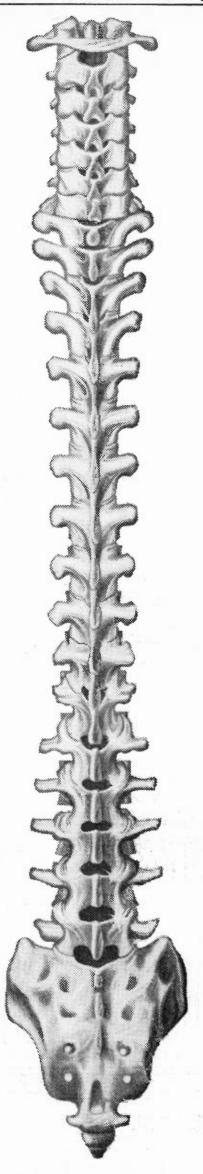
SHIELD RADIO AND TELEVISION PRODUCTIONS, INCORPORATED

919 Ernst Court, Chicago, Illinois, Michigan 2-6441 ... Creation and Production of Scripts, Music Sound and Film for Radio and Television.

MARTY RUBENSTEIN, Musical Director JIM DOLAN, President

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Kupcinet Productions, 190 North State Street.
Producer, Kup's "AT RANDOM," 1959-62 (WBBM-TV) Writer-Producer, "SUSAN'S SHOW," 1956-60 (WBBM-TV) and "SUSAN'S SHOW," 1957 (CBS Television Network) Writer-Producer, Mike Douglas' "HI LADIES," 1953-55 (WGN-TV)

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"CLUTCH CARGO" "THIS IS THE LIFE"
"SPANIS FOR YOU"

Filmservice Laboratories, Inc.

Call Gil Scott

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Opening at The Lyceum Theatre, Jan. 13, 1965



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An organization of young, versatile,

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production of factual television programming

SOON TO BE ANNOUNCED, AN UNUSUAL AND OUTSTANDING PROGRAM OF TELEVISION DOCUMENTARIES AND MOTION PICTURES FOR 1965-66.

Congratulations to



on the occasion of its 59th anniversary edition



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General U. S. Importers



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- 3. COMMUNITY SERVICE (extending from the heart of New York to every corner of Puerto Rico)
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MATINEE **NBC**

Chicago

JOHN DOREMUS

DON McNEILL



MEXICO'S



TELESISTEMA MEXICANO is two microwave networks originating

from Mexico City covering 80 percent of the population in 17 states coast-to-coast in Central Mexico through eight satellite repeaters. A third Mexico City channel services only the Valley of Mexico. All broadcasting originates in "TELEVICENTRO", the network's Mexico City central service complex.

TELESISTEMA MEXICANO BROADCASTS WEEKLY 54 new and 48 repeated half hour U.S. film series, dubbed in Spanish.

TELESISTEMA MEXICANO BROADCASTS WEEKLY 288 live and videotaped programs created and produced in TELEVICENTRO studios, of which 25 are daily, half hour continuing dramatic soap operas.

TELESISTEMA MEXICANO BROADCASTS WEEKLY from five to ten remote controls including soccer, boxing, bull fights, baseball, etc.

TELESISTEMA MEXICANO EXPORTS Mexico-originated video tape programs to several Central and South American Countries and to UHF 34 Los Angeles and UHF 41 San Antonio TELESISTEM A MEXICANO USES DAILY 16 studios on 45,000 square feet, seven 16 mm. projectors, 52 orticon, 8 videocon and 10 Gemini-Marconi cameras; pioneering in Gemini with a special, completely equipped lab for rush processing of Gemini film.

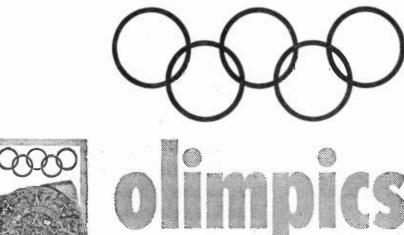
TELESISTEMA MEXICANO EMPLOYS in Mexico City 1,500 employees and nearly 2,000 Mexican producers, directors, actors, singers, dancers, writers and artists.

TELESISTEMA MEXICANO WORKS WITH over two hundred Mexican and U.S. advertising agencies servicing nearly a thousand clients.

TELESISTEMA MEXICANO HAS PRODUCED since 1955 -competing with imported programs-8 of the 10 most popular TV shows in Mexico, as reported by all mexican rating and research firms.

TELESISTEMA MEXICANO REACHES all principal Mexican regional markets with over a million and a half TV homes.





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TELESISTEMA MEXICANO, S.A.

TELEVICENTRO

Avenida Chapultepec número 18

MEXICO 1, D.F. . MEXICO CITY

Dannon Milk Products/8 years



BING CROSBY PRODUCTIONS

BEN CASEY

*

THE BING CROSBY SHOW

*

SLATTERY'S PEOPLE

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BREAKING POINT

(IN SYNDICATION)

In Hollywood . . .

c/o Desilu Studios 780 N. Gower St. Los Angeles 38, Calif. Tel.: HOllywood 9-5911 In New York . . .

1271 Avenue of the Americas New York 20, N. Y. Tel.: PLaza 7-8618

Represented by ARTISTS AGENCY CORP., 9229 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 69, Calif. and 1271 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, N. Y.

For years and years and years these advertisers have used



Sponsors and consecutive years on WOXR

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Can there be any better proof than that?

Can there be any good reason why you shouldn't find out how you can profitably use WQXR for years and years and years?

Call Bob Krieger at
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add you to the list.

WQXR/1560AM 96.3FM, radio station of The New York Times 229 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036.



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Singer: TV - Radio - Nightclubs

COMMERCIAL SPOKESWOMAN

Associated Booking Corp.

"HAVE TAPE — WILL TRAVEL"

Greetings From

SIG SAKOWICZ

WGN and WTAQ, Chicago



BOB LEWANDOWSKI

LE VAN ENTERPRISES, 203 N. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO, AN 3-6319

Polka - Go - Round - ABC - TV - Net
Press Internationale - WBKB - TV
Bob Lewandowski Show — WCIU - TV
Bob Lewandowski Radio Show - WSBC
"Walk Through the Curtain" TV Special

TELE-FEATURES, INC., Of Illinois

Full TV And Theatrical Film Productions

Industrials - Documentaries - Commercials

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Telephone: 467-1319

Chicago, Illinois 60611



the JOEY ABISHOP

SHOW

1964-65 TUESDAY, 8 P.M.

ON

CBS-TV

co-starring

ABBY DALTON

featuring

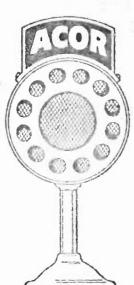
CORBETT MONICA

with

JOE BESSER MARY TREEN

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF RADIO ARTS, CRAFTS AND SCIENCES

Salutes
the recipients of
its fourth annual
Chicago
ACOR awards



- Best Documentary Or Community Interest Series WIND: Facal Point
- Best Individual Community Documentary Program WMAQ: "They Don't Like It Late"
- Best Cultural Contribution Program Series WBEZ: Themes In Literature
- Best Cultural Contribution Single Program WBBM: Opening Night At The Lyric Opera
- Best Over All News Operation WIND Radio
- Best Regularly Scheduled News Program Personality WMAQ: Len O'Connor
- Best Regularly Scheduled News Program WBBM: News Day
- Best Single Or Series Of Editorials WIND Radio
- Best Sports Personality in a Regularly Scheduled Series WGN: Jack Quinlan with Chicago Cubs Baseball
- Best Coverage Of A Special Sports Event WBBM: John Carmichael, Tokyo Olympics
- Best On The Air Personality WGN: Wally Phillips
- Best Creative Radio Commercial Campaign By A Chicago Advertising Agency For Local Use Only John W. Shaw: Chicago Transit Authority
- Best Creative Radio Commercial By A Chicago Agency For Regional Or National Use Bronner & Haas Inc.: Midas Muffler

RADIO MAN-OF-THE-YEAR Don Mann

Manager Special Projects, WBBM Radio CBS



Happy 59th,

VARIETY

MAL BELLAIRS

WBBM-CBS, CHICAGO

MAL BELLAIRS TIE LINE

Conversation 2:00 - 4 P.M., M-F

MAL BELLAIRS MUSIC

1:00 - 6:00, Sat.

MAL BELLAIRS SUNDAY AFTERNOONS

12:00 - 5:00, Sun.



Sardi's East

123 East 54th Street

New York, N. Y.

for reservations call PLaza 1-6655

JOSEPH GALLICCHIO

"ARTISTS' SHOWCASE"

Music Director,

Central Division

National Broadcasting

Company

Radio-Television

Congratulations

VARIETY

WALLY PHILLIPS

WGN

CHICAGO

Season's Greetings

PHIL

"Weekend with Phil Lind"
Sat. and Sun. WAAF-Chicago

TEX ANTOINE

and UNCLE WETHBEE

Together in Weather for 15 Years

11:10 P.M. WNBC-TV

Monday thru Friday

Brought to you by CON-EDISON



An
OLOGY ENDEAVORS, Inc.
Production

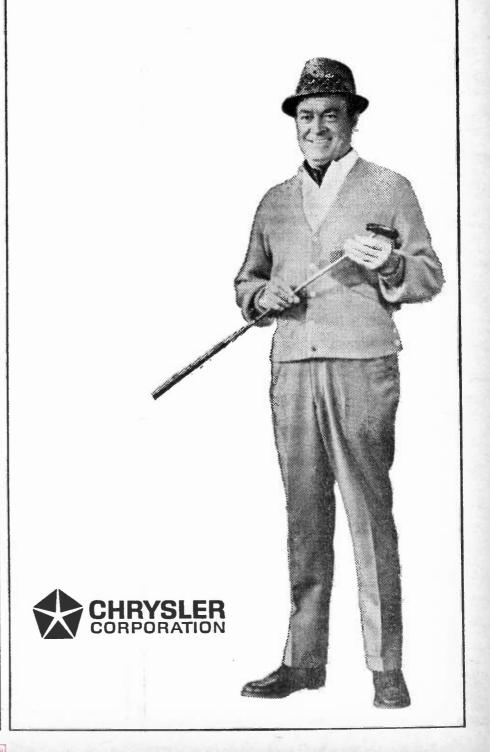
Jack Benny, Fred Astaire, Anne Bancroft, Janis Paige, John Cassavetes, Louis Nye, Barrie Chase, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Lloyd Bridges, Janet Leigh, Jerry Colonna, Jack Kelly, Tom Poston, Dean Martin, Nancy Wilson, Carol Lynley, Phyllis Diller, Shirley Jones, Jill St. John, Bobby Darin, Hugh O'Brian, Anita Bryant, George Hamilton, Marilyn Maxwell, Lauren Bacall, Rhonda Fleming, Margaret O'Brien, are among the stars who share the spotlight Friday nights on . . .

the Chrysler Theatre & Bob Hope Comedy Specials

Sport, fun, excitement, laughs, thrills, surprises are all yours as favorite Hollywood stars, famous Broadway celebrities and best-known golf pros join Bob Hope as he plays host Feb. 6 & 7 on NBC-TV...
See this great golf tournament.

the Bob Hope Desert Classic





My thanks to ALL who made 30 years in show business possible-

Cheers

Forrest Tucker

WFMT

Chicago's Fine Arts Station / 98.7 FM

BEGINNING ITS 14TH YEAR

CONGRATULATES



BEGINNING ITS 60TH YEAR



From the stations bringing variety to broadcasting:

WKBD-TV Detroit (Premiering January 2) WKBP-TV Burlington (Philadelphia)

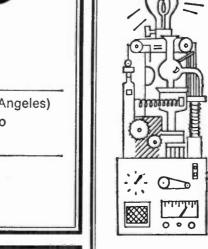
KICB-TV

Corona (Los Angeles)

KHJK-TV San Francisco

KFOG-FM San Francisco

KAISER



What is it?

We don't know. Couldn't care less.

But we do know that if you advertise it on KSTP-TV you can sell it . . . and plenty more like it.

The Northwest's first TV station, KSTP-TV effectively and economically sells a market of 810,800 TV families and over Five Billion in spendable income.



100,000 WATTS . NBC MINNEAPOLIS · ST. PAUL





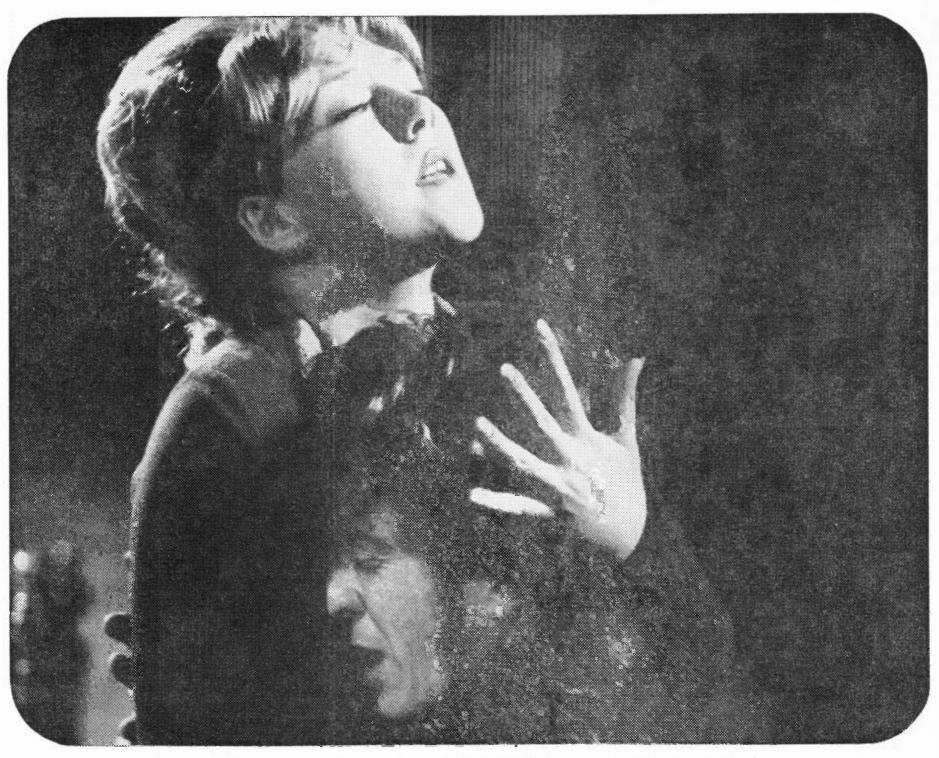
Greetings! from

ISER'S MUSIC, INC.

BILL WALKER, President

54 West Randolph St. Chicago 1, Illinois

DE 2-4162



'This was one of those rare TV occasions that combined entertainment on two levels. It had the excitement of a manhunt and the disturbing implications of a study in guilt' VARIETY.

On November 16th, 1964, Rediffusion Television successfully presented to a mass audience

IPECTYIIAEHIE HAKABAHIE

This hundred minute television production of Dostoyevsky's 'Crime and Punishment' with Julia Foster as Sonia and David Collings as Raskolnikov, is a good example of what television can do if it ignores the nonsensical division between highbrow and lowbrow tastes. 'Distinctly successful' said The Guardian. 'A tour de force by 25-year-old David Collings' wrote The Daily Mirror. 'Some remarkably good photography' — The Daily Telegraph. 'Television of this quality is long lived'

The Daily Mail. The main point is that it made good television. Other Rediffusion programmes demonstrating the same point in 1964 were: A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, AROUND THE BEATLES, and THE GRAFTERS—and high rating series such as NO HIDING PLACE and CRANE; all very different, but all having one thing in common. They were good television.

REDIFFUSION TELEVISION is experienced and adaptable. 1965 promises even more varied and dramatic entertainment.



Season's Greetings

MILTON BERLE

H'wood Telefilm Producers

Continued from page 95

not yet decided whether or not | series, for that matter. Conversely, there were indications drama may revert to the half-hour form to a degree next season and a number of such shows are currently in

New York's largest specialists in motion picture & TV insurance

(cast, film, weather, liability, cameras, props, plagiarism...)

WINKLER ASSOCIATES, LTD. 120 W. 57 St., New York 19, Circle 7-3366

While free tv had a bad seato order any more. No other tele- son, feevee had a disastrous adfilmeries were preparing two- venture in California. Subscription TV Inc., with Sylvester (Pat) hour vidfilms, or even 90-min. Weaver as prexy, launched operations in L.A. and San Francisco last summer, but despite a great amount of advertising and ballyhoo, the system was doing badly at the time of the general elec-tion Nov. 3. An initiative referendum to outlaw feevee in this state was adopted by Californians, and this proved the death blow to the system. What was generally overlooked, however, was that the feevee operation was sick long before that election outcome. Inauspicious, even mediocre, programming had failed to draw many coins into the feevee box, and was staggering from its losses before Nov 3. Subsequently, Weaver admitted STV had lost most of the millions expended into save the day. Nov. 3 may have

blamed the flasco on the exhibitor lobby which successfully fought to ban feevee. This was a handy alibi for Weaver, but not precisely accurate, since STV was in deep, deep trouble almost from its in ception. Weaver's much-publicized, and personally-pledged intent to bring viewers longhair entertainment as an escape from those tv commercials didn't take into account one factor—the people. There was no great receptivity to this type of programming from subscribers. In fact, the only real enthusiasm was for the airing of the L.A. Dodger baseball games, but this waned as it turned out to be the year the Dodgers skidded into second division.

Weaver's principal error in his California undertaking was one involving programming. He did not present any high-caliber type of entertainment, nor, for that matter, much of anything different from what is seen on free tv. In desperation, he finally got some theatrical films on, but this didn't

the system, but he vindictively marked the date of the official death of STV, but actually it was in sorry shape long before then.

> Back on the free tv front, there was a heavier-than-usual turnover of production chiefs at the telefilmers, with changes being made at Screen Gems, Warner Bros., Universal TV and Desilu. In addition, there were top echelon changes in west coast program veepees at CBS-TV and ABC-TV. It was not a secure year for the executive.

WB fired Jack Webb, to reinstall William T. Orr as tv production chief; Screen Gems and William Dozier parted company, with Jackie Cooper taking over the Dozier spot as head of SG's coast activities; Oscar Katz, longtime CBS-TV exec, replaced Jerry Thorpe as Desilu production chief; Jennings Lang took over at Universal TV, as Allen Miller stepped out, to enter theatrical films as a producer. Hunt Stromberg replaced Robert Lewine as CBS-TV's coast program veepee. And at ABC-TV, Ben Brady exited as coast program veepee, had not been replaced at the end of the

Labor strife was a bothersome and continual part of the Hollywood picture, with negotiations with various guilds and unions beginning last spring, and they even extend into 1965 with some of them. Additionally, all-important general negotionations on a new agreement with IATSE and the Assn. of Motion Picture and TV Assn. of Motion Picture and TV Producers begin in January, 1965. A strike by Screen Actors Guild against the vidfilm plants was barely averted last summer. But it has been a year of almost con-tinuous crisis for management in this area.

Every studio, every network is busy with plans for next season, with production of many pilots currently underway.

Advanced Training

> in Directing Acting; Technical Operations; TV Film Production; TV Announcing; and The Television Personality. Courses offered in the University's own Production Center. Intended for those who require more experience in the routines of production. Beginning courses also available.

Spring Program begins February 8 Send for Bulletin TV-2 DIVISION OF GENERAL EDUCATION **NEW YORK UNIVERSITY** 1 Washington Sq. No., N.Y., N.Y. 10003 Telephone SPring 7-3131



Personal Management: Al Dvorin 54 West Randolph, FR 2-4980, Chicago

"Solid Entertainment!" -N.Y. Post STUART WHITMAN ROD STEIGER

ANOTHER QUALITY MOTION PICTURE FROM WALTER READE / STERLING, INC. 241 E. 34TH STREET, N.Y.C. 10016

THE VOICE OF LONG ISLAND

THE MOST POPULAR RADIO STATION IN THE NATION'S 4TH LARGEST MARKET

REPRESENTED BY GILL-PERNA





ANDREW J. FENADY ASSOCIATES

Dawn Over Sunset

Continued from page 90

hadn't seen it.

Those Eastern Artistic Souls It's an attitude that somehow seems to spread into everything, like the sunshine. In the East you hear appalling stories of the desperate lack of culture; and you hear them even here, from glum little knots of misanthropes who haven't been able to get the jobs they thing they deserve. But it's interesting to note that the main

Mgt.: William Morris Agency

wouldn't believe it myself if I insisters on a West Coast cultural desert are people who, when they're in the East, never go to a concert or a museum or the opera anyhow—and who go to the theatre only when someone slips them an Oakley. For that matter, there are plenty of cultural activities here, for those who have time enough to attend them. The complainers are usually people who have time enough—but they don't attend them anyway.

As for the snobbishness and class-consciousness of which such tall tales are told-I haven't seen it. Maybe I've just been lucky. Maybe I happen to work at an unusual kind of studio where it doesn't exist. But among the people I've met and worked with so far out here, there's a camera-derie, a devotion to the job at hand, a friendliness, and a willingness to work together to get a tough job done that's seldom seen even in the little kaffee klatches of devoted artistic souls in the East—and never in the more nearly professional theatre. I know I sound like Pollyana Among

the Cannibals. I can only assure festivals, entries in London need you that I'm as surprised as you not have been produced in the last are. And happier.

One more thing—the much-bruited lack of know-how, as to tape, on the West Coast. So far as my experience goes, this is a canard created by Eastern technicians, in order to keep their few remained dregs of the business from going West. In some areasset designing, execution and the like—the know-how here is execution and superb. In others - camera and technical work-there's a certain lack of initial experience; but I've never seen people so eager to be cooperative. Or so smartly able to catch on. I'm doing two shows, and in each it took about four weeks to shake things down. At the end of those four weeks, both the crews were as good as any I've ever worked with in the East-and a good deal better than all but a very few. Maybe as of now the West does lack tape know-how but give it a few minutes, and it'll take the lead.

Anyhow, as you may possibly have gathered, I like it here. It took us about two weeks to become the most confirmed Angelinos you'd ever hope to avoid. We'd been here that long when, driving along Sunset one morning, a car did something that is (so help me) unusual here. It cut us off so sharply that Marian had to hit the It cut us off so brakes. As she got going again she muttered under her breath, "Damned New Yorker."...

executive packs seasoned plaques, polishes his trophies, frames his scrolls and returns home to begin thinking about his choice of entries for the next year

year or two but may come from

Finally in December the now

any era of the Golden Age.

and to begin making his plane and hotel reservations. So goes the festival circuit. It is by no means all frolic. It can be tiring to view scores scores of television shows one after another, most of which are in a foreign language. The travelling can be hectic and the attendant social activities start out seeming

like fun but more often than not take on all the aspects of an

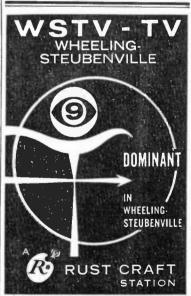
endurance contest. Nevertheless, all of these fairs, forums and festivals serve a purpose and all of them are valuable. Ideas are exchanged, professionals meet other professionals, deals are made that satisfy both buyer and seller, there is a fostering of international respect and understanding, various talents and efforts are given recognition and the industry is stimulated to improve its standards. (Of course, ideally each company should not have the single—really hypothetical—festival executive but rather should send to each meeting the appropriate specialist or expert as well as alternating among various general executives.)

All prospective candidates for the posts of Festival Vice Presidents should note that this manual has by no means covered all the festivals but has only listed affairs that are to a significant extent devoted to television and spe-cifically to TV programs. Hence no mention has been made of the many essentially film festivals (such as Edinburgh, Barcelona, Oslo, Acapulco, Cork and Venice) where TV films are nevertheless sometimes entered nor has mention been made of the several festivals of TV commercials—yet the responsible festival executive will often be expected to become involved in these as well.

But even without these, Festivals a growth industry and the executive who takes one of these appointments can look forward to becoming an Executive Vice President of an entire Festival Division of his company, with separate VPs for each category of festival. For already on the horizon for this year is such new business as the Japan Prize for educational television, a new festival in Hong Kong and the Irish have just announced their intention of establishing a television Folksinging Festival. Ole!

Birmingham - Local deejays Tommy Charles and Doug Layton have left WYDE Radio here to start their own station. They plan to operate their own daytime station here set to go on the air in early January.







WRITE.. Macton Machinery Co., Inc. Jefferson St. Dept. V. Stamford, Conn. 06902—(203) 324-6161

IRVING HARRIS

Formerly with "Who Do You Trust?" Across the Board — ABC TV-5 Years

Producer, Special Features

NEW YORK WORLDWIDE RADIO

The independent shortwave international broadcasting organization

Forums & Festivals

Continued from page 99

of Eurovision) members send their buyers and selection committees to this program fair and a visit could well result in placing "Bonanza" in Bulgaria.

Also in November there is a possibility that the World TV Festival, first held in '63, will again take place in London. Festival executives should hope so, as this festival is not limited to an exclusive category but tries to show the best of all TV-which means he can see programs he missed at other festivals. Also unlike other

Congratulations VARIETY On Your 59th Anniversary



TELEVISION SUBSIDIARY OF COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP.

711 Fifth Avenue, New York 22

PL 1-4432

CHICAGO DALLAS

HOLLYWOOD

ATLANTA

TORONTO

ABC-TV—Directions '65 **Autumn in His Heart** Jan. 24, 1:30-2:00 P.M.

DETROIT

NEW YORK

NBC-TV, Jan Peerce Special



ALAN HOWARD

Currently—January 10

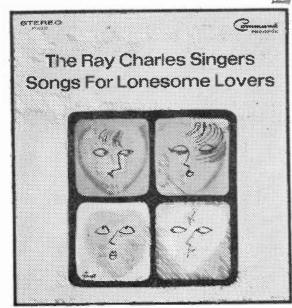
NBC-TV "WATCH MR. WIZARD" (3rd Year)

Alternate Sundays New York City, PL 7-6300

New Jersey 201 363 2459 SAG, AFTRA, AEA

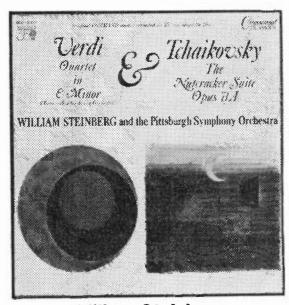
NEW FROM COMMAND!

for perfect programming



The Ray Charles Singers
SONGS FOR LONESOME LOVERS

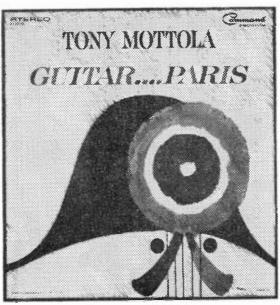
ONE MORE TIME • I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN • OVER THE RAINBOW • PLUS 10 MORE BIG HITS #874.



William Steinberg
THE PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA
Verdi & Tchaikovsky

VERDI/QUARTET IN E MINOR (Transcribed for string orchestra)

TCHAIKOVSKY/THE NUT-CRACKER SUITE Opus 71a. #11027



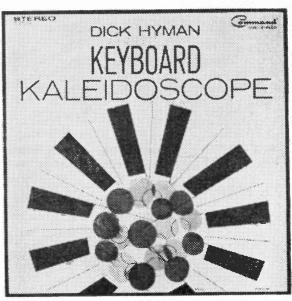
Tony Mottola GUITAR...PARIS

MY HEART SINGS • MICHELE • BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS • COMME CI-COMME CA • GIGI • PLUS 6 MORE



Tessie O'Shea
CHEERS

I'VE GOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS • IT ALL BELONGS TO ME • I'VE GOT SIX PENCE • PLUS 12 MORE #872.



Dick Hyman Keyboard Kaleidescope

GOLDFINGER ● DEEP IN MY HEART DEAR ● FIDDLER ON THE ROOF ● KINDA' MAKES YOU WONDER ● Plus 8 more #875.



Enoch Light
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Radioland Revisited

preferred Wonder Bread."

At 10:50 one Thursday evening John U. Reber of JWT called "Deac" Aylesworth of NBC and bought another 15 minutes of time rather than cut an artist who was obviously going to run over, off the air. It was Al Jolson's first broadcast. Millions were deprived of a half hour of dance music from

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think," he said, "29 out of 30 kids the Isinglass Room atop the Splitlip Hilton, in Splitlip, Nevada.

What's the difference between those days and now—or those days and the early days of tv? Well, early tv had too many problems complicated by too many budding talents and too little money, to be, for lack of a better word, "fun." Now tv's too expensive to be more than occasionally rewarding. One of the reasons is this. During the last years of radio I put The Bob Crosby Club 15 show on the air 52 weeks a year for six years with a staff of six. That included the engineer. When we put The Bob Crosby Show-same cast and format on tv-the staff increased to 87. The work increased by the same proportion and the quality and personal satisfaction was reduced in ratio. When a worker gets no "personal satisfaction," he doesn't care about the product he builds. Any questions?

Not In the Script

where she told them to wait for Cantor. As they were waiting, a houseboy came in and began sweeping the room quietly. This continued during several silent and WNOG, Naples, Fla.

minutes, when Elinson felt compelled to say something to the servant, so he proudly said, "We're Mr. Cantor's new writers." The houseboy never missed a stroke as he continued sweeping and said, "I know, they come and they go, they come and they go.'

Sometimes it's the writers' wives who have the last laugh. Hal Kanter's wife, Doris, has a keen wit which is doubly sharp coming from an innocent-looking baby-faced beauty. Hal and I used the following line on a tv special we wrote. (Subsequently, I read the line in two different columns credited to different comics, but Doris Kanter said it first.) She and Hal were watching tv one night, and Hal wanted to watch a program featuring a popular singer. Doris preferred another program saying she was not particularly enamored of said singer. Hal asked her what she had against him, and she quickly replied, "Well, the last time I saw him was on the Bell Telephone Hour—he sang two wrong numbers."

Alan Sands Sales

Alan Sands Productions notched a sale to WHJB, Greensburg, Pa., for its "Minute Tips on Your Child and You," radio skein of 260 minute segs.

Distrib's "Boating Tips" series was sold to WILZ, St. Petersburg,

lie about his whereabouts. The writer's agent swore to the producer he had long since fired the writer from his office because he wouldn't deal with people who teach their mates to lie.

Red Hot Script

Continued from page 99

Exactly six months from the time the original commitment to write a half-hour teleplay had been made, the writer delivered his final draft, only three days after a warning that legal action would be taken against him by the producer if he failed to return the only copy of the manu-

The writer, who takes such pride in his profession, didn't bring the script to the producer himself. He had the good grace to send it with his wife. Or a woman who said she was his wife. But if his wife is a liar, too, the producer didn't really know. Or care.

All he cared about was the way in which the writer made his confession. A scene in his final draft depicts a writer on the telephone, talking to his producer. It went something like this:

(into phone)

Of course you don't hear me typing, baby. I finished it. What do you mean, I'm lying? I give you my word of honor... the script is in the mail. I took it to the postoffice myself just 10 minutes ago.

(covers receiver; to his visitor)

I haven't started writing it yet. Isn't it refreshing to realize we work in a medium where we can make the world our confessional, the networks our couch-and get

paid for it?

Chi Entrepreneurs

Continued from page 97

'em the idea. "In New York you can camp on their doorstep eight hours a day and can't reach them nearly as well," he says. "From here when you call they know you've really got something."

Freedom seems to be the key benefit for all four of the top Chicago independents. Meier, for instance, enjoys his full control over "Wild Kingdom": "I can take whatever barometer reading I choose, changing the show according to my own thinking." For all of them, Chicago still represents—as it did in its most shining television hour-a free approach, a free viewpoint. There's still a chance to be fresh here.

200,000 'U' Conversion Kits: Detroit Forecast

Detroit, Dec. 29

Upwards of 200,000 kits to convert VHF teevee sets to UHF are expected to be sold in the Metropolitan area in the next few months. Orders for conversions are being allocated because of short supply of servicemen to install them.

Run is being caused by Kaiser Broadcasting Corp. station, WKBD, which is scheduled to go on the air with UHF telecasts featuring an almost exclusive sports schedule of professional, college and high school hockey and basketball games. Station was scheduled to get on the air Jan. 2 but initial telecast now is scheduled for mid-Station has invested





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PLEASURE-MAD WEST GERMANS

Berlin Show Biz In 1964

By HANS HOEHN

Most Discussed Play-Peter Weiss' "The Persecution and Murder of Jean-Paul Marat as depicted by the theatre group of the Lunatic Asylum at Charenton under the direction of M. de Sade"

Best Actor-Joachim Teege in Arthur Watkyn's "Out of Bounds." Most Cheered Actress—84-year-old Tilla Durieux.

Best Local Opera Productions—Richard Strauss' "Woman With-

out Shadow" and Verdi's "Troubadour."

Most Outstanding Opera Singer-Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau.

Most Outstanding Opera Songstress—Elizabeth Gruemmer.
Most Successful Imported Film—Ingmar Bergman's "Silence."
Most Successful German Film—Rialto's "Winnetou, Part I."
Best Ice Show—Viennese Ice Revue.

Best Jazz Presentation-The Four Jazz Days at 14th Berlin Arts

Fair (Festwochen)

Best Radio Station-AFN-Berlin.

Most Successful Native Recording Star-Caterina Valente.

Most Successful Foreign Recording Star-Connie Francis.

Most Successful Vocal Group-The Beatles.

Best Ballet—Royal Danish Ballet.
Most Impressive TV Presentation—Olympic Games, Tokyo. Most Disappointing Show-"Teenager Love" (Danish musical).

Top Personality-Igor Stravinsky

Most Cheered Conductor-Herbert von Karajan.

Most Sympathetic Conductor-Karl Boehm.

Toreros Outrank Stars In Spain

Features Made By Native Talent Rate Well Below Almost Any Import—Deplore 'Adult' Themes

By JOAQUINA CABALLOL

20 and 30 years back when the American companies reigned here Barcelona in their own distribution branches. Then the Spanish showman interested in booking a Metro, Paramount, Fox. Columbia, Warner, Universal release et. al. was dealing with the dictate from New York. The terms were from New York. The terms were always stiff but the potential of profit in Yanqui product gave the advantage to the sellers. Nowa-days there is the modified reality of the import licenses. While other types of businesses face this same obligation, they seem less altered

in the process. The great change, introduced through licensing, now makes available through Spanish-owned distribution agencies a wide selection of American-made features. The reversal of role is implicit. The theatre operator may now bargain for the kind of terms he favors, he enjoys a considerable choice of playdates, he holds over or ends an engagement according to his own judgment. He also exercises the hateful-to-distributors

right of postponement of playoff. So what else is new in Spanish distribution?

Recently one Spanish distributing company, Bengala Films, has been absorbed by Filmax, a Spanish company also but managed by

Alfred Talarewitz, a foreigner.
Theatres are doing well on account of abundance of material and in spite of television. Fortunately Spanish video is quite poor.

Meanwhile, one hears in Spain today much complaint against the content of features, the trend to "adult" (or make it read "nasty") behavior and downright immoraltain areas of the United States, a debate as to whether the new frankness draws ticketbuyers keeps them away, and, in either case, to what ratio. Spain is still essentially a Catholic country of conservative traditions, though modern influences are more noticeable than, say, a decade ago.

Picture Production

The days when Barcelona was the primary Spanish city with production studios are past. Little by little the studios have disappeared here, for lack of activity. Madrid has meantime flourished as a producing centre. Some three years ago Barcelona's Orphea Studios were burnt to ashes and never rebuilt. Kinefon Studios, one of the oldest in Barcelona, changed owners and passed over six years ago to Buch-San Juan only to close.

Iquino Studios is now alone in Barcelona to maintain steady course. Recently producer Balca- Sydney.

Barcelona. zar has opened a new studio (rathers and altered from what it was trict out of town.

Iquino (full name is Ignacio F. Iquino) as has been typical here, is a one-man concern. Efficient and well organized, and so keeps working.

Many of the players who drift into Spanish features are amateurish. Now and again a face appears and eventually makes good. Julian Mateos in "The Atracadores" (The Holduppers) is one such rarely good young actor. Trained stage players appear now and then, but there is little incentive. No. 1 enemy of Spanish production continues to be the Spanish audience. Natives will not find fault with the worst of foreign product and yet disapprove nearly all Spanish productions, staying away in droves, as the saying goes. Engagement of a Spanish pic rarely surpasses 10 days. Moppet star Marisol marks exception. She is really admired and up to the present everyone of her pix has been a success.

In Spain theatre people, as actors are usually described, are rarely admitted into society. Exceptions exist, but very few. Bullfighters are taken more into consideration. The case of Luis Miguel Dominguin is not equalled by any thespian, man or woman.

Sex appeal shows up more in dancers and singers than in pic stars although we have Sarita Montiel former Mrs. Anthony Mann) who is sex-appealing from head to foot.

Benefits

Figures are a dead secret in Spain and are never used as an incentive to promote a pic. The names of directors and players must carry the publicity. Figures do not impress as a means to promotion. However, it is easy to deduct the value of a picture when it is exhibited. Considering the precarious way in which production is being carried out in Spain supported by private parties Banks don't back our producers, but it is evident that they get their money back in more or less time, as production keeps going on, which is quite a feat. The number of pix being shot this year will surpass 100, a fact which seems to demonstrate that production of pix, even under the most adverse conditions, is a business and pre-sumably good business.

The Knack' for Aussie

Australian production rights to Ann Jellicoe's "The Knack," have been purchased by Joseph Bursten of Phillips Ltd., a Sydney firm. The play is slated for a Feb. 20 opening at the Palace Theatre,

TOURS & DAMES

By HAZEL GUILD

Germans are famous for the rigors of their military drill and the efficiency of their workmanship in plant and shop. They have been less effectively conditioned to the problem of what to do when leisure and leisure rises as a challenge in the present prosper-ity. The prospect looms that weekends, national and church holidays will soon confront Germans with the equivalent of 129 days a year of free time. What to do with themselves? Ach, it is a problem.

Sandor Ferenczi, a psychoanalyst, has invented the phrase, "Sunday Neurosis," to cover the restlessness which arises when Germans are idle, all that energy at loose ends. This follows upon the highest wages in Europe, the shortest working hours. How much time can they spend overeating or in excess of piety (German ser-mons are still very long) or in putting a high gloss on the family automobile?

Germany turns to commercial entertainments of all sorts as to a necessary sedative. Leisure-time spending is a swollen statistic here.

Start with the country's 9.500, 000 television sets, whose owners spend an average two and a half hours nightly in front thereof. This costs \$1.25 per month, the fee paid to the West German Post to help support the stations. And, too, there are 17,000,000 radios, whose owners ante up a monthly fee of 50c, again to the P.O. But the radio owners are no longer stay-at-homes and listen-at-homes, as the transistor radios have become a pick-up-and-go item. And the radio set is now just a little added status symbol to provide background music or the latest sportscast while the owner in-dulges in some other free-time activity.

Some 6,000,000 German skiers (three times the reported strength of the Soviet army!) take to the slopes at the first hint of snow, 5,000,000 German campers pick up their tents and move to some attractive camping site, in or be-yond the German borders. (And the new fad has become wintercamping, with about half a million hardy Germans defying the ele-

Germans have recently invested about \$95,000,000 in 65,000 sail and motor boats, the fishing sport has attracted 150,000 amateurs 250.000 others who have joined fishing clubs, there are 206,000 tennis club members and 61,000 bowlers and 107,000 horseback riders and—newest sport introduced from America—2,500 organized skin divers and underwater explorers, plus about 40,000 amateurs who have not joined the official below-the-surface set.

All the sports enthusiasm, course, means an added gimmick to escape persecution, fled to the for the foreign tourist offices. Now United States. With them came the heavy-spending West Germans are urged to "go water skiing in the Red Sea," "coral fishing off the coast of Sardinia," "sail in a yacht that you and your friends rent, along the coast of Yugoslavla," and of course, "visit the Olympics in Tokyo, and fly around the world."

West Germans have become the number one tourist spenders of Europe—a fact that is of concern to their own government because of the "tourist trade deficit," since the West Germans last year gave out about \$1,080.000,000 (mainly to Italy, Spain, Austria, Switzer-land, France and Ireland), and that figure was just about double what West Germany collected from visitors inside its borders.

Plenty of Germans spend their free time within the country. Last year, the 12 gambling casinos in West Germany racked up a billion (Continued on page 180)

SHOWS & GAMES, Russia Records Only Russians, Hence U.S. Greats Unknown There; Elsewhere U.S. Reputation High

By ALFRED WALLENSTEIN

13 years (1943-1956) he headed of the leading symphonies and at many opera houses.)

The circumference of the earth. measured around that imaginary line, the equator, is 25,000 miles. Not so many years ago, the musical artist could hardly hope to encircle the globe as a performing musician for two reasons. Firstly, because of time limitations involved in such travel, and secondly because the American musical artist did not have the prestige necessary to impress world-wide management and audiences.

Today, great changes have been wrought both in the acceptance of the American musical artist and with the arrival of the "jet age" the mu-

sician can now travel world the over. secure in the knowledge that his A m e r i c a n training and m u sicianship will be received with acclaim wherever he goes.

Alfred Wallenstein

He will become aware that there has been a tightening of the once-existing breach between European and American musicians and music lovers, as I was when I travelled in Europe this summer. He will learn that the American-trained artist no longer faces the problem of the "Italianization" or "Germanization" of his name, as Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera Co., who decided to change his name to Eduardo DiGiovanni, in order to first gain acceptance abroad. In years gone by, Euro-peans considered the United United States a musical desert with an occasional oasis here and there frequented by a few elite, who, it was thought, had been educated abroad.

Just a few short years ago, the Metropolitan Opera had on its roster a preponderance of Europeans. Today, over 60% of the Met singers are Americans who were trained on their own home ground. Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines and Jan Peerce, arouse as great a clamor at their appearances abroad in opera and on the concert stages, as they do here.

A whole generation of young Europeans who would have be-come performing musicians were lost to the world, due to the war. Even after the war, there were few teachers left to train young people. Before and during the war, many famous European musicians, their talent-their tradition and knowledge of classical music-to the benefit of our musicians. They brought with them, too, their famous string instruments. As an example, the Rembert Wurlitzer Co., of New York-the outstanding experts on string instruments—have. or have knowledge of practically every great violin, viola and cello, and where they are in the world. They purchase, sell and restore string instruments for the great artists and collectors the world Another contributing factor

which has added to our constantly improving orchestral musician, is the fact that it is our custom to play the music of all nations in our American concert halls. Today, in Germany, one hears practically only German music - in France, it is French music and so it is throughout the continent. There is little experimentation, if any, with modern composers of

(Wallenstein began his conductiheir own or other countries. It tor career at Mutual Network. For follows, therefore, that American musicians have a more flexible Los Angeles Philharmonic. He has repertoire—are more versatile and been guest conductor with most can play everything from Barber can play everything from Barber to Wagner - from Milhaud to Tchaikovsky. This has been due in great part to the international nature of American concert programs during the last 25 years.

Intensive Training

Since the training of the American musician has become so much more intensive over the last 25 years—and since our erepertoire is so much more versatile-there has been the resultant development of a love and appreciation for the classics for those who aren't training to become musicians. To the European classical music is a culture-a tradition and a way of life instilled from earliest childhood. This is becoming a pattern in the training of American children, both in the school and in the home. More and more programs of music study and appreciation are being arranged for voungsters - even for those at the nursery stage.

But, we still have an uphill battle to wage. Many Americans and most Europeans still feel that the natural musical idiom for the American is jazz. Of course, this is true to some extent, for our country was the birthplace of jazz. For a long time, now, the American jazz artist has ben acclaimed all over the world, even in Russia. Some people are still under the delusion that Americans are for "jazz only." Recently I was reading about a group of American teenagers in Los Angeles who love serious music as opposed to rock 'n roll and pop music. And, as if this was a sort of strange love, they had to go "underground" and become a seorganization of youngsters who "dug" the classics.

As an instance, this situation would not arise in Japan. Under the auspices of the United States Government, I toured Japan with the Los Angeles Philharmonic in 1956. The audiences, composed of younger people, were so wonderful and appreciative of our having come to play for them. Amazingly, we found that the Japanese ear was much more attuned to western music than we expected and that they understood and appreciated our composers and artists far better than we did theirs. After each performance, as if I were an American movie star, I was presented with magnificent leis of flowers, adorned with ribbons and printed with golden letters. I proudly wore some of these leis to the receptions which followed the concerts. When I asked what the messages on the golden ribbons conveyed. I was told that they were advertisements for the wares of the merchants who donated the leis!

added another interesting innovation-the musical coffee house. In the coffee houses of their choice, either jazz or classical, Japanese youngsters enjoy their music. The quaint custom prevails of burning candle while a record is being played. Another round of coffee is called for if the candle burns out before the record ends. I was most gratified to find that the classical coffee houses were tremendously popular and that the Japanese teenager did not have to go "underground" as did their American counterparts to hear their classical music.

I found that the American musician and American orchestras were sought after all over the Far East. In Korea, a wooden bowl with outstanding acoustics, constructed by the Army for our appearance. I was happy to compliment the Army engineers who had been responsible for giving us

(Continued on page 180)

Tourists and Paris 'Service' Trades Accuse Each Other of Rudeness

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

INTERNATIONAL

Can France recover its fading glamor with tourists while Frenchmen make a mockery of vaunted French courtesy and real estate cannot be improved because too much money is still made being rude and crowded and thirdrate at deluxe tariffs? Many here improvement any is possible for a simple reason: it is not an issue which engages the attention of President Charles De Gaulle and nobody else can break through the rigidities. In short, France is not psychologically prepared to make the necessary changes, and barely ac-knowledges that the foreigners are tired of being treated like suckers.

Although London, after a late start, finally began building modern hotels and now has quite a number, not one has risen in Paris. Plans and rumors, yes; rooms, no. The same is true of air conditioning. The French have heard of it. They may even speak well of it while in New York on visit. They have often "promised" to install it in their restaurants, bistros and jampacked cabarets. But spend money to install airconditioning for the mere comfort of tourists?

A gag here is that the Amerishould sell the Germans and let them demand airconditioning. Then Paris might oblige because the French show many signs of catering to the late enemy far more than to the late ally.

Spain has been a chief beneficiary of American disenchantment with Paris prices and also Yugoslavia attitude. Italy, too, shares in the deflected trade, though Americans complain a lot of sneak thieves, pickpockets and short-changers in Italy where a fixed price is a rarity.

Recent freezing of Parisian restaurant prices, as of last Oct. 1, 1964, shows the concern here and the belated understanding that things are getting out of hand. It remains, to be seen if this will actually help keep down prices. If, as claimed, there are 1,000 restaurants around Paris and the suburbs where meals run from \$1 to a \$3.60 maximum, they are not easy to find for the average tourist.

Also adding to Bureau du Tourisms woes is the French penchant for leaving their own country for

This has thrown off the favorable balance of payments from \$236,000,000 generally to only \$85,-000,000 or so last year need for hard currency by France and importance of tourism in past is also hastening governmental measures to do away with bad will creators.

French tourism is definitely in trouble. French "individualism" has too often led to selfishness and plain rudeness. There are, of course, not a few quite "impossible" Americans, full of their own brand of rudeness.

Hotels and restaurants have released statements that much of the offshore press and patron discontent was exaggerated. They were not sure of the reasons, however, for the grounds well.

It is speculated that many more people are traveling who rarely or never did before. They have to watch pocketbooks and so might be especially susceptible to prices etc. But then why should they go to deluxe hotels and eateries, Frenchmen query.

A man who said he paid \$27 for a meal at a good restaurant draws skeptical comment. Can't be. Unless he added many premeal drinks and much-champagne. The three-star restaurants like Le Grand Vetour, La Perousse and La Tour D'Argent go from \$5 to \$7, according to all good guidebooks with wine. So where do \$27 figures come from, knowing Parisians demand.

The high tax on hotels and the failure of France to build new ones has led to some run-down establishments and high prices for creaky furniture. But a recent government loan for renovation, and projects for new hotels should remedy.

Capetown's Tax Stance

The biggest news of the year was the revised Entertainment Duty Amendment Draft Ordinance which was introduced in the Cape Provincial Council and which came into operation on July 1, whereby all forms of entertainment, except cinema and horseracing, are exempt from all tax.

Before this ordinance was gazetted the tax was a noose around the necks of all live shows and threatened to kill importation of top overseas artists.

Cinema shows are still hard hit by the high tax which is the highest in the country and one of the highest in the world.

Vienna Prater's 200th Anni in '66

By EMIL MAASS

Two years hence the Austrian capital's amusement district, the Prater, will celebrate its 200th year of existence. It was on April 7, 1766, when Emperor Joseph II voluntarily cancelled the long existing prerogative for noblemen to use the fertile plains along the Danube and its side arm, now the Danube Canal, for personal amusement - hunting, trysting, etc. When a spokesman for aristocracy protested with the words "In that case, we noblemen have no more place to be among equals," the Emperor is quoted replying, "If I would want to be among equals I would have to reside in the tombs of the Capucines." (All foreign visitors are shown the graves in that tiny church of the former ruling Hapsburg dynasty).

The court ceremonies were Spanish in those days; nobility spoke the language and named that part of Vienna "prado," meaning "meadow." Plain folk Plain folk made Prater out of it.

Some etymologists claim "braten" (to roast) is the origin, as first mention of that territory dates back to July 2, 1162 when Emperor Rotbart ruled. Open for plain people in those days, entire were roasted and festivals In that case the Vienna Prater Society could celebrate the 800th year of existence.

The recently opened Museum of the Prater shows that the English language-teacher Johann Daum must have been an enterprising 1963 arrived by air, 30% by businessman also. When a friend 18% by train and 14% by car.

in the government tipped him off that Emperor Joseph II would open the Prater to the public he obtained the first license to operate a merry-go-round. All kind of amusement huts and most modern go-carts are now in operation. Some 215 amusement licenses were issued last year and with the weather good, business has been excellent.

The once famous coffeehouses do not exist anymore; some were turned into American bowling alleys, others are now cafeterias.

Latest attraction is the almost forgotten rollerskating. A modern rink was constructed and business is flourishing. Hockey on rollerskates, once rather popular here, is also being taken up.

While in former times many artists began their careers in small Prater establishments, there are no variety houses, but one with a regular program is planned.

Another plan is to keep the Prater establishments open during the winter months by installing electric heating in a few arcades.

The Planetarium observation show at the entrance to the Prater has opened a motion picture artie devoted preliminarily for cultural shorts. It teed off with Swedenmade six films but plan is to switch to longer cultural subjects and even feature films of this calibre.

150,000 BEDS FOR TOURISTS TO GREECE

By RENA VELISSARIOU

As recently as 1955, this kingdom was ignored by the bulk of tourists and Tourist Trade bureaucrats. But since then the growth rate of tourist traffic has been spectacular, doubling every five years. Visitors in 1954 were 150,000. Five years, in 1959, it was 327,000. In 1963 the figure reached 750,000.

Greece is endowed with a wonderful climate, a long string of beaches, plus relics of a glorious past. Even the workers laying a pipeline are conscious that they might hit an ancient site in the middle of a busy thoroughfare.

Development started with a expended accomodation, travel facilities, etc. In 1951 the State spent \$450,000 on new hotels. It has since gone constantly upward. Total capacity of the hotels in Greece was 43,000 beds in 1951 and by 1963 reached almost 150,000.

Networks of highways and by-ways have been constructed as well as ferry boat services between Greece and Italy. However, most of the visitors coming here use air travel. For instance, 38% of the tourists who visited Greece in 1963 arrived by air, 30% by sea,

Color Films in India: Mostly Red Ink

Wrestler, Dara Singh, Tops Matinee Idols-Government Breaks Black Market

By N. V. ESWAR

Bombay.

