

61st ANNIVERSARY EDITION

VARIETY

Published Weekly at 154 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036, by Variety, Inc. Annual subscription, \$15. Single copies, 35 cents.
Second Class Postage Paid at New York, N. Y. and at Additional Mailing Office.
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VOL. 245 No. 7

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1967

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URGE TO MERGE RULES SHOW BIZ

'Theatre of Cruelty' New Paris Rage; Audience Brickbats Part of the Show

By HERBERT R. LOTTMAN

Paris. In Paris the latest thing is gas-mask theatre. The audience fights with the actors, and if you're not on anybody's side you just duck. On Broadway when a play is a stinkeroo it's the author's fault or the director's or the actors'. In Paris it's because of stinkbombs and dead rats.

Jean Genet's play "The Screens" (Les Paravents) was the target of attack last spring by extremists who objected to its slurs on the French army. When Jean-Louis Barrault put it back on the stage early this fall at the Odeon-Theatre de France the first eight performances were calm, and then on the ninth night a rightwing group called Occident tossed dead rats from the balconies, sprayed sacks of flour on the public, and released smoke bombs. Live rats were set loose on the orchestra floor. We went on the first night and remembering last spring's incidents, spent half the time glancing worriedly at balconies and held a newspaper, ready to use as a helmet or shield as the case may be.

The French production of Peter Weiss' "Marat/Sade" was also supposed to produce scandal—at least advance publicity promised some. So far only firecrackers have been set off in the theatre and some powder scattered over the audience, mainly at the point in the play where a religious procession is parodied. Timid spectators by now know that you don't go to a controversial play if you have a weak heart.

Paris theatre has often been a battlefield. At the performance of "The Deputy" at the Athenee-Louis Jovet Theatre, rioters jumped from the balcony to swing fists at the actors, spotlights came crashing down to the stage at the feet of first-row customers, members of the audience joined in the

(Continued on page 39)

Beverly Berlitz: Where Pet Mynah Learns Lingo Faster Than the Actors

By MILTON M. RAISON

Hollywood.

The only business in Hollywood which admits to not being "overly upset", as they put it, by runaway production, is Berlitz, particularly the branch in Beverly Hills where the motion picture and television industry can be found brushing up on its languages and accents. This is a long-corridor-like institution, running from Beverly Drive to the parking lot in the rear, which has about 50 small, private rooms and a greenroom where one can drink coffee or tea and exchange salutations with Sudanese, Japanese and graduates of the Borscht Circuit.

I had been brought there myself by the fact that I was writing

(Continued on page 47)

Fiddler-On-the-Spoof

By JACK BENNY

Hollywood.

Like that man who climbed Mt. Everest, the only reason I do specials is because they are there. In the first place I don't know why they call most of these shows specials. To me, a special is when coffee goes from 89 to 59c a pound.

I asked one of my show business friends (not George Burns, the other one) about this recently and he explained that when a star hasn't been seen on television for a long time and then finally comes on, the show becomes a special.

(Continued on page 56)

Paris' Liberation: An Echo Or Three

By COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD

Hollywood.

Every man's favorite memory—if he was there—was and is the Aug. 24, 1944 Liberation of Paris, and it's now being offered both for those and all the others unfortunate enough to have missed it in "Is Paris Burning?" (Par/Ray Stark/Seven Arts et al.).

In certain select quarters of New York and Hollywood, in the membership of American Society of Cinematographers, the Screen Directors and Writers Guild, and Still Photographers, "Is Paris Burning?" is the most often recurring "old

(Continued on page 56)

VIDEO 'LEANS ON' PIC SHOWMANSHIP

By ABEL GREEN

The "urge to merge" characterized the year just closed; and probably may be anticipated to further dominate show biz in 1967. This in turn related to the improved state of the theatrical film companies because of the increasing dependence of the networks on vintage features to buoy up ratings and assure program "quality," something the broadcasters' own showmen have more than somewhat flunked.

Wall Street, after some years of modified rapture as to film company stocks, came alive as the yield of television payments to the studios reduced the hazards of unrecovered negative costs and, instead, made everything look more snug than possibly since the days of studio ownership of theatres, or vice versa.

With friendly, or muscular, management changes marking 1966 there is a carry-forward of questions for 1967 resolution, per Metro, Columbia, Warners-Seven Arts. So that it remains true that the one constant is change.

The Federal Communications Commission had within its power the fate of the International Telephone & Telegraph absorption of American Broadcasting Companies and at the same time, through its jurisdiction over several television stations owned by Screen Gems, the FCC can bend or block the Banque de Paris "investment" position in Columbia Pictures. ITT-ABC got the nod only two weeks ago and the Banque last Friday (30).