The year 1964 had been for the Indian film industry a colorful year in the sense that instead of the usual flops, the flops were tinted. It seems to be in the Indian genius to maintain a semblance of healthy, purposeful progressive civilized existence among the debris of encrusted, stagnant tradition and eternal want. It explains perhaps the success of the four-hour long miserable heap of colored celluloid called "sangam" produced by Raj Kapoor, among more than 280 films, 40% of which were in color.

It was Norah Burge who equated filmmaking in India with a picnic party. Strictly speaking, the Indian film industry is more a circus than anything else, ranging from

the sublime to the ridiculous. Only in the Indian film industry

not a higher status, with a matinee idol. The most sought after hero to feature in a film is wrestler Dara Singh, next only to Dilip Kumar. The formula for 1964 was a reliance on the strong man to carry a film to boxoffice success which raised Dara Singh to stardom and has kept him there.

Dara Singh is booked to such extent that he has no shooting day free for the next two years! To cap it all there was even a picture called "Dara Singh" in Hindi. The industry is verily in the grip of the wrestler Dara Singh!

The industry will remember 1964 for a very long time. Finance Minister T. T. Krishnamachari swooped down on film stars and film producers to unearth their unaccounted money. These raids upset black market wheelers to such an extent that the one source of finance for can a muscle man claim equal, if the film industry literally dried up.

No Film Production, But Belgium's **Living Theatre Actively Subsidized**

Brussels.

The Kingdom of Belgium has been too small and too close to France with the resultant circumstance that it has never developed film production of its own and only during Nazi occupation developed a Belgian dramatic theatre. Traditionally Belgians awaited the coming to Brussels and other cities of Paris names and glitter. By contrast native actors were sans chic. Where genuine talent showed itself, it fled the homeland, per such comedians as Fernand Gravet, Raymond Rouleau, Victor Francen, Fernand Ledoux.

Food for Snobs

From the depressing years of occupation dates the birth of the company that was to give birth to the Belgian National Theatre: the Comediens Routiers. The "Rideau de Bruxelles," where such ex-cellent work is done under the leadership of Claude Etienne, also found war restrictions challenging, even constructive; said company has acquired a tradition of quality. A small theatre like the Sous," housed in an old cellar of the Grand' Place and with a stage hardly bigger than an apron, specialized in more intimate plays but the ingenuity of its managerdirector often remains a source of delight. That also goes for the "Poche," for the time being en-sconced in the essay theatre of the "National" while another the atre is being readied for them (the old one fell prey to a building site). Two new theatres, in the suburbs this time, have recently been added to the existing number and they are already enjoying great popularity. Should Paris, all of a sudden, stop exporting its Galas Karsenty and Soirees Francaises, the loss to Belgian theatre-goers would hardly be called tragic. Only the snobs would perhaps shed bitter tears! The gaps could be so easily filled, with great distinction too.

In the provinces both professional and amateur companies are very active. The number of art festivals during the summer months has doubled, number one remaining the now traditional season of plays by the National Theatre at Spa. Let's limit our picture to Brussels where thirteen theatres function almost permanently during the season starting in September until May (like London's now defunct Windmill Theatre, the "Quat'Sous" has the distinction of never closing!). The capital's population of 1,038,000 never ceases to be torn between productions which without quite naturally being of equal quality, nevertheless provide for customers with divergent tastes. Which could also be said of a theatrical enter-prise like the A.D.A.C. with offer-ings like "Black Nativity" (a triumph over here), the acrobatic Peking Opera, the Madeleine Renaud-Jean-Louis Barrault Com-pany, the Merce Cunningham Dance Company, etc.

Of the 13 central theatres, nine concentrate on plays—one of them in Flemish: it's the only Brussels theatre where new American plays can be seen—; one, the Ancienne Belgique, on vaudeville; one on revue of popular kind; one on one man shows and variety; one and ballet

Pepped Up "Old Barn"
Former "Monnaie," now the
National Opera, is the undeniable
aristocrat of Belgian theatre. The standing of its productions is superb. With a yearly top subsidy of \$1,138,000—much to the chagrin of the average tax-payer who does not like opera or ballet-the contrary would be unforgivable, of course. The money is well spent since Maurice Huisman took over. The building itself has acquired a new look. It had fallen into decay. Productions had become stuffy.

A shrewd business man as well as a born leader, Huisman managed to keep all his promises. He was astute in picking people to surround him. Especially one, Maurice Bejart. Latter, by his personal contribution, has done much to pull this "suicidal" enterprise safe ground. His personal tribution in this incredible adven-ture of the rebirth of an opera must never be underestimated. If ous sellout at the Residenz.

Huisman was able to prove that a lyrical work can be just as exciting as a play of quality, Bejart, dancer and choreographer, managed al-most to catch the fancy of the younger set with splendid produc-tions like "Rites of Spring," tions like "Rites of Spring,"
Ravel's "Bolero," "Symphony for
a Lonely Man," "The Four Aymon
Brothers" (which required the larger space of the Brussels Circus and scored afterwards, under canvas, at the Edinburgh Festival), 'In Search of Don Juan" and his latest, perhaps his most ambitious production, Beethoven's "Ninth production, Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony." He also directed an entirely new, very personal version of "Tales of Hoffmann" and then got a very mixed reception with the ill-treated, unfortunate "Merry Widow." Undoubtedly influenced by Jerome Robbins but with enough personality to stand completely on his own, Bejart is the most exciting personality to grace the Belgian world of theatri-

Money, Money, Money . . . Subsidy, that word which is so seldom heard in the United States, explains the Belgian live theatres vitality. Here are the facts:

National (large hall, 900 seats, small hall, 350) \$176,000.

Theatre du Parc (709 capacity), \$160,656. Flemish Theatre (669) \$71,340.

Rideau de Bruzelles (657) \$37,500.

Theatre Moliere (450) \$37,500. Theatre des Galleries \$34,175.

This is not a full list of the live theatres here. Several tiny spots also operate with some government aid.

Munich Speaks English Quite a Lot These Days By JOHN KAFKA

Some of the bigger West-German cities will permanently compete with each other for the distinction of being Middle-Europe's "most American metropolis." Recently, scales seem to turn in favor of Munich when its Lord Mayor Vogel was the first to put his sig-nature under a mass-petition pressing Warner Bros. to run "My Fair Lady" not, as customary, with German-dubbed dialogues and lyrics put in the original version. The request in itself had an almost revolutionary touch as within the past decade or so there were only two precedents of Hollywood films screened with unaltered sound-tracks: Columbia's "Porgy and tracks: Columbia's "Porgy and Bess," and UA's "West Side Story." Vogel, when asked whether the highest city executive of Munich had no other things to worry about, replied with pokerface: "As I'm representning the whole of the populace, I have to speak also for those who like to hear American voices in an American pic-

Just by chance, a young American showman in the legit field had to ponder the very same problem: How many Munichers could get over the language barrier at all, and how many of those would enjoy performances in the English tongue more than "eingedeutschte" teutonified) fersions of the same pleces? Albert Pia, a pupil of Allan Schneider and Herbert Berghof with an off-Broadway and little-theatre background was to open in Munich's America House an "American Theatre," with "A View from the Bridge," "Raisin in the Sun," and "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf" as starters.

Local demand for top U.S. stagefare equals that for American moabove 50% of all films shown. Be it the big theatres backed by the State of Bayaria or the City of Munich, or the smaller houses run on a private-commercial basis, they are duplicating Broadway and off-Broadway almost completely, or rather dubbing them, so

to speak, in the German language. No Munich legit fan need miss single item from the long list of Tennessee Williams' works. Chay-evsky's "Tenth Man" is a continu-

23 Playhouses **Keep Legit Alive In Modern Athens**

By RENA VELISSARIOU

remains one of Europe's active theatrical centers with 23 legit theatres in operation. Shift is lately from last year's light plays to more serious fare. Some preference for Greece's own authors for the first time in Of the 23 playhouses 12 opened this season with local plays.

Topping the list is the "Woman Gambler" written by Dimitri Psathas which racked up nearly 700 performances. It opened at Katerina's open air theatre last June with Katerina Andread in the title role and moved over to her own winter theatre Papaioannou in October where it is still running. Concerns a woman to whom card playing is obsessive. She almost loses her self respect before coming to her senses.

First two plays presented this season by the National Theatre were also Greek plays followed, however, by "Nora" by Hendrik

American authors, previously popular, were not prominent this season. Only two works were presented, Neil Simon's "Barefoot in the Park" and "Mary Mary" by Jean Kerr.

"Barefoot in the Park" is pre-sented at the Dionyssia Theatre by Elli's Lambetti company. It was staged by Michalis Cacoyannis with Costas Karras, Dimos Starenios and Smaro Stephanidou.

Jenny Karezi, stage and screen star appeared in "Mary Mary" at the Hatzichristou as staged by Michalis Bouhlis. Next in line is another American play, "Any another American play, "Any Wednesday." Thereafter, a Luigi Pirandello play.

Dispute-raising Greek play, "When the Sons of Atrides," withdrawn at the last moment from the program of the Athens Festival because of its anti Royalistic slants has been presented now by Dimitri Myrat at the Theatre Kotopouli. It is written by Vaguelis Katsanis with Voula Zouboulaki, Byron Pallis and Elli Foriou.

Dimitri Myrat staged another Greek play also for his second company at the Theatre of Athens titled "Good Night Love" by Alecos Lidorikis, with Maro Kontou, Nelly Agualidou and Maria Deme-

Charles Coon has opened his Art Theatre with a Greek play "The Fair" by Dimitris Kahaides.

Costas Moussouris never presents, however, local plays at his own theatre. This year opened with Checkov "The Three Sisters," with Vasso Metaxa, Jenny Roussea and Appe Venetic and Anna Veneti.

Aliki Vouyouklaki, perhaps this kingdom's most popular screen and stage star opened this year with "Colombe" by Annouille, at her theatre Kentircon with Dimitri Papamichael, Despo Diamontidou, Koula Ayayiotou and Christos Tsaganeas.

Alecos Alexandrakis has three plays on his program for this sea-son. The first "A Month in The Country" will be followed by the Country" will be followed by the Roumanian "A Lost Letter" and the third will be a Russian item 'Ivanov" by Chekov. His wife Aliki Geogouli is performing the leading female roles. The Alexandrakis Company is housed at the Diana

Ibsen's "The Lady of the Sea" is presented at the Theatre of Georges Pappas by Antigone's Valakou troupe. Christos Parlas, Zoras Tsapelis and Voula Harilaou are in principal support.

Alexis Damianos has staged Michael Kazzo's "A Hatful of Rain" at the Theatre Poreia with Katerina Helmi and T. Papadakis in the leads. This was followed by the British comedy "The House of Five Priests" with the popular comedian Mimis Fotopoulos, in the leading role.

French classic comedy "L'Etourdi" by Moliere has been staged by Michalis Bouhlis with Christina Sylva. Two plays by Maxwell Anderson the "Barefoot of Athens" and "Queen Elizabeth" are next in the program of this theatre this

'HITLER PRESENTS A TOWN TO THE JEWS'

Revealing the Final Ghastly Irony of Nazi Propaganda as Germans Foresaw Their Defeat-Set Decorators Turned a Slow-Death Camp Into a Kindly Gesture of Der Fuehrer-Kurt Gerron Forced to Direct Travesty and Then Murdered as His Compensation

By HERBERT G. LUFT

von Sternberg of his motion pic-ture classic, "Der Blaue Engle" (The Blue Angel), which cata-pulted Marlene Dietrich to fame and, after 35 years, netted the director the highest cultural award from the Federal Republic of Western Germany. Yet, it has remained the only film ever made in Germany by Von Sternberg who, though Vienna-born, started his career in the U.S. and is a complete product of Hollywood.

When we came to discuss the character of Kiepert, the impresario-magician of "The Blue Angel" (portrayed in the ill-fated 20th Century-Fox remake of 1959 by Theodore Bikel), I learned that Von Sternberg was not aware of the tragic events that led to the death of Kurt Gerron who had created the role in Berlin of 1929 and received screen credit, in third position, right after the names of Emil Jannings and Miss Dietrich.

Kurt Gerron was murdered by the Nazis 20 years ago, after he made his last, forced appearance as film director under direct supervision by Dr. Goebbels in the Czechoslovakian town of Terezin (Theresienstadt). Not even Holly-wood remake of "The Blue Angel" lifted the curtain on an infamous episode on the sideline of World War II.

Burly, good-natured Kurt Gerron (Gerson), born May 11, 1897, a native of Berlin and graduate of its university, had been with the Reinhardt Theatres from 1920 to 1925, when he made his screen debut as a villian in an earlier Jannings film, "Variety," in which Lya de Putti appeared under E. A. Dupont's direction for UFA's producer Erich Pommer. Simultaneously, the versatile Gerron appeared in Trude Hesterberg's literary cabaret, "Die Musenschaukel," which lampooned German chauvinism, the Weimar Republic and the bourgeoise in general. Later, Gerron portrayed one of the roles in the long-run stage production of Brecht-Weill's Dreigroschenoper" ("Three Penny Opera" derived from John Gan's "Beggar's Opera") and his voice still can be heard as the narrator on a Capitol recording of that adaptation. In 1930, Gerron appeared with Dolly Haas in the first motion picture directed by Anatole Litvak in Berlin. The following year, he played a featured role in UFA's "Bomben ueber Monte Carlo" (Monte Carlo Madness) starring Hans Albers and Anna Sten.

Gerron's Career

Around 1931, Gerron became a film director at UFA, first doing a series of musical shorts, riety show somewhat similar to today's Ed Sullivan television program. Quickly, he advanced to feature motion pictures and when the Nazis took control of the German government on Jan. 30, 1933 Gerron had already completed several top films presenting such personalities as Kaethe von Nagy, Heinz Ruehman, Hans Albers and Trude von Molo. He also had guided the first feature with young Luise Rainer—his screen discovery who was to become twice an Academy Award winner

in Hollywood. Gerron, who had ridiculed Hit-ler many times from the night club stage, fled to Vienna and from there went to Carlsbad in Czechoslovakia. When life became difficult in the nazified Sudetenland, Gerron decided to settle in Holland in 1936 where he made his first Dutch picture in Loet C. Barnstijn's Filmstad in The Hague, "The Mystery of the Moonshine Sonata," which was not successful. But a year later, Gerron won the acclaim of public and press with the filmization of a Dutch bestseller, "Merijntje's Gijzens Jeugd" (Youth). In 1938, he directed for Italian producer Manenti a Dutch-Italian co-ven-ture, "Drie Wensen" (Three

international appeal, a literary cabaret—the sharply pointed po-litical night club type that had been so much in demand in pre-

Dutch Interlude

When, in the spring of 1940, Hitler's panzer divisions overran the Low Countries in less than one week, the majority of Jewish anti-Fascist refugees caught in a trap. At first, the Nazis allowed the Gerron group to function on strict orders and under German supervision. In 1941, a Jewish Theatre (Joodsche Schouwburg), only for Jewish audiences, was established in Amsterdam, one of the many paradox notions of the "Greater German Reich." Gerron was director and performer, together with such top talent of pre-Hitler's satirical revues as Herbert and Rurolf Nel-son, Willy Rosen, and many other composers and lyricists of by-

Step by step privileges and meager possibilities to earn a livelihood were taken away from the Jews in occupied Europe. In 1943, Gerron, together with many others, was picked up by the Gestapo and thrown into the Westerbork concentration camp of Holland. On Feb. 25, 1944, his turn came to be shipped off to the East in a cattle train.

The world knew little then about Umschlagplatz Theresienstadt, the former town of Terezin in occupied and annexed Czechoslovakia, where my own next of kin unbeknown to me perished around 1943. Terezin had become the separation station between those who were left there to themselves to die of malnuirition, and the constant stream of newcomers who were divided into working commandos for slave labor camps and those unfit to work according to the judgment of their masters. The latter were imme-diately transferred from the in-coming cargo into special trains speeding away to the extermina-tion centres of Poland. Most of the earlier inmates, though old and invalid, stayed on in dire misery until their demise. The same was true to the multitude of children who had arrived around 1940, after the rape of Czechoslo-

Glassy-Eyed

Stars of Germany and Austria's stage and screen, such as those who had worked with Gerron, including Jannings, dared not, or anyhow, did not, show any sympathy for their Jewish fellow-Among these, Gruenbaum, Max Ehrlich, Paul Morgan and Otto Wallburg, wound up in the gas chambers and ovens Auschwitz (Oswiescim) Treblinka.

While the police state, in 1944, exterminated Jews, Gypsies, and other minorities such as Czechs and Serbs stamped "inferior" by Nazi propaganda, German armies were crumbling, from the Baltic Coast to the Black Sea, from the Pyrenees to Upper Silesia. On the verge of losing the war and almost ready to bargain for their own lives and earthly possessions, top members of the Nazi hierarchy now applied a new tactic to cover up years of atrocities and wanton mass murder by a propaganda campaign aimed at the International Red Cross, The Pope, The King of Sweden, and the heads of other neutral countries and, perhaps, at soft-hearted Americans. Among the ingenious schemes, the production of so-called "documentary" motion pictures showing the benevolent spirit of the Germans towards those they had taken under their protective wings, were authorized by the Ministry of Propaganda. In Terezin, Gerron was selected to Wishes) which became a great flop at the boxoffice. After that dis
Stadt" (The Leader Presents a wand disappeared. A shallow pro
Three direct a special feature, "Der lights were dimmed and the film and derives its German name cans sealed, and presto—the magic "Theresianted" from Empress wand disappeared. A shallow pro
Theresia the Great.

meant certain liquidation.

Orders were given by the com-mander of Theresienstadt to have the muddy streets and alleys of Hitler Berlin — though the Germans themselves had learned nothing from their image on the scrubbed and disinfected. Frightened voices fluttered up when the inmates were rounded up for inspection. The sick, the injured and those too badly beaten were removed from sight.

Into the emptiness of life behind barbed wire came trucks loaded with glittering, shiny implements which no one of the ghetto in-habitants at first could make out. Some fearful souls thought at first, it might be a scientifically deviced machinery with the mechanism to speed up the extermination. But then they caught a glimpse of those who had entered the city of Terezin together with the intricate equipment; Germans, happily smiling, well fed and sun-burned, who were busy unloading cameras, arc lights, cables and sound recorders with the help of slave labor recruited at random.

The film crew quickly went about to dress up the town. The streets were lined with patriotic banners. Swastikas flapped against flagpoles. Inmates themselves had hang curtains on the windows of their pitiful shanties. Exteriors of the vermin-infested, medieval buildings were adorned with fresh spring flowers. For the first time in many a year. Theresienstadt was fully lit, a hazardous undertaking in a time of constant air raids.

While the stage was being set for the show, clean underwear and decent garments were issued to all those who were to be present on the scene. Yet, most of the shetto inhabitants looked like ghetto inhabitants looked like dummies in the ill-fitting clothes which were much too large for the awfully thin, emaciated bodies.

Cast of Skeletons

With apparently sadistic delight, the head of the Nazi propaganda unit ordered Gerron, once a master of sophisticated screen comedies, to go ahead with the tragic farce. How must he have trembled rehearsing the miserable crowd, cajoling the wizened, hag-gard, shrunken human wrecks into showing joyful faces to those who had spat at them for too long? Huge search lights criss-crossed about the heads while tables were rope. set up at the market square. Director Gerron gave the signal for the cameras to start grinding, and on cue a number of stooges entered the scene pretending to serve steaming hot meals to those who had not tasted a warm dish for many a month.

The weary inmates smiled shakily posing with the precious bread which was being distributed among them. Is there a greater torment for the starving than to hold a loaf of warm bread, not being allowed to eat a bite from spectacular affair with gay waltz tunes. After all, the Germans are an extremely musical, sentimental, gemuetliches people.

Gerron, no doubt, must have felt humiliated and ashamed. A motion picture of sound and healthy life of Jews under the kindly patronage of the Nazis was staged under his direction, for the enjoyment of neutral viewers and to re-establish the shaky prestige of Germany throughout the world. He had seen it differently!

When the show was covered from every camera angle, with long shots, medium shots and even

Beverly Hills. appointment, Gerron confined his Town to the Jews). Refusal of duction had come to an end. Every Recently, I talked with Josef artistic activities to his forte of such an assignment would have crum of food was collected by Kapos (Camp guards) and punishment meted out to those who had dared to touch it. even the children who might have eaten from the candy and cookies. Once more the Jews of Terezin slipped back into their faded garments of old and, with it, into their misery. Again, there was with them the agony of starvation, the frightful fear of torture and slowly grinding methods of murder.

His Reward

Gerron was promptly awarded for his forced collab-He was singled out by the Gestapo and shipped off to the extermination center of Oswiescim. This was the last to be heard from the co-star of Emil Jannings and Marlene Dietrich from Blue Angel." Some say, Gerron wound up in the gas chamber, others insist he was clubbed to death.

While showcase films such as 'Hitler presents a Town to the were manufactured for the Jews" benefit of those abroad who possibly could extend their hospitaliy to the elite of the Third Reich once the war was lost, the Germans themselves on the front were fed quite a different type of documentary picture. One of them, "Der Ewige Jude" (The Eternal Jew), was to prove that World Jewry was a menace to civilization and deserved nothing better but to be extinct forever.

Already around Christmas of 1940, Veit Harlan's Nazified version of Lion Feuchtwanger's originally-harmless novel "Jud Suess" had appeared in 66 cinema houses of Berlin. Werner Krauss with his obscene portrayal of a medieval rabbi helped to create the climate for the anticipated slaughter of European Jewry. Another anti - Semitic film, "The other anti - Semitic film, "The Rotschilds," merely factual re-portage stated the poster, supported the aims of the German propaganda ministry by exposing "Jewish world conspiracy." The Berlin Film Kurier, the Reich's official trade paper, called both 'a cultural achievement.'

Just before Pearl Harbor was attacked and Germany declared war on the U.S., a violently anti-British motion picture was released throughout occupied Europe. "Ohm Kruger," an account of the Boer War depicted by the perverted Nazi mind as an of colonial brutality. The picture was designed to appease the Dutch and showed in visual terms that the British established the very first concentration camps — South Africa some 50 years earlier. Star and producer of this expensive screen venture of wartime Germany was the very same Emil Jannings of "Vaudeville" and "The Blue Angel."

Right after the war's end, the original manuscript to "The Fuehit? Here and there, some of the overly excited skeletons toppled was brought to America by a Geroverly excited skeletons toppled over the food-laden tables. Children were grinning timidly while holding on with both hands to some obscure candy bars and not until some of the German-chocolates. The camp band, made speaking members of the film inup by world-renowned artists who had the misfortune to be Jewish, went into action to illustrate the sonal friend of Gerron) had thumbed through the whole script. The at-random remarks by the cultural supervisor of the film, pencilled in throughout the typewritten pages, give us a pretty good idea of the state of mind of those who had sponsored the production.

Somehow as a postscript to my story, I have to go back to the discussion with film director Josef von Sternberg. We both looked for the town of Terezin (today once more in Czechoslovakia) on a map of an old geography book von Sternberg had in his L.A. library. Terezin is situated in the individual close-ups of the in-voluntary participants, the arc cient Austro-Hungarian empire



It's Hard To Quiz Italians

Accuracy as an Annoyance-Gossip Transcends Facts-Rome a Tough Place to Dig News But Much of Its News Very Piquant-Hilton Hotel Host to Taxicab Drivers a Big Success

By IRVING R. LEVINE

(Chief, NBC News Bureau, Rome)

Rome. Rome, the Eternal City, is to coran easy city for gathering news. Italians con-



fear that the call may be a devious plot on the part of the tax collector to elicit incriminating informa-Also the main fount of news in Rome is the Vatican and most prelates in those cloistered pre-cincts operate on the premise that no news is the best news for the Vatican

Nevertheless, Rome and Italy compensate for these news-gathering difficulties by the varied nature of the stories they produce. Other cities have fountains, but only in Rome do starlets and tourists and young boys periodically plunge in.

Party For Cabbies

Where else would a hotel throw party for taxi drivers? The new Hilton Hotel which has opened on a hill some 20 minutes away from the center of town found that its guests often had not heard of it, or, more frequently, they just didn't know the shortest route The hotel manager invited 600 of the city's taxi drivers to an all-day party—it lasted all day so that both day and night shift drivers could attend. Roman taxi drivers are accustomed to abuse and small tips, and the invitation to a party at a posh hotel had the desired effect. There is not a taxi driver in Rome now who does not know the way to the new hotel and who does not sing its praises.

It is also strange that until re-cently the law required that all matches sold in Rome and in other Italian cities must have red stems. Presumably the color was chosen to call attention to the dangers inherent in matches. But now it apparently is felt that Italians can trusted with matches and can handle their hazards. A new Italian law has been passed, as if parliament had nothing better to do, and matchsticks now can be any

color at all.

Speaking of having nothing better to do, a Naples newspaper ran a survey the other day in that southern port city which is proud of its tradition of song. The survey discovered that there is only one hand-organ grinder left in the

Italo-Type Crime

Even crime in Italy has a way of being on the unusual side. Five persons have been found guilty of faking endorsements by doctors for Lax laws on the subject in Italy have resulted in a great many tower holding a large clock. On drug-manufacturing companies springing up here, and not all of them are reputable. To put a new drug on the market it is only necessary to obtain the endorsement of a certain number of physicians. The recently convicted ring simply faked the necessary endorsements.

Perhaps the most unusual crime in Italy occurred in in Sicily where three Capuchin monks were sentenced to 13 years in prison. Extortionists terrorized a section of the island for many years. Sicilians received notes demanding money and surgestion that the victim go to the monks for ad-The monks invariably advised that the victim pay. It was finally discovered that the monks shared in the extortion

Perhaps the most bizarre scandal

sider accuracy a government monopoly. This was an annoyance, a result of Italy's conquests which they find gosmalia an African colony of Hardly anyone bothers to pay the the new Roman empire. To develop facts, and statistics imited. Somalia's banana trade Mussolini have his ret inoculated. It was facts, and statistics imited to the hands of the state. tistics irritate It is as a result of Somalia, Musthem. Add to solini, bananas, and the state monthis the fact opoly that 144 Italians are today that Italians do not like to answer questions on the telephone for the holds of the state and the st

Each year the State Banana Agency gives contracts to wholesalers to handle the distribution of bananas. These contracts and the licenses to sell bananas go to those wholesalers who enter successful bids. The bidding is open to the public. Anyone who wants to receive permission from the state to be a banana-wholesaler simply sends in his bid at the appropriate time in a sealed envelope. Beforehand the state banana officials decide on the basis of the annual crop what they consider a fair wholesale price for bananas. This government-fixed price is written on a piece of paper, and sealed in an envelope. It is a state secret. On the appropriate day the government's envelope is opened and so are those of the banana-bidders. These bidders whose price is closest to the gov-ernment's price get the lucrative contracts to import and sell bananas for that year.

Last May when this annual ceremony took place several disappointed bidders charged that there had been irregularities. Their charges were investigated and seemed to be well founded. Ar-rests folowed. Eleven members of the State Banana Monopoly Administration and 133 wholesalers were arrested. They are now on trial. It is claimed that a group in the state administration tipped off favored dealers to the secret price contained in the sealed envelope. The favored dealers in turn kickedback money to the state employees for the information which enabled them to make successful bids. This apparently had been going on for some time. Suspicions arose when the accused bananabidders entered bids precisely the same as the government price. It was obviously too precise to be honest. Italy's banana trade amounts to one and one-half million dollars a year. That's not hay. Or as one local punster put it: The profits obviously had great 'a-peel.

Hadn't Noticed

Sometimes news stories in Italy are interesting because they reflect some particular characteristic. For example, Rome's city hall is situated on one of the city's famous, original Seven Hills. The city hall is a magnificently proportioned Renaissance building with a central quire as to the significance of the lights. The man who answered said he didn't know; he had been working there for a dozen years but hadn't noticed the lights. He phoned back triumphantly later in the day. His investigations had been fruitful. The light burned red at noon and at several other key hours to enable people to set their clocks. Italians are so disdainful of punctuality that it was not surprising that the man in city ha'll was oblivious to the clock. What is surprising is that such a clock with a red light exists at all. However, even this falls into proper context, because the clock seldom tells the correct time.

It is also characteristic that a of recent months had its origins recent tragic series of cases of during Mussolini's times. Musso-rabies in Rome was partially the lini is remembered by Italians for result of tax evasion. Italians don't mer night in old Perugia.

many things both good and bad. like to pay taxes. Tax-evasion is a His admirers hasten to remind the listener that he made Italy's trains a tax on dogs and other pets. The respondents covering the news, listener that he made Italy's trains a tax on dogs and other personance often the Infernal City. It is not run on time and most often they state provides free vaccination of the fact dogs against rabies. But dog-ownstill do so. Less known is the fact dogs against rabies. But dog-own-that Mussolini turned bananas into ers often fear that if they have tax. And hardly anyone bothers to ised, in the interests of public health, that Romans who had their dogs vaccinated would "not incur fiscal consequences" (that is, would not incur taxes), that some Romans agreed to have their animals inoculated against rabies.

Another aspect of Italian life is even less susceptible to enforcement. That is the habit of the Italian male to voice audible admiration of passing attractive females. After five yeras of deliberation on the subject, the Italian Supreme Court recently ruled that it is a punishable misdemeanor to whistle at passing girls and to comment aloud on their various physical charms. The ruling resulted from a sentence handed down by a lower court of ten days impri-sonment for two boys who vociferously admired a girl in the seaport of Bari. The Supreme Court upheld the jail sentence.

Free Standees For Playlets In Perugia Squares

By TRUDY GOTH

summer's open-air performances was here in this medieval hill-town of Perugia. Theatre in the Square consisted of one-act playlets without scenery (only a few props). There was a free standing audience. Only seats had to be paid for. On makeshift wooden steps set up on the side of some tiny square, anyone passing by could climb to stand and watch the actors. Venture proved so successful that the playlets, running about 40 minutes each, were repeated twice each evening. Same works were then repeated on a following evening in some other square.

Actors appeared in costume to fit the quaint backdrops of Perugia's ancient streets. The most successful proved to be "The Vigilant Guard" by Cervantes, and "Andreuccio da Perugia" a drama-tization of one of Bocaccio's famous short stories. These were staged and played by a company of stu-dent actors from Rome. The playtower holding a large clock. On ers of Perugia's Piccolo Teatro who several occasions in driving past have for two years running made the city hall I had noticed a red their mark in Gian-Carlo Menotti's exoneration of the Jews in the the city half I had noticed to light burning brightly. However, on most occasions the light was not occasions the light was ance drawn from the 12th Century ance drawn from the 12th Century to the light was ance drawn from the 12th Century and the light was a second from the light was a se French "Chanson de Renard." In this all the actors are made up as animals.

Those resident in the houses in and around the squares chosen as playhouses had a lively time. They willingly lent their windows, balconies and outside staircases to be encompassed in the plays. The rehearsals drew just as thick a public as the shows themselves. The expenses of the performances were met by the Perugia Tourist Office and by the township.

So successful was the Teatro in Piazza that other towns are asking to be allowed repeats next year Plans to run a competition for plays suitable to this kind of semiimprovised staging are also being laid. "Theatre in the Square" will become a regular feature of sum-

ISRAEL REVISITED

- By JIM BISHOP -

The house isn't easy to find be- laws so ancient that they pass bechocolate cake to the plain at of Israel. Ramlah and the street lights stand lonely and out of sight of each other. It's a modest stone house with the stairway outside the east wall and the west wall standing steady on steel stilts.

Mike is a little man with a large mind and he works for the Israeli Government. He is dark and bluejowled and smiles when he is hurt. He had a cocktail party for my wife and me and he had some government officials there and they sat around in small groups munching on cookies and petits munching on cookies and petits fours and saying pleasant things in English because they did not want to offend the American.

The conversation was slow because the men were anxious to touch foils with me before deciding, as delicately as possible, whether I had a riposte for their thrusts. If I had none, they would talk family and children and the welfare of their country and mine. If I had any blunt opinion, they were ready to clang steel on steel as adversary to adversary.

I was eating a kind of pungent fish on small triangles of toast when I decided to make the first thrust and wait for the parry. "American writers are afraid to criticize Israel," I said, "because there is a sensitivity in my country about Jews." The men nodded. They appeared to be glad that I had said it, not they. They smiled at me and nodded at each other. "Your writers make Israel look so good," the one with the crayon brows said, "that we lose sympathy in the United States". in the United States." A woman in the hallway, eating a chocolate, said, "And bond sales too."

Perugia, Italy.

One successful venture of last

The oratorical fencing match was on. For me, it was sheer delight because it was obvious that we respected each other without fakery. "Is such sensitivity among the Jews," the quiet Dutchman said, "or the Christians?" "Both," I said. "Too many American Jews are defensive about being Jews, and too many Christian etterner. and too many Christian statesmen and publishers find it easy to and publishers find it easy to pander to the sensitivity." A stout motherly woman said: "A Jew has a reason for this." I thought about it. "Ted Lurie feels as I think I would feel if I were a Jew," I said. "He has five brothers back in Brooklyn and he isn't sure whether he envies them or they envy him. Lurie is editor of the Jerusalem Times and he feels that he is neither the superior nor the inferior of any man he meets.

They probed for my sensitivity. Did I think that the Ecumenical Council was doing good work? (To a degree, as one may properly applaud the first step forward of a baby, but ig ore the same thing in an adult.) Did I admire Pope John XXIII as much as they did? (No, because they saw him as a unique man on a lofty eminence; I saw him as a peasant pope who loved all men as naturally as he loved death of Jesus Christ? (It isn't an exoneration; it's an official restatement of an ancient position which was permitted to degenerate among the masses as anti-Semitism.)

What did I think of Israel? (Better than 1955, the last visit to Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Stronger, more industrious, more trees, better roads, less witless bickering between political parties.) Once the gentlemen found that there was no limit to the give-and-take of a long night of conversation, they relaxed, and so did I. We talked of many things, as boys might ramble sitting in the surimer sun on the edge of a cool running stream.

I was shocked to learn that 80% of Israelis do not go to the temple. The biggest internal battle was between the rabbinate and the government. The biggest internal bat-tle was between the rabbinate and the government. The rabbis, citing your rights."

go where they tell you. Your rela-tives are in Tel Aviv. Insist on

cause Mike Kidron lives on the edge of Jerusalem where the stony hills slope down like cracked hills slope down like cracked to the law of the Sovereign State

European Influence

The Israeli Jew is not American in character. He is European. Kidron's English sounds as though it came from the docks of Liverpool. The one with the crayon brows used the sonorous tones of a German pipe organ. The Dutchman had a precise English, as though he had studied it in garrets and had never heard it spoken. The restaurants are European. So are the houses and much of the cul-ture. Still, the Israeli Jew is wor-ried, because the tables of probvery poor, very religious, and very ignorant.

"Will they drag us down to their level?" the Dutchman said. "Or must we lift them to ours?" He had asked the question of the wrong man. I could not answer. Mike Kidron spoke about American bond drives for Israel and recited the figures without comment.
Of \$600.000.000 in bonds outstanding, \$520,000,000 were bought by Americans. "This would keep Is-

rael alive, under our budget, for about six months," he said.
"Besides," another man said, "we have to pay it back. It's a loan, not a gift." I understood the point. I asked them to stop fencing with me. They were weaking ing with me. They were working toward the thesis that the average American Jewish tourist visits Israel expecting the natives to be grateful. They are not. To the contrary. Some Americans return home embittered about Israel.

It's a one-sided misunderstand-

ing. The sabra built Israel. He tilled it, blackened the sand with his sweat, fought the Arabs, served time in the army at \$7 a month, put his talliss on at home on Friday evenings and prayed to the God who listened, maintained the dietary laws, worked in a factory for \$40 a week and paid \$115 to have a telephone installed, saw the morning sun hang on the peaks of the Mountains of Moab, and told himself that he had done it all without help.

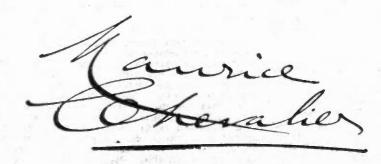
The American Jew feels that money made Israel. Preferably, his money. In Israel he is regarded as a son who left his family, went out into the world and became a huge success, and sent a pittance back to mother on the eve of each Passover, but forgot the kisses at the bottom of the letter. Another thing is that the American feels that he is entitled to special privleges in Israel. The Israeli feels that the American is entitled to a cool nod.

Shimon Peres, the Deputy Minister for Defense, gives one the impression that he has more regard-perhaps affection-U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean than he has for all the American Jews and their bond drives. Still, when the men at Mike Kidron's home got down to the kernal within the kernal, they admitted that they feel an ani-mosity toward Jews who live in Paris, London, Moscow, Bucharest, Rome and Sofia.

They have no admiration for members of the family who remain away from home. They were talking and, for awhile, I was thinking, Israel's needs are Peace, People and Pounds in that order. The Arab world of General Nasser is committed, as a matter of policy, to negotiate an enduring truce with the Arab world, it would mean no more than that they are not ready. All of the Arab maps depict Israel as "Jewish Occupied Palestine."

The second need, People, is like funneling damp sand from a bottle. It requires slaps on the bot-Driblets of immigrants come to Haifa. They are citizens of the country the moment they land, and some will not land until they tell Israel where they desire to live. All of them have their fares paid by the Jewish Agency, and all agree to work on kibbutzes or in factories or wherever they are most needed, for a time. By when the ship drops its hook off Haifa, small boats come out with Israelis holding up signs which say: "Don't

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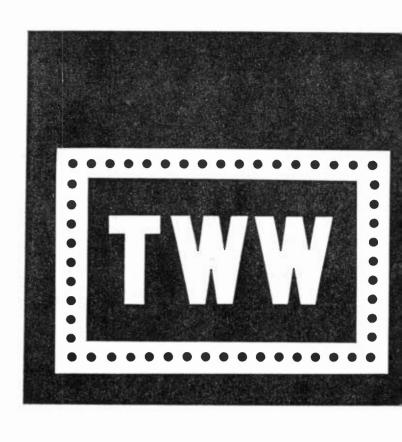
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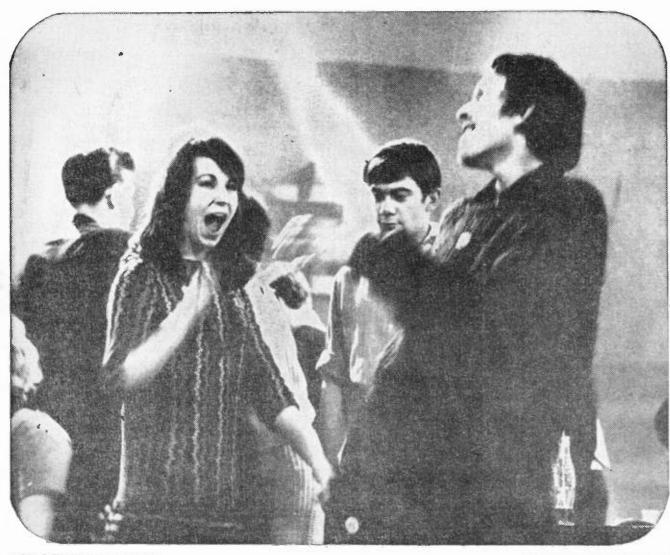


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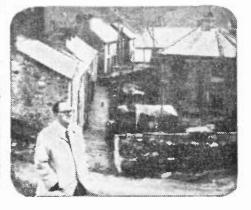
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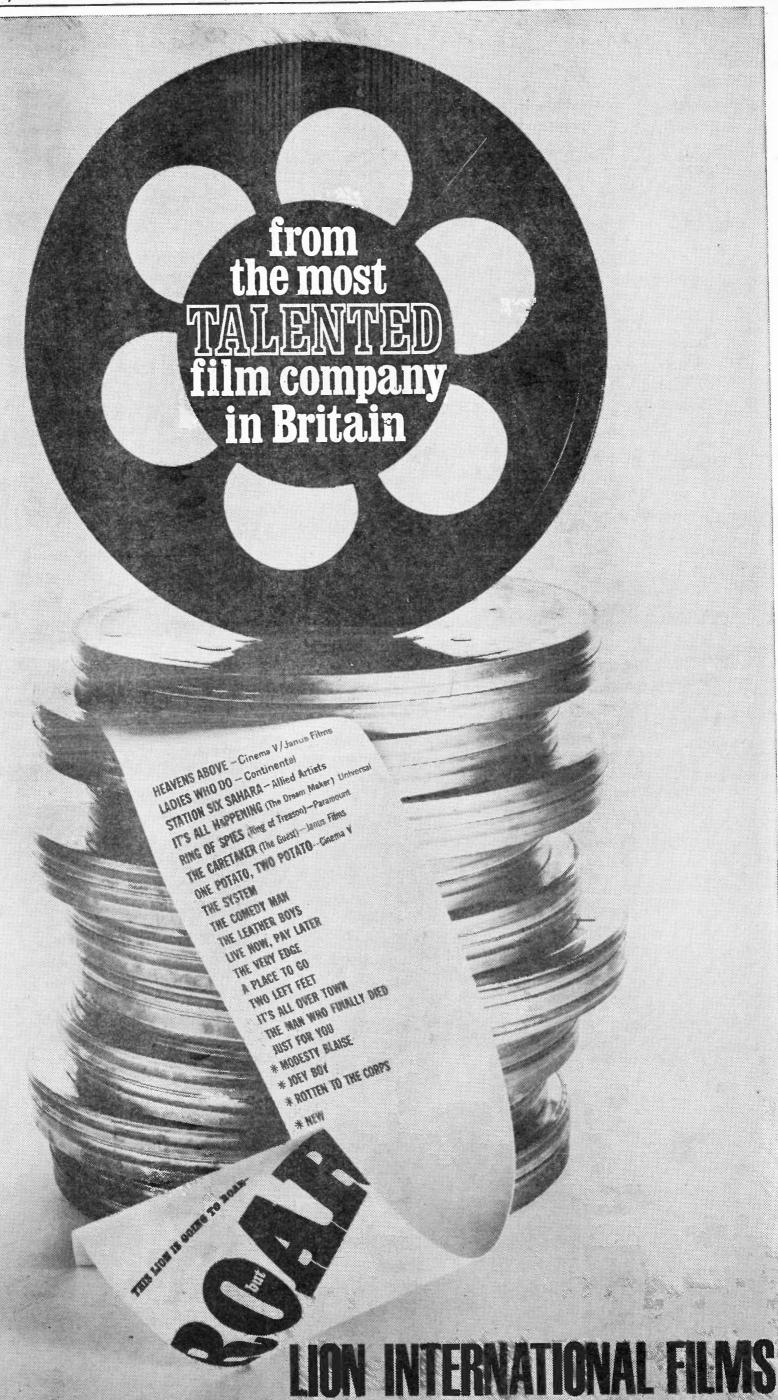
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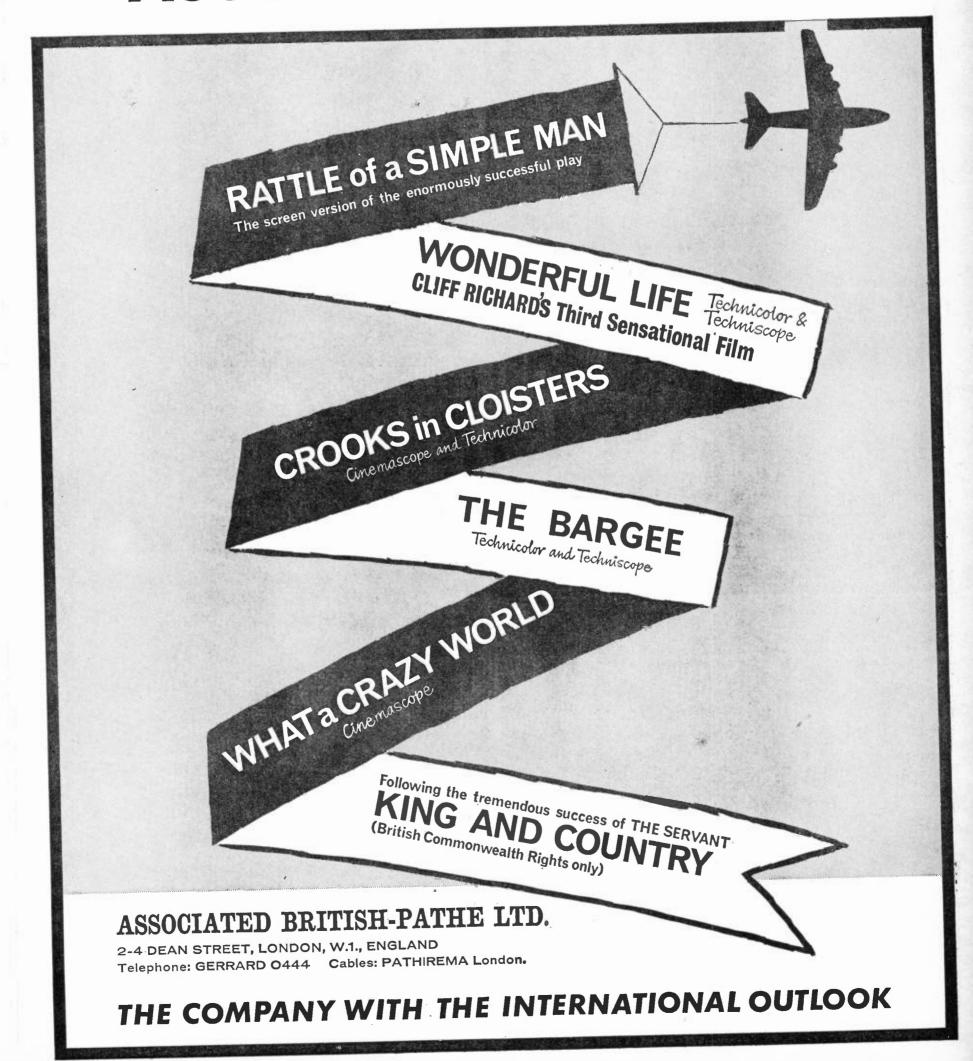
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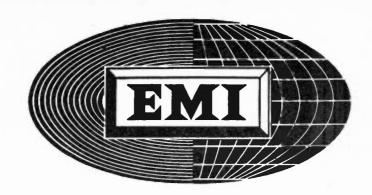
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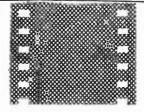
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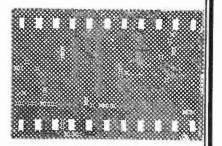
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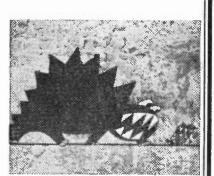
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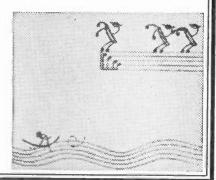


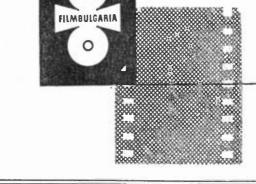
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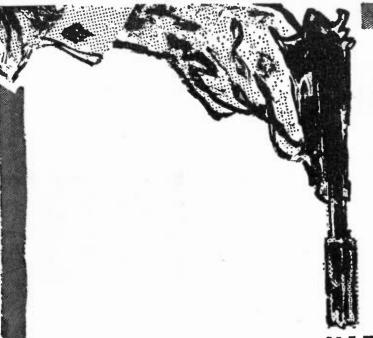
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Legit, Usually Laggard, Rolls Briskly **During Italo Show Biz's Poor Year**

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

Rome.

The legitimate theatre come-back has been the highlight of an otherwise average year in Italian show business.

Local films were in a slight slump, due to a financial crisis which affected the Italian economy in general, the music and record businesses had ups and downs, television was re-gearing to recapture an audience whose first rapture with the medium had passed. Rome niteries had to close down, dramatically, for a few days toward year's end to draw the spotlight onto their problems of growing overheads which threatened the livelihood of the entire sector.

Only the theatre, after losing millions of spectators during the past 10 years, showed signs of a substantial comeback.

For the first time in years, there were lines at some boxoffices, notably for two Rome presentations, "After the Fall" and an Italo musical, "The Day of the Turtle". cal, "The Day of the luttle."
"God's Trombones", in for a brief late-fall run in Rome, had to extend. Several Milan presentations likewise successful, and Genoa's repertory company played to encouraging houses with Tullio Kezich's Italo novelty. "La Costanza di Zeno". Naples' San tigue as one reason.

Ferdinando Theatre, shut down tight for a year—as were many other legit palaces in the Southern city-reopened with a Eduardo De-Filippo season.

In Rome, the situation became so crowded that even though two onetime pic houses were re-geared for legit use, some incoming com-panies had to delay their visits until theatres became available. In the musical field, "Rugantino" prepared for a revival, despite the heavy overhead of cast and sets, and was slated to hit cities not previously covered in its 1963 and 1964 runs.

And everywhere, opening nights were once again fashionable; so much so that most Rome houses actually held three: two pre-opening, for "elite" showbiz audiences and/or socialites, the third on the actually announced opening day. And all at advanced prices.

Observers and theatre people alike were puzzled, though naturally pleased, at the trend. Few if any had a clear-cut answer explaining the welcomed return. Though some cynics attributed it mainly to snowballing snobbery, explaining that Italians were trend and fashion-prone, others more substantially pointed to video fa-

USSR's Disk Blackout

Continued from page 153

such an excellent concert stage. Here, too, we found young, extremely attentive audiences. Some months later, while sitting in my home in Los Angeles and listening boys in Korea, I was thrilled, as was my wife, to hear him say that to a Bob Hope broadcast for the boys in Korea, I was thrilled, as was my wife, to hear him say that he was broadcasting from the Alfred Wallenstein Bowl. The bowl was named for me just after my appearance there, much to my de-

In Israel, too, we found that the acceptance for the classical American musician and orchestra, was almost without parallel. The country, though small, has a populace that is dedicated and music loving. In Tel Aviv, in an auditorium that seats 3.000, with tickets sold out weeks in advance, we performed the same program eight times in order to accommodate the 24,000 people who wished to hear the concert.

Known By Disks

Everywhere in Europe-in the Near and in the Far East, most American artists are well-known through their recordings. even though they might have made no local appearances. When it is made known that these artists are going to appear-their recording reputation, so to speak, precedes them. Their recordings are their artistic ambassadors.

Of course the one area of the world where this is not so is in Russia. The sales of records by all artists other than Russians is nonexistent. I had occasion to talk with the assistant manager of the leading concert hall in Leningrad who was in her early thirties. To my amazement, she had no knowledge of the "greats" such as Vladimir Horowitz, Jascha Heifetz or even of Toscanini. Since he performed in person and won the Tehaikovsky Competition, Van Tchaikovsky Competition, Van Cliburn is well-known and adored in Russia.

Since no recordings by composers and artists other than Russians are available in Russia, it goes without saying that any Russian music lover under 40 has little knowledge of the prominent American musical artists. It is true that this picture has also begun to al-ter with the Exchange Program, for which Sol Hurok was largely responsible, which is, of course, sponsored by both governments.

Since there is an approaching "marriage" between the whole world of music, today the American concert and opera artist and the American orchestral musician can practice his profession throughout the world—and to borrow a line from the famous Negro Spiritual, the American artist literally has "the whole world in his

Pleasure-Mad West Germans

Common Market's New Front: Opera

General managers of various leading European opera companies have banded together in what is temporarily being called "Europera." Purpose is arrange co-operation on production, casting and

exploitation. Each company retains full authority and identity, none

is tied in any way except as seems logical on each separate occa-

sion. Maurice Huysmanns, g.m. of the Brussels Opera, is temporary

president of Europera and headquarters for time being in Brussels.

The companies involved are kept secret but include the Rome Opera House, the Amsterdam and Brussels houses and half a

dozen sites in Germany. Total number of managements involved

at present is approximately 20 but hope is to involve up to 100.

their luck at roulette and baccarat. tre, opera or concerts at least six (Law stipulates that a resident times yearly. (With the cities and cannot gamble in his home town, state governments helping finance so the gambling centers at Baden-Baden, Bad Kissingen, Bad Reich-enhall, Bad Duerkheim, Lindau, Garmisch, Bad Wiessee. Wiesbaden, Constance, Bad Homburg, Travemunde and Bad Neuenahr attract the "outsiders" from another area-but most of their big spenders are Germans).

Gambling sport has now become so popular with the prosperous Germans that the turnover of the two largest casinos, Baden-Baden and Bad Neuenahr, is close to that of Monte Carlo and Enghien outside of Paris. And only Constance relies heavily on spenders from outside the land. Since it is close to the Swiss border, about half of its gamblers are Swiss visitors.

Germans are also becoming athome entertainers. About a quarter of the adults give or attend a party once a month. The "cock-tail hour," introduced from the States, has become a replacement for the more stuffy all-eveninglong feast for a handful of people, and the local status symbol is the most expensive foreign drink, with bourbon (at \$7 a bottle) replacing Scotch (at the cut-rate liquor stores for only about \$4 a bottle) as the most "in" drink with the

Some 13% of the Germans go

dollars, with about 1,600,000 trying | nightclub, and 22% go to the thea-

The country's 6,000 cinemas, of course, also attract the leisure timers, and have been blamed with stirring up the sex symbols here, so that the aim of every unmarried worker (and some of the mar-ried ones, too) is a lovely romance during the off-duty hours. And the other aspects of the sex lure—the highly-acclaimed "fraulein wonder" of the beautiful girls of Germany—have meant big jumps ahead for the sports clothes industry, as the girls want to be dressed in the latest apre-ski or bikini outfits.

Another result, too, is that the plump beauties who once constituted the "official" good looks of Germany are frowned upon, and the massages, reducing parlors, Finnish baths are doing a big business in the weight-slicing department. Even Vic Tanney has just opened a Frankfurt gym for women and men!

Though the German husband frowns on grabbing the dishtowel or diapering the baby, he is becoming a "do-it-yourself" addict, with every other German spending at least one night a month working out once a week to a restaurant or with tools at home.

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RECALL MUSIC BIZ'S 'ROMANCE'

Cello: No 'Second Fiddle'

By ALDO PARISOT

Mixing metaphors intentionally, it is a common delusion that the cello must always play "second fiddle" to the violin in popularity. In my admittedly biased view this is no longer the case and, on the contrary, the cello may indeed prove the instrument of the future.

I base my claim on practical evidence: my own cycle of three Town Hall concerts last year surveying cello literature of three centuries drew capacity audiences for uncompromising serious programs; a recent Schwann catalog lists no less than 165 disks by 55 different solo cellists devoted to music from Bach to Bloch and from Kreisler to Kirchner; and at least one cellist (Casals) has attained the status of a musical "god" in his own lifetime.

Of one of my New York concerts last year the Herald Tribune's Alan Rich wrote: "The attendance was large, well over 1,200. Perhaps this will put to rest some fears about the viability of the cello as an audience-getter . . . there can be no excuse for ignoring the magnificent literature that exists for the cello." It is perhaps significant that the solo works most often played by cellists are of comparatively recent vintage. The reason for this is that, within the past three-quarters of a century there have at last come a handful of cellists able to show the composer what their instrument's great resources really are. There were virtuoso violinists before the cello was born and for many years after the size and shape of the cello were standardized. The cello, due to difficulties in playing it, was used largely for the figured bass accompaniment to the violin solo. In those early days neither composers nor performers understood its full potentialities. Nowadays composers like Jose Siqueira, Claudio Santoro, Camargo Guarnieri, Hindemith, Milhaud, Villa-Lobos (several of whose works I have had the honor of premiering) and even Mel Powell (whose "Settings" I will premiere in Manhattan this season) have made exciting new use of the cello as spokesman for the modern idiom.

With its soothing voice offering such a welcome relief from the jangle of modern life, the cello seems to be appealing these days to more and more people who have never thought of themselves as music-lovers. I am amazed to find as far afield as Alaskawhere I played 32 concerts in six weeks not long ago-small towns turning out en masse for my performances, to which I traveled with "bush pilots" and often carried my Strad on my head from plane to hall through the deep mud of the spring thaw.

One of the reasons the cello is now being widely used for recorded transmission is that, where the violin and piano, with their very high tones, almost always suffer some distortion through mechanical reproduction and lose brilliance and body, the rich middle register of the cello seems exactly right for the recording studio. Moreover, while other repertoires are becoming hackneyed, there is still a vast unexplored cello literature to record.

ALLERGIC TO ROYALTIES

By L. WOLFE GILBERT =

songwriters whose names are fa- the oldtime Negro songwriter, miliar to the public. They know

the songs but they don't know, nor do they always who care, wrote them. In fact, Irving Berlin has said that he has been credited with many songs he did not write. Stephen Fos-



L. Wolfe Gilbert

ter has been "accused" of writing several songs of mine.

Oscar Hammerstein, Vincent Youmans, Jerome Kern, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Rudolph Friml, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy Mc-Hugh, Hoagy Carmichael and, of course, George Gershwin, are trademark names. Others are not household names but their songs are immortal: Harry Warren, Frank Loesser, Harry Woods, Irving Caesar, Mack Gordon, Sammy Fain, Sammy Cahn, Leo Robin, Jule Styne, Harry Ruby, Harry Akst, Nacio Herb Brown and the late Walter Donaldson.

content, rather than by a composer's name. And, as for content, few songs pertaining to "the good wife" have la ded on the Hit wife" have la ded on the Hit Parade. With a few exceptions, Parade. With a songs with preachment in the test, such as the Al Bryan classic, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier," have never made the song, but Mr. Bitner started to shed tears, wiped his started to shed tears, which will be shed to she shed tears. the public got the right of refusal, hence songwriters were careful to submit songs to a publisher who did not find the subject matter allergic to him. Thus, as savvy intratrade practice, writers soon acquainted themselves with pub-lisher's habits, preferences and Idiosyncrasies.

A certain publisher and his wife, married 27 years, have never been blessed with children. It would kind of a song is that to sing to have been foolhardy for DeSylva, Bitner? Golden Rod! Golden Rod! Brown & Henderson to submit Don't you know he has hay fever?"

There are only a handful of ["Sonny Boy" to him. Irving Jones, made the mistake of offering his made the mistake of offering his had a hit, the tab could run as "Whatcha Gonna Do When the high as \$25,000. Rent Comes 'Round" to a publisher who was four months in arrears.

> Jack Yellen and Milton Ager their song, "I Wonder What's Become of Sally," to a publisher whose wife, named Sally, had walked out on him. That's why Yellen and Ager had to publish the song themselves.

Walter Donaldson, the envy of many of us, the gifted writer of home and nature songs such as "At Sundown," "My Blue Heaven" and hundreds of et ceteras, once did me the honor of collaboration. Together we wrote a pastoral love song with the simple title of "Golden Rod."

Several publishers had heard of it via the grapevine and pleaded to get it from us. We held out for the biggest, most popular pub-lisher of the time, Leo Feist Inc. Their great exploitation organiza-tion and "know-how" made us aim gar Bitner, the major domo, welcomed us with open arms. Walter sat down at the piano and I stood before him, facing Bitner. With my raspy tenor, I proceeded to sing out the chorus with "schmaltz" chief. We couldn't understand it. "Golden Rod"—I sang three choruses to let it sink in. Toward the finish of the third chorus, with tears streaming from his eyes, handkerchief in his hand, Mr. Bitner walked out on us. What was What happened? Kornheiser, the professional manager, burst into the room. "What's the matter with you guys? What

NUMBER 1 PLUG

By ARNOLD SHAW

Listen, my mop-haired children. and you shall hear of the colorful era of the #1 Plug. Many a publisher's man who haunts a & r offices



out a sense of vinylite nos-talgia. It was a period of planned song-

today, lug-ging an at-tache case

loaded with

demo-masters,

recalls this

era not with-

hood when something called "enthusiasm" seemed to ignite the business and hits were born out of great, live performances, not accidentally on record Strange as it may seem, after these years of atomic rule by the little record with the big hole, it really was not too long

The Era of the #1 Plug may be said to have begun with the founding of the major radio networks around '26 (NBC) and '27 (CBS). It flourished in the '30s and '40s during the years of the Big Bands and the Big Ballads. And it came to a close in the early '50s when the Big Beat took over and the Knights of the Turntable came to

Considering the hit-and-run character of today's chartmakers, it seems unbelievable that, for a period of two to three months and more, a firm would gear all its activities around a single song. That's what I said, my zipperbooted friend, one tune. Oh, a publisher might nurse several others in the background—like reseveral lief pitchers warming up at a ballgame — but he spent his time, money and staff on the #1 Plug. And before he knew whether he

A number of developments accompanied this concentrated expenditure of manpower and mazuma. To get a #1 Plug, writers used bad judgment in bringing seemed to work harder and longer on a song. Titles were sacredand memorable. (You seldom got the shrug-off reaction that title duplicators tend to give today.)

Instead of the promise of a "great demo," writers received advances ranging from \$500 to \$2,500 a tune. And when a publisher was really hot on a song, he would, in the jargon of the day, "lock the door" and keep a writer captive until contracts were signed and the check was passed. (Many a tale was told of the publisher who lost a great song because a writer went to the men's room and met another publisher while he was unzipped. Also of pluggers who waylaid network stars and managed to audition a new plug song while the vocalist was occupied and could not escape.) Nothing seemed to there. With all the confidence of matter so much as real enthusitwo men with gilt-edged securities asm. The writer looked for it in Valter Donaldson.

The public is attracted by song ontent, rather than by a composer's name. And, as for content, rather than by a composer's name. And, as for content, as for content, rather than by a composer's name, and as for content, it was genuine or fabricated. When it really was there, it was like a downbeat that activated the

ensemble of exploitation. Instead of demos, professional copies were immediately put into print, along with stock orchestrations by arrangers like Arthur Lange, Frank Skinner, Archie Bleyer, etc. The pros and orks went out to well-staffed offices in Chicago, Hollywood as well as New York—some publishers maintained offices in Detroit. Cincinnati, etc.—and the plugging staffs would fan out in each city like an army on the march. Visits would be paid to every nitespot with a live combo, every act playing a stageshow at the movie palaces, every hotel room with a dance

(Continued on page 208)

THE ERA OF THE Folk Music Fad Fades On Pop Lists **But Retains Grip In Coast Clubs**

By DALE OLSON

Hollywood.

Folk music, for a time, was a fad, particularly in the Los Angeles area where the past two years found so many bearded, levi-clad boys and braided, woolen-skirted girls wandering through coffee and beer niteries they made the term "folknik" almost a household word.

'Taint quite so anymore. Just as the mambo, charleston, jitterbug, rock n' roll, swing and maybe current watusi crazes waned after periods of hefty concentration, the popularity of folk music — or, in its hottest period, music that borrowed the term "folk" to cling onto that particular fad — has settled down.

What has happened is not a demise of folk music in its truest sense, but a settling of different forms to appeal to different people.

To this degree, while some of the small clubs that sprung up during the heaviest period of folk interest have gone by the way-side, there remains a constancy of audience interest in those clubs which have kept to a particular formula. In each instance, owners report growing business and continuation of the same customers they started with.

Daddy of them all is Ed Pearl, operator of the Ash Grove, an ethnic establishment started in June, 1958, as the first in the area and one which spawned such internationally known talent as Bud & Travis, Barbara Dane and Flatt & Scruggs.

Pearl, himself a former folk performer, began the club following successful formation of the UCLA folk song club and an active square dancing group that began in Topanga Canyon with Woody Guthrie, the man whom every true folk performer calls "the father to us all." Pearl says he continues to enjoy the same success he has always had, but also notes his bookings are of the traditional performer.

Some have gone on to commercial success, as in the case of the Limeliters who were formed at the Ash Grove but never played there as a unit, but most of his performers are in the vein of Mance Lipscomb, Lightning Hopkins, Bessie Jones and the Georgia Islanders or the Kentucky Colonels. All are significant artists in their own right but of specialty interest to those persons concerned with basic traditional music.

Pearl saw March, 1963, to March, 1964, as the hot period of folk music, noting this was the time when concert prices for some per-formers jumped from \$500 to \$2,500 a night and club salaries more than doubled.

He is joined by Doug Weston, operator of the Traubadour, which sticks to a mixed formula of one folk performer, a comic and a group or performer that may be more attuned to jazz or rock 'n' roll sounds, who asserts this period found record companies grab-bing every person who came out and labeled himself a folk singer, then found out the records didn't sell and now have dropped most of these groups.

Pearl sees the field as going to the academicians, reflecting on numerous new university folk clubs starting up again and a growing interest on the part of educators in delving into early folklore, traditions and backgrounds that are reflected in music. But he also notes club prices, for top acts, remain high, revealing his own high has been \$3,500 a week for Flatt & Scruggs. Pearl himself operates a traditional music school on the Ash Grove premises, run by his brother, Bernard, and David Cohen, who also were leaders in the UCLA folk song club.

Weston's operation, as is that of Bob Stane's Ice House in Pasadena, is more clearly run on the principals of commercial presentation as opposed to the cultural aspect. They join Randy Sparks' Ledbetters as successful clubs, although the Sparks club is a totally unique spot which packs in the

penses inherent in running the

Sparks' interest in Ledbetters is chiefly in developing talent. Organizer and leader, until recently, of the popular New Christy Minstrels, Sparks frankly admits "we're not folk musicians, we're entertainers" in discussing what he is developing. What he calls his work is "a section of pop music, which people have falsely dubbed folk music." If the profits he has made with groups like the Christies are an indication, he may have found the answer. He admits "our craze died down when we went out of the top '40 market, but the adults remain with us and we are still bringing people into

100G On Ledbetter's

Sparks spent approximately \$100,000 maintaining his Ledbetter's development system since its opening a little over a year ago. The money goes to pay salaries to new performers who develop their material during performances at the club. Some turn into a good investment, like the Back Porch Majority, which grew under Sparks' tutelage, eventually signed a contract with him and wound up with an Epic Records pact and considerable commercial potential. Similar prosperity has shown for the Green Grass Group and John Denver, latter a new Capitol pactee. On these, Sparks stands a chance of returning his investment—and more—but there are cases like comediennes Albert & Shan-non, on whom Sparks spent money for material, gowns and general expenses, but who didn't develop into his field and eventually left, owing Sparks nothing for "taking a chance.'

Sparks now is working on future projects, including comic George McKelvey. He has record producing deals with Columbia, Epic and Capitol and is willing to fly people in for auditions or look at them when they are made available in a constant search for new people.

Weston, who says there is virtually "no change" in the folk field, asserts the only kind of change would be that of the times. But he also argues "more songwriters are making money in folk music are making money in folk music than in anything besides the current Beatles craze.

Weston's Troubadour has developed a significant number of working performers, including first presenting the Christy Minstrels. Club owner also gave first breaks to Randy Boone, Joe & Eddie. Hoyt Travelers Three and the Goodtime Singers and was first to present the Smothers Bros., his most expensive act at \$3,500, to Los Angeles. But, aside from his insistence on little change, Weston notes he now has a \$2,500 top and thing to expense at \$1,500,1750. tries to average at \$1,500-1,750 talent cost. He looks to comic team of Colvin & Wilder, singers Mason Williams and Michael Cooney to become the next big names in the

If folkniteries are to remain a good business, they must have an identification, it appears, from all reports. At the Ice House a major identification has been pattern of recording live albums, giving audiences a feeling of participation. Some 17 albums have been done at the club, to date, according to owner Stane, with more in sight. Latest has just been released, a new disk of Carey Anderson.

Ben Shapiro, new veepee of General Artists Corp. following merger with his own International Talent Associates, had been an early folk club operator with the Renaissance. The club, like the later Hootenanny, run by Charles Greene and Brian Stone, went through a jazz and folk policy, hit top business for a period, then was closed just before the waning period of the fad.

Bookers, however, note there are plenty of good spots in the local area using folk talent, including The Golden Bear, Huntington Beach; Cosmo's, Seal Beach; the Mecca, Buena Park; Penny Unicustomers nightly, but to date has versity, San Bernardino, and The lost \$27,000 due to unusual ex- Prophet, San Fernando Valley.

Loving Memoir of Eddie Cantor

By HENRY TOBIAS

(The author of the following recollections of Eddie Cantor is one of the most prolific songwriting freres in ASCAP (with Charles and Harry Tobias, plus kin of the latter) and a leading resort Entertainment Director .- Ed.)

Undoubtedly the most important my first Broadway show with influence in my life was Eddie Billy Rose entitled "Padlocks of Cantor. He was married to my 1927" starring Texas Guinan. It first cousin, Ida Tobias Cantor. I was only 10 years old, when I heard that cousin Ida had married skinny popeyed vaudeville actor. She wrote that Eddie was going to appear at the Poli Theatre in Worcester, Mass., where I was born and where we lived. We were told that he planned to pay us a visit.

In those days the parlor was only used for special occasions such as weddings, bar mitzvahs, funerals and in the event we had a distinguished visitor or important relative. Eddie Cantor was our first celebrity. The moment he knocked on the front door and stepped inside the parlor, I fell in love with this dynamic personality.

My mother (whom he afterwards affectionately called Aunt Min) was very excited and greeted him royally. Eddie was always the life of the party and was always "on," as they say in show biz.

Mom had her precious dishes hanging on the wall of the parlor. were always warned never to touch or go near them for fear we would break them. Eddie we would break them. Eddie grabbed two of the precious possessions and started juggling with them. I'll never forget his big trick. He would place the plate on his bent elbow and let go. Just as it was about to crash on the floor he woold grab it and yell. Mom screamed in dismay, but when he caught it and laughed, we all laughed along. He invited the entire family to be his guest at the evening performance at Poli's. We all went and sat in the box. If you think Eddie had pop-eyes you should have seen my eyes pop when Eddie introduced us from the stage. Result of all this: I was bitten by the show hiz bug and determined to be part of it in some way or other. It Eddie left Worcester, I started learning one of his songs: "I'm Hungry for Beautiful Girls" and the next year I entered Poli's amateur contest and won \$2 for second prize imitating Eddie Cantor. I was hooked and became a confirmed

Ever Helpful

We kept in touch by mail through the years. Finally in 1925 when I was just coming out of my teens I decided to enter vaudeville. By a strange coincidence, my partner's name was also Cantor. Nat Cantor. I wrote in for advice and March 27, 1925 he wrote:

"I am greatly pleased with the news that you are in raudeville at last. Stick to it, work hard, and cut out some of your ortide ac-tivities and you will find that prog-ress can be made quickly by one who is as ambitious and as talented as you are . . . If the name of Tobias & Cantor will help you. go right ahead . . . If I can be of any service to you, call on me.
... With best wishes for your success, I am. Affectionately,

He had already become a big name. I never missed a show of his. I would always go backstage to say hello. He was always kind and considerate, helpful and al-ways the first to brag to his friends: "This is my coucin Henry Tobias on Ida's side. He just wrote a big song hit 'Katinka' and some day he's gonna be another Irving

I worshipped him and always stood in awe in his presence. Perhaps this shyness and adoration on my part was noticeable for later on when I finally worked with Eddie, it took ma some time to overcome this feeling. 1 guess it was his personality that electrified me, as it did millions.

In his presence you had to listen, not talk, or you might miss something funny or important. I always made sure not to bother him with trivial requests or unimportant things. I always waited for something "big" before I would come to him for assistance or ad-

ran at the Shubert Theatre in New York for six months. I was probably the youngest songwriter of a Broadway show at that time. I thought I was ready for the big time and asked Eddie if he would kindly give me a letter of introduction to Max Dreyfus, the dean of all music publishers. He wrote the following letter on Oct. 6, 1927 from the New Amsterdam Theatre where he was appearing for Ziegfeld:

"Dear Max: This will serve to introduce Henry Tobias, for whom I have very high regard and who shows exceptional talent in the music line. His 'If I Had a Lover song from 'Padlocks' was outstanding and I believe under your guidance he will develop and become one of our hit writers. Anything you do for him will be greatly appreciated by me."

I went to visit the grand old man of Tin Pan Alley. He was lying on the couch resting. He read Eddie's letter and said, "Son, let me hear some of your compositions"—I sat down at the piano and played a dozen of my best melodies. He then said "Son, you have a fine natural gift for composing popular melodies for popular songs, but you lack the musical knowledge and musical education. In order to become a successful show writer you must study theory, harmony and become a thorough musician so that you can compose finer music and compete with the show writers."

Lacked Patience

I could neither afford to study, nor did I have the patience for this. I had only taken a few years of elementary piano lessons when my brothers bought the old upright for me in the Bronx, to which we moved from Worcester. I became impatient with those simple exercises and decided to learn pop songs on my own. I later learned that Dreyfus gave the same suggestions and advice to Richard Rodgers and others, only they were smart enough to follow them. I didn't. However I was always grateful for Eddie Canter's letter of introduction.

One of my greatest ambitions career, my brother Charlie and I wrote a song about his theme gimmick called "Quack Quack Quack," in which Eddie imitated a duck. He liked it and introduced it. Later he featured many of my songs and brothers Charlie and Harry, including "Miss You," "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree," "Rose O'Day" and others.

A Private Ambition

My greatest ambition was to someday be associated with Eddie as a writer, associate producer, pianist or in some similar impor-tant capacity that would bring me closer to him. But many times the closer one is to I had already established myself as a songwriter, musician, pianist, gag writer, and producer of some reputation in summer stock (the Borscht Belt . . . Grossingers, Totem Lodge, etc.). However, the Grossingers, only time I ever got to actually work for him was when he let me act as rehearsal pianist for "Banjo Eves".

When I overheard him say several times, "Gee I wish I could he was usually given the key to find a good writer, or accompanist, the city. or assistant" I would want to scream "How about me?" but I never had the nerve. Finally opportunity came. Eddie was riding high with his "Colgate Comedy Hour" on NBC and had just arrived in New York to hire a new production story and united to the content of th



"LAWRENCE WELK TELEVISION SHOW 10th ANNIVERSARY"

speak up for myself. I asked my bother Charlie to speak for me. He had a lunch date with Eddie at Lindy's. Charlie began: "Eddie, I know you are looking for a new staff of writers and assistants to help you on your air show. Do you know there is someone so close to you who has all the talent you are looking for? He writes comedy songs, gags, has production experience, plays the piano and is just the man you are looking for" Eddie asked. Charlie replied. Eddie said, "Well I'll be a son of a gun if the said. son-of-a-gun if you're not right. Have him call me tomorrow morning, he starts with me at once". That's how I finally got to work directly for Eddie, after years of

worshiping him from afar.

My first assignment was to play a benefit for him at an army camp I thanked Mr. Dreyfus and went in New Jersey. He gave me his on my way knowing very well that book of songs and I studied night and day until I knew the songs backwards and forwards. When the time came for the show, I was My fingers froze but petrified. Eddie was always smiling at me and giving me the boost I needed. In between songs he would turn his back to the audience, whisper some funny remarks to me and make me laugh. It was so contagious he later asked me to keep the laugh in, now and then, as a prop laugh. After the show, he patted me on the back and said "See Henry, that didn't hurt at all; I told you you could do it."

From then on, it was a breeze. During our return to New York was to write a song that Eddie from the army camp in New Jerwould sing and finally when he sey, we ran into a terrible snowwas at the height of his radio storm. The auto Eddie and I storm. The auto Eddie and I drove in turned around several times on the icy hill. Eddie was the calmest one present. He was never afraid and always gagging. He knew no fear and acted as if he knew his destiny.

The same thing happened when we flew to Toronto to play a oneman show. We hit a terrible blizzard. It was the worse storm I ever experienced in the air. The small two-engine plane tossed and turned. Everyone on the plane was obviously frightened for the pilot had to fly over unchartered Canadian wilderness. not Eddie He was telling jokes

He was known as the Apostle of Pep and this name suited him perfectly. His energy was astounding. He would arrive before noon by plane in the designated town he was to appear in. The mayor and committee would meet the plane. There was a parade down main street. Eddie bouncing up and down during the parade and ceremony at City Hall where

another luncheon. speech. More jokes. Then on to the auditorium for rehearsal, then a cocktail party, where he would usually promote some more money for his worthy charities Then dinner, the show, and after

anist and myself up to his room, young singers who have proven sandwiches and beer and sit up until all hours of the night telling us fantastic stories of showbusiness greats in the past.

"Many times I would be awakened a few hours after leaving I would hear Eddie's high pitched enthusiastic voice 'Henry, I've just got a great idea for an opening song for next week's show'."

His Creative Side

Eddie was one of the few great stars I knew who could actually write his own material and insisted on doing much of it. He knew what was right for him and knew what his audiences wanted better than anyone in the world. Because of this it was not easy to write for him. He would scrutinize every line and make sure it held a laugh. One day I asked him how many songs he wrote. He named a few like: "Merrily We Roll Along" (Theme of Bugs Bunny cartoons), "There's Nothing Too Good for My Baby," "Let Me Introduce You to Rosie," "Eddie Steady," "If the World Were Full of Durantes," "Silver Swanee," "I Love Her, She Loves Me," "When They Set Old Ireland "When They Set Old Ireland Free" and others. When I heard all these songs, I asked him why he didn't join American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers (ASCAP). He said he never thought about it. I immediately started to pull strings to get him elected into the society. but didn't tell him about it, as I wanted to surprise him. I called my brother Charlie and asked him to submit Eddie's name as a writer-member of ASCAP.

President Otto Harbach was very pleased that we had submitted Eddie Cantor's name for membership, for he was one of the truly great stars of the day, who had made many popular songs famous and had done so much for the songwriters of America in helping popularize the ASCAP songs.

Harbach invited Eddie to be the guest of honor at the next ASCAP dinner. When Eddie arrived, the thousands of publisher and writer members of ASCAP rose in ovation. But when Eddie saw me sitting at one baby grand piano and Arthur Siegel, his other and Arthur Siegel, his other pianist at the other, he realized that he had been tricked by me into coming to the dinner to perform. He took it goodnaturedly, remarking that instead of receiving his usual fee of thousands of dollars to perform, he would perform for first small ASCAP check of \$38. I know he treasured these small royalty payments from ASCAP and considered it a great honor to be a member.

Since his first serious heart a sui attack around 1952 or 1953, Eddie man. had continually been forced to slow up. However, although he could not make his usual many personal appearances he continued, almost until he died, to be actively engaged in writing, charity and all other activities that could be done from home. The irony of it all was that his last writing project was a story of the three Tobias brothers called "The Three Brothers."

During his grief and sorrow after the passing of his beloved Ida he had much faith in our story. Even the hostess became sick, but to such an extent that he invested harder it is for that someone to and cheering everyone up. An in the trade papers. One full page recognize him. Here's what I mean.

and cheering everyone up. An in the trade papers. One full page amazing guy!

in VARIETY on Aug. 14, 1963 read "Memo From Eddie Cantor: Since I have been inactive as a per-former I have taken to writing. This is my fourth year as Entertainment Editor of the Diners Club Magazine, writing a monthly column 'In One Era and Out The Other'. My latest book 'As I Remember Them', published by Duell, Sloan & Fearce will be out next month. Now then, would you like to see a 40-page synopsis of 'The Three Brothers', the only three-man writing team in three-man writing team in ASCAP? Since World War I, you and I have sung, da.ced, whistled and hummed their songs which have sold more than 100.000,000 records, made famous by Bing Crosby, Perry Como. Rudy Vallee, Dinah Shore, Nat King Cole and others "The Three Brothers' could vice.

Ny first big break came in 1927.

I had just written my first song hit "Katinka" and had completed still couldn't raise courage to the show we would usually go to heard him bemoan the fact there wasn't too much talent around. I Eddie would invite the other pi
Then diffield in New York to fire a new production staff and writers. I the show we would usually go to the show we would usually go to a restaurant for a late snack.

But the night didn't end then. Eddie would invite the other pi
Sands, Paul Anka or any of the show and after others. "The Three Brothers' could be played by such boxoffice fers like Aufray, Jacques Brel, Sands, Paul Anka or any of the Alain Barriere and others.

along some delicatessen excellent actors. If I have any knowledge from my 50 years in show business 'The Three Brothers' can be a highly entertaining 90-minute television show. If you are interested you might get in touch with the William Morris Agency." (End of Ad)

My brothers Charlie and Harry and I went all over the country to help plug Eddie's last book, "As I Remember Them" in order to Remember Them" in order to show Eddie how much we ap-preciated what he did for us. Eddie was most grateful for this effort in his behalf, we figured this was the least we could do for a guy who had done so much for us.

Most of these recollections were first written a few years ago, before Eddie's passing, as part of a biographical story I had prepared for the "Tobias Brothers' Story." I am adding these few paragraphs to try and wind up my memories of Eddie. Here was not only a great talent. This was a man, the likes of whom we will never see again in our time. He told me just a year ago during one of my many visits to his home in California that he was preparing an article entitled "The Billion Dollar Beggar." concerning his charity work. It is a known fact that he gave birth to the "March of Dimes" idea which resulted in over \$600,-000,000 being collected. And the Ronds of Israel people told me that Eddie was personally responsible for over \$400,000,000 not including charities for all persuasions. So truly he was the "Billion Dollar Beggar."

I personally saw him auction off almost all his clothes, down to his underwear, at a charity affair in Pittsburgh. I had to lend him my coat in order for him to go back to his room at the hotel.

I was happy that I could visit with him every week during my stay in California the first five months of 1964. It was a terrible feeling to watch him fade away. The heart condition had taken a noticeable and not too pleasant toll on his appearance. Knowing him as so dynamic through the years, left me weeping everytime I left his house.

My brothers Harry and Charlie were the only outsiders, besides Georgie Jessel who attended his private funeral. However I agree with Georgie that although the family wished to avoid any scenes such as had occured at other celebrity funerals, nevertheless, Eddie belonged to the world and knowing him as I do I too friends would have liked his close friends (Jimmy Durante, Jack Benny, George Burns, Bob Hope et al.) to pay their respects and say good-bye. I note that Georgie and others of his friends have arranged a suitable memorial for this great

Yank Folk Tunes **Joust With Rock** In Gallic Pop Mkt.

Yank folk music is making its though it still ranks behind rock. Like the latter, it took folk songs a long time to make it here despite the fact that there were a few precursors like John William and Stephan Golmann.

Now moving to the top is Hugues Aufray, a disk bestseller who also is scoring in an in-person booking at the Olympia. He spent almost a year in the U.S. picking up Yank folk classics as well as new numbers. His version of Bob Dylan's "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right" tagged here as "N'Y Pensez Plus" has sold over 400,000 disks which is phenomenal locally.

Folk's climb could also denote that rock has passed its peak. Another indication is that most headliners at the Olympia and Bobino vauders this season have been

Can Omnibus Copyright Pass Congress?

Piecemeal Change May Follow If 1965 Try Fails-Existing 1909 Statutes Hopelessly Unsatisfactory But Rival Groups Still Not Compromised-Long History of 'Divide and Conquer' Tactics Has Doomed Every Prior Effort-Users And Creators Clash-Commercial and Educational Divisions More Hazardous

By IRWIN KARP

The campaign to revise the Copyright Act should reach its climax in the next Congress. The Copyright will submit a new Revision Bill to replace the one it filed in July and Committee hearings may begin next spring. It remains to be seen whether the current campaign can overcome the factors that defeated previous efforts. For these factors—irreconcilable conflicts over basic provisions of the Act—are with us again.

During the past 40 years there have been several major attempts (and Bills) to rewrite the Act. Each one failed. In a study of these prior efforts, the Copyright Office's general counsel, Abe A. Goldman, reported that in every instance various groups clashed over fundamental provisions such as the term of copyright, the manufacturing clause, the jukebox clause, and others. He noted that ultimately "each effort to revise the law resolved itself into an attempt to reconcile this conflict of interests through extended discussion and negotiation with the various groups concerned in order to work out com-

(In his role as counsel to the Authors League of America, Irwin Karp, of the New York law firm of Hays, St. John. Abramson & Heilbron, has been participating in the innumerable drafting committee meetings both at the Library of Congress and in New York. It will be noted that he does not rule out the possibility that the proposed legislation will fail of Congressional passage. He raises the question, what then?—Ed.)

promise solutions to the controversial issues." Since negotiations may again fail to work out compromises, a change in tactics may be necessary to keep history from repeating itself.

The current revision campaign, like its predecessors, has produced sharp disagreements between authors, publishers, motion picture producers, educators and other groups over basic issues. Among the principal points of disagreements are:

Term of Copyright

The Copyright Office proposes to eliminate the present renewal

system-i.e., a 28-year copyright, renewable for another 28 years. Instead, for some authors copyright would last for the writer's life plus 50 years after his death. Copyright on "works made for hire" would end 75 years from publication, or 100 years from creation (whichever is

Various educational groups oppose the change. They Insist the existing renewal system be kept because it puts much material into the public domain after 28 years through failures to renew.

Authors' groups are also dissatisfied. Copyright for "life plus 50 years" has been one of their fundamental But they believe the Revision Bill would actually deny it to many authors because of a new definition allowing works written on "special order or commission" to be thrown into the category of "works made for hire" (which are not protected for life plus 50 years). They fear that publishers would use this loophole whenever an author signed a publishing contract before he wrote an author signed a publishing contract before he wrote or completed a work—as freelance writers often do. They are insisting the loophole be closed. Publishers, who requested the new definition, insist that it be retained. One advantage to them is that if a book could thus be placed in the "for hire" category, the author could not terminate an assignment in perpetuity, even though he did not write it as an employee of a publisher.

Reversion

The Renewal Clause terminates any assignment in perpet-

uity of a copyright when an author's family or heirs secure the renewal copyright. The Revision Bill substitutes a clause permitting some authors to terminate certain longterm transfers of copyright after 35 years. A statutory limit on the length of copyright transfers—"reversion"—is one of the most controversial issues in the Revision Bill.

Authors' Stance

Authors claim that an adequate limitation clause is as essential today as it was in 1909. They say that the Register's proposal gives far less protection than the present renewal system in many instances. For one thing. authors of works written on special order or commission could be excluded from using the clause at all. They also object that 35 years is too long (the Register originally proposed a 25-year cutoff), and that other exceptions dilute the effectiveness of the clause.

Publishers, motion picture companies and other users also oppose the clause. Some demand the outright abolition of a statutory limit on assignments in perpetuity. Others say that the 35-year limit should be lengthened to 40 years, or more.

Jukebox Clause

The 1964 Revision Bill would have eliminated the Jukebox exemp-

tion. This issue will be as controversial as it has been for the last 20 years.

Manufacturing Clause

The 1964 Bill retained the restrictions on importation of copies of

books by an American author but eliminated most of the harsh penalties for non-compliance now imposed on authors. The import limit is raised from 1,500 to 3,500 copies; and importing of additional copies would no longer destroy the author's copyright. Publishers are

not satisfied with the modifications and will probably continue to press for abolition. The book manufacturing industry opposes this demand.

"For Profit" Limitation

The Revision Bill continues the present exception which permits

the unauthorized performance of literary works and music in classroom teaching and closed circuit educational television; but would not extend it to open-circuit noncommercial broadcasting, or to other perfrmances where performers are paid. Composers, authors and publishers would accept this compromise. Educators and noncommercial television interests are opposed.

Compulsory License

The Revision Bill re-

rights in music, but increases the statutory fee from 2c per record to 3c per record, plus 1c for every minute (or fraction) of playing time over three minutes. Composers and publishers indicated they would accept this compromise to their demand for the outright elimination of statutory price fixing of the recording royalty. Representatives of some record companies have indicated they might fight the compromise and seek to retain the present 2c maximum.

Fair Use

There has been considerable controversy over the definition of

"fair use," which the Revision Bill would add to the Copyright Act. Authors and publishers also dispute the claim of educators and librarians that the latter are, or should be, entitled to make and distribute copies of portions of a copyrighted work, without the author's consent.

Congressional Hazard

It is likely that some of the disputes over basic issues, and there are others in addition to those mentioned above, will not be compromised by negotiation before Congress takes up the Revision Bill. This poses the threat that Congress might, as in the past, turn its back on contesting groups and refuse to act. However, it is possible that this could be avoided, and that the purposes of Revision could be substantially (if not completely) achieved by a change in approach.

For the last 40 years, every revision effort including the present one has been approached on an omnibus basis. Congress has been asked to make changes in vari-ous essential provisions of the law by enacting a single Revision Bill. It may well be that the omnibus approach

The purpose of revision is not simply to replace the present Act with one that is entirely new and different.

The 1964 Revision Bill retained many provisions of the present Act, and simply modified others. Actually "Copyright Revision" has several purposes—to make changes in various provisions or groups of provisions in the Copyright Act. Each of these provisions, or groups of two or three provisions, could be changed independently of the others; and one or more of the proposed changes could be made even though others were rejected.

An omnibus approach puts revision on an "all or nothing" basis. The fate of any proposed change does not depend on its own merits, or even on the strength or persuasiveness of the particular groups aligned in support or opposition to it. For example, a change in the compulsory license might have little opposition or the merits of the opposition might be inadequate, or the groups actually affected by the clause may have negotiated a satisfactory compromise—so that Congress would adopt the change if it were presented separately. But in an omnibus Bill, a revision of the compulsory license could be defeated by the cumulative opposition of several groups who have no interest in the compulsory license, or who might even support its modification, but who wish to prevent other changes in the law that they find detrimental to their basic interests.

Do It Piece-Meal

An omnibus Bill is not the only method of revising the 1909 Act. The Copyright Office has, in its 1964 Bill, proposed changes in several basic sections or groups of sections in the present law. The most important and controversial of these changes could each be put into a separate Bill and each Bill could be acted on independently of the others, and regardless of the outcome of the

For example, the manufacturing clause could be modified, regardless of whether the term of copyright is changed to life-plus-50 years, or the present renewal system is retained; and regardless of whether the pro-posed changes in the jukebox clause, or in the group of sections relating to notice and registration, succeed or fail. On the other hand, the fate of the proposed changes in the term of copyright would not effect changes in other fundamental provisions that are marked for revision, other than the reversion clause; indeed, it is even possible to extend copyright for life-plus-50 years and retain the present renewal system.

Abandonment of the omnibus approach does not mean abandonment of the current revision effort. All of the Bills needed to present the total changes recommended by the Copyright Office-and not too many would be required—could be presented and acted on concurrently. It would simply require a physical separation of the various sections of the omnibus Bill into separate measures. Each would be considered in the light of the studies and testimony at Copyright Office hearings that related to its provisions.

The experience of copyright revision history recommends this tactic. Every one of the omnibus Revision

\$6,000,000,000 At Stake For 'Copyright Industry'

By MIKE MOSSETTIG

For show business, 1965 promises to be the year of the Copyright revisian. If the promised reform fails to materialize, it will be a year of woe for showmen and others with a \$6,000,000,000 stake in copyrights.

Since 1909, when the present law was drafted, technological and other changes have made revision both a necessity and a hope. Now with the goal so close at hand, there seems a tendency on all sides to be impatient and, even more dangerously, to expect manna and millenium from the new law.

On the extent and depth of disappointment from those groups who don't get all they originally asked could hinge the ultimate success of revision as it now stands

(Staff member of Variety's Washington Bureau has long reported the tortured course of the hearings conducted by the Register of Copyrights, Abraham Kaminstein. -Ed.)

on the Congressional doorstep. What price dog in manger?

Since the U.S. Copyright Office was first directed by Congress a decade ago to put together a revision law, the principal goal has been to secure a united front among the groups constituting the "copyright industry" before going to Congress with a revision package.

The years of writing and rewriting, hashing and rehashing and continued negotiation have largely accomplished that goal. The mountain, so to speak, has been moved, but molehills remain and everyone knows they are what new mountainns are made.

At this point chances are only 50-50 that agreement can be reached on the several disputatious sections of the revision law before Congress formally begins considering the bill late this Spring.

Once the bill gets into the hands of Congress, any disgruntlements are bound to be exploited, and then amended. Educators are especially prone to rule-or-ruin psychology. The results are anyone's guess since there are few copyright experts in Congress and since the legislators will be voting on considerations other than copyright law.

To expect the draft bill to clear Congress unamended would be wishful thinking. The hope is to blunt the legislative knives with prior industry agreement on the tricky sections of the bill.

The optimism as to revision was dealt a cruel blow last summer from educators and that significant but pampered pressure group could seriously impair the bill's chances of passage.

Though they denied it, the educators-particularly the National Education Assn.—were asking a free ride on copyrighted materials and carte blanche approval for

Their recalcitrant stand has been modified slightly since then, largely because of divisions within their own ranks and some sensitivity at being called "literary pirates."

With the "publish or perish" rule of most universities, professors have been writing at a furious pace. They and the numerous university presses realize that they too have a stake in copyrights as owners and collectors of royalties as well as users.

Hence, the scholastic folk are now talking about negotiating some means of royalty payments on printed works. Still troublesome between educators and the industry is a means for establishing payment for materials on

educational television.

No one minds not collecting royalties if the material is used only for the kiddies in school. But with etv going more at the general public, some formula will have to be decided upon for paying for material used on popular shows.

Somewhat related, is the problem cropping up in the wake of rapid photocopying machines. Books and other materials can easily be copied and if the schools became hardnosed about the matter, it would be almost

impossible to collect royalties from them. Because this technology is still growing, the issue is covered only under the general "Fair use" provisions of the bill.

Congress may have to resort to a vague definition of the section and let the courts fill in the cracks. This is an admittedly messy way to handle the question and copyright lawyers, being unmessy people, do not consider much of a solution.

At the moment, though, no other way out can be seen. Besides the new problems, the hardy perennials remain.

Bills introduced in the past has failed, while the only changes in the 1909 Act have been those accomplished by spearate Bills that focused on a few provisions of the Act. It was in this manner that Congress made the basic revisions in the Act necessary to allow the United States to adhere to the Universal Copyright Convention. If these changes had been submitted as part of an overall sion Bill, it is possible that this country would still not be a party to the Convention.

Red Light To Red Carpet

By LEONARD FEATHER

Jazz came to American society mercial success with uncomprothrough the back door-or rather, through a front door with a red light hanging over it. It is highimprobable

whether in

ragtime, brass

of a Great

American Art

gospel

bands.

blues



Leonard Feather

Today, 60 years later (or 70, or 80-check your local jazz authority), jazz in many respects is the pampered, most adulated, most written and talked about music of the 20th century. Paradoxically, in many isolated pockets of resistance, it is still the most despised, most derogated and least honored of all the lively arts.

The trouble in part is that there are still among us many men in positions of authority who still remember that red light; if not from personal recall, at least from the innumerable stories, books, movies and teleplays that have served through the years to remind us of its humble and not-quite-respect-

Two interwoven problems now confront the jazz world. They can be classified most succinctly as entertainment vs. art and art vs.

To resolve these conflicts entire-(assuming that they are conflicts) might necessitate the changing of the entire structure of an unlikely American society. prospect. Jazz has to resign itself to living with those who regard it as entertainment, and to continuing as an unwilling but generally docile beast in a billion dollar money jungle.

Night club owners and concert promoters who deal with jazz musicians regularly are aware that there is a broad spectrum of attitudes among today's performers. The older musicians of the Dixieland and swing eras, raised in the tradition of speckeasies, roadhouses and latter jitterbugs, ballrooms and hotel jobs, tend to accept the necessity for a rapport with their audiences.

Singers, for the most part, also go along with the image of music Some of the as entertainment. more extrovert performers of the post-swing years have a similarly accommodating attitude, notably Erroll Garner, Cannonball Adder-Dizzy Gillespie and Roland

Sharp Contrast

In sharp contrast, there are now many jazzmen whose pride in their and personal temperaments prevent them from going along with this attitude. Many, like John Coltrane, Miles Davis and Bill Evans, perform as if completely unaware that the audience is present.

The contrast is one that will not and need not be resolved. Obviwork, and purveying an avantegarde brand of music that requires intense concentration, is not likely to wind up on the Ed Sullivanted in the state of the demand. ously an artist of Coltrane's calito wind up on the Ed Sullivan show, nor on any other tv program with the exception of a rare educational series.

There is a similar spread of attitudes in the musicians' feelings about the economics of jazz. Without question, jazz lost a major pianist when Nat Cole, many years ago, found that the road to millionairedom was paved with pop George Shearing. could have become and remained a darling of the jazz cognoscenti, found a pleasant commercial formula that gave him finaicial security within a musically limited framework. More recently Kai Winding, long a respected jazz trombonist, happened to score a tremendous commercial hit with what musicians might call the corniest record he ever made: understandably, he has chosen to follow up this success with other ventures of little interest to jazz-

The chances for big-scale com- tually exclusive.

mising art-jazz remain slim; nevertheless, it is significant that by sticking to their principles, a subthat any of its stantial number of instrumentalearly creators, ists, singers and writers have amassed a six or seven figure forfield of tune while retaining the respect of public, critics and cians alike, from Duke Ellington and Benny Goodman to Miles Davis and even Mahalia Jackson.

singers, had any thought of involve-The past year has seen a strengthening trend toward musiment with the cal purity. A great number of gifted musicians still struggle for birth pangs acceptance and work fitfully, hurt more than ever by the dying jazz night club business; but somehow will always be a chance sooner or later for exposure via a record, a coffeeshop, a gig here and there. The new wave of jazz artists infinitely more aware than their predecessors of the technical subtleties and academic nuandes of music, have stubbornly firm ideas about what they wish to do in music, and will not give in to the opportunity to make an easier living by taking up rock 'n' roll or joining a dance band.

Miles Davis, Mingus Encouraging this attitude is the great success enjoyed during the year by some of the most uncompromising jazzmen. Miles Davis triumphed in festivals at Tokyo and West Berlin; Charles Mingus the most astonishing and most talked about performance at the highly respected Monterey Jazz Festival. Duke Ellington, at home and abroad, remains the foremost symbol of purity, dignity

and honesty in modern music.

Additional encouragement is offered at the academic level. Boston's Berklee School of Music, 15 years in operation, now offers a full four-year program leading to a Bachelor of Music degree; it is the first music school in the world concentrating on jazz that offers a complete degree program. Similarly Ken Morris' Summer Jazz Clinheld each year in facilities rented at college campuses around the country, offer one-week crash courses in the various instruments, arranging, theory etc., conducted under faculties composed of naknown jazzmen. Jazz, music that once had to be picked up by guesswork from listening to records or hanging around clubs. can now be studied formally, fast and effectively by anyone with a hundred bucks to spare. (But Juilliard still has no regular jazz course-another of those isolated pockets of resistance.)

The concept of jazz as art is fortified by the wealth of printed matter. In addition to innumerable history and reference works, there are now such technical volumes as Jerry Coker's "Improvising Jazz," the Paul Tanner-Maurice Gerow "Study of Jazz," and the various John Mehegan books, offering the novice student an almost bewoldering variety of printed media for his studies.

In this huge deck of literary cards there is an unseen joker. Ironically, the very spread of jazz, and the ease with which the young student can now acquire a work-

ated? The answer seems to lie in in this series. The five concerts the concert halls, at the local and national levels as well as in the showed clearly the conductor's auinternational arena. Between State Dept. subsidized projects and the regular profit-making tours organized by promoters around the world, it is not difficult to envisage potential areas of employment, within the next few years, for thousands of American musicians leapfrogging around continents.

As this writer observed in these pages some months ago (VARIETY, March 25, 1964), jazz faces many problems of survival, not the least of which is its own private population explosion. Nevertheless, when one looks back at the days when this music offered neither the satisfaction of recognition as an art form nor the consolation of recompense as a moneymaker, it is hard to be pessimistic. Jazz, art actress. Smoker Warren is conand money are not altogether mu-



LESTER LANIN

Internationally Famous Society Orchestra His Current Philips Releases: 'Lester Lanin Plays For Dancing' "Lester Lanin Discotheque"

Scherschen Makes Yankee Debut at 73 And 1964 'History'

By TRUDY GOTH

Assertions of uniqueness or historic significance invite challenge but the recent musical debut in Manhattan at age 73 of Herman Scherschen was undoubtedly exceptional in that he is so well es-He has, to tablished elsewhere. be sure, much reputation this side, thanks to recordings. In particular, Scherschen is believed to far exceed any conductor in amount of his Mahler recordings.

Recordings make one more conscious of details whereas it remains for the personal communication to reveal the overall qualities of a musical work. Fortunately for a large and enthusiastic audience. Scherschen showed that he was able to communicate something quite individual, intuitive to a striking degree with an added remarkable bit of scholarship. His personal approach can be judged from one's own emotional attitude, and can arouse strong opinions pro or con. But this very fact is what makes him extraordinary.

Having refused for 35 years to come to this country, because the programs offered by orchestras were too conventional or, as he put it, "of only commercial input it, "of only commercial in-terest," he was finally induced by two enterprising young managers, George F. Schutz and Jav K. Hoff-man, to do a series of concerts with a specially assembled chamber orchestra, unlimited rehearsal time-and mainly programs of his own choice.

How can the demand be cre- ing most of the works performed thority to impress his musical ideas on a "pickup" group of excellent musicians.

"Herr Professor" makes his home in Switzerland, at Gravesano, where he built himself three 'acoustical laboratories" inside his 17th century farmhouse to pursue the electronic sound forces of the future. He has five children by his last wife (No. 3) and nine altogether. His eldest son (49) teaches at Cambridge and his youngest is aged four.

The Warren Bros., country & western duo, have split up after 27 years. Shorty Warren is moving to the Coast, where he'll manage his daughter, Barbara, an tinuing at the Copa Club, Secaucus, N. J.

Taking a Bath in Verdi

Lessons Learned by an American Conductor While Recording Three Operas in Six Weeks In Europe

By THOMAS SCHIPPERS

This past summer in Rome I | tape the sound as it has been balconducted full-length recordings of three different Verdi operas for three different companies. They

were beth" with Birgit Nilsson, Guiseppe Tad-dei and Bruno Preve London Rec-"Trovaords, "Trova-tore" with Gabrielle Tucci, Giulietta Si-mionato, Franco Corelli and Robert Merrill for Angel, and



Thomas Schippers

last but not least "La Forza del Destino" with Leontyne Price, Shirley Verrett, Richard Tucker,

Robert Merrill and Giorgio Tozzi.
The compactness of a six-week
time period for these three recordings let not only some unforseen interchanging of schedules about singers and recording techniques which might not have been as obvious had the recordings been spread further apart. These observations are not all factual but to a degree subjective, since recordings deal fundamentally with the emotions of music, even though they are corsetted by machinery and science.
I believe I know now why op-

eratic recordings are more taxing then others. The difficulty does not merely lie in the vastness of the personnel involved but in-trinsicly in that most glorious of all instruments, the human voice. Unlike a violinist or pianist, the singer cannot leave his instrument at home, when he wants to get away from it all and relax. He must carry it with him at all times, and therefore the instrument is constantly infuenced by the fluctuation in the singer's physical mental and emotional makeup, even when it is not actually being used. Weather, food, airconditioning can play havoc with these vocal chords. So can an enervating taxi ride through

It's For 'Posterity'

Conditions in an opera house are bad enough when indispositions weaken the casts, but they are tolerable in comparison with recording sessions. Even with larynigitis a singer will come to the rescue of the management and sing a live performance which evaporates, as it were, the moment it has been sung. Not so on records, where we perform for "posterity." And when one singer is not in top form, the tension builds, becomes infectuous and often a session is rescheduled. is, of course, easier in Europe where orchestra and chorus costs are not as high as in the United States. But switching where orchestra and schedules does present its problems and on certain days this summer I found myself recording setup, and "Trovatore" in the afternoon in a studio some 20 miles away and with entirely different recording methods. What amazed me most was the willing-ness of the recording companies to cooperate with each other in reshuffling the schedules, and I can only surmise that experience has shown them that he who is the giver today figures he may have to be the recipient tomorrow.