One thing with regard to actual

(Continued on page 50)

West End Is 'Las Vegas-on-Thames'; U.S. Hoods' Move-In Worries Britain

By DICK RICHARDS

London.

The roulette wheels spin, the dice roll, the cards flick across the baize, as the suave, enticing voices of the croupiers urge the night birds towards sudden prosperity. Or the reverse. It is a nightly scene in London's West End, the suburbs and the provinces. Planeloads of Americans wing in to the gaming rooms for special sessions. Big money changes hands. Britain and its guests are living it up in the rash of casinos spread across the country and it has given London the dubious reputation of being a swinging kind of Las Vegas-on-Thames.

But underneath the prosperity and the nocturnal pleasure there are rumblings. The owners are faced with many problems and the biggest headache is potential crime. Where there's big money there are always rich pickings for the unscrupulous and almost as soon as the gaming clubs became legalized a number of minor thick-eared gangs began to move in on certain casinos to extort protection money. As the casinos flourished in size and prestige bigger operators cropped up in certain areas. The current buzz is that many bigtime American hoods see a chance of using London's gambling scene as a way of safely investing some of the illegal sums they accumulate from organized crime in the States.

Quite recently the London Sunday Mirror turned the spotlight on a number of rich Americans who booked rooms at a London hotel. It is claimed that many of them were members of the Mafia and that the purpose of the meeting was a "summit" gettogether to muscle in still more on the British gambling scene. There is no definite evidence, however, that this is yet more than a pipedream and there's very clear evidence

(Continued on page 49)

U.S. Military Will Long Remember Show Business In Vietnam & Elsewhere

By MAJ. GEN. K. C. WICKHAM

Washington.

In a recent letter the Chief of Staff of the Army reported having heard firsthand the glowing comments of the military in Vietnam concerning the impact of individual entertainers and entertainment units. In praise of the many entertainers who have toured in Vietnam, he said, "I simply cannot say enough about the unselfish performers who expose themselves to many of the same hazards as our fighting men in bringing a brief reminder from home to those who are safeguarding the freedom of our own country and assisting in the establishment of a free and

(Continued on page 56)

Old Crime Doesn't Play

By ART BUCHWALD

Ever since the Supreme Court rulings concerning the protection of a defendant's constitutional rights at the time of his arrest, the motion picture people have been in a dither. Almost every gangster movie of the last 40 years is now outdated, and will have to be remade with the rights of the defendant kept in mind.

This is probably what the remake of "Baby Face Nelson" will look like. Baby Face has been betrayed by his jealous girl friend and the cops have his farm hideout sur-

(Continued on page 49)

Course Turns 'Clod' Into Alluring Boy

By MARY BLUME

Paris.

Many tourists are disappointed by two of France's major attractions, the Mona Lisa and the French man.

Nothing much can be done about the Mona Lisa, but Frenchmen can now go to charm school. The first such course opened recently in Paris: it is called "Alluring Boy."

It takes only three months and \$120 to become an Alluring Boy. Before the course was a month old, 30 would-be A.B.s had signed up.

Students learn how to dress, how to speak, how to eat asparagus,

(Continued on page 43)

PERSONALITIES OF 1966

Charles Chaplin was 77, had just directed in London for Universal a film, "Countess from Hong Kong," with Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. He showed pique against Rank for having refused to play his "King In New York" some years ago and kept preem of "Hong Kong" away from Rank.

Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass rated one of the great success sagas of the year in tv, disk and concert terms and in takeover (with Jerry Moss) of the old Chaplin Studio in Hollywood, previous tenanted by Red Skelton, also CBS.

Ethel Merman was back belting 'em out in "Annie Get Your Gun." Charles Aznavour, a naturalized citizen, was ranked top entertainer re income tax in France with Chevalier, Fernandel, Jean Gabin, Brigitte Bardot following.

Not since Helen Hayes' "act of God" baby in the 1920s, when she was forced out of a Broadway show, has maternity come higher in cost than to Barbra Streisand's \$50,000-per-onenighters. "Funny Girl"

star did four of the scheduled several, grossing respectable profits at \$15 top for Alan King, comedian-cum-impresario, with a promise of resuming a similar tour after she and actor-husband Elliott Gould achieved their first, a baby boy Dec. 29.

Gina Lollobrigida, since her Italian separation from Yugoslav-born Dr. Milko Skofic, will also take Paris residence, a la Vittorio De Sica, in order to sidestep Italy's no-divorce laws.