On the surface it might seem difficult to adjust within one day from recording with only one overall microphone, as in the Angel studios, to a multiple microphone setup, as is the case in the RCA Victor studios, but one adjusts quickly. Both techniques proven equally good in the final analysis, because they are gov-erned by recording experts who know how to achieve the best results through their particular methods. An artist may personally prefer one method to the other, but ultimately the aim is the same-to produce performances and sounds as perfectly as possible, not in the studio, but on the tapes. We cannot ignore the advantages and limitations of the machinery involved.

Recording with one overall microphone merely means that the producer-engineer captures on the composer at the festival.

anced in the hall by the conductor, while with the multiple microphone setup the produced-engineer receives the various "un-mixed" sounds through different channels and mixes them in the control room. The differences are insignificant and might be compared to one person's preference for a soft mattress and another's for a hard one. Each of them sleeps the better for having indulged his preference.

The overall microphone setup has one psychological disadvantage. An oboe player or chorister might feel "left out". If the producer-engineer is a man with psychological sensitivities, a care-ful observer is likely to find some fake microphones within the orchestra and chorus sections.

One of the difficulties a conductor might encounter lies in the There are size of the studio. studios in Rome and other Euro-pean centers, like Vienna, where the vastness c eates and accoustical hazard. Here the conductor is likely to head the singers a fraction of a beat behind the orchestra and must become accustomed to this. The question arises, of course, why such studios exist in the first place and what is their advantage. Recording in such big studios gives the producer more freedom to stage the action for Stereo effect and he can achieve better separation of sound.

Animal Excitement

Another difficulty a conductor faces when recording for different companies within such a short time is a musical one-adjusting to the different orchastra and choruses with their individual qualities and artistic behavior patterns. But in the end all prob-lems are swept aside by the sheer animal excitement which voices give to such undertakings Lack of sleep, the nervous tension of the clock ticking away at these of the clock ticking and, recording sessions, changing of matters by schedules-nothing comparison.

A certain artist's unavailability necessitated a different time schedule for the "Macbeth" recording and consequently I had to commute repeatedly within one day between the Rome studio and the Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, where I was conducting "Rosenkavalier." After one of those days I was told that Birgit Nilsson had been over heard mut-tering to herself "If Schippers can record 'Macbeth' and conduct 'Rosenkavalier' within one day, I might try singing a matinee in Vienna, an evening performance in Milan and recording at mid-night!" I would like to tell her that she cannot! For she would have to accomplish such a "feat" without the inspiration which the mere sound of her voice gave me-and I could say the same to all the other singing artists in-volved in these three recordings, without being unduly gallant.

On more than one occasion I have discussed with my colleagues the so-called enmity between singers and conductors can vouch that this is basically nothing but an amusing legend. This legend has fed on such stories as Beecham proclaiming proudly that he drowned out an entire cast of "Aida" to protect the audience's ears. A true story perhaps, but the exception to the rule. Opera can only be great if there are truly magnificent voices and no sane conductor would ever deny

Maltese Singers' Awards

Valletta, Malta.

Two Maltese pop singers, Joe Grech and Tony Agius, who re-cently took part in the Trullo d'Oro Song festival in Bari, Italy, have returned here with prizes.

Agius won the Cup of the Italian Council of Ministers for the best interpretation by a foreign singer (amateur section). Grech received the Organizers Cup for being the best foreign vocalist and



1964: YEAR OF THE BEATLES

A Musical Scott Fitzgerald

But Cole Porter's Songs Remain Fresher Than **Author's Stories**

By JOHN CHAPMAN

There were two head men of the Boat Set, Scott Fitzgerald and Cole Porter. Ever since Fitzgerald died a long time ago his admirers have been making his memory into a cult-and so have some of his detractors like Ernest Hemingway, who was snide and patronizing in his posthumous memoirs about Fitzgerald and Paris, "A Moveable

The Boat Set were the Americans who occupied Europe, particularly France, when it was perfectly safe for them to do so — after the Allied armies, including one headed by Gen. John J. Pershing, had beaten the Kaiser's boches into temporarily complete submission. Comforted by almost-ruinous inflation of the franc, non-belligerent Yanks invaded Paris, the Riviera and even Rome. One dopey college youth did damage that all our secretaries of state have still been unable to repair when he pasted French currence on his suitcase, like hotel stickers. The French have hated us since.

The Fitzgerald cult has never gained me as a disciple, and I have never been impressed by the fact that I Knew Him When (casually) in Paris and Rome; and I haven't written a monograph or book about I thought he was a run-of-the-mine Satevepost writer with an awful lot of money to spend on Zelda and himself. It has taken a cult to keep his memory green.

Was Porter French?

Cole Porter, the perfect tank-town boulevardier (he was born in Peru, Ind.), won't need any cult. Fitzgerald's fiction now is impossibly old-hat and isn't worth reading except by the curious, but the songs of Porter, the complete Yank snob, remain as fresh as the

And the French may think he was one of them. About ten years ago my wife and I were in Paris once more on Bastille Day and we thought it would be fun again to have dinner at a sidewalk cafe on Montmartre, view the fireworks near Sacre Coeur and walk down the hill afterward to watch the dancing in the streets and hear the native music. Everything was as pleasant and memory-filled as we had hoped, but we were half-way down the hill before we realized that the street-corner music wasn't native. It was, invariably, Porter's "I Love Paris," which was introduced by Lilo in a Broadway musical, "Can-Can."

I have known, admired and liked every popular American songwriter of our time, except one, from Irving Berlin on. When Porter died the obituaries classed him as among the great, along with Gershwin, Berlin, Kern and Rodgers. The obits generally omitted a couple of other great ones, Vincent Youmans and the very lively Harold Arlen. And nobody ever mentions one of the best, the late Billy Hill, because Billy never wrote a Broadway show.

He Was Most Sophisticated

Porter was the most sophisticated of the bunch as a writer, and he had no trouble with matching melody to lyric or vice versa because he wrote both. His finest achievement was "Kiss Me, Kate," which should have won the critics' prize the year it came out, instead of the Rodgers-Hammerstein "South Pacific." "Kate" will outlast "Pacific" by several decades. And things of Arlen's like "Over the Rainbow" and "Stormy Weather" may never sound old-fashioned.

A reminder of Vincent Youmans' great importance as a popular

composer came recently with the offering of an album by Evergreen Records, "Through the Years." This ill-starred young man, who died much too soon, first showed that he was more than a Tin Pan Alley hack when he wrote "Wildflower" and "Bambalina" in 1923. One remembers with affection and admiration most of the songs by Vinnie
—"Time on My Hands," "Drums in My Heart," "I Want to Be Happy," "Without a Song," "More Than You Know" and, above all, the simple "Tea for Two." Music critic Doug Watt has called Youmans the Schubert of Tin Pan Alley, and it's a good description

Many Personalities

As personalities, our songwriters have been widely different. Gershwin, ebullient: Youmans, quiet; Rodgers, careful; Arlen, urbane; Porter, uppity; Berlin, modest but self-respecting; Frank Loesser, businesslike, and Frederick Loewe, joyful.

The most personable and colorful songwriter I knew was Billy Hill, and nobody mentions him or his works any more. Yet the late Gene Buck, president of the American Society of Composers. Authors and Publishers, told me he thought that Stephen Foster and Billy Hill were closest to immortality. And for the same reason—simplicity. Both wrote one note at a time, one syllable at a time. And what did Billy Hill write? "The Last Roundup," "Wagon Wheels" and such.

Billy was a first-section violinist with the Boston Symphony at 13,

but he ran away and went on the bum. He was a violin professor in Western bordellos. He was a Park Ave. doorman when, to make \$25 now and then, he wrote songs for the "flip sides" of phonograph records. He probably died hungry. He told me that he was always hungry until he wrote "Last Roundup," and when that song hit he was so busy drinking he didn't have time to eat. He was the antithesis of the meticulous, sophisticated Cole Porter. I wonder whose music will last longer.

BAND BIZ BOOMING ON IRISH DISKS, TV

Dublin. Band shows, boosted by tv, have become top entertainment for teenagers in Ireland and more than a

hundred bands are gathering plenty of coin.

is shared with important stars who come in on license of Irish Musicians' Federation and tour Dublin and terperies in the sticks where the coin is flowing freely as agricultural and other industries flourish.

Several groups have been parlayed into the big time with Royal Showband probably at the top, but others are nudging hard and sharing the "Top Ten" here with overseas stars. Disk biz has boomed with the popularity of the groups and has hit an alltime high in past

17 Italo Diskeries Enter Malta's Jan. Song Fest Valletta, Malta

Some 17 Italian disk companies entered compositions singers for the Italian Song Festival which will be held at the Radio City Opera House here in Malta in January. The fest will be sponsored by the Dragonara Palace

Prizes, gold plated and silver maltese boats will be donated by Malta government tourist board. There will also be medals

and silver cups awarded.
The 17 diskeries include RCA Italiana, Juke Box, Associated Artists Italiana, Slinger, S.I.D.E.T., San Guisti, Oscar Record, Giraffa, C.M.C. Italiana, Tornado, Globo, ODES, Combo, Durium Italmusica, and Italdisc.

INT'L MUSIC BIZ

By ROGER WATKINS

Show biz historians the world over will ascribe 1964 as "the year of The Beatles."

Whole industries have boomed in their wake. International show biz complexions have been changed their emergence. Singlehanded they represent a dollar earning capacity for greater than many British industries playing the export game.

Beatle monickers and countenances spell instant gold for those with the right to market them. And such is their influence over kindred performers and fan followers that it is commonplace today to find British teenagers with sheepdog haircuts and sporting the snazzy-type clothes associated with the Liverpool group.

Politicians namedrop John, Paul. George and Ringo. Royalty mentions them. In nations across the globe, they are a household word. Accoladed and appraised, bally-

hooed and bisected, courted and covered by the international press as no performers before them, the Beatles are, in short, the show biz phenomenon.

Beatles' tale, as it affects show biz, dates back to October, 1962, when the group's first wax was released by EMI. Unknown manager Brian Epstein came down from hicksville—Liverpool—with some demo tapes of the Beatles and was facing the turndown from all and sundry in London. Of all those paged by Epstein, only Parlophone a&r boss George Martin saw some potential. His and Ep-stein's faith changed the British music scene overnight.

Beatles runaway disk success sparked off a mad rush for vocal-instrumental beat groups. Big time diskers caught fast trains to Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Newcastle, Leeds and sundry provincial English towns which hitherto held little appeal for talent scouts, let alone the cream of British recording execs.

Resultant signing and releasing of a whole spate of groups such as Gerry & The Pacemakers, Freddie & The Dreamers, Billy Kramer & The Dakotas, The Searchers, The Swinging Blue Jeans, The Hollies, and a dozen more saw the emergence of the most pronounced trend in disk buying this country had ever wit-. Spearheaded by the Beatles, who were hitting No. 1 spot with every release, the rocking Redcoats broke the decade-old grip of the American recording business on the British charts.

Epstein On Top Undisputed king of the new wave was Brian Epstein. He capitalized on his premonition that the spate of young Liverpool performers with a passion for Yank rhythm & blues could be big time if they were given the right sort of press boost. He signed the Pacemakers with Gerry Marsden, joined Kra-

As history records, within months they became-via their EMI releases—a dollar enterprise predominantly multi - million which is still snowballing. And Epstein has become the power in pop music at the moment.

Decca, the major waxery which had turned down the Beatles (although recording topper Dick Rowe was going round at the time saying what Britain needed was counterparts to the American vocal groups) has been fighing to make up the huge leeway which developed between itself and ts main competitor, EMI. In its attempt to come up with an answer to the Beatles, the diskery tapped a new vein of wax gold which, even with the emergence of the Beatles, had remained largely below the surface-rhythm & blues.

Among other shaggy r&b (Continued on page 186)

'Beat' Will Die Hard; Teenagers **Determine Diskery Economics**

By PADDY ROBERTS

(Chairman, Songwriters Guild of Great Britain)

London.

pletely misleading.
In the last

characteristics required for success were simple emotional or nostalgic lyrics set to catchy, easily memorable tunes. For years Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern, George Gershwin and Cole Porter had written tune-ful, enchanting songs which had gone round the world, as had those written here by Jimmy Kennedy, Michael Carr, Tolchard Evans, Jack Strachey and many others. But in 1953/4 there emerged "the beat"; and nothing has been the same

"The beat" has been aptly described as Afro-Harlem material, and it undoubtedly owes much to its African origin. It would probably not have succeeded so well had its emergence not coincided with the rise in the living standards of British and American teenagers. Instead of a few shillings per week, they were earning pounds; and when their ears were assailed ceaselessly by the stimulating beat rhythms, they spent their pounds on beat records. In 1953 American record sales amounted to \$16.800,-000. In 1955 they totalled \$227,-000,000, and by 1963 they had reached \$658,000,000. Not all these sales were of "beat" items, but it is probably safe to assume that the bulk of the ingresse de that the bulk of the increase derived from their popular appeal.

This development was not popular in all quarters. Most estab-lished and successful composers hated it, and protested loudly against the broadcasting of what they described as "trash." But the "trash" was extensively broadcast; what is broadcast inevitably creates a trend; and if record manufacturers could make money out of cheaply produced materal, whether "trash" or not, obviously no cries of anger and despair from writers could stop them from doing so.

R&R and Juvenile Delinquency

It was not only writers who protested against "the beat," and the lyrics which went with it.

VARIETY itself in 1955 referred to
"leer-ic garbage" being put to
music, and to "dirty postcards" being translated into songs. mer with the Dakotas, pacted with Howard Hanson, Director of the the Fourmost, took on solo artist Eastman School of Music of the Tommy Quickly and a thrush University of Rochester, (N.) went further, and informed Senate subcommittee in 1958 that rock 'n' roll had "a definite tieup with juvenile delinquency" and that "broadcasters should get wise to their responsibilities." Despite this, the torrent of "beat" continued to swamp the airwaves.

In this connection it is interesting to note that in Great Britain since 1954, the last "pre-beat" year, the crime statistics have rocketed. No one has yet established that "the beat" is responsible for this, though various British writers, including at least one Member of Parliament, have alleged that it is far from guiltless.

For some years would-be prophets have predicted a return to melody, but it is only recently that fulfilment of this prediction has appeared possible or likely. The present pop idiom is not universally liked; and indeed in a single issue of the big-circulation London

This question is perpetually asked by every head of every business not only by those who are in the business of popular music.

Those who adulterated tripe." Oddly enough, in the same issue of the paper it Evening News & Star (Nov. 16, guess right do in the same issue of the paper it was announced that one of the well: those who guess wrong do vision companies (Rediffusion) had not. Sometimes decided to institute, as from Jan. past holds a 4, 1965, a weekly program of music clue to the entitled "That's For Me," made up from viewers' requests. Beat mutimes it is com- sic will not be barred, though it is less likely to be used, says the producer.

Paddy Roberts

Paddy Roberts

decade the character of popular music has undergone an astounding transformation. Up to the early '50s the most important characteristics required for success.

The success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its ratings, but it is significant that such a program should even be attempted.

My count representation popular music program and program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure of this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure or this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure or this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure or this program will inevitably be judged not so much by its quality as by its required for success or failure or this program will inevitable program will be program will be program and the program will be program will be program will be program The success or failure of this

My own personal opinion—not necessarily the views of the SGGB -for what it is worth, is that "the beat" will die hard. For the young it seems to have aphrodisiac quali-ties which endear it to them: for sex has now become more rough than romantic. Furthermore, it must be remembered that most of the successful lyrics of "pre-beat" days were devoid of genuine poetic merit; and the ad-mass public is still disinclined to go in a big way for lyrics which are too clever or romantic. But it does seem as though there may soon evolve a public for songs with memorable melodies and less puerile lyrics, which retain a "beat element. In any case, everything will depend upon the broadcasting organiza-tions; for it is they who control what is heard, and therefore what is bought. And what is bought succeeds, whilst what is not bought

It is as simple as that: but that, alas, is not so simple.

Buffs Referendum On Symphonists

National Symphony here in the nation's capitol city polled its subscribers and singleticket purchasers during 1964 on symphony composers and came up with these preferences: Ole Massah Beethoven an easy winner, far ahead of the second-highest, Finland's late Sibelius. This was the referendum:

der	Composers	%
1	Beethoven	61.7
2	Sibelius	44.7
3	Mozart	42.3
4	Brahms	42.0
5	Tehaikovsky	39.7
6	Haydn	39.0
7	Schubert	38.0
8	Mahler	36.3
9	Dvorak	34.0
10	Mendelssohn	33.0
11	Vaughan Williams	32.0
11	Franck	32.0
12	Rachmaninoff	30.3
12	Prokofieff	30.3
13	Shostakovich	29.7
14	Saint-Saens	27.3
15	Berlioz	25.7
16	Copland	24.0
17	R. Schumann	23 .3
18	Bruckner	23.0
19	Stravinsky	21.3
20	D'Indy	20.0
20	Britten	20.0
21	Borodin	19.3
22	Barber	17.3
23	Liszt	16.7
24	Ives	15.7
25	Bernstein	15.6
26	W. Schuman	12.7
27	Piston	12.3
28	Nielsen	11.3
29	Walton	10.7
29	Gliere	10.7
30	Chausson	10.0
31	Gounod	9.3
32	Harris	8.6
33	Szymanowski	6.7
34	Finney	4.1
35	Mennin	3.0

SAN ANTONIO, 246 YEARS OLD, FOUND CULTURE BEFORE REST OF TEXAS FOUND BEEF & OIL

Its Two-In-One-Symphony Presents 'Big Spectacle' Opera—Helpful Factor That Both Orchestra and Lyric Drama Have Same Board of Directors

By VICTOR ALESSANDRO

San Antonio. different kind of city. Since its beginning 246 years ago, it has had unique flavor to its people,

its atmosto what it does. One reason, of course, is that it is considerably older than other Texas cities. In a d d i tion, the strong influstrong ence of its Spanish and



Victor Alessandro

German heritage sets it apart from other major cities in the state.

As a result, while Dallas, Fort Worth and Houston were struggling frontier towns, San Antonio already possessed a deep cultural spirit which remains obvious today. In the 1870's and 80's, while others in Texas were fighting off Indians, San Antonio was hosting Henry and Sydney Lanier. Sarah Bernhardt and many world famous performers appeared during that time in the city's Opera House on Alamo Plaza opposite the 100-year-old Menger Hotel. This attitude is particularly evi-

dent in the field of music. While other musical groups in the state strive for the grandest or biggest musical events, San Antonio's emphasis has remained on the quality of a musical performance rather than on its size. This holds true today in symphony, in opera and in all other activities of the city.

There are certain features in San Antonio which are Texas-sized, however. A prime example is its 6,000 - seat Municipal Auditorium, which has housed opera perform ances utilizing 300 people onstage, live horses and bulls, elaborate sets, world-famed singers and the symphony orchestra of up to 100 musicians when needed.

In San Antonio, both orchestra and opera are governed by one board of directors, one music director and one manager. Perhaps most important of all, by one fund-raising campaign. The advantages of this kind of single direction are obvious and have made San Antonio's operation catapult into the limelight of Southwestern musical life. This year the 24-week season, which includes all types of con-certs and a Grand Opera Festival in the spring, together with the Rio Grande Valley International Festival, is being augmented by two fall opera productions—
Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutti" and Howard Hanson's "Merry Mount"—the latter presented on the regular symphony subscription series.

Symphony

American symphony orchestras, when they pay attention to opera at all, usually limit themselves to programming excerpts with prominent singers. In San Antonio, following the tradition established long ago in the music capitals of Europe, we have made the San Antonio Symphony the first ingredient of the opera production, thus assuring the finest instrumental support and avoiding the intramural sniping often present in competitive projects. Since 1944, when the late Max Reiter, founder of the San Antonio Symphony, led a brace of Rossini "Barbers" in the Orchestra's first operatic salvo, 37 different operas have been given on the regular season series (an average of four annually), and the audience insists that they be sung in the original language. The lack of chauvinism may be ascribed to the fact that much of the audience knows Spanish twe are only 150 miles from the Mexican border and operatic Italian usually makes sense to Spanish-speaking fans) or German (many settlers were of German extraction and the language persists locally). Municipal Auditorium, really too

vast to provide the best conditions for symphonic concerts, is advantageous for the big panoply operas such as "Aida," "Lohengrin" or such as "Aida," Turandot." The huge rectangle of the proscenium (36 x 75) precludes

the subtle approach; the "grand San Antonio has always been a manner" of staging is an absolute for maximum visability from all sections of the house. For opera the stage is elevated two feet by use of over 100, 8 x 4 parallels, with the orchestra seated at floor level instead of in a pit, for acoustical efficiency. It is traditional that singers engaged must have voices that really carry order to fill the cavernous hall with sufficient power of projection.

San Antonio, obtains the best singing talent available from all parts of the world. In recent seasons, we have imported singers sons, we have imported singers directly from Europe, including baritone Tito Gobbi, who came over from Italy for our "Otello" last year, tenor Dimiter Uzunov, who flew from Vienna for this one performance, Astrid Varnay, who came from Germany for her first US. "Flektre" in a number of U.S. "Elektra" in a number of years, and this season, our new "Faust" will star the Paris Opera's will star the Paris Opera's Andrea Guiot as Marguerite.

The San Antonio Opera Festivals feature elaborate scenery designed and constructed by Peter Wolf Associates, a Texas firm. Our chorus, including many who have performed for over a decade with us, is well routined and often contributes comprimarios for small roles when needed. In addition to "Faust," the spring festival this year features "Madame Butterfly" (Kirsten, Morell), "Lohengrin" (Sullivan, Yeend, Rankin) and "La Gioconda" (Farrell, Tucker, Rankin and Moscona).

Although the San Antonio Symphony, in its 26th season this year, has a 24-week schedule with over a half-million budget, this is not sufficient to permit enlarging the opera-producing program beyond



ACTOR-SINGER

Management: Leo Pinkus Press: Saul Richfield, New York

the traditional quartet of spring performances. Because we wished to extend our activities in this field and because we had already shown the kind of enterprise required, in October of 1963 we received the largest single grant in the Ford Foundation's current \$1,727,625 program of assistance to 13 deserving U.S. opera companies. serving U.S. opera companies.
Some of this grant has already made possible the presentation hade possible the presentation last year of Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah" and Kurt Weill's "Three-Penny Opera," as well as this year's "Cosi" and "Merry

"Merry Mount" is a good example of large-scale grand opera (Continued on page 208)

Italo Music Biz Hitches 1965 Sound To San Remo; Accent on Youth, Melody

By ROBERT F. HAWKINS

playing its annual guessing game. With the San Remo Song Festival, slated for its usual late-January unveiling, imminent, with its so often vital impact on the local musical scene, Milan and Rome diskeries are engaged in decisions which they hope will spe'l another hit year for them in their field.

Their decisions this time are even more vital than they were a ago. For since San Remo, 1964, only a few isolated tunesand singers—have made a lasting impact on the local market. The public, say the experts, is disoriented. Too many different trends, beats, singers, combos have been thrown at it in the past year.

What will it be for '65? Those professing to be in the know think it will be a return to melody. Updated, modern, neatly packaged and arranged, but melody never-

For 1964 may have seen many nigh-flying hits, riding the crest of the surf waves or of other beats, but the long-selling hits, those tunes which outlasted the seasons, have mostly been melodic. Among these are the 1964 San Remo winner "Non Ho L'Eta," a one-shot by Gigliola Cinquetti; "La-crima sul Viso," ditto for Bobby Solo; "Amore Scusami," by John Foster; "In Ginocchio de Te," which put Gianni Morandi in the big time; several songs by Mina, who made a strong comeback this past stanza, mostly on strength of melody and voice. 1964 had its novelty hits, its offbeat sellers, but the lasting motif has been the more or less "pure" tune. Italo publishers and diskeries, though gearing for all trades, are betting that the current year will see this penchant maintained.

They are also betting on the youngsters, thus bringing the metamorphosis of the Italo musical scene full circle.

Only a few years back, the

veterans, vocalists who've been in The Italian musical world is the spotlight for ten years or more, were still in command. Fans bought anything they recorded. They held a virtual monopoly. Then came (Domenico) Modugno, and the deluge.

Ever since, the "nothing sacred" dictum has applied. Singers came and went. In fickle Italy, few outlasted their first successes. Few made comebacks once they'd dropped from view. Too many new youngsters were ready-with more or less talent-to replace them. The powerful backing of some companies helped, but even this was no longer as vital as it used to be. 1964 for example saw a large number of company switches by name performers, among them Mina, Modugno, Tony Dallara, and others.

The past year also saw more songfests sprout out of nowhere than in perhaps any other year. Yet only San Remo was a big seller; other hit tunes crept up the charts, but without the aid of ting) to millionaire row. After fest presentations. It's natural James' example, tiny pubberies therefore that the local disk world should be looking to the upcoming Riviera disk event with more than usual suspense.

For San Remo, 1965, has to overcome several forms of inertia which seized the Italian musical public in the latter half of 1964. These have to do variously with continued high taxes on individual platters (costing as much as \$1.35 for a 45), the still relatively low number of record players being sold, the disorientation with regard to allegiance to one or another singer (more and more cases of shopping around for best recording of a song, rather than automatic purchase of all of a particular performer's repertoire), and so

There are those observers who feel that Italian diskeries are putting too many eggs into one basket in attaching so much importance to a single event such as San

Beatle Swarm of 1964

Rolling Stones. And the Stones turned out to be the nearest thing to the Beatles popularity-wise in the local market. Selling rebellion along with their music, they were launched by manager Andrew Oldham, a teenage extrovert who successfully tagged the Stones as "the group that parents love to hate."

Stones' success-at least one major musical opinion poll finds they are more popular here than the Beatles—cued in yet another new wave of group performers. They precipitated such as The Animals, The Nashville Teens, The Kinks and a host of others who purvey a wilder kind of music than

But while the "new wave" was building in the U.K .- aided greatly by the press which was now awakened to the circulation-winning potential of splashing pop music news—The Beatles were gearing up for a task which only a few farsighted industryites thought they could rull off. The thought they could pull off. The capture of America.

That ther impact Stateside was every bit as dynamic as their local success-and some say more so on account of their multi-label releases—is now a matter of history. Their 73,750,000 audience on the Ed Sullivan show, their two successful tours, their colossal mer-chandising value have become milestones in Yank show biz.

But, of greater significance, the Beatles' U.S. breakthrough dramatically hypoed the British recording industry. Having labored with the status of a "poor relation," British diskers were overnight enlivened as never before. Whereas previously British disks had been brushed aside by American outlets, now they were suddenly in demand-in fact, clamored for.

The Dave Clark Five

In the slipstream of the Beatles, British rock 'n' roll talent became potential international performers with such as The Dave Clark Five. The Searchers, The Swinging Blue Jeans, The Hollies, The Honey combs, Herman's Hermits, The Kinks, and many more stepping immediately into international suc-

Most vitally, the British and American recording industries came together with the Americans showing new found respect for British product to such an extent that many U.S. performers were sent to record here. As George Martin put it, so far as the U.S. was concerned the British industry lost its bowler hat image. From there on in each British disk was considered on its individual merit by American diskeries. This, above all, is a heritage for which the lo-cal wax trade will be eternally grateful, for it's reckoned this attitude will not rapidly change.

Not only did the Beatles boost domestic wax industry sales to a new peak, expected to be some 25% higher than the previous record year (their own local wax sales top the 10,000,000 mark) but they and others of their ilk also significantly changed the music publishing business.

Beatles' songs—penned by John Lennon and Paul McCartney— rocketed pubber Dick James from a smalltime operator (with, some say, serious thoughts about quithandling the original works of the emerging kid groups mushroomed. And as diskers became predominantly occupied with producing rocking Beatle-type waxes, it was this new sect of pubbers that was landing the all-important waxes and radio-ty promo spots. Big publishing houses, which

had previously had everything their own way, found it hard to fix waxploitation as the "rocking pubberies" grew rapidly in numbers. To counter this swing, many bigger pubs moved into artist management, so as to have on tap some of the new vogue songwriting and performing talent. And with the comparatively cheap-torecord groups having by now international sales potential, many pubs moved into indie recording as well. In the affluent economic climate.

teenagers with lotsa dough to spare, found it reasonably easy to copy their waxing idols. Thus, the instrument trade here experienced

ponents Decca pacted with the an unprecedented bonanza, too, with many factories on a roundthe-clock schedule.

While fevered Beatlemania was spreading throughout the globe with many aspects of showbiz cashing in, the local film industry was not backward in aligning its sights to pop people prosperity.
With the Beatles signed to United Artists for three pictures, a dozen other deals involving the cream of British beat talent have been made.

British television, too, awoke to the potential of pop music and hastily capitalized on the huge fan following of the beat boys. The networks mounted a plethora of pop music shows, most of which justified themselves ratingwise. The more ambitious ones like ABC-TV's "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and BBC's "Pick of The Pops" making Top 20 precincts regularly.

Of all the aspects of show biz

which have been stimulated by the Beatles, they have had their most profound effect on the music scene. Not only has the group boosted the whole recording industry into top league show biz stature, but it has so opened up that particular industry, it is now possible for anyone to become an overnight international hit.

Meek-to-Most-to-Oldham Rack Up Triple Parlay Of Indie-Made Brit. Hits

London.

British disk life, now whirling to unprecedented sales pinnancles, has many rags-to-riches stories missing from the present pop beat boom. But none so significant as the emergence of the Golden Boys of disk production - Joe Meek. Mickie Most and Andrew Oldham.

Trio of independent record producers, each under 30 years old, have set the domestic industry by its ear. With an ever lengthening line of clicks, They have rocked the pedestals a top which staff a&r men have mellowed complacently for years.

While they are not without importance still, the big diskery recording execs are no longer the be-all and end-all of the wax trade. Spearheaded by Meek, Most and Oldham, the new breed of independent record producer has won major acceptance at the leading U.K. waxworks which have found independently produced product can be as big a sales success as can staff-made waxings.

Having smashed through the "staff barrier" which in the past daunted many potential indie pro-ducers, the Golden Boys have accounted for such international hits as "Telstar," "Have I The Right?" (Meek); "House Of The Rising Sun," "I'm Into Something Good" (Most) and "It's All Over Now,"
"Not Fade Away" (Olden).

The lead has cued in local independent production in a big way. At one point last year nearly 50% of the British hit parade was comprised of independently records. Decca's local output of non-staff recordings soared way past that figure, and EMI, Pye and Philips also released an increased amount of freelance disks.

Illustrative of the new significance of the independent producer in this market is the deals now being offered them by waxeries. Most has pacted with EMI in a five-year deal which gives the company right to issue locally all his future product. Coin involved is not disclosed, but is believed to be the highest fee ever paid out by EMI on such a contractual deal.

Meek, producer of Decca's big-

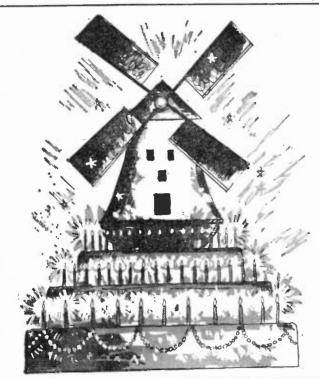
gest-ever seller "Telstar" 000), is expecting to get his own label from one of two major waxworks which have been competing for his product.

Oldham, already with carte blanche around the Decca workshop, has recently secured big deal with the company which significantly ups his financial cut.

And with Britain's emergence

as a hot source of international hits, the offshore interest in the independent producers is also sky high. Most, for instance, has signed a three-year, \$250,000 deal with CBS allowing the label to distribute in the U.S. and Canada all his future work.





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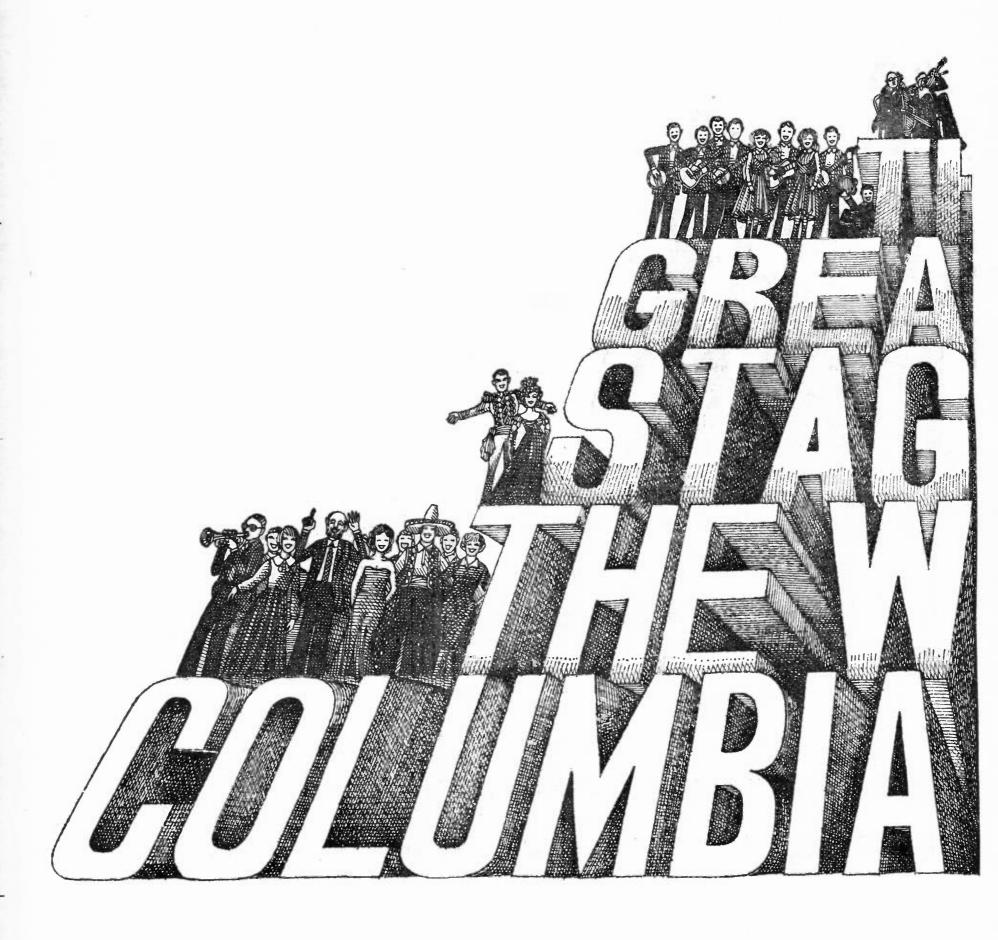
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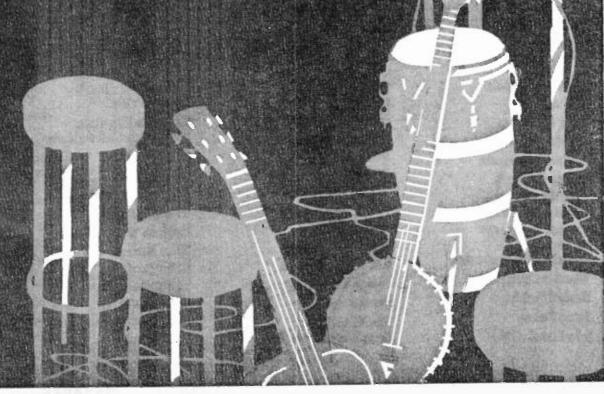
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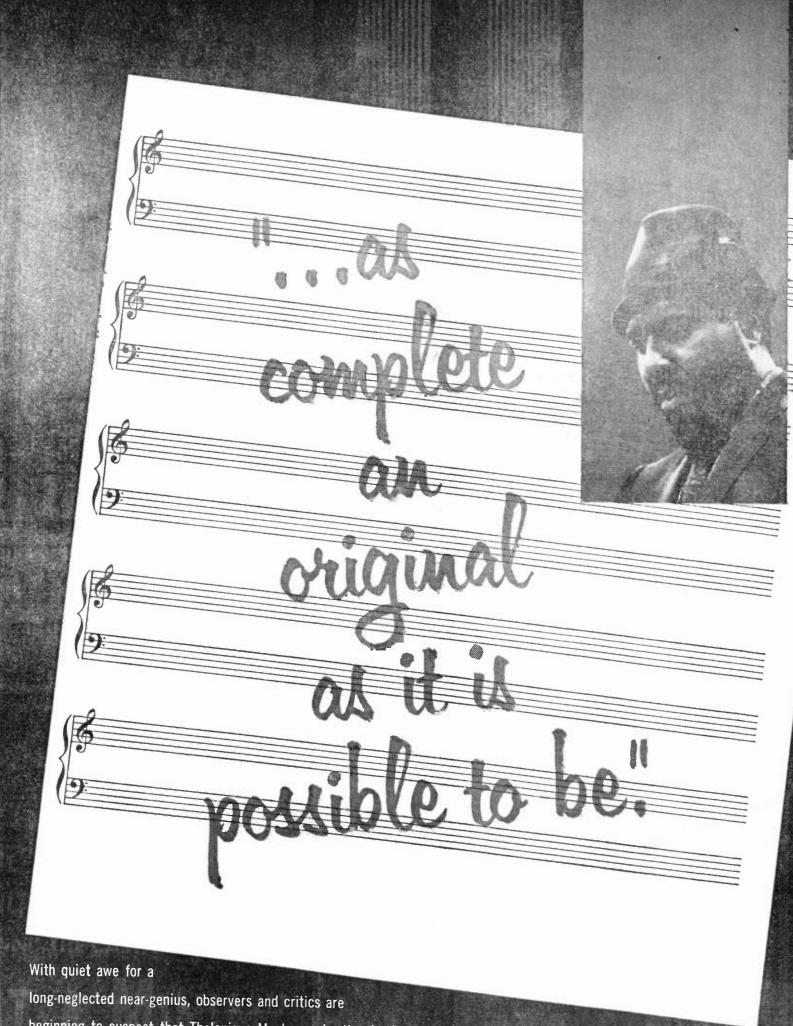


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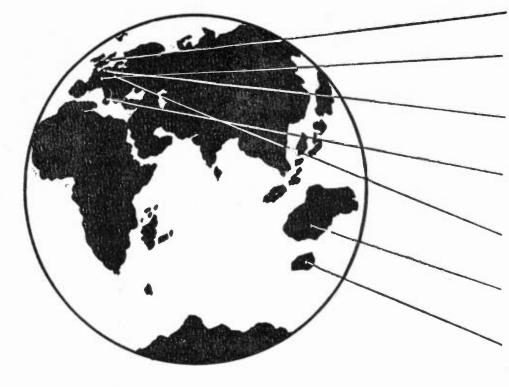
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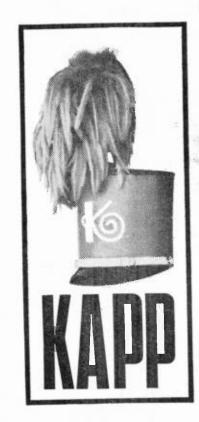
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Romance of Music Biz

Continued from page 181

and "night men" went after plugs 'n' roll.) with local airtime, professional managers contacted name bands climb anto the Bands of the Bands shows. After a tune was "made form, up" and put into a band's "book" —only the freebees, the "kolos" and the smallees used the "stocks" publisher would set up a

In those days, the fulcrum of music biz was a Saturday night radio show called "Your Hit Parade," then as important as tradepaper charts are today. When you made the Hit Parade (Top 10 today) you had it made and the public knew it as well as the business. (The show helps mark the outer limits of the Era of the #1 Plug for it was on the air from April 20, 1935 to Jue 7, 1958, by which time we were well into the

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band or singer. While "day men" era of tv, the deejay and rock

coast-to-coast commercial Reports still extant in a modified enumerated the songs played each day on the four major networks (NBC, CBS, ABC, and Mutual). After a time, as statistics invaded all industry, there was the Peatman sheet. It numerically weighted each Accurate plug, depending on whether a performance was local or net, vocal or instrumental, and on a "sustainer" or a commercial show.

In order to make a showing, a firm would bunch its plugs into a given week known as a "drive." Three or four drives, spaced weeks apart, made up the life of a tune. If by then a song did not make it, the firm would go onto a new #1 plug. "Sleepers" sometimes came out of left field, of Everybody hungered for course. a "rocking chair hit," the kind of song that took off by itself and permitted the publisher and his staff to sit in their chairs and rock.

More Refined Payola

While payola was not absent, it tended to take a social shape. Occasionally, publishers paid to have a song put into a band book-just the cost of arrangement. broadcast (programs remotes" from a location) sometimes were bought for so-much per plug. But what gave the business its unique flavor was an elaborate ritual known as Romance. To a large degree, it depended on friendship and conviviality and it involved a not inconsequential amount of conning, needling, horseplay-and sheer attention.

Two stories that are part of the folklore of the biz illuminate the One involves an ageless gentleman who shall be unnamed because he is still active in the business and who surely was one of the most colorful figures of a colorful era. The incident reportedly occurred at the Biltmore, though it sometimes has been told of Tommy Dorsey. One evening our gentleman plugger brought an attractive and expensively attired doll to meet the maestro. She was introduced as The Duchess, immediately putting the bandleader on his best be-havior. As they were having cof-fee, the maestro who was seated

next to The Duchess suddenly turned crimson. Holding his cup with difficulty, he turned angrily toward our gentleman plugger. Then, he swung around in amazement toward the Duchess unable to believe that the delicate fingers running up and down his leg belonged to her "regal" person. But they did. And all the amused pluggers, sitting at the table and silently eyeing the maestro's discomfiture, knew that they did.

The other story concerns a professional manager who took a well-heeled bandleader out for an evening's entertainment. Dinner at Dinty Moore's. Broadway hit musical at scalper's prices. Late show at the Copa. Night cap at The Little Club. By the time he was driving the batoneer to his home on the Island, the tab had climbed to more than a bill-and-The bandleader had not even once reached for "the hot." Somewhere along Queens Blvd., they stopped at an all-night diner for coffee. As they were about to leave, the prof. mgr. searched his coat pocket for small change. At that point, the bandleader dramatstayed his host's hand. ically With a flourish but in all seriousness, he put three dimes on the counter and announced, "Now, this one is on me."

Pluggers performed many services to keep important performers on their side. They served as chauffered They habysitters. bandleaders from their homes to jobs and back. They sent flowers at Easter and gifts at Christmas. They were careful to remember anniversaries, bar-mitzvahs, birthdays (wives, children — and dogs included.) They allowed themselves to be outplayed on the golf course and sometimes threw away winning hands at poker. But this payola was part of, and not a substitute for, the camaraderie of the business.

Social Amenities

The social ritual reached its climax at "openings," that is, when a band or singer opened at the Astor Roof, the Commodore, the Waldorf, the Roosevelt, the the Pennsylvania New Yorker, (now the Statler Hilton), etc. Everybody who was anybody in the business turned out. Publishers vied with each other in the size of their tables and the prominence of the guests they brought. With some bandleaders, you could not afford to be absent, for they were known to check table reservations before putting new tunes into their books. But an opening, not devoid of the plugging angle, was a big social event for the entire business (and you never discussed plugs at it.)

Basically, plugging was then a very personal thing. The song counted. The firm counted. But most of all, the man counted.

The songplugger who was a better storyteller, a better golfer, a more colorful individual, a better judge of material, a more engaging personality, could get more plugs than his less interesting and less talented confreres.

But that was back in the days when pluggers carried professional copies folded in the back pockets of their trousers, not little record promoters; when they could personally sell a song instead of just submitting a platter for a station committee to pass on —in short, when music men did not feel they were in a "big crap game" and at the mercy of one recorded rendition in whose making they had little or no part.

And yet, the present era of the demo-master is not without large areas that afford the same challenge as the making of a hit ballad in the era of the #1 Plug. In today's musical theatre, on the movie screen, on television, and in the folk and jazz fields, composition not just engineering; the song not just the sound; fresh not just far-out ideas; and talent not just turbulence still count.

Pre-Petroleum Philharmonics

avoided by American composers, microphone. If it concerns the because few opera centers have stage director himself, he replies. been willing to take on large-scale | The same process is used for quesproductions of American opera. At any invitation, "Merry Mount" A decade of this and the Rio was conducted by its composer. Grande Valley will have one of any invitation, "Merry Mount" was conducted by its composer. Sullivan, Sills, Ludgin and Patacchi were in the leading roles.

Through the cooperation Tobin Aerial Surveys of San Antonio, the stage manager, singers and technicians were flown here from the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester (New York) to be in the performance. From Fort Worth came Texas Christian University's ballet group to participate. San Antonio's Mastersingers, supplemented by voice students from San Antonio College, formed the chorus. The chorus. The score and orchestral parts were furnished by the Metropolitan Opera. The uniqueness of comforces with institutions 1,800 miles distant speaks for itself. Is this a first? I wonder.

San Antonio's sprouting activities today encompass also what is called the "Rio Grande Valley International Music Festival, series of performances offered annually in March in cities adjacent to the Rio Grande River, directly across the border from Mexico. Participating cities include Mc-Allen, Pharr, Harlingen, Edinburg, and occasionally, Brownsville. In one week's time, one or two operas, two popular type concerts, and one large-scale choral-symphonic program are presented. The evening preceding the opera per-formance is devoted to a dress rehearsal of the work to be given; high school students interested in music and the arts are given first preference for admission, followed by others who wish to attend. Schools in the Valley have recordings of the opera to be presented six months beforehand, and by the time they go to the dress rehearsal they are fully acquainted with music and text. The curtain is left open for scenic changes so they can see how opera mechanics develop.

At intermissions, students are asked to rise and read prepared questions. If it is a technical query concerning the stagehands, a stage-

which has been, in recent years, | hand answers the question over a the most erudite opera audiences in the world.

Cities in the Rio Grande Valley sponsoring this International Festival range in size from 4,000 to approximately 40,000. How many cities in the United States with these population figures have firstrate professional opera right in their own backyard? This is a tribute to this very progressive part of our country, where the people have immense pride and are willing to work hard enough to sell tickets and to take care of their deficits.

In addition, the San Antonio Symphony currently has a series pop concerts; concerts for the military at Lackland Air Force Base; and goes on a regional tour in the spring. Music isn't a luxury for San Antonio, it's a staple of life which San Antonians are determined to nurture.

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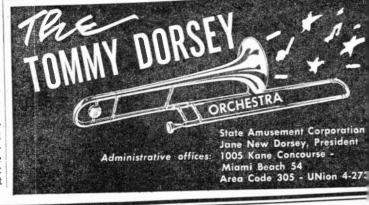
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More and More the Character of U.S. Shows Resembles European Models-N.Y. Fair One-Ringer Limped Alongside Other Amusement Zone Failures-Sponsorship Increasingly Vital-Some Small Circuses Go Home Before Playing Off All Dates

- By TONY CONWAY -

Some sage of the past has said "everybody talks about the weather, but nobody does anything about it." But if there is any exception to this "rule" it is in the circus business. In years gone by circuses were seasonal and largely dependent upon the whims of nature. Not so in the 1960s. With over half the nation's circuses appearing in buildings and almost all of the circuses appearing either under the aegis of sponsors or promoters, much of the dependence upon externals has vanished

vanished.

Thus in late October 1963 (after the galleys for our '64 Anni story had been set) we visited Polack Bros. Circus during their usual Shrine-sponsored date at Baltimore. Neither cold nights nor rainy weather discouraged the attendance at the big old National Guard Armory. Owner Louis Stern again had mounted an impressive performance including Pat Anthony's mixed cats, Lotti Brunn's precision juggling, and the Besalou Elephants with Peggy and Mac McDonald.

Big Tourist Draw

In early January we were back in Florida for the rehearsals of the Ringling-Barnum show. Once again the big building in Venice was the mecca not only for the tourist set but for any performers whose schedule would permit them to be "at home" in Florida long enough to visit "the big one" and "cut up jackpots" with

friends they hadn't seen in many seasons.

New to the winterquarters layout was an attractive restaurant with circus decor where a tasty meal provided additional opportunity for renewing acquaintance-

Richard Barstow again staged and choreographed the four production numbers. Rudy Bundy, veep and treasurer, Pat Valdo, general director. "Tuffy" Genders, general manager, and Bob Dover, director of performance, also were very much in evidence.

Bronston's 'Circus World'

Dover only recently had returned from Spain where,

Dover only recently had returned from Spain where, for almost eight months, he had been technical director for Samuel Bronston's Cinerama spectacle "Circus World." Ringling's young aerial star, La Toria, also took part in that feature film and retakes kept her overseas until rehearsals in Venice were well underway.

When Ringling opened its season in Miami Beach several weeks later, Henry Ringling (Buddy) North was on hand and he has been active in the management of the show since that time.

Needed A Map

On our drive back from Miami we passed the trucks of Hoxie Bros. Circus but were unable to locate the lot where this small tented show was scheduled to appear.

While in Florida, we learned of the plans of Bob and Doris Earl to take out the Robert G. Earl Circus on four pieces of show-owned equipment plus the vehicles of the performers and of Eddie Billetti's plans to augment his successful Animaland. USA with a one-ring circus for performers and of Eddle Billetti's plans to augment his successful Animaland. USA with a one-ring circus for the 1964 season. The Earls hoped to play small cross-roads locations in the Southern and middle-Atlantic coastal states while the enlarged Animaland again was scheduled to visit shopping centers in this same general

Ringling-Barnum played to good business when we caught the show in Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia despite heavy rains and blinding snow which

would have cancelled similar under-canvas presenations. During this string of dates, Ringling headliner La Toria was sidelined with a pulled muscle and Vickie Hanneford of the George Hanneford Jr., riding act found that she had been working four days without knowing that she had a broken back.

had a broken back.

Washington also saw the debut of European trainer Charly Baumann with his tiger act as Trevor Bale and his family headed west to join Rudy Bros. Circus which is allied with Europe's Circus Franz Althoff through family ties. The Baumann presentation was completely different from any cat act on Ringling in many years, in the gual details as lighting and music.

even to such details as lighting and music.

The Al Dobritch International Circus played Washington in a Shrine-sponsored date and again it was rainy weather. Highlights of this presentation included John "Tarzan" Zerbini's lion act, the Platos and the Pharos aerial acts, and the Norbu gorilla act.

World's Fair Sadness

The Continental Circus opened late at the New York World's Fair, as did many another entertainment attraction. And attendance was little better for this Europeanstyle show than for any of the other attraction in the isolated amusement zone. Something definitely was wrong with the Fair, some folk spelling it M-O-S-E-S. Acts with its one-ringer were The Flying Alexanders, the Original Hanneford Family riding troupe, Princess Tajana, aerial, and Woodcock's Elephants.

This writer caught Beatty-Cole and Sells & Gray in Maryland and Virginia and enjoyed both but the April weather was terrible and the houses were light. Sponsorship by local civic and fraternal groups probably meant a slim margin between survival and failure for some World's Fair Sadness

sorship by local civic and tratefinal glouds processing a slim margin between survival and failure for some shows for even strong features fail to lure customers from their TVs in heavy rains.

Animaland

Animaland. USA was in our home area for several weeks and Eddie Billetti reported a long, hard season dominated by rainy weather. Every outdoor show playing in the East had encountered the same situation, he reported, and a long period of good weather was most necessary for the circuses to recoup losses.

With the opening of the new tenting season, Henry Vonderheid brought out of wraps his Von Bros. Circus and enlarged it with physical equipment from Hunt Bros. Circus. The Hunt show, oldest circus continuously under the management of one family, had left the road at the conclusion of the '63 season and its surviving owners had concentrated their efforts in the Circus Farm and Road Legated at their wintersquarters in Florence. New Zoo located at their winterquarters in Florence, New Jersey. Vonderheid, long familiar with the Hunt route, had made arrangements to pick up many of the former

Hunt dates.