Le Grand Maurice—Chevalier that is—was in fine fettle, at 79,

Early Press Time

This 61st Anniversary Number went to press several days ahead of the normal Tuesday deadline, due to the size of the paper.

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

reopening the Waldorf-Astoria's Empire Room into a supper club policy. The St. Regis' Maisonette was another to resume live talent, instead of straight dansapation, in light of the click policies at the Plaza's Persian Room and the Americana's Royal Box.

Chevalier has reserved the Theatre des Champs-Elysees for this year, his 80th birthday and nth "farewell" concert, at the same time mulling a videotaped "at home" interview series to originate from his estate at Marnes-la-Coquette outside of Paris.

'Greatest Speaking Voice'

Winston Churchill nosed out FDR as the "greatest speaking voice of the past 25 years," via a poll, with John F. Kennedy No. 3. Other "voices" in the running were Richard Burton, Orson Welles, Senator Dirksen, Sir Laurence Olivier, a Manhattan deejay William B. Williams and the only sportscaster nodded was Mel Allen.

Actress-daughter Sarah Church-

(Continued on page 54)

Tales of a Truly Wayward Inn, N.Y.'s Hotel Markwell In the Depression

By HARRY GOLDEN

Charlotte, N.C.
In 1932, in the depths of the greatest economic disaster this country has ever seen, I was manager of the Hotel Markwell, 222 West 49th St., a few doors off Broadway. My brother, Jacob, an oldtimer in the hotel business (he owned the Union Square Hotel) had acquired the Markwell from a savings bank. In those days a responsible hotel man



Harry Golden

with a good reputation could pick up a hotel in midtown New York from one of the foreclosing banks which was weary of being a hotel-keeper. The hope of the hotelman was to get enough revenue to meet the interest on the mortgage until things picked up someday, maybe.

We at the Markwell had actors and actresses, some of them well known oldtimers, others who were to become famous later, but all had one thing in common: they were broke. Henry Chesterfield of the National Vaudeville Artists paid the room rent for a number of them out of some relief fund.

There was a mystery about their tenancy, however. Why would these people stay at the Markwell for \$8 (Continued on page 56)

Our Popular Songs

By DAVID EWEN

Strange and unusual facts, quirks and paradoxes about American Popular Songs uncovered by an industrious encyclopedist in preparing his book, "American Popular Songs: From the Revolutionary War to the Present," just published by Random House.

The most famous battle song of the south during the Civil War was written by a northerner (Dan Emmett's "Dixie"), while the most famous battle song of the north was the work of a southerner (Julia Ward Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic").

Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band"—often regarded as the most famous commercial ragtime tune ever published—is not in ragtime at all. Except for the word in the title, and the single use of sycopation on the word "just," in the chorus, this song is basically a march tune with bugle-call interpolations.

The most famous song about marital bliss, "My Blue Heaven," (Continued on page 47)

Next: Non-Skirts?

By FERRIS HARTMAN

Paris.
Alain Janson, 44, was driving through heavy traffic along the quai when a brunette B.B. in a thigh-high skirt caught his eyes.

Crash! Bang! His fourth collision this month due to being blinded by a miniskirt and legs bare up to here.

In sudden panic, the Frenchman jumped out of his car and into the river.

"Let me sink, I can't afford any more," he blubbered as two quick-witted, short-skirted girls pulled him safely into their motor boat.

At Cherbourg, George Marion, 32, had his driver's license suspended for one year because of reckless leg-looking.

He begged the judge to take away his license for five years instead of one. "I'm too nervous, and this theme is going to last a long time," he testified.

However, French law does not (Continued on page 49)

WHY WRITERS & CRUX CAN'T BE CLUBBY

By GUY BOLTON

In my distant childhood we had an Irish terrier that learned to get on quite pleasantly with my pet rabbit and I was also acquainted

with a pigeon - toe his way across the floor under the eye of a large brindle cat with an aplomb that was admirable. With these examples of the mingling of irreconcilables, why can't a (Continued on page 47)



Guy Bolton



PAUL ANKA

"New Year's greetings to my friends throughout the world. My wife, Anne, and our new baby, Alexandra, join me in wishing you happiness and good cheer."

SHOW & SPORTS FOLK AID WAR ON NEED

By SARGENT SHRIVER

(Director, Office of Economic Opportunity)

Washington.

American entertainers — and sports figures — have volunteered enthusiastically and with a whole heart to help fight the War on Poverty. No one would have expected anything else, knowing their instinctive generosity and long tradition of pitching in to help those who can't help themselves.

From the very beginning in 1964, artists from television, radio, motion pictures and leaders in sports have signed up in this crucial battle.