West Coast HQ

King Bros. had wintered on the West Coast, although owned by Acme Operating Corp, along with Beatty-Cole and Sells & Gray, and had begun the long trek that would see the season end in the fall in Florida. Kelly-Miller had wintered in Mississippi and had headed up through the South into New England before turning westward. Mills Bros. had opened, as usual, in Ohio and had headed into the mid-West then played New England and finished the season in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. and Pennsylvania.
Out in Milwaukee the Joseph Schlitz Brewing Co.

again treated the populace, and any lucky tourists who were in town, to a gigantic Fourth of July celebration a major feature of which was an authentic recreation of the now long gone Circus Parade. The wagons were from the Circus World Museum at Baraboo. Wisconsin, which is housed in the original buildings used by Ringling Bros. World's Greatest Shows for its winterquarters up until 1919.

Ringling Museum

Down in Florida, the Ringling Circus Museum, one of three State of Florida owned museums in Sarasota based on the will of John Ringling, readied plans for enlarging its building layout to accommodate authentic "backyard" displays of the railroad circus of yesteryear and the wagons and other equipment used by the tented

In midsummer the news broke in Pittsburgh papers and in trade publications that John H. Harris, formerly owner of Ice-Capades, in association with a number of prominent auditorium managers, was planning a new one-ring, continental-style, circus which would appear only in buildings. Later information pointed up the fact that the new group was not identical with nor affiliated with the Arena Managers' Association is included among its that the new group was not identical with nor affiliated with the Arena Managers' Assn. but included among its stockholders some member auditoriums. The eventual "birth" of the new show was said to depend entirely upon success in rounding up sufficient large buildings in major cities to form a season route. Staffing, performance lineup, and mode of transportation were stated to be merely details that could be worked out in due course of time.

Early Closing

It is known that one small tented show in the midwest went home in mid season, presumably because it lacked a contracting agent rather than for lack of dates. Yet another tented aggregation is said to have "closed ahead of its paper"; that is it had prospective dates which were advertised locally but which it did not fulfill. In this case, it is surmised that the bad weather of the spring months did sufficient damage that the financial losses could not later be made up.

weather, then, has had more effect on the '64 season than was expected and the availability of sufficient financial resources seems to be the only answer to the

problem.

When Mills Bros. played the Maryland and Virginia suburbs of the Nation's Capital, it presented a good standard performance but not one of the caliber presented standard performance but not not one of the caliber presented to

standard performance but not one of the caliber presented during the last few seasons. New acts are expected to be added for the '65 season thus again placing Mills among the major tented circuses on tour.

The availability of building dates has posed an interesting problem for indoor circuses in that sizable "jumps" are required. As an example, Ringling had a 722-mile move from Birmingham to Kansas City and an 847-mile move from Kansas City to Pittsburgh.

In retrospect, acts continue to move from one show to another in order to reach new audiences, long moves are required in order to obtain dates, and bad weather still remains a thorn in the side of circus managements. But the circus branch of the entertainment industry always has had the stamina to withstand its problems and next season surely will be "bigger and better than

Vaude Slide in Scotland

By GORDON IRVING

A swing back to cinema-going, a further decline of vaude, and ity and depth. a settling-in process for tv. These are the main trends in show biz, Auld Lang Syne variety, as 1965 comes in with all its electronic aids to entertainment.

at the films. Abandoned for too long by too many, the big wide screen is again compelling attention, and roadshow attention. tion, and roadshow attractions like "How The West Was Won," "Fall of the Roman Empire" and "It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" are pulling in the customers.

In the local video scene a new earnestness is manifest. Aiming at higher quality, the three commercial tv stations serving Scotland (Border Television, Scottish Television, and Grampian Television) are re-aligning policies, eliminating the tawdry and frivo-British Broadcasting Corp.

Scottish Television, f'rinstance, its seven-year-old "One O'Clock gan's recently-acquired Metropole Gang" lunchtime series, heavily criticized in the past, and has reshaped its mid-day half-hour general comedian family, long-es- large in the Gordals of Glasgow, the new experimental theatre club, The Traverse, at Edinburgh, and repertory theatres at Dundee, actress) and his family, long-es- Perth and St. Andrews.

programs.

Meantime, the BBC-TV toppers in Scotland, planning a noticeable expansion of regional pro-gramming, are faced with the twin problems of developing new Cinema exhibs, while fewer in talent and expanding a reservoir number, are in better heart. There of new script-writing brainpower. talent and expanding a reservoir number, are in better neart. There is proof that more people are deserting their tv sets for a night

Vaude Far From Bright

The vaude picture is far from bright, despite the fact that Scotland has some of the last-remaining vauderies in the U.K., such as Palladium Theatre, Edinburgh, the Pavilion, Glasgow, the Gaiety at Ayr, and Jimmy Logan's Metropole in Glasgow. No new comedians have appeared on the horizon, but those who stay at the top in a highly-competitive field are in the category of too many funny-men chasing too few jobs. lous, and becoming almost as dig-nified as the longer-established The markets are far less numerous now for vaude artists.

However, another sign of the the Lord Thomson - controlled swing-back to show-going as apart company serving the populous from tv-viewing is seen in the succentral Scotland belt, has cut out its seven-year-old "One O'Clock gan's recently-acquired Metropole

| being injected with greater qual-|tablished in vaude here, recently Other programs are bought over the Metropole vaudery from theatre - owner Alec Frutin and have revitalized its following, mainly through the presentation of popular plays with name artists in leading roles. The tinkle of coin at the b.o. is the happy result, together with the prospect of long continued life for live shows at this city-centre playhouse

Leading Comics

Leading comedians in this land of Lauder and Fyre legend include Jack Radcliffe (senior comedian), Jimmy Logan, Rikki Fulton, Jack Milroy, Charlie Sim, Larry Marshall, Lex McLean, Johnnie Beattie, Andy Stewart. Singers range from Kenneth McKellar to Calum Kennedy, William McCue, Don Gordon, Joe McBride, Moira An-derson, Fay Lenore, the Alexander Brothers, Joe Gordon, etc.

New talent is at a premium. Of recent acts seen hereabouts, only two stand out.

The Freeman, a trio of male singers, now at the Gaiety Theatre, Ayr, and Anne Nimmons, a very promising soprano.

Legit theatre activity is mainly centered round the Citizens' Theatre in the Gorbals of Glasgow,

Andy Stewart to Handle Scot Acts' No. America Tours as Kirk 'Retires'

Glasgow

Andy Stewart, young Scot minstrel and comedian, will promote tours of North America by mote tours of North America by Auld Lang Syne artistes in the future, taking over the reins from Neil Kirk, Broadway-based concert agent. Stewart himself will headline a 1965 fall tour through Canada and the U.S.

Kirk, who is 71 said here "I

Kirk, who is 71, said here "I feel the time has come to hand over to a younger man. Andy

Performers featured by Kirk in his tours over the past 18 years have included the late Robert Wilson (a pioneer in this field), the late Harry Gordon, Kenneth Mc-Kellar, Stanley Baxter, Johnnie Beattie, Aly Wilson, Jimmy Beattie, Aly Wilson, Jimmy Shand, Jack Radcliffe and John

Mulvaney.
The 1964 tour, just completed, was headlined by singer Kenneth McKellar. Tours normally teeoff at Montreal, and wind there after date at the Carnegie Hall, N.Y. Audiences are predominantly Scot

Kirk, himself an ex-performer, emigrated to America from Dundee, Scotland, many years ago. He took the stage name Neil Kirk to enanny shows and Irish cabar prevent confusion with Bill "Bo-jangles" Robinson, his real name smaller halls. Trade shows being William Robertson.

Smalltime Vaude Hits Big in Eire

Smalltime vaude shows have been picking up at weekends in Dublin neighborhood cinemas and the reopening on a temporary basis of Olympia Theatre here has shown new interest in vaude.

Comedian Jack Cruise, partner Brenda impresario Smith, took lease of the Olympia while new owners are awaiting entertainments - producing firm will gradually take over from me, though I will stay around as adviser." planning permission to build bis Cummins' bill included most c big names in Irish vaude, includ Maureen Potter, film acto Noel Purcell and comedian Cec Sheridan. Lorcan Bourke, no managing director of Eamonn An drews Studios, a tv and radio ou fit, a one-time manager of the Olympia, staged the show.

Boom started quietly vaude was staged in small bas ment theatre at Dublin's Centr Bus Station and looks like sprea ing to provinces. Lack of ne bigtime names may be a problem Most of artists are vets and ne ther tv nor radio has produced signs of slacking.

WHERE'S MY LINE?

By MAX LIEBMAN -

It was one of those heaven-sent queuesters, and the blind riders Saturday afternoons at the World's are few. On the East Side, the Fair last June and Flushing big call is for cinema, not the

The sponsor of that exhibit, a consumer, and made his display very easy to get into. Picture the chap's demoralization as he watched throngs pass him by to stand on line for hours seeking entrance to rival exhibits which had not been as highly commended as his own. Even the Pandemonium Pavilion was jammed.

"There's no line because there's no line," an entrepreneur from Show Biz told the industrialist. "Start a line and it'll grow." And to prove it, he mustered a few secretaries and page boys and lined them up in front of the administration building. In minutes the column stretched like a parade be-yond the limits of the pavilion. The free customers were admitted to the reception room where they were handed some company propa-ganda and then led out through another door. Everybody was happy. Having paid nothing, no-

body asked for his money back.
Convinced by the demonstration, the exhibitor applied the same principle to the show. A baiting line of employees was set out. It quickly grew a legitimate tail, and from then on the lines were pro-digious. The industrialist had a hit. How was the show? What's the difference?

Which sets me to ruminating about lines in general. I guess deep inside of every one of us there is a lemming trying to get out and tioned earlier. Tickets to Broadgo where the other lemmings are going. It is our lemming blood that makes us join crowds outside theatres, restaurants and other markets of enjoyment. Sometimes we fall into line without knowing what reward awaits us at the end, with full trust that the other queuesters must know something we don't know. For we have come to accept the line, any line, as a reliable shopping guide. On such occasions as it fails of reliability, we have some one other than ourselves to blame, and that's always

a comfort. I found myself deep in a line at the Fair for 20 minutes on a attorrid afternoon, winding up with a tray containing a \$1.19 steak, a baked potato, salad, apple pie and coffee. And I had just had a sixcourse lunch at The Top of the

Fair. I saw a line. I got on it.
A line outside a Broadway theatre is usually a firm promise of a hit inside. It is also a warning that tickets will soon be scarce and accordingly highly prized, well worth the slow, tedious march to the boxoffice. The high shilling power of the line makes it self-recruiting. Today's line was begat by yesterday's, and is busy beget-

ting tomorrow's.

But be wary. Oh, be wary. Some producers. bless their profitproducers, bless their profit-oriented little hearts, have a sly way of conjuring up a line by their own recruitment, when an unfeeling public won't make one for them. By placing a few merce-naries before the ticket window and slowing up the sales, they can lengthen a line into an illusion of spenders

Cinema-In-Depth

I find the self-shilling potency of a line operating in the comparative fortunes of a film shown simultaneously at two theatres, one at an East Side art house, the other on Broadway. If the film is "in" it will attract lines to every performance on the East Side, and only during prime hours on Broadway, and not even then after the first week of the run. It is not uncommon to find enough empty seats at the Broadway 10 p.m. show to accommodate all of the East Sider's 10 o'clock turnaways. It is not only a matter of unequal ca-pacities. After the film has been withdrawn from Broadway and continued at the East Sider, it will still command lines, sometimes for months. The Broadway run was enfeebled by the absence of a side-

walk ballyhoo which a line is.

The lines at the East Side arties are special. These are the hip

Meadows was spilling over with a record crowd. But the line at the walled Riker's at 3d Ave. and 60th entrance to the Miracle Products was losing its regulars. A change Show was conspicuous by its absence.

of decor to soft lights, a new sign
—Cinema Corner—and now the hamburgers are waiting in a line respectable industrialist, adhered to a benign code of comforting the devoured by the movie mob. This group approaches the theatre with a certain apostolic fervor, anxious to study the cinema in depth. Almost all of them are chronic liner-

upperers, footsore in time, but game to the last. Most of them are young, all of them zealots. Catch them in the lounge, sipping the cuffo coffee, talking cinema for hours with never so much a mention of Debbie Reynolds. They dig Fellini's mise en scene, and they assure each other that Antonioni's had it as a master of the dynamics of space. Once they had hopes for Doris Day, but they've found her ethos is libidinous. More

Lost In The Labyrinth

The centering of cinema on the East Side has brought a proliferation of arties in a tiny area of Third Avenue. Sometimes the several lines get entertwined and patrons, lost in the labyrinth, are shunted away from the film of their choice to another, leaving them dazed for weeks wondering what picture they saw and where.

A line, useful as a guide, also be a comforter. A man or woman coming out of a movie feels endorsed to see a new line champing to get into the next show.

The line is no longer a part of the legitimate theatre, save for the early stampedes at the hits, and the home-made lures menway plays are sold well in advance, and the patrons know what they will see when they leave home This has largely done away with boxoffice tours by late comers. The theatre is poorer for the loss of the impulse buyer, who is the

bread and butter of the movies.

Occasionally there is a brief agitation for the return of the second balcony rush seats, i.e., unreserved. Theatre men believe the rush seats would capture youthful patrons from the cinema and discotheques, and, better still, inspire a few lines of customers to animate the Broadway scene and give the whole theatre the look of being excitingly wanted.

What legit needs is some lemmings. Like the ones they have three-quarter are at the World's Fair, where the No. 1 activity is standing on line.



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AGVA May Trim Franchised Agents

The Chi office of the American Guild of Variety Artists is screening its list of franchised booking agents and it's possible that the list of 87 will be reduced by as much as 10 after the first of the

The AGVA branch office has been investigating those agents who fail to file contracts, who do not pay into the welfare fund or are generally slow in paying acts. All agents so charged will have to face a local AGVA board when franchise renewal time comes up.

"An AGVA franchise is a privilege and implies certain responsibilities on the part of the holder," says Chi AGVA head Chuck Williams. "Renewals will no longer be automatic and we intend to make this checking process a continuous one."

'Hollywood' Revue Opens New Theatre IV, Houston

Houston.

Theatre IV, Houston's newest legitimate theatre, opened recently with musical revue, Billy Barnes' "Hollywood." Mary Helen Kuhne. Cralyn Chason, Billy Johnson, Al Travis and Rod Browning.

The new theatre, backed by local performers and legit buffs, has a three-quarter arena stage and seating capacity of 150. Frank Young

Top Names Take Back Seat, LV Niteries Travel the Nudity Trail

By FORREST DUKE

Las Vegas. Nitery stages in Las Vegas, long the most lucrative showcases for name talent, are dwindling fast-

dwindling fast as showcases for names, that is.

The marathon spectaculars are taking the stages over one by one, and only three hotels on the Strip-the Sands, Sahara and Flamingo—still use the star system exclusively.

This means that many of the top names, familiar for years in Vegas showrooms with their substantial salaries being subsidized by casino profits, will either disappear from the Vegascene or move to lounges.

The successful long-run productions began at the Dunes in the mid-'50s with Harold Minsky's girly shows being presented by Bill Miller. Minsky was the first to feature bare bosoms in Vegas, and the feature became so popular ("men come to see girls, and men are the ones who gamble") that the Stardust went all-out and imported the famed Lido de Pariswith even more nudes than the Dunes had—and kept the first edition 18 months. Subsequent editions have stayed 18 months and longer, with the current fifth edition being well into its second

Tropicana's Folies Bergere

The Tropicana was next to jump on the bosom wagon, bringing in another Parisian show intact, the Folies Bergere.

Major Riddle, Dunes prexy, discontinued the Minsky shows in favor of a return to a straight name policy, but then went back to long-run specs with such shows as Broadway tabs ("Pajama Game," "Guys and Dolls," "Ten-derloin," etc.), Steve Parker's "Philippine Festival" and "La "Philippine Festival" and "La Parisienne," before hitting the jackpot with Frederic Apcar's "Casino de Paris," starring Line Renaud, who appeared for years as topliner of the original version.

Riddle also got Apcar to produce "Vive Les Girls!"—another long-run musical with the bra-less brigade, for the Dunes lounge. Third edition of "Vive Les Girls!" is current, and Apear is prepping the second edition of "Casino de Paris."

Noting the success of double marathon shows at the Dunes, the Tropicana management has re-modeled the hotel's lounge and will follow suit.

Monte Proser brought tab shows to the Thunderbird, and has been

quite successful with Vegas versions of such hits as "Flower Drum Song." "South Pacific." "High Button Shoes," and "Anything Goes." Proser's current click at the T'bird is an updated version of "Ziegfeld Follies," which is being hold over at least through being held over at least through the spring months of '65.

Tabs Click at Riviera

The Riviera also had fine success with its tabbies, brought in and streamlined by producer Sammy Lewis. They included "Damn Yankees," "Gypsy," "Suzie Wong." "Irma La Douce," "La Plume" and "A Funny Thing nappened on The Way To The Forum." Future Broadway shows at the Riv are assured, since producer David Merrick is buying from two to four points as an owner in the hotel.

Part of the Riv's yearly show season will be devoted to name entertainment with such stars standing by as Eddie Fisher (pacted for 11 weeks before he starts his new deal with the Sahara), Harry Belafonte, Debbie Reynolds, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin (a two point owner), Cyd Charisse, Liberace, Louis Armstrong, Frankie Laine, and the Kingston Trio.

The Desert Inn will also split the year between names and specs. Current is the smash Donn Arden extravaganca, "Hello, America!" featuring comedy team of Pepper Davis & Tony Reese. DI plans to have such contracted stars as Jimmy Durante, Phil Harris, Danny Kaye, Andy Williams, and the McGuire Sisters during the six month per year period when there is no spec.

Castaways landed the long-run Hank Henry show when the Silver Slipper was closed by the state gaming control board for alleged cheating. The show, with Henry and such performers as Lili St. Sparky Kaye, Jack Larsen and Danny Jacobs, is produced by Eddie Fox (also from the Slipper) and is assured a run to infinity.

Tallyho's Revue Policy

Producer and part-owner Steve Parker plans a stretched out inter-national revue, sans names for the Tallyho.

At the Sands, impresario Jack Entratter's stable includes such names as Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Sammy Davis Jr., Danny Thomas, Red Skelton, Nat King Cole, Paul Anka, Joey Bishop, Vic Damone, Allan Sherman, Jan Murray, Alan King, Patti Page, George Gobel, Marty Allen, Steve Rossi, Peter Lind Hayes & Mary Healy. Even with these, a report has Entratter eventually

going the spec route.

The Sahara's Stan Irwin parades such as Connie Francis, Victor Borge, Teresa Brewer, Johnny Carson, Robert Goulet (recently acquired from the Flamingo), Kay Starr, Shelley Berman, the Mills Bros., Phil Silvers, Sergio Franchi, Eddie Fisher, Dave Barry, Buddy Hackett. Buddy Greco and Pat Henry. No spec in sight here.

Morris Lansburgh presents such topliners as Joe E. Lewis, Ella Fitzgerald, Gordon & Sheila Mac-Rae, Phyllis Diller, Enzio Stuarti, Jackie Mason, Leslie Uggams, Sid Caesar, Mitzi Gaynor, Pearl Bailey, Ray Bolger and Bobby Darin. At press time, Lansburgh had no plans to change the name gimmick.

Many stars are expected to take lounge offers when and if they are squeezed from the main rooms. Dan Rowan & Dick Martin recently made the switch, with Rowan explaining to VARIETY: "We get more money, and we get more work in lounges. We like it.'

'Lost Colony' in the Red; Average Attendance Up

Raleigh, N.C.

The Roanoke Island Historical Assn. has been told that "The Lost Colony" outdoor drama finished its 1964 season \$1,667 in the red. According to John W. Fox, general manager of the operation, the average nightly paid attendance was 881, the highest in 13 years, and a turnout of 1,802 on Aug. 22 was the largest for a single performance in 11 years.
Fox reported that there were

fewer clear days for performances since record-keeping was begun in 1951.



BLESS YOU! HILDEGARDE

WRH

BOYS WILL BE-PROBLEMS

Tucson Boys Chorus Has Traveled States, Europe, Australia-Duties Beyond Music To Medicine, Diet, Sanitatation and Boys' Interest in Sex

- By EDUARDO CASO -

from

and some hap-

8-16 in a full length concert program even once a week or try a three months tour Maine to California on a bus. Which is what I do for a living. It's given me gray hair, ulcers

py memories. When I founded the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus in 1939, national concert tours were a unimaginable dream. Out of a modest undertaking came Caso's Singing Cowboys. There is now a long history of fullfledged professional activity extending to Europe and even to Australia.

Any kind of touring, whether of a musical, opera company, symphony orchestra or soloist, is strenuous, nervewracking and, incidentally, rewarding. But touring restless boys raises problems unique in the music business. For the physical apparatus of while the physical apparatus of the Broadway show (elaborate scenery and wardrobe) or the symphony tharp and bass cases and the like) is absent, the boys' chorus takes along such incongruous items as hot water bottles, cameras, 33 sets of long winter underwear and a similar number of galoshes, lariats and lassos for rope-twirling acts, a paddle for the occasional but necessary disciplinary action and, most important, a set of healthy, junior-size egos demanding constant supervision. For while opera singers and orchestra men require a certain amount of sympathetic counseling and psychological boosting while undergoing rigors of the road, working with them is child's play compared to tending the delicate psychological needs of adolescents getting their first taste of professional life, and far from home and parents to boot.

Pranks To Playboy

Some of the tasks of the boys' chorus director are confiscating water-filled balloon bombs or Playboy magazines smuggled into the bus and perused between the covers of Life; making certain that 33 pairs of hands and 33 faces are well-scrubbed and shining with typical choirboy innocence (?); acting as dietitian to kids who prefer baloney sandwiches to spinach easing sore throats with patent remedies and chronic homesickness with "big brother" tactics; and skirting gaffe-filled situations at after-concert parties, where matrons gush "Angels—all of them!" When ukuleles sprout like mushrooms all over the bus and peace flies out the window, I have to keep smiling because we have a concert that night. And later at the hall I must keep a straight face when, just at the end of a seraphic rendition of Handel's "Haste Thee, Nymph," one of the older boys punctuates the final chord with a stereophonic hic-

The boys' chorus director also faces a professional challenge in the fact that, once he has drilled a group to perfection, he may very well have to break in an entirely new company the following season. For when angelic boy voice changes to mid-teen croak the hapless victim must retire from active

Administrative duties on a fourmonth tour of 52 dates (ours this year begins Jan. 20 in Big Springs, Neb., and winds up April 10 in La Sierra, Cal., with concerts in Missouri, Illinois, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Kentucky and Texas, among other states) include

Tucson. to help carry the administrative If you crave excitement, artistic ball. Two "choir mothers" go along challenge, physical exercise and to supply the necessary feminine a lot of good plain fun, try conducting a bunch of 33 boys (aged limit, allows the boys as much in-Self-government, up to a limit, allows the boys as much independence as possible within professional discipline and they greatly enjoy organizing themselves into teams to handle details. Like union stagehands (and almost as efficiently) one hustles fake cacti onstage, another superintends loading of western cowboy outfits, and a third makes sure everyone wakes up on schedule.

A New Show Biz

While trouping across the U.S. is a tradition among adult enter-tainers going back to the days of Lillian Russell and Nellie Melba, junkets of juveniles are a comparatively recent development. When the Tucson Boys Chorus first invaded the east in 1950 (appearing at the Chicago Fair, later in Atlantic City and winding up with a Town Hall concert and an ap-pearance on Ed Sullivan's TV "Toast of the Town"), they were the first group of their kind to penetrate the major concert cir-cuits in many seasons. Since then they have performed thousands of times, not only in the U.S. but also in England, Spain, Portugal, France, Germany and Sweden; sung for a President (Johnson) at the annual Washington Christmas tree-lighting; and been applauded

are still somewhat of a novelty. The largescale mechanics of the U. S. music industry, with its highly organized promotional techniques, have turned these typical Arizona youngsters into moneymakers. Augmenting concert fees are proceeds from sale of special illustrated souvenir books and records (on Capitol and United Artists labels). We have found that souvenir-conscious concertgoers delight in carrying home a pictorial record of the chorus; a concert last spring in California netted \$624 sale of books and disks alone!

in remote towns where concerts

Under the Mildred Shagal Management of New York the Tucson Boys have been booked into many towns that were previously violently anti-choral. Breaking down traditional prejudices has been accomplished by carefully worked-out "gimmicks" that sell an audi-ence and result in immediate re-engagements. Striking an informal note, we invite audience participation in several numbers and even summon a pretty girl from the floor to be photographed by one of the boys while the others serenade her in a special production number. The Polaroid snap, devel-



THE KIMCHI KATS

Oasis Record Stars—Direct from Korea: T.V. Johnny Carson Tonight Show. 5 weeks Jimmy Durante Show. Desert Inn—16 weeks. Desert Inn Lounge—4 weeks. Olympic Hotel, Seattle. Washington—4 Hotel, Seattle. Wasnington — • weeks. Latin Quarter, New York—2 weeks. Playboy Club, St. Louis, Mo. 20th week, Mint Hotel, Las

Personal Mgt.: DAN SOYER Las Vegas—382-2148

oped immediately, accompanies a corsage, record and a book as the boys' gift to their "sweetheart of the evening," and you can be sure the concert will be talked about months afterward in at least one household!

Repertoire is tailored to local tastes. Though born in England and raised in its age-old choirboy tradition, I purposely avoid stuffy madrigals and over-serious foreign language numbers in favor of spirituals and western folk songs. Mozart, Purcell and Schubert do figure, but not dominate. After all, we are presenting an American chorus, not a British or Austrian one, and we are proud to be creating an American choral tradition and serving as ambassadors for our own country's rich musical heritage.

Pitt Rest. Workers' Union Acts to Save Penn Jobs

Local 237 of the Hotel & Restaurant Workers Union, AFL-CIO, got a fascinating opinion Tues (22) on what legal steps it can take to prevent the loss of 900 jobs when the Penn Sheraton Hotel is razed by builder-sportsman John A. Galbreath to make way for an office building.

Attorney Joe McArdle, Pitt's noted trial lawyer who handled the cancer damage case against Liggett & Myers, opined that Galbreath would be assuming the union contract of \$2,500,000 per annum in accordance with the sales agreement that the hotel has with the Sheraton Corp.



SUE CARSON

assigning a weekly monitor to ride herd when my back is turned; a tour treasurer and a general aide Now STARRING in Monte Proser's "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

At the THUNDERBIRD HOTEL, Las Vegas, Now in its 5th month. Exclusive Representation: LOU IRWIN Inc. Agency, Hollywood, Calif.

The Vanishing Elephant

[Or, Why Not Produce Eagles?] By MILBOURNE CHRISTOPHER

> Fayette with brainstorm.

a brainstorm.
"Visualize
this," he enthused, "you

catch live can-

aries from thin air with

a butterfly

ness who produce shows for large theatres and huge auditoriums think big. Cyril Yettmah once approached The Great La-



net."
"C a n aries, hell", snapped M. Christopher ette," I'll catch eagles." They com-

promised on pigeons and magic-dom gained a new feat. If eagles stymied Yettmah they didn't faze Houdini. He toppled off a spectacular, stage-filling production of silk scarves and gigantic flags with the sudden materializa-

tion of an American eagle. It was, he proclaimed, the only tame one in captivity. When Charlees Morritt, whose

"Disappearing Donkey" longtime attraction at Maskelyne's in London, casually mentioned that he had dreamed up the largest illusion ever, Houdini's enthusiasın caught fire and by the time he sailed back to States he had wheedled worldwide performing rights for "The Vanishing Ele-phant."

Presented for the first time at the New York Hipprodome, in January, 1918, the pachyderm puzzler drew full houses and tremendous press coverage. Inked in for six weeks Houdini was soon signing

contracts for an extended run. 'I have a wonderful elephant, and it is stated she is the daughter of the famous Barnum Jumbo," Houdini typed to his friend Dr. A. M. Wilson, editor of The Sphinx, the official organ of the Society of American Magicians.

"I use a cabinet, about eight feet square, about 26 inches off the floor: it is rolled in by 12 men. I show all parts, opening back and front. The elephant walks into it. I close the doors and the curtains. (Doors in the back and curtains in the front), and in two seconds I open back and front and she was gone. No special background, in full glare of the light, and it is a weird trick. In fact, everybody says 'We don't see enough of it.' They are so busy watching for a false move that, though the trick takes seven or eight minutes, it appears like a

few seconds.
"The elephant salutes me, says goodbye to the audience by waving her trunk and head, turns to me, lifts up her trunk as if to give me a kiss: in fact. I say to the audience, 'Jennie will now give me a kiss', but she is really coming to me with her mouth open for sugar, with which I trained her. I introduce her as the first known Vanishing Elephant.

"She has a baby blue ribbon around her neck, and a fake wrist watch on her left hind leg, so the audience can see her leg until the last second, when she enters the cabinet. I say 'She is all dressed up like a bride,' and that gets a big laugh, for the goodnatured beast lumbers along, and I believe she is the best natured elephant that ever lived. I never allowed a hook to be used, relying on block sugar to make her go through her stunt, and she certainly is fond of me.

"She weighs over 10,000 pounds, and is gentle as a kitten.

"Everything is in bright light. It is no black art, and it is a wonderful mystery for an elephant to be manipulated. They move so slowly.'

As Reporter Hubbard Saw It Clarence Hubbard, the Sphinx's Hartford (Conn.) correspondent, came down to New York to give a view of the illusion from the audience's side of the footlights.

"The elephant was a big speci-men who trotted out (elephants don't trot but you get my meaning), and Houdini introduced him and made the elephant happy—and the rest of us envious—as he treated him to a lump of sugar. In fact Houdini said the elephant was the cause of the sugar short-

Those of us in the magic busi- | age! Then an immense cabinet was wheeled on, into which Mr. Jumbo shambled and without any protest permitted himself to be vanished. The Hippodrome, being of such colossal size, only those sitting directly in front got the real benefit of the deception. The few hundred people sitting around me took Houdini's word for it that the animile(sic) had gone—we we couldn't see into the cabinet at all."

Mr. Hubbard was so engrossed in the presentation that he didn't notice the elephant was a female.

After his Hippodrome run Houdini put the elephant cabinet in storage and got busy on his film, "The Grim Game."

It was not until four years later that he set it up again. This time on the stage of the Times Square Theatre, where he performed it to publicize the opening of another of his movies, "The Man From Be-yond." This time he had, and fortunately too, a standby elephant.

Clinton Burgess covered the show:

"While the cabinet or enclosure used to house or temporarily imprison the elephant prior to its mysterious disappearance is roomy enough inside to accommodate a large elephant, it was only rarely that the large one in readiness for the effect would enter the theatre owing to its extreme timidity over the glare of the footlights. On this occasion it was necessary to use a smaller elephant loaned to Houdini through the courtesy of John Ringling. This elephant is named 'Ruby', while the larger one is called 'Fannie Ringling'."

"Houdini now gave the order to 'strike' or clear the stage of all wings, flies and other scenery, at the conclusion of which the brick walls and steam pipes backstage were bared to view. Then 'Baby,' weighing a mere 1,000 'Baby,' weighing a mere 1,000 pounds, was brought on and for the amusement of the audience stood on her hind legs, then on her forelegs, and so on, being re-warded each time with gumdrops which Houdini popped into her

"The vanishment of the elephant is brought about on a full lighted stage . . . after you first witness it you will return home with at least one big problem unsolved."

They Explain It

Though they didn't know how the illusion was done, many writers "explained" it in print. I have in my collection nine attempts revelation, all different, all wrong. One man wrote that a cage was used instead of a cabianother described a threefold screen and still another insisted the elephant exited through a trapdoor, for getting or not knowing that there was a swimming tank under the Hippodrome stage, which was used for the water ballet, and for the underwater box escape which Houdini performed on the same show with the vanishing elephant.

After Houdini's death Nicola headlined in American vaudeville "vanishing elephant"-different method, but same great publicity value. Nicola used a "midget" elephant. When reporters chided him about its size, he blandly them that he had started off with a big elephant, but a little wore away each time it disappeared.

Carter and Carmo for a time offered their versions of the feat and Kassner built a Continental reputation with his.

Even Thurston eventually got elephant fever. First he bought an elephant then he started doping out a way to make it disappear. Herman Hanson built the cabinet. There were several news photos of Thurston with his new pet. Alas the elephant, uncomfortable in the American climate, became sick and died before Thurston got the illusion in shape for his annual tour.

The elephant vanish has intrigued me for years. First I worked out a method which the spectators on the sides could appreciate as much as those seated directly in front. As I plotted the sequence it became obvious that

(Continued on page 234)

Here's Where We All Came In: When Vaude Was No. 1 Family Appeal

By ARTHUR KOBER

Because Broadway was a carfare ride from my home (a dreary aerie perched on the top floor of a tenement in East Harlem) and the price of theatre tickets was much too costly for my limited allowance, my weekend entertainment was confined to "picture shows." It continued this way until a wordly friend of mine, Charlie Davis, also in his early teens, introduced me to vaudville.

From then on Charlie and I were weekly regulars, attending Proctor's 125th St. Theatre, later advancing westward to the Harlem Opera House where the level of entertainment was slightly higher, and finally elevating ourselves to the two-a-day shows at the Alhambra. To sit in a reserved seat in the balcony, and to mingle, during the intermission, with the other patrons, clothed us in a mantle of sophistication usually worn by mine some 15 years later; Grace

many times before, were eagerly anticipated, and when told, were greeted with laughter more explosive for the retelling. Smith & Dale's "Dr. Kronkheit" skit, presented over a generation ago to music hall audiences and performed annually on the Ed Sullivan Show, is unmarred by time and remains a classic in humor and timing.

To garble Shakespeare, age never withered nor did custom stale the infinite variety of these variety acts. Bouncing, vivacious Eva Tanguay, wearing long white gloves and an abbreviated costume of beads and spangles, always aroused excitement with her "I Don't Care" number. "Roly Boly was the identifying song of the minstrel Eddie Leonard who followed this with a graceful softshoe dance. Rubberlegged Leon Errol evoked guffaws wih his portrayal of a drunk trying to get into a hotel bed . A special treat was the appearance of the Broadway singing stars, Cecil Lean & Cleo Mayfield, the former dazzling us with a smile that exposed what looked like there sets of freshly whitened teeth.

We viewed with wonder such spectacular "flash" acts as those starring Joseph Santley & Ivy Sawyer, Pat Rooney & Marion Bent in their tabloid, "Rings of Smoke," Jeanette Hackett & Harry Delmar in "Dance Madness," Anatole Friedland and his unit—all miniature revues, complete with changes of costume and scenery, all with an ancillary chorus.

There were outstanding dancers, too, many with a style so distinctive as to be aped by dance parodists: derbied Joe Frisco, the bereted Mosconi Bros., waltzclog-ger Pat Rooney, and that non-pareil master of the tap dance, the irrepressible Bill "Bojangles" Robinson. We were entranced with the ballroom gliding of Carl Hyson & Dorothy Dickson, intrigued with the monopedic stepping of Leg" Bates, and fascinated Bates, and fascinated with the eccentric hoofing of John W. Bubbles of Buck & Bubbles, now a frequent guest of Johnny Carson's television show.

The Singers

No bill was complete without a singing star or team: Belle Baker, crowning her act with a lachry-mose rendition of "Eli Eil;" the harmonizing of Van & Schenck; perdurable Sophie Tucker, "The Last of the Red Hot Mamas"; Lillian Shaw, crooning her comedy song to a doll in a carriage wheeled on stage; Elizabeth Murray, shuffling to "Down on the Levee"; Whiting & Burt, dramatizing their melodies; Rae Samuels, "The Blue Streak of Vaudeville;" the chantures of the streak of Carrier and Ca teuse Irene Bordoni; Ann Chandler whose pianist, Sidney Landfield, was to direct a picture of



JOAN BISHOP

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Like the concertgoer whose appreciation of music is heightened with each repetition of a favorite work, we delighted in those performers whose routines were familiar to us, whose jokes, heard many times before work. They were but a few of the corps of troubadours who trooped across the Alhambra stage.

Tribal tensions may have been rife on the streets of New York but inside the theatre outrageous quips were told in heavily accented speech without seeming to offend ics, with faces stained black and with exaggerated red lips, were a popular item on these entertainment menus. They included Moss & Frye in their "How High Is Up?" turn, Moran & Mack, billed as "The Two Black Crows." Al "The Two Black Crows," Al Herman, "The Assassin of Grief and Remorse," Jay C. Flippen, Glenn & Jenkins, Mel Klee, and, of course, the showstopping Eddie Cantor.

Clark & Verdi bandied words flavored with a strong Italian accent as did Burns & Fabrito who made "I thinka you touch" a catch-phrase. Roger Imhoff (Imhoff, Conn & Corinne), affecting a thick Irish brogue, starred in a playlet called "The Pest House." Chic Sale assumed a regional twang in his depiction of New England

types. The Swede was represented by El Brendel (Brendel & Burt), who subsequently played the part in numerous films. Among the low "Dutch" or German clowns were Bert Lahr of Lahr & Mercedes, and the r-r-rolling Jack Pearl, abetted by Ben Bard. Pearl's "Baron Munchausen" with his "Vos you dere, Sharlie?" tagline, so popular for so long on radio, was an extension of his vaudeville character.

Unabashed Dialectitians

Of all the dialectitians, those I favored most were the Jewish funnymen. Blind Ben Welch, bearded and derbied, offered a monolog richly spiced with racial humor. Honesty, expressed in fractured speech, was the theme of "George Washington Cohen," an act in which Harry Green was starred. Diminutive Lew Hearn addressed his statuesque partner, Bonita, in smudged English. Lewis & Dody used the same type of gray used the same type of jargon in their specialty, "Cherabubcheh," topping such comic statements as "Fish don't perspire" with the refrain, "Hello, hello, hello." Joe Smith & Charles Dale first tested their phonetics in a classroom sketch, when they were part of the Aven Compady Four part of the Avon Comedy Four.

The Man & Wife Comedy Teams

Insults, japes, puns, and hilarious bits of nonsense were exchanged same sketch year after year.

other fugitives from the circus, 1964. usually opening acts. There were great clowns such as the looselimbed Toto, amazing us by emerging from the interior of a minia-ture automobile, and Joe Jackson, the tramp bicyclist, and A. Robins who produced a variety of prop instruments from his capacious pockets and reproduced appropriate musical sounds.

There were brother and sister and family acts (some of them actually related to each other) from the Four Marx Bros. to Eddie Foy the Seven Little Foys. One of them, Bryan, was to write the numerous verses to "Mr. Gallagher & Mr. Shean," a song that swept the country and made Ed Galla-gher and Al Shean (the latter the

THE GIRL WHO BEAT THE STRONG MEN

By C. V. TENCH

Vancouver, B.C. Her vital statistics at 25 were 43, 29, 43. She was the strongest woman, and perhaps the strongest human being, the world has ever Each morning before breakfast she kept in training by lifting her husband, who weighed 154 pounds, high above her head six times with either hand.

One of her most famous acts was to lie on a bed of nails while supporting a 200-pound anvil on her chest.

Men in the audience were invited to pound the anvil with sledgehammers. By tensing her iron-hard back muscles at the moments of impact, Kati kept the nails from piercing her skin.

Born in a gypsy caravan in Alsace-Lorraine, Kati Brumbach, at 50, was still able to lift her 210pound son over her head with one

Thirty years earlier she defeated strong man Sandow in a weight-lifting contest. From then on, she was billed Sandwina.

But it wasn't strength alone which made Kati a leading attraction with Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey and in vaudeville houses throughout the world. She was no muscled monstrosity, but very pretty, with a lovely and exciting figure. Indeed, the first part of her act was devoted to posing in Three kings of the circus world brief and tailored costumes as Justice, Columbia, Germania, Liberty and other characters designed to show off her statuesque beauty. She stood 6 feet 1 inch and weighed 205 pounds.

From infancy. Kati had toured France and Germany with her circus-owner father and acrobatic mother. When only two years of age she could do handstands. And when she was 16, her father was offering 100 marks to any man who could wrestle Kati and pin her shoulders to the mat.

There were naturally many tak-

In Saxony, a 19-year-old unemployed acrobat named Max Heymann accepted the challenge. Within seconds he had been slammed to the mat with such force that all of the breath was

She then lifted Max in her arms and carried him right out of the

Later. Kati told friends: "I beat him. I then picked him up in my arms, look at the little man." (Max "Then I was a mere 5 ft.-5 ins.) fall in love with him."

Max and Kati eloped to Norway where they were married. So began almost 50 years of wedded bliss.

The Breitbart Rivalry

Once in Cologne, Kati was watching Sigmund Breitbart, then billed as "The World's Strongest Man." On seeing her, he sneeringly challenged the girl to equal his set

When Kati jumped down on the stage, Breithart threw her a length of heavy chain. She at once snapped it in two and tossed the pieces back.

From that moment the rivalry between "strong"them was literally—and on Breitbart's part bitter. They met in various cities. Each time Breitbart challenged Kati to best one of his acts. And each time she did.

One day in 1919 Kati did her usual two performances, then went home. That night, the baby was born.

Less than a week later, she was again doing her heavy-lifting act. Kati's feats daily grew

and more incredible.

She stood up under the weight of a 1.200-pound cannon balanced on her shoulders. She balanced a bridge over which walked 40 men and four horses.
When she died in 1952, perhaps

the finest and truest tribute paid to her was: "She had the muscular strength of 10 ordinary men, and the charming femininity of 100 ordinary women."

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Circus' Upsurge

There were acrobats, jugglers. spoke on a transAtlantic conferaerialists, trained animals, and ence call. The date was Nov. 29,

Talking from his Paris offices high above the Seine was John Ringling North, longtime president of "The Greatest Show on Earth." From the railroad yards at Mobile. Ala., where the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey Circus had just played the final performance of its 94th season, Rudy Bundy (v.p. and assistant to the president) was crouched over the telephone of Train. In a suite atop the Waldorf Towers in New York, Henry Ring-ling North, brother of John, was relaxing after making the entire 50-city tour with the Big Show's 10-month zigzag trek across the



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Nature Makes, Realtors Spoil

(Honolulu's Waikiki; Or Coney-In-Making)

By WALT CHRISTIE

Honolulu.

VAUDEVILLE

The tidal wave of tourism has, as could have, and should have, by enchantment in this well-advertised paradise of the Pacific. In Waikiki, each succeeding high-rise hotel further sabotages what once was a breathtaking panorama of crescent beach, Diamond Head and the backdrop of evergreen hills.

True, the regularly-compiled "satisfaction surveys" indicate that most of the tourists go home with "favorable impressions." But there are gripes. Of 3.634 visitors questioned in one poll, 1.004 had com-

The most frequent criticism of Honolulu and environs: "too commercial." Next most frequent: "prices too high." Some of the Hawaii stalwarts hailed "this heavdisillusioned found all of Hawaii "too modern." Others dislike Honolulu's hectic traffic. A few didn't think the beaches have much to offer, as beaches go.

In consequence of all of the foregoing, there's home-town concern about Waikiki's image. Even the most loyal longtime residents admit, albeit reluctantly, that Waikiki may end up with a honkytonk atmosphere.

Morgan, Godfrey, Wylie

Early in 1964. Ed Morgan, the ABC commentator, visited the isles after an absence of 30 years and characterized Waikiki as depressing, ghastly and unbelievable." A newspaper editorially agreed that Waikiki is uncouth in spots, wildly disarranged in others and for the person who seeks esthetic beauty only, actually is hideous. But, the editorial explained, "the fact critics always ignore is that building a city is not exactly the same as painting a

Arthur Godfrey, one of Hawaii's most loyal boosters, came over a few months later and warned that Waikiki is in danger of losing its traditional aloha spirit.

Author Philip Wylie, after a visit of several weeks, noted in a copyrighted article in Paradise of the Pacific magazine that "the era of eternal hell has arrived in one more ex-paradise." Wylie said Honolulu may end up as "endless miles of hideous, human habitation overhung by polluted air. congested, uncomfortable. viewless. and deadening to the human spirit . interrupted by Petro-chemical complexes, bowling alley mon-strosities, city dumps and rocket launching pads." Or, to put it

type hotels and apartments with their cement cells opening onto air holes called lanais, enlivened as could have, and should have, by the noise of jackhammers, been anticipated, brought disenchantment in this well-advercaught between buildings." Another vacationist branded Honolulu as the "pandemonium of the Pacific" and asserted that the newcomer promptly learns "that pictures lie, travel agents lie, adver-tisers lie." He found many fel-low vacationists "almost in tears" in their disillusionment, he added.

Anent Wylie's "fast buck" com-ment, another tourist pointed out that "you people of Hawaii sure have a funny attitude toward us. You like us as long as we are spending money. When we don't feel like spending money, you avoid us completely

On the other side of the forum is the tourist who says that any criticism of Hawaii makes his blood boil. One of these I-Loveenly climate, graced hy a happy and handsome people amidst beauty romance charm and color that defy description." He ac-claimed the "sheer poetic beauty of a sunrise or sunset at Waikkin' and insisted that Hawaii still provides "respite, inspiration beauty beyond companre."

Didn't Invent Prices

A true picture of contemporary Waikiki probably lies somewhere in between. The combackers may wail about "the good old days" but the first-timers mostly go home with a Gee Whiz outlook, aside from gripes about high prices. (Hawaii obviously isn't the only tourist mecca that hears rumbles about high prices.)

The layman may wonder Waikiki hasn't just about had it. but no one else would agree. Waikiki weren't bound to continue to be a major resort area, millions of dollars wouldn't be tied up in new hotel construction, which is continuing relentlessly even in the face of dwindling land and spiraling land prices.

There's no question, however, but what Waikiki will end up as just one of several resort destination areas in the state.

Right on Oahu (Honolulu) island, it's a cinch that the sprawling Waianae-Makaha area will emerge as a "second Waikiki" under the far-reaching long-range plans projected by financier Chinn Ho and his Capital Investment Co. Ho has the resources and the know-how. Still another multi-hotel complex is envisioned for the Hawaii-Kai area masterminded by industrialist Henry J. Kaiser.

Spreading

Hawaii's nearby islands-Kaual, Maui and Hawaii-all are perking with lavish resort projects.
The Sheraton chain has had

bluntly, the quick buck looms.

One tourist, in a letter to a luxury Sheraton Maui facility and newspaper, decried "the prison also is operating a hotel on Kauai



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and has other neighbor isle projects in the offing. The Hilton chain reportedly may announce plans for Maui resort. And Laurence Rockefeller's Mauna Kea Beach Hotel on Hawaii island is a multi-milion dollar complex that undoubtedly will gain international repute even before it opens. The Hawaii-owned chains-Inter-Island Resorts, Island Holidays, Hukilau — all have broadened and expanded their facilities.

In 1964, for the first time in history, Hawaii's hotel growth rate away from Waikiki was faster than in Waikiki. Waikiki still has five times as many rooms as the rest of the state but the ratio will be narrowed substantially by the end of 1965, observers suggest

Things obviously are changing and they're changing for the better, now that a more enlightened tourist industry realizes the importance of making sure vacationists go away with fond memories. And if the 50th State isn't entirely the idyllic "unspoiled" paradise would-be tourists dream about, it's equally true that the "grass shack" image was passe even before such quondam travel writers as Mark Twain, Robert Louis Stevenson and Jack London discovered this most beautiful fleet of islands.

Waxing's a Status Symbol in Britain

One of the more interesting aspects of the British disk biz thrown up by the emergence of the independent a&r man, is the number of wax personalities who fancy themselves as recording master-

Aside from the long list of professional a&r independents such as Joe Meek, Mickie Most, Dennis Preston, Harry Robinson, Chris Blackwell, Shel Talmy, Andrew Oldham and one or two others, are a flock of others who have made their name in other fields.

For instance, Brian Epstein has independently recorded a group he doesn't manage, Rory Storme & the Hurricanes. Popster Manfred Mann has taken the a&r reins on a new group, the Mark Leeman Five. Pop and stage performer Marty Wilde has a&r'd a new outfit called the Marionettes. Rolling Stones' Keith Richard has also waxed another artists independently.

Beatles' music pubber Dick James is also in on the act, too, recording The Styles on a freelance basis. Pubber Larry Page, like James, a singer himself, is getting his recording hand in with several groups including The Kinks (whom he coproduces with Shel Talmy).

Agent Bunny Lewis, meantime, has built up his own school of recording artists which he has contracted to Philips' Fontana label. Other agents, like Tito Burns, have also developed labels and deals with major waxeries.

Recording, these days, seems to have become a status symbol—if you haven't done it, you just haven't arrived.

The Lively Cadaver

By DON QUINN-

Hollywood. If anyone were silly enough to take a man-on-the-street poll with the question, "What is risley?" he'd deserve. I suppose, what he got. What he'd get would probably be answers like, "A great, big bear" and "The guy who makes the chewing gum," not to mention assorted wisecracks to send Mother some dog biscuits and may be a hatpin in the sternum.

Not to keep you on tenterhooks "sharp hooks used to fasten cloth to a tenter," which I'll look up later) "risley" was a word used mostly by VARIETY and other show business reporters when referring to the throw-me-a-Jap type of pedal acrobatics. If a gent with sturdy calves lay on his back on a padded board and footjuggled boxes, barrels, pianospapier mache with rhinestonesand impassive little men in tight pants and red sashes, it was ris-

With the phony rumor of vaudeville's demise (probably Communist-inspired) "risley" went underground with a few other terms, such as "challenge buck" and "legmania," which today's show business lexicographers seem to deem unworthy of perpetuating. More people should have attended vaudeville's funeral. If they'd pushed the posies aside and peeked into the box they'd probably have seen a guy in white pants and a blazer. malacca cane and resined shoe soles, lying on a grass mat. If the mourner were sufficiently perceptive, he might have caught a sly wink from the putative corpse Because vaudeville wasn't really dead. It was just away, visiting relatives. Like Uncle Radio, Cousin Nightclub and Aunt Tele-

Today, or more precisely, tonight, we can see more and better vaudeville than we ever "caught" at our local Keith theatre. There's Ed Sullivan, Don Ameche's International Show Time, the Hollywood Palace and many more, all presenting top acts from all over the globe.

In my day, which was roughly during Alexander The Great's Second Administration, I was a real vaudeville buff. I knew exactly when the unjustly railroaded prisoner would kick the do-gooding lady in the sitz-platz, abjuring her to "Give my regards to the Gov-ernor!" I couldn't wait for the Three Dumb Carpenters (or however they billed themselves) to come on and stumble, which threw

the bucket at the man with the plank on his shoulder which plank on his shoulder which swung and knocked the third man into the bricks, which fell on the etc etc.

Probably because I am gifted with five thumbs on each hand and the musculature of an undernourished coathanger I have always revered acrobats, jugglers, magicians, hoofers and high-wire people. Any kind of performance which demanded dexterity, agility and precision was my meat and potatoes. The pure comedy acts were the gravy.

When Buster West, in sailor suit and slap-sole shoes gave an almost imperceptible little jump and landed supine on top of an upright piano, I was in heaven.

At the same time I was deeply enamored of a beautiful midget lady named Olive, who danced with a tall guy billed, somewhat incredibly, as Buster Shaver. I would have met him any time at dawn with rapiers behind the Notre Dame. He was, or maybe is. probably a nice guy, but I hated

When vaudeville was called vaudeville and not a bunch of acts on Ed Sullivan, it played the same theatres year in and year out, with a few months interval between appearances. The audiences then never seemed to mind that they were hearing the same timehonored material over and over. In fact they enjoyed the anticipation. The entertainers had boiled the fat out of their scripts and kept the meat close to the bone. No-

body complained.