There are the producers like Ed Foster of Taft Broadcasting and a host of others whose documentaries about local poverty have opened the eyes of their fellow citizens to what life is like in those "other" neighborhoods.

There is Budd Schulberg, whose (Continued on page 57)

SHOW BIZ: ENDLESS CHANGE

At the present year-closing, year-beginning period in the business there is none like, amusement history is recalled and forecast, trends are noted and personalities remarked. All of which is the textual stock-in-trade of these annual compilations. Of the phenomena peculiarly significant at the present moment VARIETY would emphasize inflation. Nothing quite makes entire sense nowadays divorced from this over-all, and worldwide, condition. In the United States, taxation burdens are integral to all difficulties but, in one way, taxation is "creative" since it spurs diversification of corporate holdings and provides the need, and often the reward, for mergers.

Thus it must be borne in mind that show business, which is always changing and, indeed, like women's fashions, thrives on change, has been transformed in truly new and once unimaginable ways. None of this implies that showmanship is going to go out of fashion. It would be a foolish banker who thought that they teach showmanship at Harvard or Wharton or that corporate structuring by itself can produce boxoffice successes.

Certainly in 1966 there was abundant evidence provided anew of misadventure in theatrical film production, in television program scheduling, not to mention the anguish incidental to attempted dramatic repertory, opening new opera houses and keeping the pop music whirligig from lagging. Which may seem a roundabout approach to the dictum that talent is always at a premium and that in show business, officers and auditors tend to look about as good as their ability to pick talent and exploit novelties and trends in entertainment.

Whether all the mergers, combinations and recombinations which were typical of 1966 will finally yield a super-show business is anybody's guess. There is this skepticism to be put on the record: corporate power can buy talent but never monopolize it. The years are replete with the whitening bones of arrogant operators who mistook temporary success for magical formula. Show business runs in short generations, short takes, brief cycles—call it what you prefer.

It is permissible to suggest in passing, at this 61st Anniversary, that a tradepaper that seeks to serve its trade is a useful source for perspective and insight. Surely in the pages which follow there is a good deal of both these commodities to be had. Not show business alone, but the general tenor of today's society is reflected in much of this textual material.

Sandy's Dandy

At year's end, out of season, retired and with an arthritic condition, L.A. Dodgers pitching great Sandy Koufax turned in his alltime best performance by getting himself hired by NBC Sports for 10 years at a reputed 100G per.

When the deal was announced, Koufax was on the Coast in spring training for his new job.

WACKY WILLS

By DICK HYMAN

What a remarkable document a will is! It is the voice of a man now dead, coming back in the hush of a darkened house—from the vault, low and hoarse as an echo. It speaks and people harken; it commands, and people obey; law supports and enforces its wishes.

One man disposed of \$6,000,000 with a will scrawled on a hospital chart. Another did not have a chart handy but one of his nurses lifted her dress and he wrote it on her slip. A second nurse witnessed his will. Most of his big estate went to his grand niece but each nurse got \$10,000 for "devotion to duty."

'Getting Even'

Husbands seemed to have had a gay old time getting even with their wives after their demise. One famous line out of William Shakespeare's last will and testament said: "I give unto my wife, (Continued on page 49)

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VARIETY Inc.

154 West 46th Street

New York, N. Y. 10036

VARIETY

Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED 1905

By SIME SILVERMAN

Published Weekly by VARIETY, INC.

Syd Silverman, President

154 W. 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10036

Judson 2-2700

Hollywood, Calif., 90028

6404 Sunset Boulevard

Hollywood 9-1141

Washington, D.C., 20004

784 National Press Building

Sterling 3-5445

Chicago, Ill., 60611

400 No. Michigan Ave.

DELaware 7-4984

London S.W.1

49 St. James's Street, Piccadilly

Hyde Park 4561

SUBSCRIPTION

Annual \$15 Foreign \$18

Single Copies 35 Cents

ABEL GREEN, Editor

Vol. 245 No. 7

Foreign 137

Legit 218

Music 169

Obits 242

Pictures 5

Radio 87

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DAILY VARIETY

(Published in Hollywood by

Daily Variety, Ltd.)

\$20 a Year \$25 Foreign

HARDENING OF FILM ARTERIES

Three Years To Frame New British Film Law

By HAROLD MYERS

London. In three years there will be a new Films Act on the Statute Book, which will guide the destinies of the motion picture industry in Britain for, presumably, a further 10 years. In the meantime, temporary legislation came into force on Jan. 1, 1967, to bridge the gap until the new measure is enacted.

The guidelines for the new legislation were prepared by the in-depth analysis of the motion picture industry carried out by the Monopolies Commission. This report, published in the latter part of 1966, will be the basis of continuing discussions between War-dour Street (London's Film Row) and the Board of Trade film experts in Whitehall. In due course the Parliamentary draftsmen will have to get down to the serious chore of preparing the Bill which will have to be steered by Board of Trade spokesmen through both Houses of Parliament.

1967 To 1970

There is a long time to go between January, 1967 and January, 1970, and with the drastic changes that have been taking place, even during the current decade, it would be hazardous, if not impossible, to attempt to forecast the future with any degree of certainty. But on a careful study of the Monopolies Commission report and conclusions, it would be a fair guess to suggest that no drastic innovations are envisaged.

Contraction of the industry, particularly in exhibition, has ruled out many of the innovations that have been tossed around during the past few years. The idea of a third circuit, though still alive and widely canvassed in some areas, is now generally accepted as being a dead duck. With under 2,000 theatres left in the country, and the numbers dropping month by month, there is no reasonable scope for maneuver in the setting up of a third and economically viable outlet.

At the same time, there is little likelihood of any Government which is seriously concerned with the future of sustaining a British production industry seriously interfering with the present Quota and Eady arrangements. There is acceptance of the situation that the bulk of British production is financed from American sources and that, in consequence, the overwhelming proportion of the Eady revenue goes to the U.S. majors. It cannot be a situation which everyone likes, but there is no foreseeable alternative.

Searching

However individuals may have reacted to the Monopolies Commission report, there was industry unanimity on one score. Never before had a Government inquiry been conducted in such a searching manner. As an analysis of the ills of the industry it was outstanding. It was the conclusions, however, which led to a considerable divergence within the industry. The two majors, who were immediately involved in the inquiry, understandably regarded the conclusions as a vindication of policies that had been maintained for many years, although there were reservations. Understandably, they were a little disturbed when the Commission agreed that they were, in fact, operating a monopoly, but relieved that they were being encouraged to carry on.

The Disillusioned

There was, naturally, a contrary view, and this was largely voiced by film industry unions and by disillusioned independent producers, who have always complained that unless they could get a circuit release with one or other of the majors they were in serious trouble, with no hope of getting out of the red.

One such indie summed up the Commission's findings in this way: He compared it with a medical diagnosis which, through x-ray, had disclosed a malignant growth on the lung. The recommended cure:

removal of an ingrowing toenail on the left foot.

In actuality, that is not without some validity though, as always, there are two sides. Harking back to the dissident producer, he is entitled to his view that the Commission found that a monopoly situation existed, that by virtue of their position, the circuits could decree the type of picture they were prepared to book and therefore the type of picture that could be economically made—and that without such circuit co-operation the producer was heading downhill on the road to financial disaster.

Alternatives?

All these factors are known to have been accepted, but the question for the Government and the Parliamentary draftsmen will be to consider if there is a reasonable alternative. Accepting the premise of the Commission's report that a monopoly situation exists, there are some producers who openly welcome the present position and have long campaigned for the status quo. They regard the mere existence of the circuits as some form of insurance, and know that if they package a project with the right potential b.o. ingredients the production will eventually find its way onto one of the two circuits and, if the chemistry that was apparent on paper becomes evident on the screen, chances of boxoffice success are well within their reach.

No 'Divorcement'

Several ideas, some seemingly way out, were considered and tossed away by the Commission. One that had been strongly touted and cursorily discarded was the suggestion of divorcement on the American pattern. It is widely considered that in the present state of the industry that could not work. Other ideas were intriguing, if not entirely practical, such as splitting the two major circuits into small booking units, each with autonomous power, but that could have created a frightening, if not absurd, situation.

Imagine, for example, the position in circuit XYZ, which controls a chain of 300 theatres broken down into 12 units, each controlling 25 theatres. The associated production company of XYZ, known in the trade as WXYZ, has in release a film which is offered to the 12 booking chiefs. Can it be seriously accepted that even one of the 12 would either be so stupid, or have the temerity, to turn down the WXYZ release on the grounds of unsuitability and book, instead, a release offered by a rival company?

Yet something on these lines was seriously advanced to the Commission by a responsible trade organization, and had the backing of serious-minded people in the industry. The purpose of this comment, however, is not gratuitously to knock the people involved in making this seemingly way-out proposal, but to give some indication of the lengths to which serious-minded leaders of the industry went in their search for an alternative to end a position in which, to all intents and purposes, two bookers—one for Rank and one for ABC—decide the production policy for the whole British film industry.