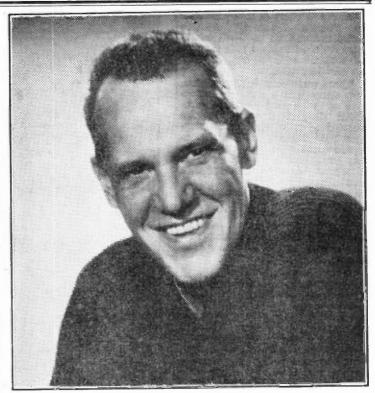
But with the ever-new gags, smarter dances, cleverer songs, more spectacular acrobatics and non-repetitive acts demanded by the super-critical eye of the tv camera and more sophisticated viewers, the new vaudeville simply had to be better. And it sure

I have seen within the past month or so, more and better ac-robatics. juggling, hoofing (yes, and risley) on the peep-crate than during a full theatre season back in say, 1925; 40 years ago. It would not surprise me one

teentsy bit, if some present-day vaudeville aficionado built a theatre just to house the wonderful new acts. Maybe it would bring back new versions of Fink's Mules, Singer's Midgets, Powers' Ele-phants, the clown with the fly-paper, the xylophone player who was oblivious of the stripper behind him, and the lady singers with the ankle-length chiffon hankies.

If someone does, I'll be there. In the front row of the balcony with a lump in my throat and chocolate-covered cherries down my shirtfront. And when the theatre is built, I'll be ready with a name for it.

How about The Palace?



RICHARD BARSTOW

"THE LATIN QUARTER'S new show "Tonight's the Night" hits a peak seldom achieved by any night club show. Much credit for this must go to RICHARD BARSTOW, who produced, staged and devised the production—" (By Nick Lapole, New York Journal-American, Nov. 27th, 1964.)

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Montreal's Expo 67' Has First Problem: of the latest design, although these will require private financing (around \$5,000,000), plus exhibition How to Avoid Old World's Fair Image

By CHARLES LAZARUS

Montreal. Figure that the Montreal World's Fair—which doesn't like to call itself a world's fair—has reached the point of no return as far as preparation is concerned. At the same time, also figure that while the fair will hit the target of the April 27, 1967 opening date.

To understand just why the Montreal event is faced with a unique set of problems, it is necessary to go back to the beginning and explain why the Canadian Corp. for the 1967 World Exhibition, has decided on the functional handle "Expo 67" rather than "World's Fair."

The corporation, a Crown company established by Act of Parliament, is made up to a large extent of planners and creators representing the "new wave" in education, architecture, the creative and the performing arts.

In this context, they decided that the six-month event slated for a St. Lawrence River site in 1967 would be so unique, that the last thing they would want was for it to be related to any other world's fair of the past.

The opening of the New York World's Fair, and the experiences encountered by Robert Moses and his crew in terms of public relations, particularly, and the headaches of so many pavilions and attractions not being ready for opening day—plus the costs of labor and financial disaster in the amusement area-reinforced the decision to get Expo 67 away from usual world's fair image in the average person's mind.

The Montreal show will be dif-ferent from the Flushing Meadow show, if for no other reason than that the former is government-sponsored, giving the profit motive second play to the overall motive of artistic integrity, quality and some unusual flag-waving Canadi-

The Montreal exhibition is approved by the International Bureau of Exhibitions, almost guaranteeing the official participation of the most important nations in the East and West blocs—including the U.S. and Russia—while the New York Fair has no IBE sponsorship and had to be content with token international participation, most of it not even at the official

The Montreal site is an attraction all on its own-on two islands in the St. Lawrence River—one enlarged from the St. Helen's Island Park, the other newly-created, after a massive land reclamation project.

Short Period

What the Expo executives, headed by Pierre Dupuy, commissioner general, and Robert F. Shaw, may only now be starting to realize, is that perhaps the original target and concept were somewhat unrealistic (a) because of the short time available for preparation, and (b) because the most essential component of a world's fair—the actual site—spectacular though it may be, was not even created when its choice was announced, and is still some distance from completion. It must also be remembered

that with approximately 28 months to go until opening day—out of which 12 months can be described as tough from a winter weather viewpoint with the attendant inhibitions on construction, there isn't too much time available for much more of that fancy thinking.

What can be taken for granted is that the New York World's Fair isn't likely to provide too much assistance and guidance for two

First, because the one in Montreal will be a completely different type exhibition, both in philosophical and practical terms, since the emphasis here—they say—is on building an exhibition around a cohesive theme, "Man And His

Second, because N. Y. Fair chief Robert Moses is still steaming over Canada's faiure to take part in the Flushing show. (What Moses doesn't apparently know or want to know, is that Canada was barred by IBE regulations from participating in New York; what he does know, is that Canada could have joined unofficially, through an organization of private business men or groups.)

What all this means is that Expo 67, while going through the procedures of implementing its master



DAVIS and REESE

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plan, has actually been forced to recognize that some modification is necessary:

Habitat 67, for example, an avant garde apartment project which was to remain after the exhibition closes, will now be built in a smaller version, perhaps as a \$10,000,000 project compared to the original \$40,000,000 concept.

- A monorail is out—too expensive and impractical; instead, there will be a fancy electric train running from Mackay Pier, on the Montreal side where the fair entrance will be located, across the river and around the site. Unlike the internal transit system, in New York, Expo's transit will be gratis.

The location on the St. Lawrence River, with the spectacular Mon-treal skyline on one side and the St. Lawrence Seaway on the other, totals more than 700 acres. It actually begins on Mackay Pier within walking distance from the city's

hotel and tourist district.
Canada's Expo will place major emphasis on the creative and per-forming arts, with attractions be-ing lined up—or at least contacted to represent such major companies as La Scala, the Paris Opera, Vienna State Opera, Bolshoi Ballet,

areas scattered liberally over the site, for the presentation of Canadian and international productions

and displays.

The lesson learned through the N.Y. Fair's amusement area flopping because of its isolated location, is being tackled vigorously, because Expo's amusement area is similarly away from the main-stream of activity. The prognosis is more positive, however, in Mon-treal's case because John Pratt, director of entertainment, is certain of human traffic if for no other reason than the free transit system.

Also under discussion is some kind of spectacular attraction in the amusement area, that will serve as a "point of polarization" to act as a magnet for the expected 10,000,000 person who, according to projections, will make 30,000,000 trips to the exhibition.

The N.Y. lesson of exorbitant charges both for pavilion operators and fair visitors is being vigorous.

and fair visitors, is being vigorously applied here. A few weeks ago, exhibition corporation and unions signed a no-strike agree-ment based on the commitment that wages for Expo workers— not necessarily Expo employes— will be the same as for similar work in the Montreal area; and the corporation, as well as the City of Montreal and the province, are studying ways and means of controlling prices (hotels, restaurants, taxis, etc.) so that the visitor isn't rooked. These things are possible, simply because this is a government show aimed at highlighting Canada's Centennial Celebration in 1967.

These noble sentiments, have already attracted some major industries to sign up, but quite a few are still dragging their feet out of a higher loyalty to the stockholders than to Expo 67, no matter how high its motivation and despite certain tax incentives, such as permitting fast writeoffs for construction expenditures.

Admission to the Expo will be a straight \$2, but this will include unlimited use of the transit system.

New Oakland U. Faculty

Sixten Ehrling, conductor of the Detroit Symphony; Robert Shaw, founder of the chorale bearing his name; and Albert Tipton, first flutist of the Detroit Symphony, have been appointed to part-time positions at the new Oakland University's Meadow Brook School of

Ehrling will serve as director of the summer music school; Shaw will direct the school's Institute

Swedish 'Folk Park' Network Series Rich Smorgasbord of Global Talent

By FRADLEY GARNER

A different kind of entertainment co-op last summer hired talent from both sides of the Atlantic for a network of 236 "folkparks" all over Sweden, turnstiling a gate in the neighborhood of 7,000,000.

That beat the 1963 gate by about a million. In 1964 individual contracts were inked with about 16,-500, including 2,300 artists (not counting those from the Swedish Royal Theatre). Performers racked up 55,000 work days in the summer season and were paid a total 12,000,000 Swedish kroner (\$2,307,700).

Summer fare in 1964, producing manager Erik Jarnklev said, was "rather U.S.-minded." For example: Ray Charles and 18-piece band was booked for a week; Woody Herman's 16-man herd, three and a half weeks; 18-member Paul Anka Show, two; Glenn Miller Music with Tex Beneke, three and a half; Ray Eberle, Modernaires and orch, as well as William Clauson with Mexican Los Tres Guaramex, nine.

Fact is, he remarked, Sweden is number two on world market, after Japan, as importer of American attractions-surprising when you think there are some 94,000,000 Japanese but only about 7,600,000 Swedes in lands roughly the same

As in 1963, Swedes also swarmed for "Manhattan Parade, 1964," a "Harlem" revue personally recruited by Jarnklev and emceed by King Coleman, which shuttled the Nordisk Circuit for five weeks.

"Furthermore," said Jarnklev, who books American and other foreign talent, "we had approxi-mately 320 other programs and orchestras. For our whole organization we placed altogether about 300 dance orchestras.'

The organization, as he calls it, embraces spots in every town of any size in this whole sun-loving, welfare-minded kingdom. North-ernmost is in Kiruna, 200 kilometers above the Arctic Circle. Everybody gets into the act.
"Folkparkerna in Swedish com-

munity life today is as self-evident to all kinds of people as radio and teevee." he said.

Folkparkernas Artistformedling (FAF), Stockholm, non-profit booking central for the 236 parks, is one of the world's giant impresa-rio enterprises, able to offer artists tours that may go on for

Artist's Paradise
"Many." according to Jarnkley,
"look upon little Sweden as an
artist's paradise with exceptionally
grateful audiences." And to show he was not puffing he ticked off names like Ellington, Armstrong, Basie. Chevalier, Sinatra, whom he said could bear witness on the basis of having worked many folk

Two variety shows are 100% foreign. One, called Malmstenstruppen, last summer celebrated its 64th consecutive year on this Tivoli row. Troupe, with 12 acts, counting The Monahans and The Three Oakleys from the States, worked more than 90 parks in 14 peripatetic weeks. Other, called Variete International, numbered a acts plus accompanying orchestra. This all-Czechoslovakian lineup was booked for 10 weeks in 66 towns.

Folkparkernas, thanks to state and community subsidies, managed to keep gates moderate and to improve and enlarge its stages, he noted. A price-leveling scale lets smaller parks stage more exclusive bills. This thing is co-op the way down the line from Malmo to Kiruna.

Swedish Labor Movement, which lacked its own meeting places, founded organization at turn of century. First Tivoli, perhaps taking a leaf from the beautiful old prototype of them all across the Oresund in Copenhagen, was established in Malmo, country's third largest and southernmost city, in 1891. This was just a local green, but other towns were quick to copy if.

Fourteen years later there were 22, and on Dec. 27, 1905, 17 days after the Nobel prizes were

(Continued on page 236)



Current Colpix Hit Girl in Love Forgives" Press: Saul Richfield

Cleve Symph Seeks Hillside for 5,000

Explorations are being made by trustees of Cleveland Symphony, conducted by George Szell, to find a new summer home for its al fresco festival concerts.

Sponsoring Musical Arts Assn. hired services of William Gould & Associates to scout and appraise possible sites in thes hills east of

That area is the hub of a 1,500,-000 population, giving it the greatest potential drawing power for musical events in Northern Ohio, according to James Ireland, chairman of the summer home committee.

Scouts are looking for a 200 acre site that has scenic beauty, easy access to main highways, availability of city water, parking for 3,500 autos as well as necessary public and private land use con-

After studying and okaying the Vienna State Opera, Bolshoi Ballet, Will direct the school's Institute Metropolitan, Covent Garden, and of Choral Studies. and Tipton will out details for financing, owner-the like. There will be theatres serve as assistant director of music.



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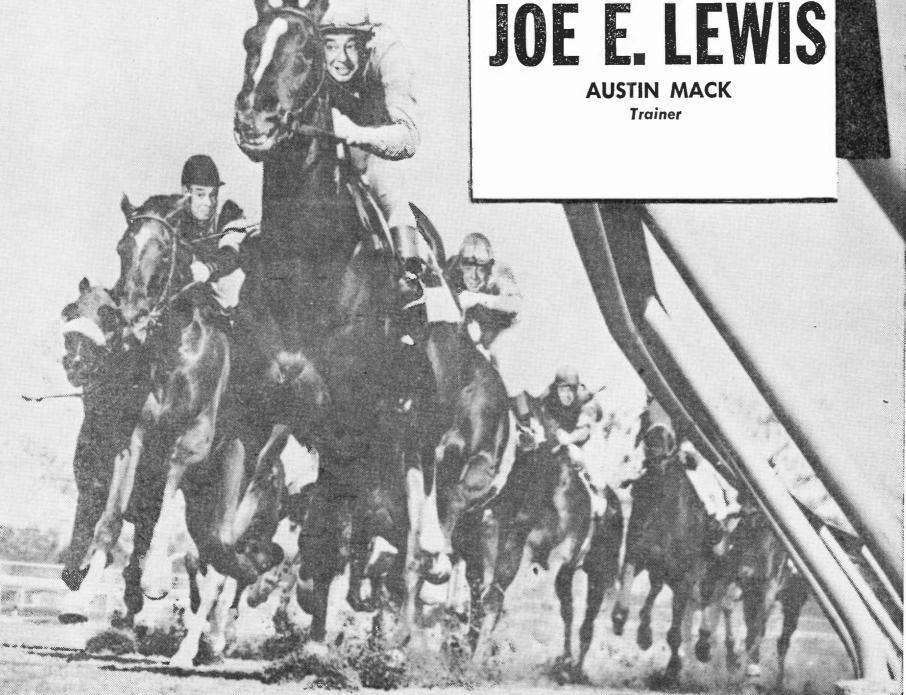
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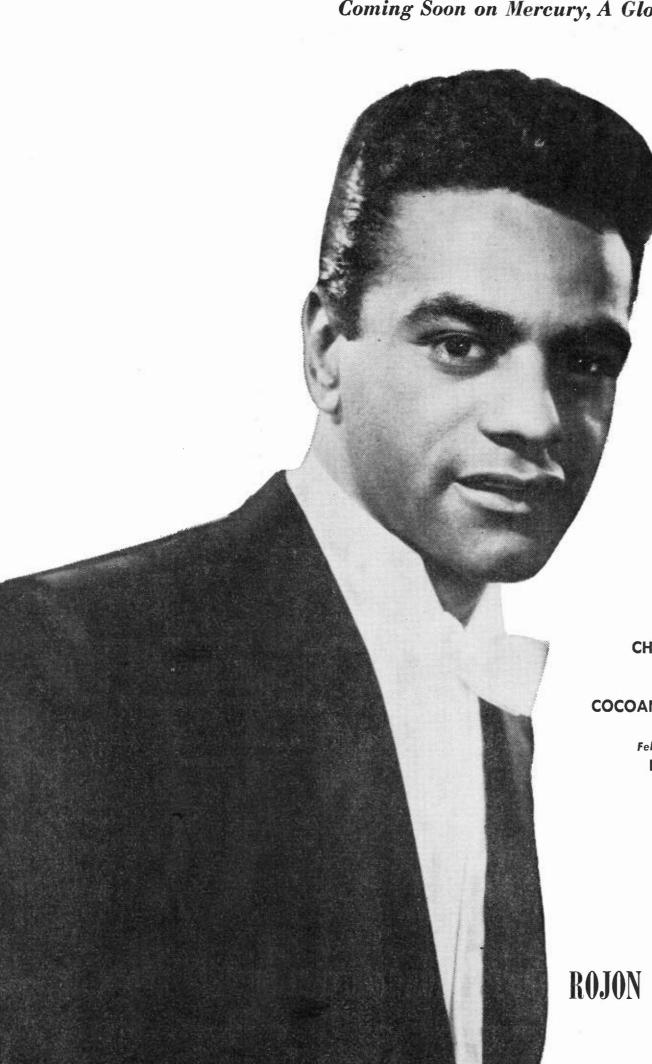
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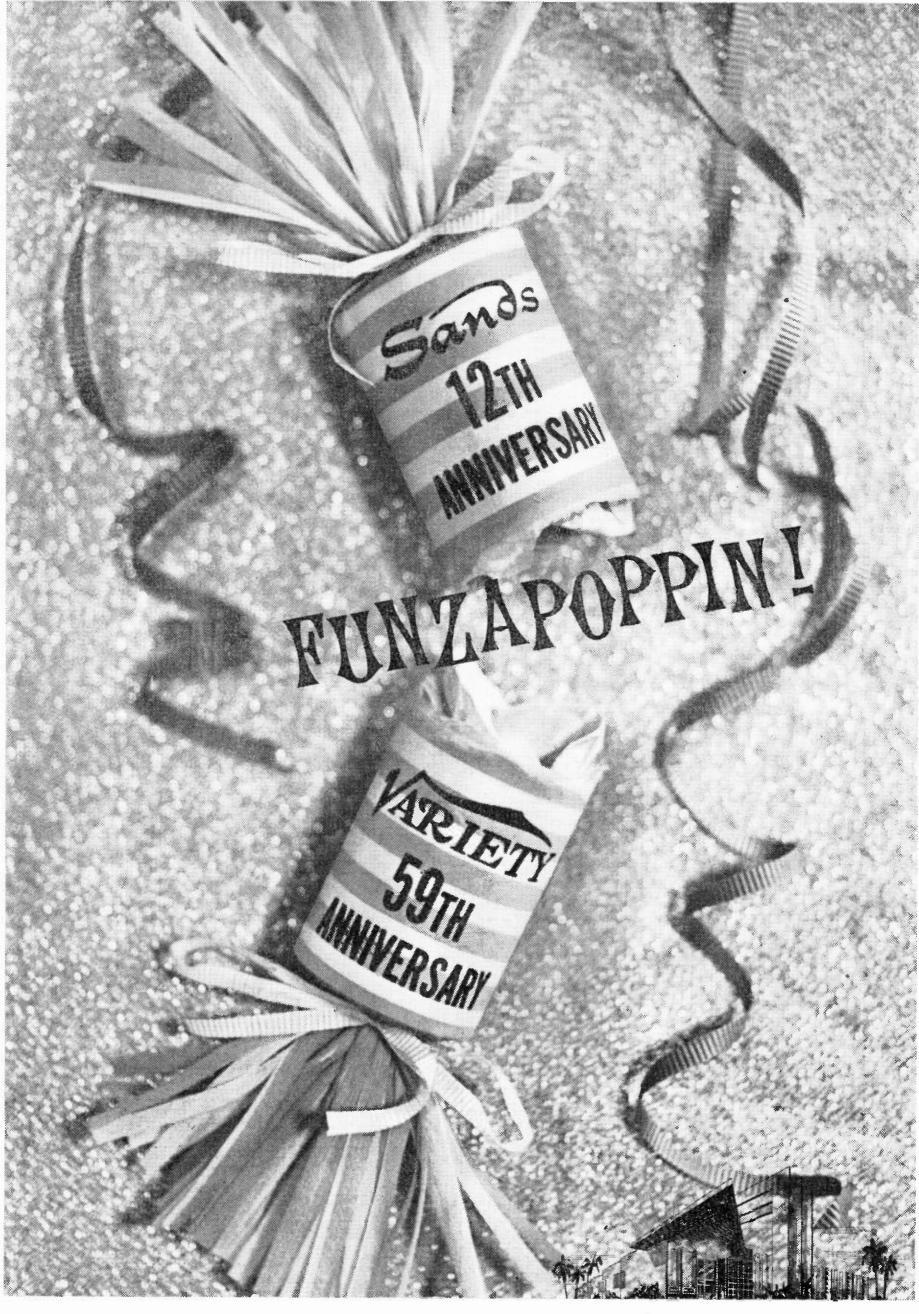




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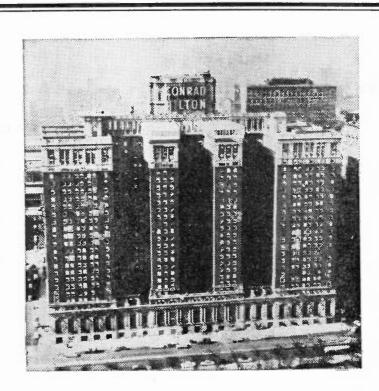
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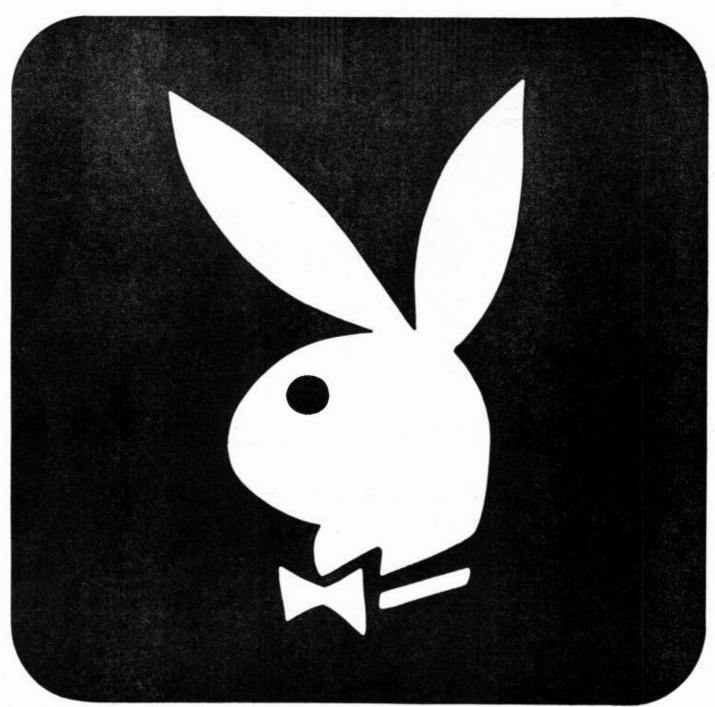
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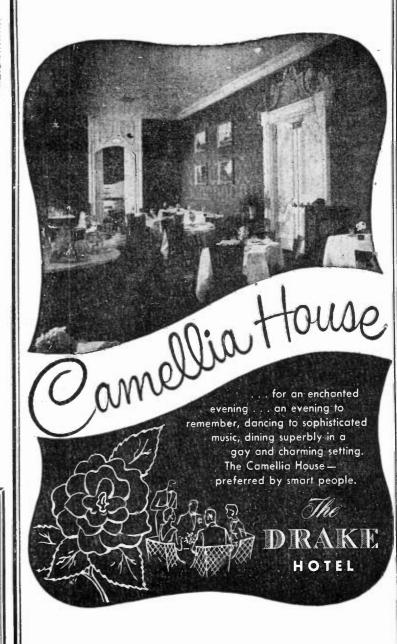


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December 9, 1964

Mr. Harold Steinman c/o Dancing Waters, New York, New York

Dear Mr. Steinman:

I know it will interest you to know that from the I know it will interest you to know that from the day after the last performance of "Dancing Waters", which we had the pleasure and honor to sponsor at our Steubenville Community Arena last week a great share of police department work was almost at a standstill for a few days thereafter.

The reason being, we were busy answering many phone calls from citizens who wanted to express their congratulations to us for bringing your fantastic presentation to our community us for bringing your fantastic presentation to our community their comments of lavish praise regarding the show were most heart warming and welcome.

Thus, in the name of the Steubenville Fraternal Order of Police of which I am a member, and the Police Associates We thank you for a most successful engagement financially to our organization plus giving us what money can't buy -- a wonderful public relations image with our citizens. We are looking forward to sponsoring your show again next year.

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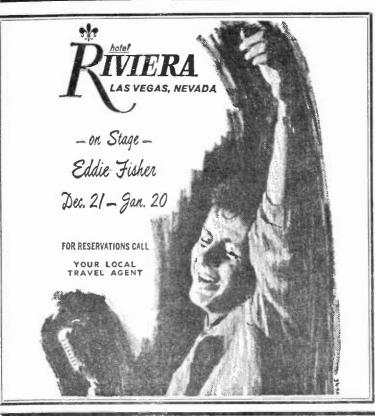
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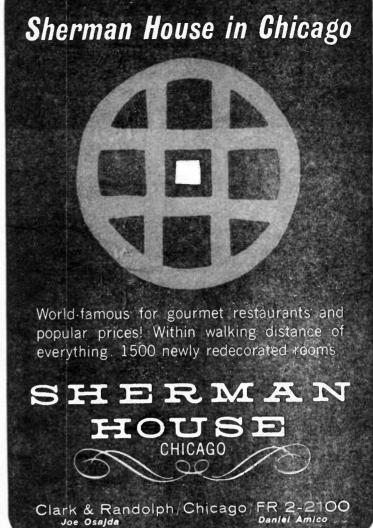
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Here's Where We Came In

Continued from page 213;

Best Wishes

THE LIVING ROOM

Brennan, a comedy duo. (Sample and directors. books: "Do you like Kip!ing?" the programs and it was gener-"queen" acts, Julian Eltinge, for a part of his billing.

There was also Gus Edwards.

nault, and Bert Savoy of Savoy & tinguished themselves as producers

Comedy was emphasized in all Savoy, emitting a shrill laugh and waving an oversized hankerchief at his partner: "I don't know. I never kippled.") And the king of the king of the king of the his partner. plaintively for the spotlight savvy pressagent staged a great ("spah-hotlight") which the house convincer as to his manliness via electrician kept focusing on the a well-rehearsed 9th Ave. barroom brawl—with "Mr." Julian Eltinge the winnsh. The "Mr." was a must part of his billing.

The well-rehearsed 9th Ave. barroom rangy Miss Woolfus. William Demarks a bandoned his viola solo to impress Miss Colette with his acrobatics. Although his unsuccessful backflips failed to interest her, songwriter, headliner, and impresario. He was the master to whom many of the future stars were then indentured: Georgie Jestelle Contact Howard Times. whom many of the future stars were then indentured: Georgie Jessel. Eddie Cantor, Herman Timberg, Eleanor Powell, Ray Bolger, Hildegarde, George Price, Lila (Cuddles) Lee, Helen Menken, Walter Winchell, and Mitzi Maydir. Two others, Eddie Buzzell and Mervyn LeRoy, made their way to Hollywood where they dis-

curvaceous cutie standing in back his number with topical verses to of him, slowly peeling her clothes. "O Solo Mio." Joe Browning, as of him, slowly peeling her clothes. Violin-playing Ben Bernie dropped droll pleasantries while his muted mate, Phil Baker, fingered the key-board of the accordion clutched to his chest.

Folowing World War I, Baker, still lashed to his music box, found his voice and swapped barbed retorts with his paid heckler, Sid Silvers, seated in the audience. (Joe Morris & Flo Campbell were similarly badgered by a youthful Silvers — Phil Silvers.) Will Mahoney, Jack Benny, Henny Youngman, Dave Apollon, and rowdy Milt Frank Britton also teased laughter out of their instru-

The Monologists

They, and many more whose names I have omitted, were only the hors d'oeuvres whetting my showgoing appetite. For me, the meat, the substance, the piece de resistance of any program was the monologist whose humor I ingested with the greatest relish. Versatile Joe Cook interrupted his ukulele playing to give a hilarious and drawn-out reason for refusing to imitate four Hawaiians. George Jessel, glistening in an alpaca suit, was so warm and funny in his telephone call to his mother, that one excused the tonal differences between his singing and the orchestra's accompaniment. Frank Fay's humor was urbane and so-phisticated. Joe Laurie Jr. was an amusing colloquialist, responding to applause by dragging his white-haired "father" from the wings to wheedle additional bows. Dapper Charles Irwin specialized in Eng-

a sanctimonious preacher, de-livered a sermon free of any sol-emnity. "Chatterbox" was what Julius Tannen labeled himself, and his chatter was a bright and sententious comment on the day's headlines. Jackie Osterman, Milton Berle, nutty Frank Westphal, Billy Glason ("The Boy Who Put U in Humor,") were gagsters who bombarded their listeners with a steady volley of one-liners, sna howlers, nifties and swifties. snappers,

All were accomplished raconteurs with a fund of anecdotes and jokes I shall always remember. In fact, when I became a social director at a summer camp for adults, an experience that furnished the background detail for my play, "Having Wonderful Time," I re-called what I had heard in my days as a vaudeville buff and unabashedly repeated the lines and bits of stage business without ever giving proper credit to their source. At that time, I hasten to source. add, this was standard operating procedure not only for most social directors, but for many professional entertainers.

A couple of summers ago I saw Milton Berle in Palm Springs where he was on location shooting a picture for Stanley Kramer, and he told me he had often been ache told me he had often been accused of pilfering parts of other acts. "They used to call me 'The Thief of Bad Gags," he admitted. I didn't tell him that the title, like his early material, wasn't exclusively his.

Vaudeville is now gone but-if you watch some of the shows on lish and Scottish jokes. Lou Holtz television—it certainly is not fortold dialect stories and concluded gotten.

Vanishing Elephant

the size of my device would depend on the size of the elephant. Up In Central Park

So I became an elephant watcher, starting my observations at the zoo in Central Park. They have elephants in various sizes. With the aid of an attendant in the elephant house I got a tape measure and began measuring. I quickly discovered that Indian elephants were better for my purpose than African elephants. They have African elephants. smaller ears

Next I talked with P. C. Sorcar, of Calcutta, India's best known illusionist. He assured me he could get an elephant for me on short notice and arrange to ship it here. But, he wanted to know, how big an elephant did I have in mind?

This brought up the question of how rapidly an elephant grows. I had several sessions with the elephant handlers of the Ringling circus, and compared heights, widths, ages and poundage of their animals.

Remembering the rigamarole getting Rene Septembre's doves, duck and cat through customs when we brought him over from France for a tv special I began checking government regulations on the importation of elephants.

Next the matter of housing and

feeding an elephant in New York. One by one the problems were solved.

At least I thought they were until last week. I suddenly reaiized I hadn't compared the advantages of male versus female pachyderms! Like Clarence Hub-bard who saw Houdini at the Hippodrome I had overlooked a,

perhaps, vital factor.
Time out while I study the intimate facts of elephant life.

'Letkiss' & Make Up

Editor, VARIETY: I read your story in the Nov. 11 issue about the new dance, "The

Letkiss."
I only want to remark that the dance originated in Finland in 1962-63 under the name "Letkajenkka," a modern version of the old "jenkka" dance, with "Letka" simply meaning a line, or row.
Later the name of the dance was shortened to the namular "Letkis." Letkiss.'

shortened to the popular "Letkis." While the dance was conquering the rest of Europe, one more "s" was added to the end of the name, as well as some nose-rubbing into the dance itself. Well, the whole idea changed.

That's that, I bear no grudges to your paper as I find it very interesting indeed, but somehow I have had the feeling that I should let you know about "The Letkiss." Marja Leskisenoja (Miss).



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MEET WHAT YOU'VE MISSED-AT THE DESERT INN

WILBUR CLARK'S DESERT INN AND COUNTRY CLUB LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

Swedish 'Folk Park' Series

Continued from page 215

22 met in Eskilstuna to found Folkparkernas Centralorganization, borgsgatan, Stockholm—is congress which needs no translating.

Highest decision-making body of Congress selects a central admini-

handed out, representatives of all | Folkparkernas Centralorganization -which, incidentally, has offices in its own building at 1 Svedenof delegates from all 236 parks.

stration of 10, including one managing director, one chairman and a vice-chairman. This triumvirate in turn forms an executive central administrative committee.

Annual Auditions

A two-day Artists Forum, annual auditions sponsored by Folkpar-nernas, ralies talent from all nernas, ralies talent from all over Europe and sometimes points beyond. Last fall (1964), about 500 performers showed for tryouts. Of these, 35 were tapped to work folk parks in summer 1965.

That beat the 1963 gate by about million. In 1964 individual contracts were inked about 16,500, including 2,300 artists (not counting those from the Swedish Royal Theatre). Performers racked up 55,000 work days in the summer season and were paid a total of 12,000,000 Swedish kroner (\$2,307,-

Why bother in the face of such odds? Because Folkparkernas also invites foreign bookers to come and see. In fact, Jarnklev said, accommodations in Eskilstuna being somewhat limited, they had to turn down many foreign teevee and agency requests for invitations. Forum changes parks every year for sake of fairness.

No Stateside attractions were at last year's auditions but Mohammed comes to the mountain once or more a year to audition and sign what strikes his and music director Seymour Osterwall's fancy.

They cover New York, Vegas, Los Angeles, Chicago and Miami. Among acts clicking last sum-mer were Britishers Michael Cox The Checkmates, six weeks; Emile Ford Show, nine; West German Teddy Paris Orchestra, four-teen; Bibi Johns Show with American Jimmy Woode Jr. Quartet and dancer-singer Gene Reed, five.

On the weightier side, Royal Swedish Theatre furnished full casts for 13-park performances of "La Traviata;" 18-park boardings of Brecht - Weill-Balanchine's "The Seven Deadly Sins" and two companion productions. Also 70 one-niters of "Can-Can," with cast of more than 40 and several other musical comedies, operettas and legits in the native tongue.

"Actors, singers, dancers and stage directors engaged are as a rule the most eminent in Sweden," said Jarnklev. "For instance, Ingmar Bergman has produced plays for the folkparks and Viveca Lindfors, Gerd Anderson, Gunnar Hellstrom and Birgit Nilsson have played, danced and sung. So did the two late celebrities Victor Sjostrom and Jussi Bjorling. The cultural achievement is quite indisputable."

Just as indisputable as the calculated total 55,000 working days in the summer of 1964.

Tel Aviv Police Fight **Cinema Ticket Scalpers**

The fight against cinema ticket scalpers here is gaining momentum since the formation of a special police "cinema squad" in this the largest city of Israel. More than 200 black marketers have been arrested in the four months' the cinema squad has been operating.

While theatre tickets are hardly ever subject of scalper interest (and even outstanding hits like

panies never brought about a noticeable activity by scalpers), football tickets and cinema ducats have been known to "disappear" regularly from the boxoffice and ticket bureaus.

ema cashier (where Bergman's have "The Silence" is showing), for allice.

"My Fair Lady" or visiting com- legedly receiving a regular 10% cut from scalpers for tickets priced up to \$1 each, supplied to them. On the same night the police apprehended (and later re-leased on bail) also the distributor of the Bergman film, Shemuel Highlighting the activities of the newly formed Cinema Squad was the arrest of the Maxim Cinema cashier (where Bergman's have been confiscated by the po-

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TV A Shill For Circus

passed through the ticketgate.

It's a far cry from 1956 when Henry and Bundy at his side, beeconomic conditions and a pethora gan the arduous chore of moving of troubles forced the Ringling big the circus indoors, building a natop to be struck for the last time. tional circuit of coliseums, stadi-To circus fans all over America ums and sports arenas, and still—it seemed like the end of the through sheer spectacle and show-

season's 7,000,000th customer had | No stranger to adversity, John

Ringling North, with brother manship-maintaining the show's

traditional reputation as the largest traveling diversion extant. The day of the telephone conference call was thus a day of dreams come true.

John and Henry North are the sons of Ida Ringling, only sister of the seven Ringling Bros. who started their own circus in Baraboo, Wisc., in 1884 and went on to encompass the circus universe and fashion it into their own "Greatest Show on Earth." The circus has been their life since childhood, the circus train their home since summertime sabbaticals from Yale.

Complete cosmopolites, they knew the world as they once knew every circus lot in the land. Usually John monitors the U.S. tour while Henry, from his villa in Rome, keeps eye on the interna-tional aspects of the business. Last year the freres traded places and while Henry rode the rails through the hinterland, John, from his headquarters in Zurich, launched a mammoth talent search that covered every quarter of Europe. That's why the 1965 edition of the Ringling show has more than 20 unusual headline acts never before seen on this side of the Atlantic.

Ex-Bandleader

Rudy Bundy came out of Quaker City, O., as a clarinet-playing bandleader. In New York he played with George Olson in the pit orchestra for "Good News" and with Benny Moroff during Eddia with Benny Meroff during Eddie tising campaign."

Cantor's record run at the Palace. On New Year's Eve, 1941, his band was playing at the Lido Beach Casino in Sarasota, Fla., where the circus was winter quartering. He met the North brothers, and John sat in with the band and tooted the trumpet. Later he was asked to bring his orchestra into the M'Toto Room of the John Ringling Hotel which the brothers were operating. With circus friends and in a circus town, it was inevitable that Bundy fall under the spell of the Big Show. He has never recovered. For the 1949 tour he signed on as a road treasurer and, in 1958, was elected to the board of directors. Now, as assistant to the president he finds himself shuttling back and forth to Europe and shepherding the destiny of R. B.-B. & B.

How come the great resurgence of approval for a traditional family divertisement? Why, in this allegedly sophisticated world, does the Circus annually play to more people of all ages than any other type of live entertainment.

Bundy thinks that television. which once loomed as a threat, has proved a blessing. "Consider," he says "the importance being attached to circus acts on major shows like Ed Sullivan, Hollywood Palace, and Don Ameche's "International Showtime." People enjoy them week-after-week and, perhaps, it whets their appetites for the real thing. TV works for us better than a million dollar adver-

A.C. Books Midget Auto Racing as Winter Lure

Atlantic City.

The Atlantic City Convention Hall, where the Liberty Bowl foot-ball game between Utah and West Virginia was played to a near sellout crowd and before a national ABC-TV audience recently, start-

and 4-10 China and Glass show into the auditorium. They will be run on a track one-sixth of a mile in length and 30 feet wide.

George Stockinger, president of the Atlantic City Speedway, which is staging the races, said that the small cars can do some 90 miles an hour on straightaways. Some 60 cars will be brought here. Races are sponsored by the American three-quarter Midget Racing Assn.

Canadian Fairs Set '65 Grandstand Show Prods.

Regina, Sask.
The Regina Exhibition Assn. has signed Stu McClellan, of McClellan & Associates Chicago lan & Associates, Chicago, to produce its 1965 grandstand show, as he did in 1964.

The Calgary Exhibition & Stampede has also inked the same producer as last season. He is Randolph Avery, exec v.p. of Barnes-Carruthers Theatrical Enterprises, Chicago.

I WAS A PRE-TEEN PLAYER-PIANO PEDALER - PLUS PAYOLA

By COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD

Beverly Hills.

In late 1964, an announcement began appearing in various specialized publications saying E. B. Marks, the music publishers, will bring out in "concert works for 1965" a "Col. Barney Oldfield March"—and you are entitled to

know why.

None of the things being said officially have anything to do with

The truth is, by last count, U.S. radio had something like 17,413 disk jockeys, give or take a thousand or so.

You might say I'm their pre-

In 1914, I paved the way for the whole lot by being a pre-teen player piano peddler in a hotel lobby. Many of the aspects of my work at age five are still around. To explain, my parents had a

14-room hotel in a town called Elk Creek, Neb. (pop. 214). Access to it was by train (three passenger and four freights a day), by wagon or carriage, livery stable rental buggy or saddlehorse. The nearest metropolitan centre was nine miles away (pop., 2,317).

In one corner, farthest from the desk where my father registered the wayfarers, stood an old player piano. Five deep, across its top, were stacked the oblong boxes which enclosed the long perforated and slashed rolls. The drummers would call out or make selections and hand them to me. I'd mount them in the recess in the upright, pull the tab down and hook it on the roller. Then, from my special perch rigged so I could reach the pedals, I would grab the under-that dog have been if I hadn't

side of the keyboard to hold on

and pump.

Payola was big with me. One of the drummers started it. He liked "Brahms Luilaby," because he had kids at home. I hated it. He paid me a penny every time I played it, and if he was especially lonesome or sentimental, this was maybe five times a session. Having no safety deposit box, I put it in my piggy bank to hide it from the tax

There was another milker, too. Where some today have such hallmarks as a barber aversion, I had a fox terrier dog named Roxie. She sat loyally next to me at the piano, and she could spot which one was the candy salesman the moment he stepped off a train. She knew he had what we both wanted, so she would make him her pigeon.

As the music played, she would edge closer and closer to him, looking up at him soulfully, licking her chops. Once he noticed her, I had my cue.

"My dog likes candy," I would say, while apparently being very business-like at the re-wind.

"Really?" he would say, looking at her as if she should at least be in a freak show, or maybe in vaudeville. Taking the sledgehammer hint, he would go to his sales display case, extract some sweets, give her one, and hand me

"You better feed her when she gets hungry again," he would say. I always promised I would, but I never did. After all, where would

drawn the audience? I ate it my-

Not many can claim pioneering beginnings going back to 1914, with recognizable extensions and profitable refinements into the present day — payola, arbitrary selection, unkept promises, most-listened-to claims, and monopoly situations—but I can.

This "Col. Barney Oldfield March" was written by USAF Lt. Col. Mark Azzolina, the best known military bandleader, and Howard Cable, musical director of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. It was premiered in Carnegie Hall in

May, 1963.

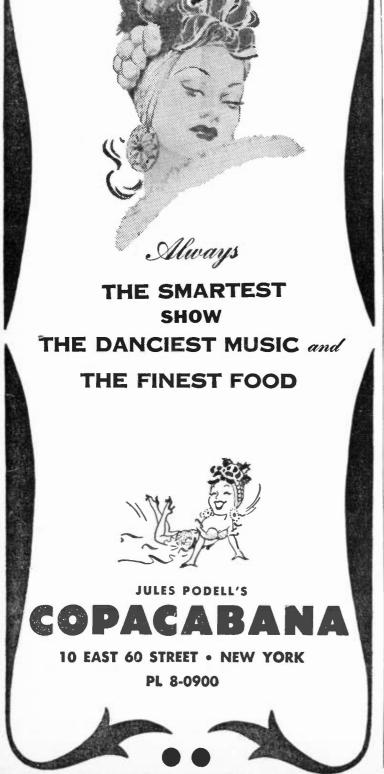
No matter what their lyrics say, or what the ads say, when it comes out, all disk jockeys owe me a spin. This is your old player piano pedaler speaking, and you should have respect for your elders-one, anyway.

After all, like my old dog, Ro where would you be today if I hadn't paved the way?

GOLDEN GATE QUARTET

Jan. 5 - 10, 1965 BELGIUM

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Stanislavski Taught 'Hard Work of Acting'

TOLD THESPIANS HE DID NOT PROPOSE TO PROVIDE THEM 'WITH A PLEASANT PASTIME ON THE STAGE

- By LEE NORVELLE -

(Dept. of Speech & Theatre, Indiana University)

4, 1961, Anni. issue of Variety by Hoffman under caption "How to Dig the Method." In the closing paragraph, the man from Carnegie Tech wrote, "Perhaps it is time to rediscover all those passages in Stanislavski that demand the perfection of external techniques; time to heed those things in his writing that have seemed like contradictions and perhaps time at long last to bury the poor man." Upon reading the article and

considering the writer's suggestion concerning burial, I recalled that it has long been considered good practice in some countries to wait until rigor mortis sets in before burial be consummated. I also remembered the six dead soldiers in Irwin Shaw's "Bury the Dead" who refused to be buried despite the orders of their officers and the pleas of their womenfolk to "stay dead." The soldiers refused because they had a message for the living. They climbed out of their graves and started across the world to deliver it.

Upon the possibility that if we follow Hoffman's suggestion, we might have at least an embarrass-ing, if not frightening experience, let's examine the subject and see whether we should call the mortician now or wait awhile.

In her book "A Wayward Quest" (1960) Theresa Helburn wrote: "I suppose what bothered me most

about the Stanislavsky (method) was its uncomfortable parallel with the training of Pavlov's dogs, a category in which I would grieve to put actors, and a concept which I find degrading and humiliating!"
Commenting in the New York
Times (Nov. 22, 1961) on the book
entitled "Actors Talk About Acting" by Lawie Funko and John F. by Lewis Funke and John E. Booth, the reviewer Orville Pres-cott stated: "Throughout these pages one grisly specter seems to haunt the minds of the actors—the Stanislavsky Method. Hardly any actor, be he pro or con, is able to say just what the method is. All react emotionally to it. Jose Ferrer becomes angry just thinking about it. Others insist that there is no particular Stanislavsky Method, that all actors have their personal methods. Morris Carnovsky, one of the most thoughtful and intelligently articulate of those interviewed, believes in the value of the Method and comes closer saying what it is than anyone. But, according to most of the actors quoted, the main point of the Method seems to be a strenuous effort to think the thoughts and feel the emotions of the character before the scene begins."

Influence Undeniable

These are only two of the many recent references indicating that the most alive figure in the field of acting and directing thus far in the 20th century is Constantin Stanislavski. His influence, whether for good or bad, according to the individual point of view, has been greater than that of any of his contemporaries hence we are day forced to favor a delay of the ion things which seem like contradictions in his writing.
In 1888 William Archer pub-

lished the results of an extensive survey which he had conducted on the art of acting. His "Masks or Faces? A Study in the Psychology of Acting" was motivated by Denis Diderot's "Le Paradox Sur Le Comedien" in which he contended that the actor "must have in himself an unmoved and disinterested onlooker. He must have, consequently, penetration and no sensibility; the art of mimicking everything." This anti-emotional approach to acting disturbed Archer to the extent that he decided to take the case to the best actors and actresses of the day and determine how they felt about

Diderot's theory. His research took the form of a

This is in delayed take to an article which appeared in the Jan. | two simple questions: (1) Do actors feel? (2) Should they feel? What he wanted to know was "Do actors habitually yield to the sympathetic contagion? And do the greatest actors — those who have most powerfully affected their audiences admit or reject method?" Archer stated that acting possessed many subtleties and intricacies into which he had not attempted to delve, and that he hoped someone would undertake do this. Stanislavski did, and according to his own statements, not those of his pseudo-followers It is time we permitted him to speak for himself. After we know the facts we can formulate our individual evaluations.

The Inner Critic?

Nine years after the publication Archer's book, Stanislavski, made a great discovery. He says: 'During one performance in which I was repeating a role I had played many times, suddenly, without any apparent cause, I perceived the inner meaning of the truth long known to me that creativeness on the stage demands first of all a special condition, which, for want of a better term, I will call the creative mood . . . From that evening on this simple truth entered into all my being, and I grew to perceive it not only with my soul, but with my body also . . . It was on that evening that I first perceived a truth long known to me."

From this experience he concluded that actors are able to receive the creative mood. This presented to him another question: "Are there no technical means for the creative mood, so that inspiration may appear oftener than is its wont?" Here we have the purpose of the Stanislavski Method as he formulated it. He further states: "What I wanted to learn was how to create a favorable condition for the appearance of inspiration by means of the will, that condition in the presence of which inspiration was most likely to descend in-into the actor's soul. As I learned afterward, this creative mood is that spiritual and physical mood during which it is easiest for inspiration to be born.

Free of Strain

He observed a large number of great actors and actresses at work. Among these were Duse, Yermolova, Salvini and Rossi. He discovered that while interpreting a difficult role they demonstrated great physical freedom, almost a total lack of strain. "Their bodies were at the call and beck of the inner demands of their wills." He goes on to say, "I luxuriated in this condition on the stage (free body movement, sincerely believing that in it lay the whole secret, the whole soul of creativeness on the stage, that all the rest would come from this state and perception of physical freedom." In these quotations we have emphasis upon something which is definitely an external manifestation. This is in direct conflict with the views of some of the present day adherents of what is known as "Stanislavski Method." In ritual. Meanwhile we can follow refusing to recognize the imthe rediscovery of Stanislavski's reject one of the cardinal prin-external techniques and those ciples of the man who codified the ciples of the man who codified the system which they allegedly follow. Thus we are forced to the conclusion that either they have not read what Stanislavski wrote about the system or that they have changed it to suit their own convenience.

He says that while playing Dr. Stockman in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People" he noticed that since his attention was not held by physical restraint he no longer concentrated on what was happening in the auditorium. "In what I was doing I ceased to be afraid of the audience, and at times forgot that I was on the stage. In that moment I understood that the more the actor wishes to amuse his audience, the more the audience will sit in comfort waiting to be amused, and even try to play its part in the play on the stage be-

stops being concerned with his audience, the latter begins to watch the actor noticed . . . that the concentration of the actor . . . (also) embraces his mind, his will, his emotions, his body, his memory, and his imagination. The entire physical and spiritual nature of the actor must be concentrated on what is going on in the soul of the person he is playing."

His Five Basics

In 1907 the Stanislavski system, or method, consisted of the *five* basic points: (1) the "creative mood," (2) physical freedom, (3) concentration, (4) belief, (5) the 'magic if."

He later amplified his system by drawing up a chart and listing on it 40 points. It was intro-duced in America by Stella Adler who studied with him in Paris. Later the essence of this chart was set forth in two books by Stanislavski, "An Actor Prepares" "Building A Character." these he makes clear that the System includes both the internals and the externals of acting. Yet the major exponents of what they choose to call "The Method" od" have, to a shocking extent, overlooked or totally ignored the externals.

This has led to a great deal of confusion and in many cases to downright misinterpretation of the system as developed by Stanislavski. His 40-point chart makes it unmistakably clear that the actor must give minute attention to the details of both the internals and the externals in his preparation of a role. He strongly recommends that the actor practice exercises in voice, diction, rules of speaking, and bodily relaxation. He also urges him to participate in various types of sports to develop his physique, increase his agility and improve his timing. He says, "My system is divided into two main parts: The inner and the outer work of the actor on himself."

He then elaborates upon this statement. "The inner work on the actor himself is based on a psychic technique which enables him to evoke a creative state of mind during which inspiration descends on him more easily. The actor's external work on himself consists of the preparation of his bodily mechanism for the embodiment of his part and the exact presentation of its inner life." Here we have positive proof that those who confine themselves to the internals are, in fact, exponents of only half of the method as it was conceived and practiced by Stanislavski. In addition to analyzing the inner life of the character, the true "method" actor must adequately and effectively communicate this life to the audi-

One of the most misinterpreted terms used by Stanislavski is "psycho-technique," meaning simply those psychological principles which deal with the nature of act-These became his main in-

My Dream Casting Director

By CRANE JACKSON

This is admittedly my own daydreaming idea of an imaginary, ever-loving casting director, the like of which one day I may encounter. He will be characterized by the following behavior

He will actually interview actors.
 He will have a cummy script and allow the actor to read.
 He will scout every show and showcase.

Tireless, he will also scout replacements.

5. He will read his mail.
6. He will not resent reminder of the existence of an actor.
7. He will talk to small agents, not just William Morris.
8. He will not deride a lack of Broadway credits.

9. He will resist type-casting habits.

10. He will forgive an actor's audition failure and hear him another time.

11. He will really look for talent.12. If hung over, he will cancel the audition.

13. He will be considerate enough not to send actors on wild goose chases

14. He will not hesitate to recommend an actor to another casting director.

15. He will refrain from hating actors who have come to call many times

THE ACT OF ACTING

By Prof. JOHN McCABE

(Chairman, Dept of Dramatic Art, New York University)

When I was a tadpole in the virtually foreordained by equiptheatre, I enjoyed acting, in the ment and temperament to make

Runyon phrase, more than somewhat. It seemed to me then the most pleasurable of creative activ-

it held the sensory pleas-ure of full bodily participation the much same sports did, but it also held intellectuan

stimulus



John McCabe

springing from a confrontation with the greatest minds of all Acting is a very appealing activity to youth because it is an enterprise in which one can be devoutly selfish and be compensated for it in many ways.

It seems to me from a middleaged point of view that these same points still apply, but I now can see something that I could not see then—that acting, fully operative, can be a soaring, searing art that can turn a theatre into something not unlike a cathedral.

From one who was a young actor to one who now teaches them, I think I have learned why there is a difference between the extraordinarily competent actor and the very great one. In my profession I see the process of growth from the untrained young actor into one or the other of these types in minimo. I speak now of that very rare percentage of young people in the academic theatre who are

their living in the professional theatre.) Needless to say (what a meaningless phrase since it always precedes one's saying it anyway), see few potentially great actors. But in those very, very few I have known, I believe I see their secret -a secret they don't yet know they have.

Bernard Shaw spoke of this secret indirectly when, in a memorable piece of dramatic criticism, he compared Duse and Bernhardt who appeared the same week in London in separate productions of Sudermann's "Magda." Giving Bernhardt her due as an incomparable magician in taking the audience with her in all her many pretty and engaging moods, Shaw describes graphically Duse's fullfashioned victory over her rival. He speaks of how he and the audience were left "roaring" at the final curtain when the plain little Italian lady came to take her bows. This performance, said Shaw, was . . a confirmation of my sometimes flagging faith that a dra-matic critic is really the servant of a high art, and not a mere advertiser of entertainments of questionable respectability of motive."