While it may, therefore, be reasonable to assume that on the findings of the Monopolies Commission there may not be any major changes in the forthcoming legislation, the Board of Trade will have to give urgent thought to see what steps can, and should, be taken to preserve some vestige of independent production and at the same time to insure that the number of operating theatres does not decline to the point where economic film production is no longer possible. The circuits, admittedly, provide the stability for the market, but the gravy from the independent theatreners is a vital factor in the ultimate balance sheet.

Aside from recommendations to

YOUTH VS. AGE MARKS U.S. BIZ

By ARTHUR L. MAYER

(Following essay on the young men's business, still run by them 40 years later, represents the reflections of an industry sage who got his first film job 49 years ago. Arthur Mayer has been publicist, exhibitor, importer and lately, college lecturer.—Ed.)

Some 49 years ago it was a "cinch," in the slang of that day, to get a film industry job in any capacity from an errand boy up or down to an executive. In my case I timidly confided to the 10th vice president of a bank that my supreme ambition in life was to get into the picture business. He a s s u m e d, not unreason-



Arthur L. Mayer

ably, that I could only be referring to the sort of pictures with which Griffith, Pickford, Fairbanks and Chaplin were electrifying the American public and not to those turned out by arty old fogies such as Michelangelo or Rembrandt. To my amazement he assured me that I couldn't have chosen a more lucrative and rapidly expanding industry and he even gave me a letter of introduction to a Mr. Sam Goldwyn who, by good fortune, had an account at the bank.

So fortified I called upon Mr. Goldwyn who received me graciously. He asked me only one question: "How old are you?" and when I confessed to 31 sadly shook his head at my advanced years. Nonetheless, he told me to take off my coat and go to work as a thoroughly unnecessary assistant to Howard Dietz and Si Seadler whod, fresh out of Columbia College, had already started their spectacular advertising careers in his employ.

I must have seemed to my fellow workers an ancient character. Griffith was in his 20s when he gave birth to "The Birth of a Nation." Chaplin was 24 when he soared to fame as the Keystone of Sennett's comic stock company. Thalberg was in the early 20s when he became the recognized gee-whiz kid of Hollywood. Darryl Zanuck at 26 was production chief on the Warner lot. David Selznick was rather backward. He did not become vice-president in charge of production at RKO until he was 29. Zukor, Loew, Goldwyn, DeMille, Fox and Laemmle were all so youthful that they could in retrospect be more accurately described founding fledglings than as Founding Fathers.

Through the next three decades, they continued to ransack the world for fresh young talent, nubile waitresses with amazing mammary developments, or truck drivers with big muscles, dimples and dark, dreamy eyes. Unceasingly they searched for bright lads who had the gift of telling stories and self-assured ones who had the knack of showing actors what to do and how to do it, much as football scouts presently scour the college stadiums for 270-pound tackles and six-foot-four pass receivers. For the less gifted we conducted training classes with more applications than we could handle for theatre managers, salesmen and publicity men.

France and Youth

The accent on youth still dominates the film industry in Europe and is largely responsible (along with subsidies and American know-how and distribution facilities) for the rapid strides it has made in world-wide acceptance. In France alone in the five years from 1959 to '63 inclusive, 170 new directors were given their first assignment to make commercial features pictures. In the U.S. we would be elated if we uncovered one a year. (France's

(Continued on page 30)

Passage of Copyright Bill in 1967 Hinges on 'As Is' Support by Industry

By LARRY MICHIE

Washington. Revision of existing copyright law, which hasn't had a major overhaul since 1909, may rank high on the 90th Congress's schedule of business. Extremely complex and controversial, a new law may emerge this year if all goes well.

The complex and controversial nature of copyright revision doesn't fully explain the delay in passing a new measure, however. For the last two years in particular, Congress has been spurred by President Johnson to work on a staggering amount of social legislation, leaving the tedious basic legal work of the House and Senate largely in the background.

Things may be much different in the 90th Congress. The Johnson Administration has won so many legislative victories that far fewer social measures will be pressed this year than last and, with major Republican gains at the polls last November, it is expected that the more liberal bills will have short lives at best. Legislators, therefore, will be free to concentrate on such work as copyright revision.

Although it was slow and painful with almost no public recognition, much of the groundwork for copyright revision was done in the last two years—most of it by the House Judiciary Committee's Copyright Subcommittee, headed by Rep. Robert Kastenmeier (D-Wis.). The Subcommittee took volumes of testimony from scores of witnesses in 1965, then spent all of last year sifting through the radically disputatious arguments. Near the end of the session—and after a total of 51 executive meetings—the Subcommittee reported out a mammoth revision bill. It is that measure that will be the focal point of all the legislative maneuvering that is certain to occur this year.

The Subcommittee talked and talked and compromised before it finally unanimously approved the bill. The unanimity was virtually a necessity to speed the progress of the measure, as any dissension would have opened the way for opponents of specific provisions to bring pressure to bear to kill the bill. The copyright societies, the broadcast industry, publishers and many other powerful groups have vital stakes in any new copyright law. After the Subcommittee approved the bill, it was rapidly given unanimous approval by the parent House Judiciary Committee, but only after a couple of dissenters were persuaded to save their objections until the legislation comes to the House floor.

No Bills Held Over

When a new Congress convenes, no bills are held over. Each piece of legislation has to be reintroduced and the whole legislative process begun again. In the case of the copyright bill, this won't make much difference. All members of the Subcommittee were re-elected in November, so the bill can swiftly be introduced and passed by the Subcommittee again, although it is possible that some obstacles may be raised in the Judiciary panel. Most likely, however, the situation will quickly be the same as last year, with the bill in the House awaiting Rules Committee clearance for a floor vote. Although it will be a tough fight, it is possible that the House will pass the bill in much its present form this year. In the Senate, however, it is a different story.

Sen. John McClellan (D-Ark.) is head of the Senate Copyright Subcommittee, which still has most of its work ahead of it. Brief hearings were held last year on the incendiary community antenna tv issue, but otherwise the Subcommittee has yet to tool up. It is expected to rely heavily on the spadework done by its House counterpart, however, and it is possible that it will report out a copyright bill this year, and it may even get the Senate floor for a vote.

So many powerful forces will be

at loggerheads over the bill that skilled undercutting and even filibustering are not out of the question, but even if the "upper body" does approve a bill, it very likely will have significant differences with the House version. Since both bodies must approve the same bill before it becomes law, a joint committee to work out differences would be hard pressed to reach agreement.

Hope for Quick Passage

The real hope for relatively quick passage of copyright revision law, therefore, lies in the possibility that both House and Senate will accept the judgment of their Copyright Subcommittees. As register of copyrights Abraham L. Kaminstein said in a speech last November, if opponents of specific provisions in the bill force the offering of detailed amendments when the measure is being debated on the House and Senate floors, chances are the bill will be sunk. One or two amendments often can ruin an otherwise sound bill, and original supporters wind up voting against its passage. If any new law is to be enacted in the next year or two, therefore, it will necessarily be very similar to the one already approved by the House Copyright Subcommittee.

And if there is one point on which everyone close to the copyright law agrees, it is that major revision is necessary—and soon. The current 1909 law has been updated in patchwork fashion, with no provisions at all for jukeboxes and community antenna tv, to mention two of the more controversial issues.

As agreed on by the Subcommittee last year, the bill's primary sections would:

—Extend the term of copyright validity to the author's lifetime plus 50 years. It is currently 28 years and can be renewed for another 28.

—Slap a copyright fee on jukeboxes, now exempt. The fee would vary according to the size of the machine, but the average on a sliding scale would turn out to be something like \$19 annually per jukebox.

—Put CATV under a compromise copyright fee plan in which some systems would be fully liable for copyright charges, others would be exempt and still others would have to pay "a reasonable license fee." The payment would vary according to the type of service rendered and whether the CATV subscribers had other access to the copyright material, such as on free tv. CATV for years has paid no copyright fees but is currently appealing a court decision that would make all systems fully liable.

—Lift the charge to manufacturers for the right to make records from 2c per record to "either 2½c or ½c per minute of playing time or fraction thereof, whichever amount is larger."

Those are the highlights of a law that, if enacted, will be vitally important to virtually every segment of the entertainment industry. If the majority of legislators put their trust in their colleagues and don't try to tinker with the frail complexity of the bill, it may become law very soon.

WARREN BROWN JOINS U AS LONDON LIT LIGHT

Warren Brown, who has headed Metro's story department in London for over three years, will take over Universal Pictures' London literary department, as of this week.

In addition to England, Brown's department will also cover major centers of source material on the Continent. Prior to taking over the London office for Metro, he had been associate story editor in Metro's N.Y. office since 1956 and was also fiction editor of Collier's and a member of the editorial staff of Esquire.

COFFEE, BRANDY & CIGARS

By HERMAN G. WEINBERG

They tell of that afternoon in Madrid when Sir Alexander Fleming was recognized sunning himself on a bench in a park. When word buzzed around that he was the discoverer of penicillin, which had saved so many lives, the Madrilenos in the area rushed to the flowercarts, scooped up their contents en toto and, just as he got up to leave, made a path of blossoms for him to walk upon.