In his review, Shaw professes not to know the details of why Duse was so palpably better than Bernhardt, but he gives a vital clue to basic acting procedures when he says of Bernhardt that her art is"... the art of finding out all your weaknesses, and practising on them—cajoling you, haraving you have the rowing you, exciting you-on the

whole, fooling you."

I disgress a moment to say that in a long and fascinating conversation with John Barrymore in 1939 I asked him what I hoped were a few pungent questions on the process of acting. His answers were to the point, and none was more direct than the one to my question, "What is the most important aspect of the act of acting?" Unhesitatingly and with emphasis, he said: "Listening."

ably the last thing in the world I expected him to say, since to me listening was akin to passivity, and I had always thought that an actor must always be up and doing. However, the older I get, the more I realize how right he was. It was, I think listening that made Duse so much better than Bernhardt.

The great actor literally listens to all that happens on stage. The vanity-ridden actor, on the other hand, simply hears, and waits for his cue, living in his own shell. The great actor listens to the other actors speaking to him as if he had never heard the lines before, even if this be the 412th performance. The great actor also listens to himself, as his imaginative function recreates a living situation which prompts him to action. He does not do simply for the sake of doing: he does because he listens. understands, and goes forward from there.

Possible Source of 'Gag'

From an English scrapbook compiled c. 1880. The article which

follows could be a much earlier date:

"'Gagging' in theatrical parlance signifies an actor's substituting, or superadding his own words for, or to those of the author. Of course this can scarcely be indulged in by tragedians, but almost all comedians have been found more or less guilty of this offence. Shakspere (sic) complains of it when he makes Hamlet exclaim, 'Let those that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them.' Tarleton, in the olden times, was an inveterate gagger; Noakes, Shuter, Weston, Quick, Suett, Parsons and Edwin, pleaded guilty to the same sin. Liston and Mundin were more moderate in their inter-Mathews and Fawcett seldom gagged . . . little Knight and Lovegrove scarcely ever . . Oxberry (the elder) could not restrain his propensity for *improving* (?) the author . . . but the prince of gaggers was poor John Reeve.

"One dramatist cast him in a part, in which the words of the first speech were . . . 'I went to the fair,' &c. &c. &c. The second speech, 'Yesterday we,' &c. &c. &c. Reeve was sorely puzzled, and inquired what it meant? 'Why.' replied the writer, 'as you never learn the words I didn't care to write them, and those et ceteras intimate that you are to say whatever comes into your head.

During trivial farces this extemporaneous acting may pass, but in

dramas of a higher order it is 'most villanous.'

'In a work, published in 1680, we find the following: . . . 'It is reported of Mr. Fletcher that though he wrote with such a free and sparkling genius that future ages shall scarcely ever parallel, yet his importunate comedians would often crowd upon him such pertinences which to him seemed needless and lame excuses, his works being so good, his indignation rendered them as the only bad lines his modest Thalia was ever humbled with.' There is no doubt that many of the gross passages in Shakspere (sic), Beaumont and Fletcher, &c, were the interpolations of actors, which at length were questionnaire in which he asked fore it. But as soon as the actor inserted in the prompt-book, and from thence given to the press."

London's Aura of Tradition

A Recall of Some Famed Playhouses

By WILLIAM HOULTON (O)

THE PALLADIUM

London.

Immediately after Judy Garland's ill-starred Australian trip her friends started to look forward with confidence to the next phase of her tour when she was scheduled to play the London Palladium. Her well-wishers were absolutely sure that the world's most famous musichall would be therapeutic after her being down under.

And they were right: Judy "went home" to the Palladium and the plaudits proved to be the panacea that friends had promised themselves would for a second time give Judy back her confidence.

Success at the Palladium spells prestige. Danny Kaye, perhaps the greatest of this decade's Palladium performers, arrived at his full stature in his native America after his London triumph. The Palladium audiences are loyal and performance-inspiring for the returning stars they have helped to create. Facts like these, plus the feeling that have concerning a theatre, produce a tradition-which as time passes becomes elaborated and well defined.

The Palladium was opened in 1910. It is one of 50 conveniently situated theatres in the city.

SADDLER'S WELLS

London traditions are hidden beneath the back stalls—as is the case at Sadler's Wells Theatre where the old medicinal springs babble on beneath the floorboards. The Sadler, who discovered these wells in 1683, sold out to successors who—with a view to a more profitable health-and-pleasure package—erected a "Musick House." It was here that Joseph Grimaldi, clown and master of pantomime, made his debut at the age of three in Robinson Crusoe, and the famous Shakespearian actor and show-business personality, Edmund Kean, was to recite there shortly after his first success as Cupid at the age of four.

For a spell around 1804 it looked as though the Wells were destined to remain watery: Aquatic Drama opened. A huge tank of water was introduced. Large-scale model ships were launched, naval battles were fought. Gallant heroes rescued beautiful and attractively moistened maidens. Newfoundland dogs plunged in and saved the lives of children to deafening applause. In the nick of time, following a fire, Sadler's Wells was rescued from melodrama by Samuel Phelps. Between 1841-1001 the actor-manager produced Shakespeare d Shakespeare and other classics with fine taste and conception. Finally, however, the theatre proved unprofitable and Phelps returned to playing Drury

The fate of the theatre remained uncertain until Lilian Baylis, creator of the modern Old Vic decided that Sadler's Wells might be to North London what the Old Vic had become to the South.

THE OLD VIC

Opened in 1818 on the south side of the Thames "to foster the dramatic art," the theatre started off with problems due to the prevalence of footpads (muggers) in the vicinity. Despite the provision of armed escorts to protect patrons—plus the 1822-added attraction of an act-drop which was a huge mirror in which the whole audience was reflected-the more sensitive and cultural type of Londoner stayed away, and the management had no choice but to cater to the taste of the locals.

The audiences were always a little rougher than the shows, and when the occasion arose to give expression to their displeasure eggs and over-ripe fruit were added to the vocal arsenal. Edmund Kean was coaxed to the theatre for the high fee of 100 pounds for a twonight stand, but the local residents preferred their own tragedian, Tom Cobham. Kean went home furious.

South London audiences were, however, able to overcome their parochial prejudice on occasions. When Paganini appeared in 1831 he brought down the house.

By 1871 the Old Vic-thus named on the basis of a single visit by Queen Victoria when she was a princess—had mutated from lurid melodrama to lively music-hall. But times were bad, and the theatre would have perished if it had not been for the appearance on the scene of Emma Cons. first woman member of the London County Council, and aunt of Lilian Baylis.

Emma Cons bought the theatre and reopened it on December 26, Boxing Day, 1880, as the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern. Paradoxically, it was described as a "temperance music-hall." And Dad. long mesmerized by the irrepressible songs of the tight-laced girls—and with all the conveniences of the corner bar ready at hand—would not have been expected to take kindly to the new concept. But emerging middle-classism and emancipation were enabling Mother together with her offspring to escape the insulation of the home and flee safely through the aspidistra curtain.

Released from the one-track taste of the Victorian male and imbued with the self-improvement orientation of Emma Cons, the Old Vic's platform expanded to embrace a host of neglected plays. By 1923 the theatre had produced every one of the plays in the First Folio, and had become virtually the London home of Shakespeare.

A key figure in the development of the Old Vic-and, because of that, in the British theatre as a whole-was Lilian Baylis. Such was the force of her character that artists of the quality of Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Edith Evans, John Gielgud, Charles Laughton. Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson and Sybil Thorndike were pleased and proud to appear there for a fraction of the salary they could have commanded in the fashionable "West End."

In October 1963 the National Theatre Board leased the theatre for

the temporary home of the National Theatre, until the new building is completed on the South Bank site. Thereafter, the Old Vic will continue as the second auditorium of the National Theatre. But however successful the new National Theatre may be, people of the theatre will understand that the success of the Old Vic provided the criterion and precedent for London's National Theatre. And the Old Vic's early traditions of service to an existing community must surely provide a blueprint for Britain's provincial National Theatres now being planned.

SOYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN

Shaw had Eliza Doolittle meet Prof. Henry Higgins outside the

Henry Moore, the sculptor, are trying to turn the traditional cultural area into a sort of Lincoln Center—thereby putting the Doolittle-Higgins relationship into mass production. If the new center is approved, the fruit-and-vegetable market will be edged out to the nearby workaday district of Battersea-to await, no doubt, the coming of a second Eliza.

There are many traditions inside the Royal Opera House, too. The fabulous James Quin was an early leading man. He achieved his effects purely by elocution.—he was in fact so slow in his method that said that other actors playing with him had been known to fall asleep before he finished a long speech. But the audience appreciated him and he was the leading leading-man until the advent of Garrick.

Later at the theatre, handsome, golden voiced Spranger Barry challenged Garrick (who had given him his first chance at Drury Lane) for the leadership of the stage. They both played Romeo and Juliet and afterwards King Lear against each other, and Garrick won. And this victory incidentally was the beginning of the end of the declamatory school.

A great Covent Garden event was the production of "She Stoops to Conquer" by Oliver Goldsmith in 1773. It was rather a refreshing commentary on the age that Goldsmith took up writing poetry and plays because he found that there was no money in being a physician. To give medical practice its due, however, perhaps it was that experience which contributed the then-unique realism to Goldsmith's plays.

Another Irish-born playwright, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, wrote "The Rivals" for Covent Garden—and paved the way for socially-oriented comedy by means of his comedies of manners "intended to instruct as well as to entertain."

Playing together with his son, it was at Covent Garden that Kean made his last stage appearance. During the course of it he collapsed, and died after being carried off the stage. His last words, on hearing the ovation which followed his performance, were "We've got 'em boy! We've got 'em."

Nowadays the Royal Opera House is state-subsidized under the Arts Council. Not only opera flourishes there but the Royal Ballet.

DRURY LANE

Drury Lane has two ghosts: One who only attends matinees—he emerges from the wall on one side of the upper circle where a skeleton was found, walks right round the opposite wall, and disappears through it. Known as the Man in Grey, the in-life identity of the ghost is a mystery, but stage folk welcome his appearance as it invariably heralds a success- never a failure.

The ghost has been known to give directions as to how actors should place themselves on the stage. During the run of "Oklahoma" pretty American actress, Betty Jones, came to play "Ado Annie." For the first few performances she was distressed to find that she was not getting the laughs her role deserved. One day she felt a hand on her shoulder, moving her downstage. She played her lines from the new position and was an immediate success. The next day she neglected to take up her "new" position, and again the ghostly hand guided her. Once more she had the audience in fits of laughter.

Less helpful is the ghost of Dan Leno, pantomime and music-hall comedian who from time to time is reported staring out of one of the dressing-room mirrors. It is said that before he made good he knelt on the steps of the theatre and prayed that he might one day play there. The prayer was answered, and it seems he is simply unwilling to let go.

Little wonder that Drury Lane attracts theatre ghosts, for it is the oldest theatre in the world still used for its original purpose.

No sooner had the London theatre been released from the complete closure of the theatres by the puritanical Oliver Cromwell than King Charles II ordered his trusty friend Thomas Killigrew, the playwright who had shared the king's exile, to "erect a company of players." And in 1663 he requested him to build the first Theatre Royal at Drury Lane.

This Royal Charter might be said to be the merry monarch's Magna Carta of "freedom for the theatre." The charter which Charles II granted is still extant; it is kept in the management's bank, and is by far the most precious document in the history of theatre.

One of the king's most meaningful edicts was to make it law that parts in plays written for women should be played by women. And no sooner had the sealing wax dried on that historical document than the good monarch's earthly reward appeared in the very satisfactory shape of Nell Gwyn.

Sweet Nell of Old Drury appeared out of a Zola-type environment in a slum alley off Drury Lane. At fifteen the saucy redhead was persuaded to leave her oranges at the stage door and join the Theatre Royal. Her career as an actress lasted only six years, and during six months of that period the playhouse was closed owing to the great of 1665 and the great fire of London the following plague year. Nell was the antithesis of the puritanical times of Cromwell, and became the chief protagonist of Restoration Comedy. She was the perennial 'mind's eye' heroine of Dryden; the blue-eved girl of avkward critic Pepvs: favorite mistress of Charles II from the age of 19-and mother of two of his sons. So general was the popularity of this lass who put on no fancy airs, that upon the death of the king a life-long pension was found for her from the budget of Britain's Secret Service.

ROYAL COURT

New traditions are constantly being born in London. At the Royal Court Theatre a tradition is getting underway. The emphasis is on new dramatists, and plays are run for a limited season of four to six weeks. Since 1956 over 80 plays have been produced and many new playwrights springboarded on their rise to fame-John Osborne, John Arden, Arnold Wesker—to name only a few. And in her Theatre Workshop in London's unfashionable East End, Joan Littlewood has built a reputation for being against both the artistic and the commercial. Her latest offering is "Oh What a Lovely War."

WESTMINSTER

To offset the iconoclasts and the kitchen sink trend, the West-Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. It was a symbolic spot to have cockney meet culture. Currently, Stephen Spender, the poet; Sir John Rothenstein of the British Council's Fine Arts Committee; and

Show on B'way

Tiny Alice

Richard Barr & Clinton Wilder presentation of drama in three acts, by Edward Albee. Staged by Alan Schneiders settings, William Ritman; gowns, Mainbocher: lighting, Martin Aronstein. Stars John Gielgud. Irene Worth: features William Hutt. Eric Berry, John Heffernan. Opened Dec. 29, '64, at the Billy Rose Theatre. NY; \$6.90 top weeknights, \$7.50 Friday-Saturday nights.

Lawyer William Hutt Cardinal Eric Berry Julian John Gielgud Butler John Heffernan

John Gielgud
John Heffernan
Irene Worth Butler Miss Alice

Although tall-dome observers will doubtless explain "Tiny Alice" down to the most remote bit of symbolism, most playgoers are likely to be hope'essly puzzled. Lots of meanings can be read into the new Edward Albee drama which opened Dec. 29 at the Billy Rose Theatre, but it's essentially lix, obscure, frequently tedius and ultimately disappointing show.

After the critical and popular success of his previous original play "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" there was bound to be interest in Albee's latest work. "Tiny Alice" is a slightly shorter drama than its predecessor, though it still runs full-length or a little more. It has good scenes that hold the audience in a hush, but also talky and dull stretches that bring widespread coughing. And though it has fine acting there are instances of sententiousness and posturing.

Because of the playwright's reputation, the prestige of costars John Gielgud and Irene Worth, and the patent seriousness, not to say pretentiousness, of the writing, arty drama cult will probably tout "Tiny Alice" fervently. The play lacks disciplined writing and theatrical quality, however, and the identification and even the shock impact of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" It's a dubious propect for Broadway and a negligible bet for stock or pictures.

"Tiny Alice" is obviously an allegory. At a guess, the principal character, a Catholic lay brother and an idealist with a burning desire to serve his faith, represents Christ. If that interpretation is correct, the others, including his Cardinal-sponsor, who hoodwink and martyr him, personify the forces of worldly cynicism and He represents good and cruelty. they represent evil, so they must destroy him.

Even if that much is accurate reading of the author's meaning, "Tiny Alice" remains an enigma. Albee doesn't explain who the title non-heroine and her accomplices are, other than that she's fantastically rich and is in the malignant power of her lawyer and butler, who incidentally are her respec-tive current and former lovers. There's no clear indication as to the nature of the conspiracy or the significance of the huge model of the sinister lady's vast palace prominently displayed in the formal reception room.

the implication of a homosexual situation in the opening scene intentional? If so, why doesn't the author develop it? What are the apparently pregnant background relationships between malicious Cardinal and saintly lay brother, the Cardinal and the lawyer, and the lawyer and What is the nature of the lawyer's and butler's hold on the title character? Albee doesn't reveal

Is the smoke that issues from palace model and symbolizing the a fire in the real palace chapel merely part of the hallucinations the lay brother reveals that he had during his self-imposed stay in a sanitarium? He had himself committed, he confesses, because of a loss of faith when his vision of God contradicted the practical policies of the Church.

What is the significance of the troubled lay brother's erotic and either real or imagined memories, of the chapel fire, the symbolic marriage of the lay brother and the billionairess, the ritualistic champagne toast, the almost ceremonial purging of the victim and the embarrassingly long-winded death scene, with the villains abandoning the expiring man as the lights slowly blink out in the palace model windows and eerie wails and rhythmic bumping noises swell in volume over the theatre sound system? Don't look for elucidation here.

One thing is evident-playwrights, be they ever so success-(Continued on page 254)

AT HOME WITH A DRAMA CRITIC

By ARTHUR L. LIPPMANN

The hands on the electric wall clock pointed to noon as he entered their sun-drenched breakfast nook. His wife popped two slices of whole wheat into the toaster poured his coffee. morning," she said, handing him the mail. He kissed her and lapsed into an inexplicable silence. She decided to get to the point. "How did you like our dinner party last night?" she inquired. "You were fast asleep five minutes after the last guest left, so I decided to wait until breakfast before your opin-

He hesitated, torn by an inner conflict between consideration for his spouse and the conditioning of his calling. "I'd rather not say," he replied, "but if you really want to know-

"I most certainly do!"

"Then it is my painful duty this morning to advise my readers my wife-that last evening's dinner party at our home was, in a word, lamentable."

"Lamentable! How was it lamentable? You can't dismiss two days of preparation with one of your overworked words. Let's have it. Maybe I can learn something." "Well, to begin with, your cast-

ing was incomprehensible. You chose the wrong people.
"Nothing but classical composers

musicians and singers. It sounded like a meeting of the Leonard Bernstein Fan Club."

"I invited artists and writers with a mutuality of interest. They talked the same language. They had lots in common."

"Sure," he answered, "too much in common. They didn't come away with any new personality impressions. Same old familiar faces, same old small talk-Philharmonic Hall talk, I might add. You should have shown more imagination when you cast those characters."

"So, whom would you have invited?"

"I would have booked definitely diverse types with mutually exclubackgrounds. They would have probed one another's interand activities. They would have enjoyed hearing fresh patois. They would have picked up new names to drop."

"Nice, juicy generalities. Mind being a little more specific?" "Not at all. For example, you

could have done your from our Christmas card list. One or two musicians, but no more. To them, you could have added that Communist interior decora-tor, that socialist social worker, that Republican broker, our latest psychoanalyst, Dave, the dress manufacturer, our dentist and what's his name who has just been indicted for income tax evasion. You certainly would have had less predictable dialog." Then, warming to his subject, he added, "That's what the theatre needs—more excursions into the experimental, less adherence to stereotypes in casting, new faces, new

voices, new—"
"I know," she interrupted wearily, "you wrote that last Sunday Besides, this was a dinner - not

a drama "Yes, but the same principles apply. Principles, in this instance, spelled p-r-i-n-c-i-p-a-l-s Get it?

"I got it. So what else was

'The settings - table settings, that is. Skimpy, incomplete. There bowls."

"Of course not. We have no service plates or fingerbowls. You said we don't need them, never wanted to spend the money-"

"Okay, okay—don't belabor the point."

"Tell me more."

"The lighting was utterly lacking in taste. Instead of bathing the scene in soft, subtle candlelight, the illumination was harsh and glaring. The crystal chandelier was lit up like a motel neon. This, together with those 60 watt bulbs in the wall fixtures, flushed out a ghastly covey of crow's-feet. I noticed that, as we went into dinner. many a lifted face lifted an eyebrow."

"Good line, dear. You must use it some time."
"I have."

"What else?"

"Really want to know?"
"I'm palpitating."

Did You See Walter Kerr Smile?

L.A.'s Pavilion Not for Legit Road

"We are not building a \$43,000.000 center to house traveling companies in Broadway hits," Dorothy Buffum Chandler is quoted in the Los Angeles Times, of which her husband is board chairman and her son president.

She envisions the Music Center as the mainspring for local creative productions, including a permanent ballet company, an important opera company and an illustrious repertory theatre.

With The Pavilion completed and open "Here's where the pros take over," Mrs. Chandler said. However, a 15-member Council of the Performing Arts, to act as artistic governors of the Center, is not expected to be named until January

Hollywood talent has not been conspicuous in either advisory or donating activities for the Center so far, aside from the premiere of "Cleopatra" which raised a million for the bulding fund. The traditional war between L.A. society and Hollywood personalities has resulted in the film colony taking a back balcony seat, figuratively speaking. Cumbersome name of L.A.'s culture-complex: "The Music Center For the Performing Arts," is compromise between those officials who wanted a really descriptive name and some heavy donors who had contributed early for a music center, only, and were not in favor of broadening the scope or name of the project. Result is the legit-musical show house is actually "The Center Theatre of the Music Center, etc."

pun, I've also got to put your roast on the pan. There were tender, juicy sections here and there, but as an entity the piece was something less than completely satisfying, certainly nothing you could sink your teeth into.

'You mean?" "For Pete's sake, don't use that old dialog cliffhanger! Try to talk more like a Terence Rattigan or Noel Coward character."

"I'll do my best. Are you through with your review?" "Not yet. The party had one

more facet that was tacit in its incongruity." "Great line, that - worthy of

Terence or Noel. What's your concluding gripe?"
"The hi-fi background music

during cocktails was poorly chosen. It did nothing to keynote the desired gaiety of the gathering. Your selection of recordings was quite incomprehensible. Much, much too highbrow. Operas, symphonies, concertos. How come?"
"We had a classical music

crowd. They like to Sing Along with Bing—Rudolf Bing. I mean." "Pretty good crack. Mind if I

use it some time?"

"Be my guest." Mood Music

"Getting back to the crowd, of course they have a flair for the longhair. But that's exactly why, at a dinner party, they should have a change in the mood of the music. Even they don't want to hear Mendelssohn with a martini or Wagner with a whisky sour. You

"Well then, if you'll pardon the could have played Irving Berlin or Richard Rodgers or Cole Porter. Best of all would have been some good percussive jazz along with a little hot Dixieland."

"Thank you," she said, smiling sweetly, too sweetly. "I infer that, in the opinion of one reviewer, the musical scoring of the prolog was inconsistent with its spirit.

"Right!" And this is of even greater importance than that-the cocktail music failed to portend gastronomic delights to come."...
"I get the message," she said,

rising and walking across the livingroom to their phonograph. "Toight-and for the next two three weeks—you and I will be dining alone. Just the two of us." She studied their stacked albums, found what she wanted, removed a record from the album and placed it on the turntable.

"What are you doing over there?" he asked, attempting a tone of banter that didn't come

off.
"Just picking out a record to play before dinner tonight — one that will portend your gastronomic delights for some weeks to come."
"Let me hear it now." he coaxed,

awlking over to the phonograph.
She turned on the machine, turned up the volume, and from the matched speakers came the familiar strains of "A Cup of Cof-

fee. A Sandwich and You."
"You don't mean?" he shouted, quite forgetting Terence Rattigan

and Noel Coward.
"Sure do," she replied, exiting gracefully, livingroom left.

tution of the Dramatists Guild or the charter of the Authors League



paper Guild clubhouse.

eral occasions. I rarely label them members of the Jukes Family of Journalism or hold black masses

But seriously as we say in netsion by the man with the critical byline. Forget the thousands of self-confessed book reviewers who do little more than retype the book jacket blurb ('hore we can stand, since most novelists write their own blurbs and they are somehow always favorable), or the film critic who automatically pans any motion picture that speaks a language he understands. I sometimes wonder what they put in that expresso served in the art theatre lounges). For the purposes of this little excursion into venom, let's concentrate on the legitimate theatre and the six men who do indeed hold a life-and-death verdict over the plays that sometime decorate our theatres during the season. And let's be realistic enough to admit that, at this particular moment in the history of the drama, one man holds an almost absolute sentence of life-and-death in his typewriter.

on the sidewalk outside the News-

Somehow, Howard Taubman has never quite worn Brooks Atkinson's mantle with ease. John Chapman has his audience and his influence but the pivotal balance of success or failure rests with Walter Kerr. By the time Dick Watts, John McClain or Norman Nadel of the afternoon dailies weigh in with their opinions the ship has sailed or, in this case, the Shumers' warehouse truck has pulled up to the curb.

Don't Mention TV

The less said about the various radio and television reviewers the better. They are still mastering the pronunciation of French playwrights' names and parsing sentences with phrases like "all in all an enjoyable evening in the theatre" and "a sometimes falter-

ing but always interesting play . . ."
This whole syndrome, as we say

You won't find it in the constition of the Dramatists Guild or being caught with our opinions in the charter of the Authors League the open before they have been of America, but one great tie that solidified and firmed up by Kerr's review was made markedly clear who makes one evening this season when a his living funny, wild farce called "Luv" had stringing words together for public laughter. During intermission, here were was made marketly clear that the marketly clear was made marketly clear who makes one evening this season when a true work was made marketly clear that the marketly clear was made marketly clear that the marketly clear that th er for public laughter. During intermission, consumpt i o n however, it was impossible to find a single firstnighter who sity at regular venture the opinion that it was a intervals to go funny play and that he was enjoyfunny play and that he was enjoyto bat against ing himself. He said hedging the common enemy...the wrighting...theatre of the absurd Al Morgan critics. Offshoot . . . of course Mike Nich-laving turn-coated my way to solvency on sev-meaningless phrases. The same group of people, the next day after Kerr (and incidentally all the other critics) made it officially funny, it was safe and secure to say so. The terrible thing was that they really didn't know whether it work television this is a generation that has been conned into submis-

Terror of Opinion

We live in a generation that is terrified of being unhip, or outside. To a whole generation of playgoers it would be unthinkable to like something that Kerr didn't. How naive! How provincial! only crime that is worse is to dislike something he adored!

This is not in any way an indictment of Walter Kerr or, by inference, his fellow drama critics. He is, as a matter of fact, a fine critic, most of the time. Fine when agree with him (about 80% of the time) and misguided when I don't. What is being indicted is the frame of mind that prevents some of us from having any opinion at all until we know what that opinion should be. Is it simply a throwback to that unlamented climate of fear that everybody tells us has disappeared? Has the old American herd instinct, self-conscious fear of being out of step, and the stigmata of holding an unpopular opinion become the overpowering fact of our entertainment

Plays that Kerr alone liked have flourished. Plays panned by Kerr and praised unanimously by his colleagues have disapepared in weeks.

If we are admittedly so influenced by Kerr and to a lesser de-gree the other critics, why bother getting dressed, paying babysit-ters, parking lot pirates, exposing ourselves to watered six-bit lemonade, surly boxoffice attendants and assorted men in tuxedos who seem to have only one aim in life, to move us out of the lobby at intermission and into the path of speeding taxis?

A Sound Proposal

Why not hold opening nights for

Or perhaps there is a better solution.

Perhaps the Dramatists Guild could dig into its treasury and set up a pilot project that would guarantee the solvency and, by in-direction, the sanity of its mem-Let's hire a few of those ex-FBI men who in these glorious days free of any climate of fear find themselves unemployed, to do a thorough and complete investigation of Walter Kerr.

Likes or doesn't? Off-color material

How does he feel about romantic

comedies set in the East 70si Anything against the Upper

Or British plays with something slightly more substantial to say than that John loves Mary-or is it Richard

Armed with this informationthe study could run it through one of those computers, temporarily unemployed, between elections, by the networks and come up with a play written especially for one man, Walter Kerr.

man, Walter Kerr.

It would have nothing in it to annoy him, nettle him or send him smoking with frustration to his typewriter. It would have everything in it that delights him and would get a rave review.

It might also be a terrible play, but most of our theatregoers would never know it. They would know only that Walter Kerr raved ("Best Dami, Musical I've ever seen—Kerr") and that would be enough. If, heaven forbid, they didn't like it or were bored with it, they would never admit it because after all the fault would be their. theirs.

Or would it?



JERRY HERMAN

EDWARD ALBEE, ALAN SCHNEIDER AND ME

By TOM DEL VECCHIO

spect, but the plain fact is I once climax. directed a play for Edward Albee, the successful playwright, and Alan Schneider, the successful dimy immense surprise Mr. Albee rector. True, only a playlet but it seemed like three-acts. It was at Circle in the Square, school for playwrights and directors. I was in Schneider's class, sometimes in mental notes as he nodded agreea creaky loft on West 24th St., at other times in the musty hallowed theatre on MacDougal St.

Albee taught the playwrights on the top floor, where the actors also had their classes. Their wasn't any liaison between the groups until someone had the inspired notion that all three should get together to round out the courses.

hadn't been produced yet. His class had just ended in noisy confusion. studious, slim, good-looking, dreamy young chap in an old sweater he was surrounded by students.

An assistant challenged me:

"Are you a director?"
"Sure! I said. "Mr. Schneider sent me."

He handed me a script. "Have this ready by next week."

was a solid stack of business, single-spaced, with speeches that ran full pages and more. "Next ran full pages and more. "Next week" I gasped. Then, clutching at an out. "Where'll I get the actors?" The assistant, already talking to another director, shrugged and pointed with annoyance. "They're here. You pick

I looked again at the script, dubiously. But the actors were filing out! I sprang after them, asking the closest to join me. They didn't seem interested, or already signed up. I continued my solicitations on the street, feeling exactly like the connotation of that term. It was cold outside. I begged, I cajoled—and finally got four actors to say yes, but it was all tentative.

As a matter of fact, a couple dropped out and I desperately replacements. I took another look at the script, and made a quick telephone call to the office.

"No one could memorize those yards of single-spaced speeches in a week," I complained.

"Then let them use scripts!" The man hung up.

I met the playwright, and we got together for our first reading at his home. I told him, naturally, some of the speeches had to be Naturally. It was a longwinded bit about a bigoted clergyman whose life-loving niece gets him to see the light by means of a three-page letter, single-spaced.

But the writing was good, and somehow held. I thought the writer agreed with me, I wasn't prepared for the telephone call from the Circle in the Square office. "You're having a little trouble, we understand?"

"What trouble?"

"What trouble?"
"The playwright complained to
Mr. Albee."
"Yeah? He didn't complain to
me. About what?"
"He said you're cutting his
play."

play."
"Those "Those miserable, endless speeches—!" I exploded.
"It can't be cut," he ordered.

"It's a class. That's how the play wright learns."

"Not a word—?" I pleaded.

"Not a word!"

I've been trying to be a play-wright all my life, but that's when I began to hate playwrights.

Came opening night. I have a little brass gong from India at home, and I used it to open the play. It was eight o'clock in the rectory. "Bong, bong, bong!" went my gong. Oddly, the play held. Oddly, it was interesting, despite the long speeches.

When it was over, the playwright took the floor and delicately slandered me. Albee, patiently and soberly, asked for class re-actions. I boiled. It seemed he actions. I bolled. It seemed he didn't want me to speak. But I finally made it—and let the playwright have it. I told him he had violated every principle in playwrighting-that he hadn't started proofs, Lynn sat down and wrote his characters and story together me her own account of the event.

It is hard to believe in retro- and hadn't built to a proper

I told them heatedly what little my immense surprise, Mr. Albee the United States-the world, you cocked his head and listened intently. As a matter of fact his pensive, dreamy expression was a clear indication he was making such a hit. ment.

You can't tell me that even those geniuses don't pick up what they can, where they can.

I was probably the only one in might say—who wasn't surprised when Albee's "Virginia Woolf," directed by Alan Schneider, was

But not a word from Albee-not even a simple note of thanks!

The Facts About Alfred Lunt's Lips

- By MAURICE ZOLOTOW -

the lives and loves of performers how I treasure these three small "Go upstairs to Mr. Albee's get accustomed to anecdotes about them which seem to occur again to do a play." I was instructed. I climbed the creaky stairs. Albee's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" sume these amusing tales have get accustomed to anecdotes about pieces of paper): them which seem to occur again sume these amusing tales have been invented by pressagents.
There are invariably amusing stories about the egos-actors are supposed to have terrible egos. They are supposed to be carrying on mad love affairs with them-selves. There are thousands of variations on this theme.

The classic anecdote of this category is the "no lips" story. I will quote it as it is told by Edmund Fuller in his Thesaurus of I glanced at the manuscript. It Anecdotes. It is numbered 1420 as a solid stack of business, and comes under the rubrics of Learning And The Arts, subdivision Theatre and Film, subdivision Actors:

> Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne made one movie while I was in Hollywood. When they were asked to see the rushes (uncut scenes in the picture) Lynn saw them alone and was horrified. She rushed

home to her husband.
"Well?" said Alfred.
"I was awful," said Lynn
wildly, "terrible, unbelievable. I can't go on with it."
"How was 1?" asked her-

husband.

"Oh charming, dear, perfectly wonderful, as you always are. You'll have to do a something about your makeup because you look as though you didn't have any lips. But, Alfred, I can't go on with this. My voice sounds impossible and I haven't any eyes, and my face is entirely expressionless and I don't seem to know what to do with

my hands and feet."

There was a long pause.
"Alfred," said Lynn, "I tell you I can't go on. What'll I do?"

"No lips, eh?" said Alfred.

The movie in question was "The Guardsman," which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer released in 1932. It had its world premiere at the Astor Theatre on Sept. 9. MGM an-nounced the event in full page advertisements, headlined "Idols advertisements, headlined "Idols Of The American Stage At Last

And, during the following months, the "no lips" anecdote began to appear and reappear in the gossip columns and the movie pages and subsequently it would quoted in magazine articles about actors and theatrical egomaniacs.

Of course, I knew this story could not be true. As an old hand at the game, I could recognize a phony story a mile away. I knew unknown and unhonored some blicity man on the MGM staff had made up this charming "no lips" story. Nevertheless, when I was gathering material for a biography of the Lunts ("Stagestruck: The Romance of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne") 1 decided, just for the sake of historical truth, to ask the Lunts about this apoc-ryphal anecdote. I had a long series of similarly dubious stories about them which I'd listed on a sheet of paper, headed "doubtful." During one of the many meetings we had at their Genesee Depot, Wisc., home I mentioned the "no lips" story and remarked,

"It isn't true, of course, is it?"
Alfred looked at Lynn. Lynn
looked at Alfred. They smiled.
"But, you know, it's absolutely
true," he said.

And so I put it into the book. And after she looked at the galley-

Those of us who write about It is on small pieces of paper (and

After two or three days we felt we should see the rushes -so we went together-but Alfred lost his nerve & I went in alone-when I had seen it -I came out and got in the car & was silent — (dialog from there)

Alfred: Well? Lynn:Oh—you're good, but you need a little more makeup to define your mouth. You look as if you have no lips. But oh Alfred I am dreadful -I look scared to death, very plain & haggard with awful lines under my eyes—no shine in my hair—I look as if I'd been buried & dug up again

-I look as if — Alfred: No lips?

Lynn went into gales of laughter & they drove onpresently they stopped at a traffic light & Behrman & Backer George opened the door of the car-Lynn told them the story & Behrman gave it to the world-

P.S. I think it is a funnier story & it's the truth. Woollcott used to elongate the history of my defects & he was a brilliant story teller.

Lynn's version of the story does not clear up all the mystery. What were S.N. Behrman and George Backer doing by that traffic light? Were Behrman and Backer to-gether, or were they standing there separately and coincidental-Why did they get into the

And if Behrman had not been at that corner and the Lunts had not been stopped by a red light, would we know this story? For, after all, it had not been concocted by a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flack. On the contrary, it had actually happened. Then, while still hot with life, it had been told to Sam Behrman.

So early in its long history, the classical story had the advantage of being told at every important party in New York by a master of dialog. Whether she will admit it or not, Behrman improved on the dialog. Then the story got into the hands of the greatest raconteur of his time, Alex Woollcott. He could embroider truth and make it more truthful than it had been when it was simple truth. And I even wonder—though Lynn's memory is astonishing— whether, when she wrote down the story for me in 1964, she wasn't unwittingly quoted some of Behrman's or Woolcott's lines, a sort of feedback operating on her

The line about being buried has an overtone of Woolcott about it—the happy morbidity and ceracter in the play. Once he has tainly the sure hand of the master craftsman of sharp simple dialog, the Behrman touch, is there in the line, "No lips?" Incidentally, the payoff is better, I think, in the form, "No lips, eh?"

Still, however it came about, it seems to me most strange, most wonderful, that because, one day in 1931, Lynn and Alfred were driving from Culver City to Hollywood and encountered Sam Behrman, a moment of sheer human delight was captured and immortalized forever.

Fonda for 'Generation'

Henry Fonda is to star in William Goodhart's "Generation," which Roger L. Stevens Productions intends producing on Broadway next fall.

Acting Considered As 'Work'

quest of reducing them to an operational pattern. He says, "Teachers of acting have nothing on which to base their teaching, since 'inspiration' on which the theoreticians of the stage put so much stress cannot be taught, nor can it be expected to materialize itself just when the actor needs it."

In "An Actor Prepares," Stanislavski devotes more space to the chapter entitled "Faith and a Sense of Truth" than he does to any of the other 25 chapters. He concludes it by saying that his whole teaching should lead the actor to discover truth for himself. He says in the fictional character of Torstov: "I shall not undertake to formulate a definition for it. All I can do is to help you feel what it is. I shall devote our whole course to it. Or to be more exact, it will appear by itself after you have studied our whole system of acting and after you yourselves have made the experiment of initiating, clarifying, transforming simple everyday human realities into crystals of artistic truth."

Emotion memory has, perhaps caused more confusion and misinterpretation than any other term he used. He states that the purpose of emotion memory is bring back feelings which the actor has already experienced." Thus we see that emotion memory is the central element in his idea of 'living" the part. Whether the actor should live his part, and if so to what extent, has been a highly controversial point from the days of Riccoboni through Diderot, Coquelin, Salvini, Irving, Boucicault, to Stanislavski, Meyerhold, Strasberg, and Clurman. From these and many other discussions no satisfactory conclusion has been reached. It seems one must conclude, after examining the various and conflicting points of view, that the only reasonable procedure for the actor to follow is to determine to what extent he must experience "emotion memory" or, as other say, "feel the part." in order to best portray the character he is presenting. It is generally agreed that the actor does use his own emotions as a basis for creating the emotions of the character with which he is concerned.

Emotion Memory

Although a strong advocate of the use of emotion memory in acting, Stanislavski warned against the improper use of it, a warning which many of his followers failed to heed. He says the actor must feel the emotions of the character. but that he must not be controlled by them, for if he is he will lose control of himself, and poor acting will result. He warns the actor against losing control of his emotions by saying: ". . . the moment you lose yourself on the stage marks the departure from truly living your part and the beginning of exaggerated false acting."

Now we arrive at the crux of

the most difficult part of the method. Stanislavski encouraged the actor to exercise emotion memory but he admonished him to assume the emotions of the character he is portraying, through concentration, imagination, and sensory perception. Unless the actor does this he will be portrayassumed the emotions of the character to be portrayed, the actor must recognize the duality of the "artist and the instrument" and, as artist, he must control the emotions of the instrument rather than letting the emotions control him. That this is a most difficult assignment is recognized by all, but that it is possible to achieve was demonstrated by Stanislavski and many of the actors taught by him The fact that he did not, or per-haps even could not, provide us with a complete "do it yourself kit" so that less talented and dedicated actors, teachers, and directors could achieve like results is not sufficient proof that it did not work for him and for the many associated with him. That it requires hard work and selfmastery was recognized by Stanisray next fall.

It's to be directed by Gene Saks.

Inastery was recognized by Stains-lavski in a speech to a group of actors on Oct. 6, 1924, later print-

terest and set him upon an eager | ed in "Stanislavski's Legacy" by Elizabeth Reynolds Hapgood:

> "Remember that my objective is to teach you the hard work of an actor and director of plays-it is not to provide you with a pleasant pastime on the stage. There are other theatres, teachers and methods The work of an actor for that. and a director, as we understand it here, is a painful process, not merely some abstract 'joy of creativeness' that one hears so much empty talk about from the ignoramuses in art . . . The whole process of an actor's and a director's work—including his perform-ance—is one that requires enormous self mastery and often also great physical endurance... The thing which lies at the base of an actor's or director's creativeness is work, and not moods or any other popular slogans such as 'flights, down beats, triumphs'."

In his book "On The Art of the Stage," he warned: "A formal approach to our complicated creative work and a narrow elemen-tary understanding of it is the greatest danger to my method, my whole system, and its psycho-technique . . . What a temptation to the exploiters of my system! But there is nothing more harmful or more stupid so far as art is concerned than a system for the sake of a system. You cannot make it an aim in itself; you cannot transform a means into an end. That would be the greatest lie of all!"

What a very great pity that all of those who allegedly follow him have not read this important warning, or having read it, have not heeded it. Had they done so there obviously would have been a greater degree of understanding of those things he advocated.

That he held this view until the end of his career is clearly evident by a statement he made in April, 1963: "There is only one method, which is that of organic, creative nature . . . and I am willing to state in writing that if any student entering our theatre has anything to contribute towards a means of reaching the laws of that nature, I should be only too happy to learn from him.

DEFINITIVE BOOK ON THE ROYAL FAMILY'

In "The Barrymores" (Dial; \$7.95), Hollis Alpert, film critic for the Saturday Review, has written the most definitive study to date of the "royal family" of the American

While author is concerned principally with tracing the lives and careers of Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore, the most talented siblings of contemporary dramatic art, he also takes a thorough backward glance at family origins and dealing handsomely connections. with old Mrs. Drew and her brood at Philadelphia's famous Arch Street Theatre, with Uncle Jack Drew, with the Devereaux family, the Rankins, the Colts, the Oelrichs, the Costellos, and even the Jacobs clan, which climbed upon the "red apple" family tree when Elaine Jacobs Barrie, the lily maid of West End Avenue, married Jack Barrymore after the celebrated Ariel-Caliban romance of Jack's declining years.

Alpert's most successful feat in a tome which must have been difficult in its preparation in view of the vast amount of research required, is weaving a Barrymore tapestry in which he keeps the major figures of his study shuttling before the reader in infinite variety. Not only is structural com-position of his material praise-worthy, but writing is graceful and authoritative. Credit must be given former Dial editor, Henry Robbins, for ground work on this volume. Book is beautifully turned out with generous supply of illustrations.

Author has not revealed any important new material in this book, and most of the standard Barrymore stories are repeated, but dignified service is rendered to the family and to the performing arts with this splendid biography.

Rodo.

FIRE, PANIC AND THEATRES

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Fire remains a hazard of theatres, though much reduced in incident since fire-resistant building materials and electricity became the rule in construction. The longtime culprit throughout the 18th and 19th centuries was candlelight and gaslight. Open flame again and again ignited scenery.

Theatres made of wood or using wodden panelling extensively were easy prey. Even so, fire itself and smoke suffocation probably killed far fewer people than the panic which gripped audiences at the first wisp of smoke, the first tongue of flame, the first hysterical cry. Panic was blamed for the high mortality on Dec. 30, 1903, when fire broke out in the Iroquois Theatre on Randolph Street in Chicago. Some 600 lives were lost.

Underwriters attempted to compile statistics late in the 19th century. They had records of about 575 theatres destroyed by fire in 100 years. Deaths were estimated at 7,500. New York City alone had 29 theatres destroyed. As a morbid detail, certain houses seemed fireprone. A great many theatres had been burnt twice or three times. The Bowery Theatre, after the street of that name, had no less than seven fires in its history.

The following disasters were the worst. All date back to the crude times of the exposed flame in foots, borders and chandeliers. Many were notable for the failure to maintain adequate exits in working order. Often a small fire became a hideous one because windows or doors were opened to get rid of smoke, thereby whipping the fire

itself to fury. Here are the horror-of-horrors:
Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Va., Dec. 26, 1811. Of an audience of 600, there were 70 deaths. Careless hoisting of a stage chandelier with lighted candles was the cause.

Lehman Theatre, St. Petersburg, Russia, Feb. 14, 1836. Stage lamps were tied too high, ignited the roof; 800 killed.

Royale Theatre, Quebec, June 12, 1846. Lamp upset; 100 died. Grand Ducal Theatre, Carlsrude, Baden, Germany, Feb. 28, 1847. Conditions here were so careless the death of only 63 was getting off easily. The main entrance of the theatre had been bricked up. Of the only four exits, all but one was locked.

Teatro degli Aquidotti, Leghorn, Italy, June 7, 1857. It was fireworks on the stage as part of the action. Deaths estimated at 100. As is often true in theatre fires, the exact count of the dead was impossible, many bodies having been reduced to cinder.

Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, N.Y., Dec. 5, 1876. There was an open window. Gas-flames in border-lights ignited scenery. Occupants of the top gallery provided the full obituary list of 283 and text for sermons that the poor ought to be as safe as the rich.

Theatre Municipal, Nice, March 23, 1881. Explosion of gas; 150. dead.

Ring Theatre, Vienna, Dec. 8, 1881. Use of an alcohol torch by the

Circus Ferroni, Berditscheff, Poland, in the 1880s. Fire originated in a next-door stable, where a boy fell asleep on straw while smoking a cigarette; 268 dead.

Opera Comique, Paris, May 25, 1887. Gas lights again; 70 died. Exeter Theatre, Exeter, England, Sept. 5, 1887. Gas-to-scenery;

Theatre Oporto, Portugal, March 31, 1888. Ropes disturbed an open flame in border-lights, spreading to the scenery. Small house and peculiarly vicious forms of panic. Investigation blamed sailors present, for knifing their way past people struggling to get out. Death

2 'Variety' Staffers: My Most Unforgetable Characters

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

Some years ago I was asked to phisticated smile on his face. I was do a piece about the most unforgettable characters I had ever met. don't know why I didn't do it at the time. I suppose I was so pre-occupied with the problem I was working on that didn't get to it. I suppose I was so pre-Nothing particularly important was lost to society, except a reminder of what unforgetable characters mean to people under certain circumstances and conditions.

The following from my upcoming Simon & Schuster (1965) "Autobiogrpahy of An Ideal Man: Memoirs of a Public Relations Counsel" gives me the opportunity to tell the story of two of the most un-forgetable characters I had ever met and at a time when it meant a great deal to me.

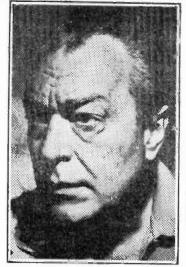
One of them was Freddie Schader, the other, Jack Pulaski. The time was 1913. They were members of Variety's news staff, as knowledgable about Broadway and goings on as it they had been sired and damned by the street it-self—the Great White Way, the Big Stem, the top of the world.

But that had been only one afternoon production of a play to a select audience by invitation. I knew as little about Broadway as a Russian astronaut knows about the moon on which he may have just failure to report. Optimism relanded. And here I was with the mains. To cite the proverb, losses obligation I had assumed of handling a Broadway production at the Gayiety Theatre with a Broadway star for Klaw & Erlanger, the U.S. Steel of the theatrical business.

And now I met my two unforgetable friends, Freddie Schader and Jack Pulaski. They came to the office at different times. Freddie was short, rather plump, but that was more because he was so short than because he was so fat. His head was a round dome without a stitch of hair on it. His complexion was slightly pink. He wore American Soprano, Jacquelyn Mc-Straight plays have been disap-glasses and had a continuous so-Keever and several individuals pointing. "Mary, Mary" was the

sure he was much older than I was. I was 22 and he may have been 30, but as far as I was concerned, he was a patriarch to me. First thing he did was to put his arm around my neck and shoulders, the way President Johnson does. "Kid," he President Johnson does. "Kid," he called me. I hadn't been called "kid" for over a decade, but I liked to be called "kid" by this knowledgeable "old man."

"Kid," he said, "Whatcha do-ig?" VARIETY had power then, ing?" I knew this because in the first days of my initiate into (Continued on page 258)



STAATS COTSWORTH

"an actor of unusual intelligence and force."—Brooks Atkinson.

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Names Which Made **Broadway Legend**

Theatre historian Samuel Stark, now based in San Francisco, notes the return of Winthrop Ames as a theatre tag for the former Little Theatre, which is next door to Sardi's, and has been variously a teleplayhouse, an artie, the N.Y Times aud, and now back to Broadway legit.

As a veteran Shubert Alley buff, Stark recalls some names (by no means complete) who he regards as "helping make Broadway, not whom Broadway made." These are dominantly the pioneers, not the present-day personalities. He nominates as his "top 10" Oscar Hammerstein I, David Belasco, George M. Cohan, Al Jolson, Flo Ziegfeld, Sime Silverman, Sam (Roxy) Roth afel, Victor Herbert, Charles Dillingham, Daniel Frohman.

Others high on his list are Harry H. Frazee, Oliver Morosco, Gene Buck, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Marcus Loew, Frank Fay, Dave Montgomery, Fred Stone, Henry B. Harris, Trixie Friganza, Marie Dressler, Texas Guinan, Holbrook Blinn, Mary Boland, Al Woods, Martin Herman, David Warfield, Schwab & Mandel, Arthur Hopkins, W. C. Fields, Martin Beck, Gus Edwards, Joe Frisco, Joe Laurie Jr., Ray-mond Hitchcock, Elsie Janis, Julius Tannen, J. C. Nugent, Frank Bacon, Jack Pearl, John Drew, Irving Berlin.

Also F. F. Proctor, George Arliss, Joe Cook, Robert Benchley, Al Hayman, Messrs. Shubert, Jack Norworth, Marilyn Miller, Frank Craven, J. J. Murdock, Eddie Norworm, Craven, J. J. Darling, Percy Williams, Fred Allen, William Morris Sr., Pat Casey, Ned Wayburn, George C. Tyler, Herman Timberg, Major Edward Bowes, Sigmund Romberg, Otis Skinner, Samuel Shipman, DeWolf Hopper, Louis Mann, Avery Hopwood, Alec Woollcott.

"Simpson's (the hock-shop) also helped make Broadway," concludes Stark. He recognizes the list probably omits many others who might

What London and Broadway **Both Prefer: Boff Musicals**

By HAROLD MYERS

say, the more things change, the more they remain as they are. more they remain as they are. the Lionel Bart tuner which Translated into basic English, Bernard Delfont is presenting at therefore, that means that "The Mousetrap" is demonstrating that it has even more durability than the British Conservative party, which was tossed out of power after 13 years. The Agatha Christie meller is now in its 13th year at

That, however, is one of the freaks of show business, a phe? nomenon which is unlikely to be repeated for many years, if ever. But putting "The Mousetrap" on one side for a moment, the intriguing feature of the West End legit scene is the fact that Shaftesbury Avenue is daily taking on a Broadway look. It is not a case of Piccadilly Circus trying to out-neon Times Square, but that London impresarios, like their counterparts on Broadway, are beginning to agree that big-scale musicals play the finest boxoffice tunes. Initial capital investment is considerably higher and, consequently, so is the risk. But when it is a click the returns are far richer and there is an ever-increasing overseas market to provide additional gravy.

Tuners Pay Off

It may have taken a long time for British managers to emulate the Broadway legit pattern, but now they are in the race in earn-Presumably, they were encouraged in the first place by the fact that some of the well established long-runners in the West End are hit musicals. Nothing, of course, will approach "The Mousetrap" for longevity, but "Oliver" is now in its fifth year at the New Theatre and still taking big money, while "Sound of big money, while "Sound of Music," well into its fourth year at the Palace, continues as a sturdy hit. "Pickwick" and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" are both well into their second years and are maintaining their boxoffice pace. And "Half a Sixpence" could sitll have been going strong at the Cambridge had it not been pulled to give Tommy Steele the chance of a break before starting rehearsals for a Broadway production in the New Year.

The extent of the musical rise could be measured by the fact that these four musical hits were followed by a further seven tuners in the second half of 1964. Of the newcomers, three were imports from Broadway and four British originals, thus more or less pre-serving the Anglo-American ratio that has been maintained for some time. Indeed, it is a far cry from the immediate post-war years when only Broadway mus made it big in the West End. Public's Zest musicals

Early boxoffice returns suggest that there is an insatiable public demand for lavish and lively musical shows. As one example, Jack Hylton's production of "Camelot"

London. | at Drury Lane, which cost over As our French cousins like to \$300,000 to mount, has been playing to capacity business despite a luke warm press. "Maggie May," the Lionel Bart tuner which the Adelphi, became an overnight hit and is not only a lucrative proposition for the management and composer, but also for the ticket scalpers who are doing a thriving nightly trade. "Instant Marriage, in which Brian Rix (uncrowned king of farcical comedy) made his the Ambassadors, and may outlive the new Labour Government. first stab in the musical field, in association with Donald Albery, has confounded the critics by becoming an instant hit.

> It was the last quarter of the year that saw the big spurt in musicals, with the launching of four major productions, starting with "Robert and Elizabeth," based on "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," two Broadway imports in "Little Me" and "High Spirits" and another British original, "Our Man Crichton," with book and lyrics by Daily Express drama reviewer Herbert Kretzmer. Latter production, which is based on Sir James Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," only bowed at the Shafteston," only bowed at the Shaftes-bury in Christmas week.

The predominance of the musical in the West End, can, there-fore, be measured by the fact that as of the end of 1964 there were 11 tuners running, aside from the traditional pantomime at the Pal-ladium, "The Black and White Minstrel Show," which has been a major draw at the Victoria Palace for more than two and a half years, and the musical revue "Round About Piccadilly," at the Prince of Wales Theatre. In-evitably, these big-scale productions are tenanting the larger West End theatres, and there is not much room around the town for other productions on a comparable

Farces Go On

While the expansion into the musical field has been the major trend of the past year, another interesting development has been the re-emergence of farce as a profitable and popular form of legit entertainment. Not so long ago anyone in search of a farcical comedy would have had to be directed to Brian Rix's Whitehall Theatre. Not so any longer, though admittedly Rix has taken much of the initiative. Aside from the afore-mentioned "Instant Marriage," which is a farcical musical (as distinct from a musical comedy) Rix is again partnered with Albery in the presentation of "Diplomatic Baggage," which is the current hit at Wyndhams.

The farcical revival, however, has not been left to Rix alone. Royal Court Theatre got into farce with its recent limited season of "Cuckoo in the Nest," one of the famous Aldwych farces of the 1920s. Philip King's "See How They Run" didn't hold up successfully in the West End but fared far better on the road, and even such culture vultures as the Royal Shakespeare Theatre and the National Theatre have been teetering on the farcical edge. If the trend develops there is the fascinating prospect of the revival of many other Aldwych farces.

In the past year there have been the usual crop of hits and misses, with the emphasis as always on the latter but, significantly, the year has also seen the firm establishment of Britain's National Theatre, which started out late 1963 in its temporary home at the Old Vic. It has had an enviable record of frontranking hits, which have also been boxoffice draws. smash toughest ticket to get is still for the National Theatre's production of "Othello," in which its direc-tor, Laurence Olivier is the star. That was the highlight of the first year, but many other distinguished productions made their impact with the critics and the public alike.

confident breed of mankind. They have watched production costs double in just a few years, but remain buoyant and cheerful. That attitude is probably conditioned by making a fast comparison with Broadway costs, which still remain several times higher than those in John, and they are continuing the policy set by Garnet, and will by no means as disastrous and a take some of the old successes hit starts making money all the

Anzac Idyll: Long-Run Tuners

By HARALD A. BOWDEN (Director, J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd.)

Sydney.

For legitimate managements. on the swings have been regained on the roundabouts.

Outstanding event of 1964 is undoubtedly the sumptuous production by the J. C. Williamson the other Australian States after firm of "Camelot," for which it gambled \$250,000. Spectacular was designed by John Truscott, a local Sydney public of "A Funny Thing and the large of the Way to the artist who had never seen the New York original, and directed by Raymond Westwell, the English Shakespearean actor and director. With a cast that included the comes in early in 1965.

from England, "Camelot" opened | most successful. "Never Too Late" in October at Her Majesty's Thea-1964 provided, as per usual, mixed bag of attractions with success and be the Xmas attraction in Sydney, so the Williamson hearts are gladdened because what was a terrific gamble has turned into a very big success.

With "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" in its second year and now playing the other Australian States after

was a disappointment. Visit of Jack Benny and the reception accorded Flanders & Swann in their "Drop of a Hat" revue evened the scale financially insofar as nonmusicals were concerned.

Australian legit was saddened by the sudden demise of Garnet Carroll, who had reeently been most successful with several of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musicals, and in particular "Sound of Music," and to a minor degree belated productions of "King and I" and "Carousel," the latter current in Sydney over Christmas. The Carroll business is being carried on by his widow and his son,

(Continued on page 256)

Bert Lytell's Stage Vehicle of 1934, 'The First Legion,' Still On Boards

By EMMET LAVERY

Green rang up the curtain on my play "The First Legion," at the 46th St. Theatre on Oct. 1, 1934, few of the show-wise brethren thought it was not long for this world, the critics included. Most of the first string, properly enough, had gone to cover Max Gordon's premiere, "Spring Song," by Bella and Sam Spewack. The second string, as often happens, was politely neutral. We did somewhat better with the wekly and monthly journals but there was little that was quotable from the daily reviews, even on the negative side.

Some 30 years and 14 languages later, it is pleasant to pause and -with the aid of VARIETY-to take inventory. There has never been a season, even during the years of World War II, that the play was not in production somewhere in the world, often in repertory. At the present moment, the French text is on the schodule of the 1964-65 season at the Theatre Royal du Parc in Brussels. Arrangements are also underway for a revival of the play at Lisbon in the Portugese

How did it happen? No matter what other playwrights may say. this one is convinced that it is actors who keep the theatre alivein all times, in all languages. True, there were other factors involved in the fight-for-life for "The First notably some letters from Legion, Clayton Hamilton and William Al-Ien White, that appeared on the Sunday drama pages of the N.Y. Also, some articles by Times. Hiram Motherwell in Stage and Grenville Vernon (onetime editor of Dial Press) in Commonweal. the word-of-mouth report, spontaneous and unorganized, that was spread far and wide by ticketbuyers. But, first and last, the actors. On stage and off.

"I like to think that somewhere there's a good audience for every good play," Bort Lytell used to york run. "Our only problem is: can we stay alive, until our audience finds us?"

All-Male Cast For a while, this was an unresolved question, a question that inevitably involved other questions. Was there an audience for an all-male play about a group of priests known as "Jesuits," successors in the 20th century to the "company" established in 1540 by ignatius Loyola? Was it really material for professional "entertainment." for which people would pay money? A play that innocence—or the sophistication—to suggest that "the real miracle is faith . . . and to have faith is the miracle" . . . ?

Lytell went on the stump for the play on the luncheon circuit So did Whitford Kane, Pedro de Cor-Charles Coburn (probably the only monocled Jesuit in the history of stage fiction) and the other members of the cast: Philip Wood, Thomas Findlay, Harlan Tucker, John Litel, Harold Moul-ton, Frank M. Thomas Jr. (Tom Ewell was one of our "novices." so was Emmett Rogers). Gradually, our audience did begin to find us. The run of the play was extended cautiously, week by week.

"If we can hold on for three months in New York, we'll have First Legion," like other American the predicted and he was right. He by Berlin in the pre-war years, knew the road from other days found a warm welcome. A total and he knew how to fight for a of 500 performances in some 20 play he believed in. We had our six months, coast-to-coast, all of it exciting, but none of it more eventful than the six weeks in Boston. The critics there were Boston. The critics there were with us all the way, especialy Elliot Norton and Elliner Hughes.

Boston Record When Lytell moved the play from the Plymouth Theatre (two weeks) out to the Boston Opera House (four weeks), he took the great gamble and decided to play at a dollar top. The result: the gross for the last week at the House was an impressive \$12,000. |VARTETY report, March 6, 1935).

Where did they come from, those for the Washington Birthday mati-nee—and they weren't all Irish. In in 1949, with a cast headed by

When Bert Lytell and Phil Boston, as in New York-and later, Chicago — many were Jewish. Others were from other faiths. One thing they had in common, with the play, and with the actors in the play: they all believed in something.

In my earlier days as a city editor and stagestruck lawyer in Poughkeepsie, nobody had told me that it might be desirable to plan a play as a vehicle for one or two stars. I thought the thing to do was to put together something that had good roles for all the actors. So did my friend and teacher, Hallie Flanagan, who was then directing the Experimental Theatre at Vassar. A brief review of the ensuing years would seem to sustain this opinion.

European Dates

"The First Legion" wound up its American tour in Los Angeles in June 1935. In October 1935 the play was introduced into the repertory of the Josefstadt in Vienna, with a company that included Albert Basserman. Attila Horbiger, Hans Thimig. Anton Edthofer, Ludwig Stoessel. In 1936-37, the play ran for the entire season in Budanest at the Magyar Szinhaz. In 1937 there were 100 performances at Daly's in London, the last production in that celebrated play-house: in the cast were C. V. France, Franklin Dyall, Colin Keith-Johnston, Ralph Roberts, Raymond Huntley. The same year the play was well received at the Lirico Theatre in Rome, with a cast that featured Sandro Ruffino. Egisto Oliviero, Mario Paoli.

In the season of 1938-1939 there were 250 performances at the Theatre Vieux Colombier, Paris-my wife and I were fortunate enough to be on hand for the 200th performance-and there was a publication of the French text in La Petite L'Illustration. The cast was a distinguished assembly of French actors: Jacques Gretillat, Roger Hedouin, Maurice Varny, Rene Rocher, Raoul-Henry, Paul Ber-Rocher. Raoul-Henry, Paul Ber-nard. Francois Rozet, Jean-Louis Allibert. Paul Lluis, Stephane Audel, Jean-Pierre Desty. Here, as everywhere in Europe, the critical response was heart warming.

In the period 1935-39, there were productions in Belgium, Czecho-slovakia. Poland, Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, but none in war years 1939-45, there were no productions in Europe but there was considerable activity in South America, where the play toured in booh French and German. There was also are Germany. It was made clear in was also an unscheduled and un-publicized production of the French text in a prisoner-of-war camp in Shanghai.

"I don't imagine the prisoners were in any position to pay royal-ties." reported Bishop Lane of the reported Bishop Lane of the Maryknoll Fathers a few years ago, when recalling his experiences during internment in the camp, but I think you would have been pleased with the production. It was a truly international cast!"

With the end of the war, and the occupation of Germany, vari-ous agencies of our State Dept. and War Dept. arranged for the reopening of the many "state the-atres" in West Germany. "The cities was registered in the first six months and in due time the appropriate royalties, all carefully accounted for, were credited to the playwright's account. Some of these monies, for a while, could not be disbursed out of the country but this problem was easily solved. In the fall of 1954, the playwright and his wife flew to West Germany and had the pleasure of spending the royalties in the areas where they had accumulated

In recent season, there have been frequent revivals of "The First Leg.on" in West Germany, Vienna and Paris. Television productions of the play were well rein Germany and France, berries wonderful people of Boston? They also radio revivals in Ire and came in such numbers that we had 2,900 cash customers on hand made of the film version of the

Charles Boyer, Walter Hampden, Leo Carroll, William Demarest.

More than the usual word of appreciation is due to all of the translators and all of the directors, including the late Tony Brown who guided the original New York pro-(He, strangely enough, duction. had the distinction of having di-rected the original company of "Tobacco Road"). An extra word, too, for many of the agents involved: Adrienne Morrison, who helped to assemble the New York production; Denyse Clairouin, who was responsible for the Paris production, and who died—a heroine of the Resistance—while being transferred from one prison camp to another in the closing days of World War II; Kurt Desch of Munich, who did so much in the postwar years to make the play available for new audiences in Central Europe.

And the Jesuits? What about them? Well, I begin to think they have almost forgiven me-for "The First Legion."

Why Not Canned **Legit Audiences?**

By NAT DORFMAN

Despite the wails of the pessimists, the living theatre need not be in the doldrums. High costs and critical blows notwithstanding. the fabulous invalid can be a very lively and high paying art for producers, writers, actors and directors-if you're looking for comedy, that is. Should you be one of the doubting Doras, just move before a tv set and see what we mean.

Year in and year out, hundreds of millions are spent by advertisers to bring joy and laughter into the home. The laughs that emanate from the studio mikes reverberate throughout your home and across cities, farmlands and prairies of the country. And in time by Telstar throughout the spiraling earth.

It may be tough as all getout to get a Broadway audience to laugh. Even a titter is held precious. Not so on tv. Just have one of the comics read the terrifically funny line, "Oh, yeah!" and the studio audience rocks with unrestrained laughter. Another will shout, "You can say that again" and zowie, the thunder of shaking midriffs must shake the building.

way audiences and tv audiences can hardly explain the big difference that exists between the respective evaluations of what is and is not funny. There is no other answer. It's all in an unabashedly and unshamedly contrived machine produce laughter at will. It's called canned laughter.

And here is our point about that. If canned laughter is good enough for television, why can't we in the Times Square theatres have canned audiences? This could be the theatre's salvation. Canned audiences! Now everyone knows how easy it is for comedians to get laughs in night clubs from halfpotted patrons. How can a canned guy know what's funny or not? So put bars in Broadway theatres, give the \$6.90 or \$7.50 customers a couple of snifters and you'll soon have them reeling in the aisles. This will produce laughter like nobody's heard before, the kind the Madison Avenue rahrah boys go for in a big way. Who knows, canned audiences might even bring sponsors and eventually with angels. Naturally, there will be no admission charge; all one would need to get in would be a bottletop of one of their prod-

Yellen's B'way Bow

Barry Yellen, who operated the San Juan Drama Festival in Puerto Rico for several seasons, is to his Broadway managerial debut this season as coproducer with Philip Rose of "Here Come the Butterflies," by Allen Boretz.

The production will be staged by Jack Ragotzy who'll be making his Broadway directorial debut.

The Mole In the Attic

The Function of Der Chef Dramaturg In German Repertory

By GERARD WILLEM VAN LOON

(Theatre Correspondent, Die Buhne, Vienna, Austria)

tre Movement" a critic pilloried a gloomily serious production of a gloomily serious play with one word—dramaturgid. Though apt, the term reflects a local attitude towards "dramaturgy" that Webster's dictionary does little to illuminate or dispel.

Dramaturgy, it says there, is "the art of writing plays or producing them"—the operative word is "art"-while a dramaturge orturgist (take your pick) is simply "a dramatist." Nowhere does Webster explain why the term has acquired the aroma of academic desiccation it enjoys, why it conjures up visions of ivory-tower professors who, while teaching "the art of the drama," succeed in sabotaging all traces of humor in the theatre beginning with the Greeks and Romans, through Shakespeare, Moliere and the bawdy Restoration while bearing down heavily on "the serious drama" as represented by Ibsen, Strindberg, Hauptmann, Gorki and our own gloom-and-doom boy, Eugene O'Neill.

If, on the other hand, you consult the German Brockhaus, you will find the word "Dramaturg" defined as "a selector and adaptor of plays" and there is not a single repertory theatre in Central Europe that does not have one on its

Having been brought up in Europe, I had invariably seen a "dramaturg" listed on theatre programs but, like the proxy uncles and aunts of one's childhood, it never occurred to me to wonder how he got there or why until, in 1945, the U.S. Army put me in the anomalous position of licensing the Bavarian theatres back into existence. Considering the postwar devastation, the Pentagon planners probably thought this a Pentagon snap assignment. They were outrageously wrong. Show business was the only business doing business that first winter and no soon er did a producer receive his license than he secured the services of a Prof. Dr. Such-and-Such (you can get a PhD in "Theatre Science" over there) who henceforth over there) who henceforth bore the fancy title "Chef Dramaturg." Thinking this was an area in which the theatres might economize (they were poor then, re-member?) I decided to investigate, like a sneaky efficiency expert, and find out just what this joker did to make himself so almighty

indispensable. Saved By Our Air Force

Being right across the street from the famous Walterspiel Restaurant, the Kammerspiele was the only Munich theatre that had not been bombed. (Our Air Force boys are epicures!). It was therefore the first repertory theatre to go back into full operation. Bearding the "Herr Chef Dramaturg" there one day, I asked this bespectacled little man if, since the executiv offices had not been as fortunate as the auditorium and the stage, he had found a new place to hang his hat. "Follow me, please!" he said and then, amid a stream of apologies for taking the lead, conducted me out across an open courtyard behind the theatre and right up a swaying staircase haphazardly attached to one remaining wall of the building where the theatre's workshop, storage and offices had been. From the first landing two planks had been laid to a fire escape outside the stage itself. Then through an iron door, over a catwalk along-side the "grid," up two flights, down a tiled hall reeking of fresh plaster and, unlocking a door that sagged on one hinge, the Prof. Dr. bowed me into a sort of shelflined, walk-in closet under the eaves. "As you see," he said, "I am the mole in the attic." Three-fourths of the single win-

dow still being carboard instead of glass accounted for the gloom and the temperature would have been dandy for hanging meat but the ebullient Prof. Dr. was welcoming me to a suite at the Ritz. Motioning me into a rickety armchair that probably earned its Equity card some time in the '20s,

In the era when Off Broadway he sat down at a makeshift desk was still called "The Little Thea- laid an affectionate arm across a vintage typewriter and, with his left hand, indicated the shelves that were empty save for a few folders bound about with grey string." My dramaturgic library," he said. "I had taken those plays home to work on the weekend, my office downstairs went poof! Even if they rebuild I am staying up here where I am more . . . invisible. Actors, you know, live on two things, applause and rumors. All it takes is for me to be seen outside my office with a script in my hand and right away the grapevine has it that the manageemnt is dubious about the play then in re-hearsal and is preparing to parry switch in the repertory."

"But why do they put a play into rehearsal if they are dubious about it?" I asked.

"Not about the play, about the production." The Prof. Dr. responded, "The play may be fine but productions are subject to as many imponderables as marriages, only easier to get out of if they go wrong. Gott sei Dank. We rarely need the critics to tell us what wrong with a production. We can tell from the way rehearsals are going when we have picked the wrong director, the wrong cast, the wrong designer and so, even before opening night, we may already have another play in rehearsal to replace the one we know will be dropped. That is my reason for being here, to suggest those replacements in the repertory. Fluidity is the one advantage of the repertory system and I, if I may say so, am the source of that fluidity.

Thus I discovered that, to hold down his job, the Prof. Dr. had to have instant knowledge about almost every play that had ever been written, whether a German translation already existed or not. (He could read five languages. His sole acting experience had been in a university production of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" — performed in Latin.)

He also had to know if, where and when these plays had been produced and which of them the existing ensemble could encom-pass. The budget allowed for only a limited number of "guest actors

each season.)
He also had to keep on hand a pretty close running estimate of what any production might cost and, if a play were not in public domain, from whom and for how much to obtain the rights. He also had to be able to translate and sometimes at lightning adapt.

While I sat there wishing I had worn long johns under my uniform, the Prof. Dr. rambled on, 'Some people are under the impression that, because we have a municipal subsidy and a subscription audience we can afford to be artistically self-indulgent, that we do not have to keep an eye on the boxoffice. A pretty dream. While we are expected by the Ministry (of Fine Arts & Education) to nurture the classics, what keeps the theatre warm (an unfortunate metaphor at that moment!) is laughter. So I am always on the lookout for cemedies, preferably new ones though there are a few comedies that are pretty surefire."

He rose and took a folder from e shelf. "This has saved our the shelf. necks I don't know how many times and right now it is the only foreign play to which I know we have the rights." As he held it towards me, just enough light filtered through the single pane of glass for me to read the words, CHARLEY'S TANTE von Brandon Thomas. "When we still had our Fundus (i.e. sets and costumes) we "When we still had our could toss this into the repertory in a week or 10 days. We did it so often, the heirs of Brandon Thomas must be very, very rich.

By this time my teeth were chattering like a machinegun. I rose to go. "Before," the Prof. Dr. said, meaning as all Germans did, be-fore Hitler. "I used to subscribe to an American publication that kept me wonderfully well informed. Perhaps it is still being published? It was called VARIETY.

omomomomo Editor's Play Preems Backers of Met's 'New' Operas

Individuals and organizations donate the money which covers the costs of new productions at the Metropolitan Opera House in N.Y. This practice often astounds Europeans familiar with opera economics there, where the subsidy comes from municipal or federal govern-The Met is self-supporting to a degree, selling some 96% of all its tickets but there is usually an annual deficit, large or small. To solve the challenge of financing fresh scenery, costumes and stage direction the present managing director, Rudolf Bing, "invented" the private donation earmarked for a specific opera. In late years this practice has broadened still further to include corporations, of which American Export Lines and Isbrandtsen Lines are notable.

Below is listed all of the outside benefactions for new opera products back to 1950-51, the first year of the Bing regime:

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products back to 1950-51, the first year of the Bing regime: 1950-51-"DON CARLO"-proceeds of sale of a Rembrandt inherited from their parents, the Otto Kahns, by Mrs. John Barry Ryan and Gilbert Kahn, financed this first production of

Mr. Bing's regime.

1952-53—"LA BOHEME"—National Council. 1953-54-"IL BARBIERE"-National Council.

1954-55—"ARABELLA"—National Council.
"VITTORIO" (ballet)—National Council.
"ANDREA CHENIER"—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.

1955-56—"MAGIC FLUTE"—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.
"DON PASQUALE"—National Council.
"SOIREE" (ballet)—National Council.

"PARSIFAL" (revised)-Metropolitan Opera Guild.

"TOSCA" (revised)—Metropolitan Opera Guild.
"ROSENKAVALIER" (revised)—Metropolitan Opera Guild.

1956-57—"LA PERICHOLE"—National Council.
"LA TRAVIATA"—Metropolitan Opera Guild.

1957-58—"EUGENE ONEGIN"—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.
"DON GIOVANNI"—National Council & Mrs. Albert Lasker.
"MADAMA BUTTERFLY"—Cornelius V. Starr.
"VANESSA"—Francis Goelet Foundation.

1958-59-"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA-National Council.

"PAGLIACCI"—National Council.
"MACBETH"—Metropolitan Opera Guild.
"WOZZECK"—Francis Goelet Foundation.

1959-60-"IL TROVATORE"-National Council.

"NOZZE DI FIGARO"—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.

1960-61—"NABUCCO"—National Council.
"L'ELISIR D'AMORE"—Mr. & Mrs. R. Livingston Ireland (Cleveland, O.), Mrs. John Barry Ryan, Mrs. Albert Lasker

other donors. "ALCESTIS"—Fisher Foundation (Marshalltown, Iowa).
"MARTHA"—Metropolitan Opera Guild.
"TURANDOT"—John S. Newberry.

1963-64—"AIDA"—American Export and Isbrandtsen Lines.
"MANON"—Fisher Foundation (Marshalltown, Iowa).
"LAST SAVAGE"—National Council & Francis Goelet.

"FALSTAFF"—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.

1962-63—"MEISTERSINGER"—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.

"ARIADNE AUF NAXOS"—Francis Goelet.

ADRIANA LECOUVREUR"—Metropolitan Opera Guild.

"SONNAMBULA"—Mrs. Izaak Walton Killam.
"OTELLO"—National Council & Mrs. Albert D. Lasker.
1961-62—"BALLO IN MASCHERA"—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr.

My Thwarted Biog of William Archer

Critic Who Knew Them All Finally Wrote a Hit Play, 'The Green Goddess,' for George Arliss—Writer **Blocked by Trustees**

By RAYMOND STANLEY

(Author of this article has repeated Variety in Melbourne so many people in their eighties for several years. The story of his frustrations in preparing an updated biography of a famous fig-ure of English theatre is self-contained below .- Ed).

Melbourne. Pick up almost any comprehensive book devoted to the history of the legit theatre and the Archer will crop up in reference to his opinions on plays and players, translations and championing of Ibsen, rules for playwriting, adof a National Theatre and abolition of stage censorship or patronage of Stratford's Shak speare Memorial Theatre. And in fields away from the theatre also -rationalism, spelling reform, world travel, spiritualism.

About 10 years ago I found Archer's name cropping up so persistently I wanted to know more about the man himself, and so searched around for biographies. The only book available was "Wil-Archer - Life, Work and Friendships" (1931), written Charles Archer, his brother, younger by a year. Although the book told me much, it left me wanting to know considerably more.

A comprehensive book on Archer and his work in the world of theatre seemed an absolute necessity-so, I decided to turn detective and write it myself.

My first step was to submit letters to the main English publications, seeking information from

so many people in their eighties and nineties were still alive. Literally thousands of letters Archa had written from the age of 1 were sent me, many containing viinformation and expressing opinions that, with the inevitable passage of time, Archer himself forgot in later years.

The greatest help was provided chances are the name of William Frank, who died in 1960, well in his 80s. He-together with Archer's daughter-in-law-gave me access to family papers.

Most hiographers must at times learn things about their subject A \$147,400 breach-of-contract which they either have to gloss suit was filed last week by Bill every opening women sit in front over, explain away or attempt to make feeble excuses for. With against Anaheim's Archer there was never any need. All his life he was a good, kind of lifed in Superior Court of Orange And if they are short women, they laugh loudly at dead spots or sing All his life he was a good, kind and just man, always doing the County, Santa Ana, seeks back pay right thing - but this never made him precocious, patronizing or project. even a bore. On all sides only Name good was spoken of him.

In all the hundreds of comments and opinions I received of him, either first or second hand, only three people could be described as being in the least derogatory towards him. One was novelist Sir Hall Caine who once described Archer in conversation as "a bitterly severe and unjust man"presumably a criticism of his work at some time by Archer had irked him. Another was Gordon Craig who made crushing remarks about Archer's opinions on Irving (but Craig himself was prejudiced so far as Sir Henry was concerned), but appreciated Archer in other

(Continued on page 258)

ON VILLANOVA CAMPUS

Villanova, Pa. "The Two Grenadiers," comedy in two acts by Jim Fox, will world preem here at the Playboy on Villanova University campus Feb. 5.

The play, which tells of two German POW's who return to their hometown after 20 years in Russia, will be directed by Richard A. Duprey, chairman of Villanova's Theatre Dept. Fox is editor of the Warren (Pa.) Times-Mirror and author of a number of tv and radio scripts for Canadian networks.

With \$6.500 From Fund. Deficit Erased, Erie Opera Primes New Productions

Cleveland.

Saved from a \$6,500 deficit incurred in its first season, the Lake Erie Opera Theatre, will continue planned production of two operas,

planned production of two operas, scheduled for next September.

As a result of productions, last September, of Igor Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progress" and a double-bill of Giacomo Puccini's "Gianni Schicchi" and "Il Tabarro" (all in English), with a cost of a l m o st \$50,000, the recently-formed group wound up with a formed group wound up with a \$6,500 deficit, which was covered by a special grant from the Kulas Foundation.

Foundation, established several decades ago by late steel in-cuscrialist H. K. Kulas and his whe with a fund of \$550,000, has usually given grants only to longestablished musical, cultural, charitable and educational institutions in Ohio. It came to rescue of the Lake Erie Opera Theatre because other musical organizations, to which they had given grants previously, were participating in lounding a permanent Cleve, and opera company. Foundation trustees said, however, this would be first and last time it would underwrite a deficit for any organization.

With deficit erased, operatic theatre plans for three performances each of two operas next September in Severance Hall, home of the Cleveland Symphony. Dates planned are two weeks be-fore opening of orchestra's concert season, as musicians from the George Szell-conducted symphony orchestra also work the operas. Staff of Lake Erie Opera Theatre includes Dorothy Humel, president; Louis Lane, music director; Michael Charry, asst. director-conductor; Howard Whittaker, exec director; Burton Garling-house, vocal advisor; Anthony Ad-dison, stage director; and Paul Rodgers, scenic and costume designer.

Should deficit be incurred ..ext season, theatre must look for help sponsor groups-Northern Ohio Opera Assn. (which also sponsors visits of the Metropolitan Opera Company), Musical Arts Assn. (backers of Cleveland Symphony); Cleveland Fine Arts Museum: Music School Settle-ment. Western Reserve and Case Universities.

Contract-Breach Suit Vs. Coast's Melodyland

A \$147,400 breach-of-contract general manager, eim's Melodyland and a continuing interest in the

Named defendants are Melodyland, and Sammy Lewis and Danny Dare, co-owners. Trinz, according to the complaint, was general manager when Melodyland opened in July, 1963, but was dismissed in November of that year.

Trinz claims he devoted three years in developing Melodyland. He asserts he was promised \$350 weekly salary, equivalent to the sums Lewis and Dare drew as co-producers. All three salaries, it's a small but determined group of collection of symptoms, but for all the world I cannot get myself to alleged, were cut to \$250 each in opening nighters who, at the the world I cannot get myself to the early months of the theatre's entrance of each actor onto the do it. As much as I loathe them on the early months of the theatre's entrance of each actor onto the operation, but Lewis and Dare are stage, whip out small pencil-like opening nights, I love the Fabulous

The Loathsome Ones On Opening Nights

By HOWARD TEICHMANN

A quarter of a century of theatre-going does not put me in a class with the Katzenbergs. Nor am I entitled to reminisce with Gilbert

Miller, Al Gordon, nor other of the current crop of immortals. Still, 25 years of attending theatre include for me many, oh so many, opening nights.



Opinions formed on these historic occasions are not easily erased. There are a whole host of persons I loathe on opening nights. "The critics?" No, no! These poor fellows are required by paycheck to attend every first night, and such a fate, friends, few deserve. To a man they are on time, polite, and cause no disturbances except those required by conscience after the fact. Statistically, they are more generous to the theatre than the playgoing public. Emotionally, they are romantics who love the theatre in spite of endless enforced hours of tedium made up of poor writing, inferior acting, incredible direction, and impossible sets. Ideally, the critics would like nothing better than to be able to write rave notices for the first 25 plays each season. This, combined with the holdovers from the previous season, would mean that every playhouse in New York would be filled, no other new plays could come in, and thus, each critic could spend each evening of the remaining year getting his jollies as he chooses

With this out of the way, who is to be loathed? Oh, dear friends, the number is legion! Come with me while we consider a few; consider them and rip them to shreds. To begin, there are:

1. The Eaters Of The Onion. These are a group who, prior to the performance, eat steak tartar or hamburger with double Bermuda. Then they sit next to me. And they breathe. All evening they breathe. At me. The smallest theatre on Broadway is the Booth, 766 seats. The largest is the Broadway. 1,785 seats. You'd think they'd miss me with a variety of seats like that. Not a chance. Every time I go to an opening, an onion eater sits next to me. And breathes. Regularly. This group is related to:

2. The Chompers Upon The Nut, herbivorous mammals which masticate the fruit of certain trees. They are mild, hammless, and one of this number invariably sits behind me at openings. Aside from a tiresome rattling of a paper bag, usually at a key portion of the play, these hardy creatures keep up a continuous cracking, grinding noise which, while admirable in a barn, is downright loathesome in a theatre. Flanked by odor, my rear well engaged by the action of incisors, bicuspids, and molars, one would hope that the field directly before me would be clear. I am confornted, however, by a third group:

3. The Wearers of High Hair. God knows what beauty parlor every opening women sit in front with contures sparing one. add feathers and plumes to make sure to block my view of the stage. it is rather difficult today to ask them to take off their heads. Nevertheless, these women don't always attend opening nights. From time to time they give their tickets away to their kid brothers, tickets away to their kid brothers, the useage of s-e-m-a-n-t-i-c-s a all of whom play centre on various few years back, it is only fitting professional basketball teams. Next we have:

claimed to have restored their individual pay back to the original
amounts without informing Trinz
or adjusting his salary.

stage, whip out small pencil-like
flashlights, flash them about
flashlights, flow the Fabbious
flashlights, flash them about
back to the old saw about the
only crap game in town being
actor, and then astound all those
crooked. Who can stay away?

5. The Amateur Critics. Here we have a bunch of bums who make notes as the play progresses. They are not employed by any newspaper, wire service, magazine, tv or radio network. They are simply non-official reviewers who write throughout the openings for Lordknows-what reasons. Last week, during intermission, I passed the seat of an Amateur Critic. He had already gone up the aisle, so 1 stole a peek at his program. It was covered with a series of illegible scrawls the only one of which I could decipher read, "Sell Bethlehem, Buy Xerox." These folk are

6. The Standers In The Aisle. In truth, opening nights to such creatures have little theatrical meaning. They are, rather, pseudosocial events, and as such the Standers In The Aisle wish to see and he seen. They do not wish to and be seen. They do not wish to smoke, to stretch their legs, to grab a quick drink across the street, or even to make use of "the facilities." Accordingly, they leave their seats, take a firm position in the middle of the aisle and keep it at any cost. Bladders may burst. throats may go dry, but these people stand there looking. When the buzzers sound for the commencement of an act, expressions of sadness cross their faces. They don't want to see the play, they just want to stand in the damn aisle and look around! Still, they aren't quite as wicked as:

7. The Late Comers. More cheap excuses have been invented by this bunch than can be listed. Traffic. A disappearing waiter. A faulty clock. Traffic. The wrong night. Traffic. Traffic. No matter what the excuse, this type always has seats in the middle of the row. Inexcusable as it is to arrive late for an opening night, an even more inexcusable band exists:

8. The Early Leavers. Critics have deadlines. Critics' wives have husbands. But who are those cads who, as the final curtain starts to descend, are off and running before Chapman, Kerr, and Taubman? Where are they going? What reasons do they have for racing away from the seats they fought so hard to get? And they are, believe me, pretty much the same gang at every opening. Don't the actors who worked all evening deserve a hand? Is every play suddenly so unbearable that these frumps must run boorishly for the exists. Not one "bravo!"? Not a single sound of applause? Fie on them! Yes, triple fie unto the seventh generation. In all probability, many of them make up the next despicable group:

9. The Sitters On The Hands. No joke is funny, no monolog is mov-ing, no dance step is appealing, no tune is pleasing, absolutely nothing is worthy of their approbation. With graven visage, sealed lips, and unuseable vocal chords, they sit not upon the seat they bought and paid for but upon their two hands, fearful that some actor, dancer, or singer may inadvertantly cause the palm of one hand to be pressed ever so gently against the palm of another hand. However these are, in a sense, evened out

10. The Cheerleaders Of Nothing, opnoxious claque. out huzzahs primarily there is the vague possibility of In the old days, I didn't mind saying, "Madam, would you be kind enough to remove your hat?" But scene, the poor line, and in irritating almost beyond reconciliation the rest of the audience.

As s-y-n-d-r-o-m-e is this season's most popular word, rivaling that we classify all of the above as part of the opening night syndrome. It is possible, of course, to

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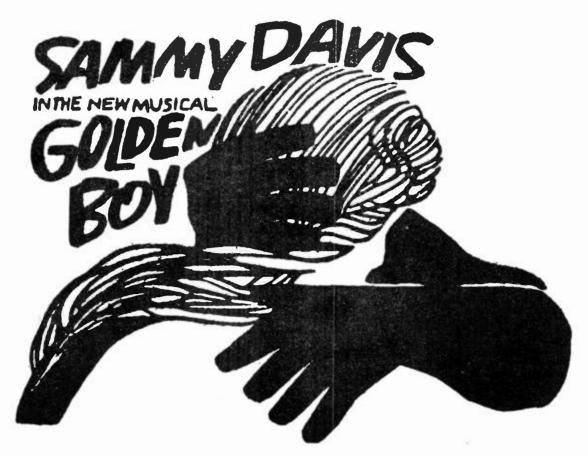
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Show on B'way

Continued from page 240

Tiny Alice

ful and celebrated and perhaps imperious, need editing. As with any author, Albee is not the best judge of his own work, and "Tiny Alice" suffers acutely from the stern and perhaps painful cutting and tightening and clarification. and tightening and clarification that the director, producers and maybe the actors might have persuaded him to make-even at the expense of his cherished but self-indulgent words. The sieges of audience coughing are ample proof

Under Alan Schneider's unvaryingly earnest direction, "Tiny Alice" is an ambitious, not to say self-conscious, garrulous, at times engrossing but finally tiresome play. Even the title is a puzzle.

Hobe. gives a superb performance in the loquacious, elusive and intense role of the devout lay brother who resumably personifies the author's conception of pure religious faith. Yet, the actor cannot make anything but an embarrassment of the ridiculously prolonged, groveling death scene.

Miss Worth gives persuasive expression and dimension to the character of the strange, unreal lady of wealth who is forced to seduce and destroy the Christ figure. William Hutt, first-William featured, is adequately unctious

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yer whose mathematical ability isn't as sharp as his insidious psychological sense (or was it merely an opening-night slip that made him figure that 20 times \$100,000,000 equals \$20,000,000,000?). and menacing as the Svengali law-

John Heffernan gives a man-nered performance, with odd readings, as the butler (whose name is Butler, and the author has one of the other characters apologize for the time-consuming by-play that entails), and Eric Berry adds a smirking, feline touch to the role of the venal Cardinal who may represent Albee's idea of the hypocrisy and corruption of organized religion, if not the Catholic Church. "Tiny Alice" is an ambitious,





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from New York which had not Therefore, old time successes like previously been sold to Australia "Finian's Rainbow" and "Guys on account of the long runs of and Dolls" will be placed in Carroll's Princess Theatre, Melbourne, the former already scheduled for holidays, with Bobby Howes, who played in the revivals both in

> Evidently "No Strings" has been shelved meantime.

London and America.

The heavily Government subsidized Elizabethan Theatre Trust was unsuccessful with its big production of "Henry V" as a gesture to Shakespeare's 400 Years celebrations, but has continued its Cultural policy in presenting Grand Opera allied to Grand Ballet, but the public response is disappointing.

Tivoli Theatres, having dropped its original policy of vaudeville, have recently joined with the Aztec Productions in presenting the "Black & White Minstrels" and "Stop the World, I Want to Get Off." the latter being successful in Melbourne, but not so much in Sydney. The "Black & White Min-strels" has had really good seasons everywhere in Australia and New Zealand

Russia's latest contribution here was the Omsk Siberian Co. with 80 singers and dancers. "Black 80 singers and dancers. "Black Theatre of Prague" and the Bayanihan Dancers from the Philippines did not create the interest hoped for from Australian audiences.

Vaudeville Revue is now being taken care of by the Celebrity Circuit, of which Harry Wren is the H has been prominent in New Zealand recently but has now completed his plans for future at-

tractions here. Current is his "Roaring 20's" and shortly he will bring out "Black Nativity" whose success abroad has been remarkable.

The forthcoming visit to her homeland of Covent Garden and Met soprano Joan Sutherland and a complete grand opera troupe will take on the nature of a triumphant procession. This is the result of Sir Frank Tait's last visit to America and England, where he worked the complicated economics. Williamson Organization will have the assistance of The Elizabethan Theatre Trust in this which must be the highlight of 1965.



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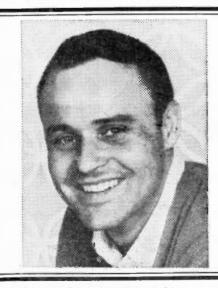


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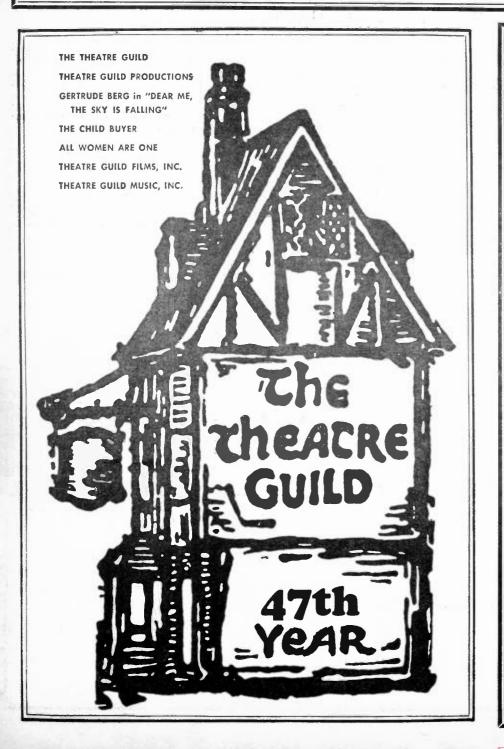
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OBITUARIES

CHARLES B. McDONALD

RKO division manager in New York, died at his home in Hollywood, Fla., Dec. 26. He started in the post in 1930 and retired in 1950. He was in charge of some of the chain's top vaude operations during that period.

Survived by a son, daughter and grandson.

DAVID BOWMAN

David Bowman, 50, jazz pianist, was killed Dec. 28 in Miami, when his car plunged into a drainage canal. Police said that a fog may have caused Bowman to miss a

Onetime accompanist for Perry → Como. Bowman was currently employed in a Miami Beach hotel

WARREN BAYLEY

Warren Bayley, 64, operator of the Hacienda chain of hotels which includes the Hacienda and New Frontier hotels in Las Vegas, died of a heart attack Dec. 26 in that city. Bayley also operates other inns in Bakersfield and Indio,

Survived by wife.

OSCAR LOTINGA

Oscar Lotinga, comedian, died Dec. 9 in England. He was the last surviving member of six Sunderland borthers known as the Six Brothers Luck. They became pros the '90s and toured most halls with comedy sketches.

Survived by sister, dauhgter and

VERNIE O. FOSSETT

Vernie O. Fossett, 60, music ed-itor of Stamps-Baxter Music & Printing Co., Dallas, died Dec. 20 in that city. He had been with the hymn book publishers over

Survived by his wife, daughter, three brothers and four sisters.

ERNA RUTH ENGEL

Erna Ruth Engel, 32, receptionist on the 20th floor of the William Morris Agency's N.Y. office, died Dec. 25 in New York after a lengthy illness. She had been with the agency for 10 years.

Survived by mother and sister.

died Dec. 18 in South Daytona, Chales B. McDonald, 78, former Fla. He had been ill six months

Wife and two sons survive.

Francisco Lago Severino, 89, known professionally as Paco Salas, well known in Latin America as a stage, film, radio and television actor, died Dec. 24 in Havana, according to the Cuban radio.

Richard Hamburger, 40, account exec with ABC-TV Spot Sales in New York, died Dec. 24 in that way. city, apparently of a heart attack Survived by his wife and a daugh-

A. Stephen Conn, 74, manager of the Rodeo and Big Sky drive-in theatres in Phoenix, died recently in that city. Survived by wife, two brothers and a sister.

Mother, 81, of Mrs. Rose Hand McLellon. chief telephone operaof Columbia Pictures, after a long illness.

Gene Harris, 68, longtime owner of the Club Alabam, considered to be Chicago's oldest continuous nitery, died Dec. 26 in that city.

Father of English actor-producer Joan White died. Dec. 9 in Gibral-Survived by wife and two daughters.

Oran Sarrels, 55, former prexy of Tucson's Corral Theatre, died Dec. 17 in that city.

Pulaski, Schader

Continued from page 243

at the corner of 7th Ave. and 42nd and bought every newspaper show and the theatrical magazines, including the now defunct weekly
Dramatic Mirror, and, of course,
VARIETY, so I could study the theatrical columns and learn the major. trical columns and learn how I

might peacefully penetrate them. I told Schader about my past. He was a good listener, and after I had finished my story said, "Listen, kid," and plunged into a disserta-ARTHUR M. HOLAH
Arthur M. "Doc" Holah, 91, retired representative of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in Columbus, O.,

It was my turn to listen and I What prompted my lesson and his interest, I don't know. But it put immediately to rest the legend that Broadway was cold and heartless. Here was a man, who didn't know me from Adam, a busy theatrical reporter on the busiest beat in the world, taking time out to tell a novice what went and how and making him feel on a parity with the best of them.

In my several years on Broadway as publicity man, Freddie was always my friend. I was the "kid." knew I could count on him to help me over the hurdles of ignorance, which he always did. I am grateful to him for the guiding hand, but even more for the guid-

Jack Pulaski

As for Jack Pulaski, he was quite a different character. He, too, covered Broadway. Freddie was soft-spoken, Jack was swaggering in a pleasant way. The map of his face was more like a moonscape than that of an Arrow shirt man. But warmth welled out of his heart The right arm went up, like Freddie's, around by shoulder, and for a moment I wondered whether that was the hallmark of VARIETY Dec. 21 in her home in the Bronx men. And then I recognized it was a human quality of friendliness and warmth. Now it was Jack's turn to expound on the scope, function and technique of pressagentry Pressagentry at that time was not found in books; it was learned by trial, test and error.

Here I was with two of the best

teachers, possibly in the world, and all on the cuff of kindness of heart. And they did more than that. The stage was the dominant entertainment in America, and VARIETY Silent covered it meticulously. movies, of course, were big, and so making" was vaudeville, but dramatics was the backbone of amusements and Broadway was the center.

My two unforgetable friends each ran little squibs in the paper: what I had done for "Daddy Long Legs." how I had publicized the the pressagency I had taken the Talliaferro Sisters, the essay conprecaution to go to the newsstand test for "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and that I was at liberty when a show closed. And the squib

> I lost touch with both Jack and Freddie when I left Broadway, first to enter the music field with the Diaghileff Russian Ballet and Nijinsky, and then for Enrico Caruso and others. Then, in Caruso and others. Then, in World War I I worked with the U.S. Committee on Public Information, and in 1919 started my own

William Archer—Remember?

wavs. Beerbohm who occasionally poked tralia, or the Bushrangers"gentle fun at Archer's expense, only half seriously perhaps, and maybe tempered with a little

friendly jealousy.

The legend has somehow grown up that Archer lacked a sense of humor. Nothing could be farther from the truth, as was evidenced again and again in his correspondence. In fact a practical example of this was given by his very great friend Edward Dibdin who re-called: "I think it was in August 1881 that W. A. visited me at Leeds and my brother turned up at the same time. The latter always seemed to provoke W. A. to indulge in practical jokes. went to a melodrama at the Grand Theatre, and on coming out after the first act Archer conceived the idea of going to the other theatre (I think the Royal), where another melodrama was in progress, without letting my brother know We somehow kept him in the dark and were much amused by his efforts to make the second act we saw fit on to the first. For the third act we saw, we returned to the Grand, and he was comforted, Met Ibsen In 1881

but gravely opined that there was a singular lack of continuity about the play."

The more research work I did the more amazed I was that so much remains to be written about Archer. In so many ways he has become "The Forgotten Man of the Theatre," yet it owes him so much. In recent years his "Play-making" (originally published in (originally published in 1912 and still one of the best playwriting manuals) and "Masks and Faces" (his investigation into 'method' acting in 1888) have been republished in the U.S.A. there is so much that needs to be reprinted. "The Old Drama and the New" (pub. 1923) would surely find a ready sale, and a book of excerpts from his criticisms on plays of Shakespeare, Shaw, Wilde and Pinero and players like Ellen Terry, Irving, Bernhardt, Duse, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and others whose names have lived on should be readily available for today's readers. Some of his criticisms were reprinted in the nineties in the form of yearbooks, but at the time very few copies sold (1893 vol.—710 copies; 1894—591; 1895 —523; 1896—478; 1897—467).

Met Ibsen in 1881

Above all volumes should be published of Archer's letters to his friends. An entire volume in fact could be devoted to his stay in Rome in 1881-82, when he met Ibsen for the first time and freely gave his impressions, and which also would tell the story of his courtship of Frances Trickett. Archer' circle of personal

Archer' circle of personal friends included Robert Louis Stevenson, Harley Granville Barker, John Galsworthy, Arthur Wing Pinero, James Barrie, Gilbert Murray and, of course, Bernard Shaw. He was Shaw's junior by two months and procured Shaw his first job as critic and gave him the plot for his first play, "Widower's Houses" — in fact, without Archer there in 1890s, one wonders if Shaw would ever have achieved the status he did.

He visited America first in 1877 and commented at the time: Dramatic art is low enough in England, but I should say that in America it is 75% lower. There is much good acting to be seen in the States, but it is even more irretrievably thrown away than in England."

Wrote One Hit Play

When Archer wrote a successful melodrama in 1920 — "The Green Goddess" which starred George Arliss and was the result of a dream—it surprised everyone. However, in his early twenties Archer was always getting ideas for plays, starting several, finishing some (usually in collabora-

And then there was Max tion) and even having one-"Australia, or the Bushrangers"—performed. After the success of "The Green Goddess" he again tried hard to write another boxoffice hit, but the magic somehow eluded him (three more serious ones were posthumously published, highlighted with a preface by

At the time of his death in 1924 Archer had on the stocks a play which, had he lived to complete. would undoubtedly have topped the success of "The Green Goddess." It was ahead of its time, bringing in as it did psychoanal-ysis. Arliss was interested in the first draft and Archer left notes for his executor how he intended the play to proceed. After his death attempts were made to persuade first Harley Granville-Barker and then St. John Ervine to complete it (Barker had discussed the play quite a lot with Archer and so know his mind about it), but both politely declined.

Mysterious Shutout

All this wil give some idea of the wonderful material available for a biography on Archer—and yet mine still is not written. On every hand I was receiving wonderful cooperation - his family, the Victoria and Albert Museum's Enthoven Colection, people who had known Archer-but there was just one stumbling block. When he died Archer's library, manuscripts and presumably a great deal other material was given into the custody of the British Drama League in London to form the William Archer Collection. At one time the idea seemed to be that this would be handed over to the National Theatre whenever it came into being, but the notion seems now to have lapsed.

There were a great many gaps in my researches, quite a points that needed to be checked upon. It seemed that the B.D.L. material would provide the ready answer. I applied to have access to the collection. At first my application was ignored and then, on being repeated, I eventually was granted an interview with the then director of the B.D.L. (E. Martin Browne) and a member of the committee. They heard my request out in respectful silence and then, half embarrassedly, rejected it, intimating they were already commissioning someone to Archer's biography. They would not even allow me to know exactly what the collection did consist of. In the middle of 1961, on a visit to London, I again approached the B.D.L. to reconsider their decision but their reply was still negative.

And so the biography is still unwritten. To date no other biog-raphy on Archer has been published. And I am settled now in Australia, many miles away from where the necessary research is possible.

In Loving Memory

Mabel Esmeralda EDNA ESMERALDA

In Loving Memory

MAUD MARIAN BISHOP EDNA ESMERALDA

FRED HARPER

In Memory of My Husband **LULA HARPER**

IN LOVING MEMORY

HARRY and ALBERT **VON TILZER**

THE FAMILY

In Memoriam 1964

FRANK BALDWIN

BEN BOYAR

SAM FUNT

ZAC HARRIS

ANDREW LITTLE KISH ARTHUR KLEIN

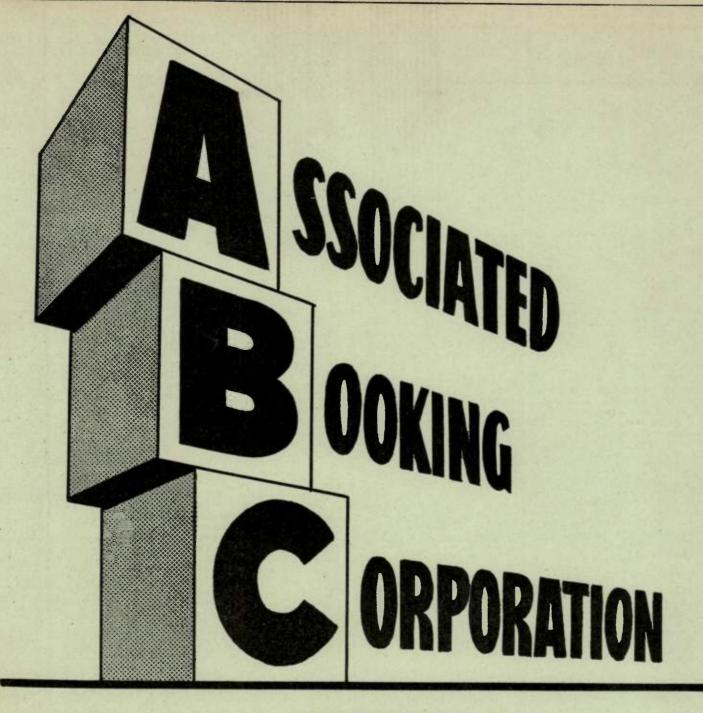
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