The Tahitians say that coconuts have eyes to see and fall from their high perch in the kava trees only on the heads of mean people, and, as there are no mean people in Tahiti, there is nothing to worry about.

"The strength of the prohibition," said Freud, "shows the strength of the attraction."

All the countries behind the Iron Curtain are rife with jokes about the political situation in which they find themselves. In Bucharest they tell of the teacher who asked her class of boys to relate good deeds that they performed. Said Popescu, "I helped a little old lady cross the street." "Very good," said the teacher. Said Ionescu, "I helped Popescu help the little old lady cross the street." "That's even better," said the teacher. "It shows the collective spirit." Said Constantinescu, "And I helped Popescu and Ionescu help the little old lady cross the street." "Excellent!" exclaimed the teacher, "a truly collective action!" "And I," said Manescu, "helped Popescu, Ionescu and Constantinescu help the little old lady cross the street." "Great," said the teacher, "but, tell me, why did it take four strong boys to help one little old lady cross the street?" "Because," said Manescu, "she didn't want to cross."

The reason the late Raymond Duncan, "eccentric" brother of the famed dancer, Isadora, wore togas instead of modern dress dates back to 1903 when he presented himself one evening at a soiree with his valet, who was re-

fused admittance because the valet was not properly accoutered in evening dress. Angry, Duncan returned home, changed into a toga and gave his valet his own evening dress. They returned to the ball. This time, the valet was admitted, but not the master. As a reproach to this snobbery, Raymond Duncan never again wore modern clothes.

During the filming of "A Countess from Hong Kong," the cameraman is reported to have said to Chaplin, "How about an unusual angle for this shot?" To which Chaplin is said to have replied, "I don't need an unusual angle, I am, myself, unusual."

Said the son of Theodore Van Gogh, brother of the famous Vincent, during an interview: "Picasso? He is good, he has done some excellent things. He is a great draftsman. But I also think he is afraid, something in him is afraid, so that he never culminates anything. He comes to the point of discovery and then turns away and does something else." Van Gogh's nephew, himself an art critic, shook his head sorrowfully. "I like him but I think there is something he doesn't want to face."

Maurice Utrillo was engaged by Sacha Guitry for a brief role, as himself, painting a street scene in Montmartre for Guitry's film, "Si Paris M'Etait Conte." When told the scene was finished and that he could stop, Utrillo replied, "But I am not finished." He continued to paint until he had completed the street scene.

At the time of the Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact, von Ribbentrop came to Moscow. The Russians wanted to decorate Moscow with pictures of Hitler but couldn't find any. They didn't want to offend their new ally and were very anxious to put on a show of solidarity. Then someone remembered that they were currently making an anti-Nazi film, "Professor Mamlock," whereupon they went to the studio, gathered up the supply of



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Hitler pictures that were being used in the film, and decorated Moscow with them.

Sergei Eisenstein's letter to Paramount accompanying the screen treatment of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," written by himself and Alexandrov, his assistant, and which project was to have served as Eisenstein's American directorial debut:

Oct. 5, 1930.

Gentlemen:

So here we see the miracle accomplished — "An American Tragedy" in only 14 reels.

Still, we think the final treatment must not be over 10.

But we withdraw from the final "shrinking," leaving it for the present "in extenso," so as to have the possibility of making this unpleasant operation after receiving the benefit of notes and advice from:

1. The West Coast Magnates.
2. The East Coast Magnates.
3. Theodore Dreiser.
4. The Hays Organization.

Accordingly, gentlemen, we have the honor to submit to your "discriminating kindness": The Enclosed Manuscript

And . . . Honi soit qui mal y pense!

(Signed)

Sergei M. Eisenstein
Grigori Alexandrov

An anecdote straight out of a Lubitsch comedy was recounted in, of all places, the Aug. 24-31, 1975 issue of the weekly New England & Essex Chronicle, an early Colonial newspaper. It reported the story of a tanner who came home late one night, undressed and was about to settle down in bed in the darkened bedroom when his wife suddenly got up and complained of a severe migraine headache, asking him to go to the grog shop for some aniseed water to relieve it. The dutiful husband dressed and proceeded to the grog shop, asked for the aniseed water and, reaching into his trousers pocket, brought forth a gold sovereign. Not ever having owned a gold sovereign in his life, he wondered how it got there, thought it over, and in the process noticed that the trousers were not his own. After a moment's deliberation, feeling that his wife was well taken care of, he sat down, placed the sovereign on the table, and bade the grog shop owner to keep bringing him hot rum toddies to fortify himself against the cold night air. Befuddled from the long night of rum-guzzling, he returned home nigh unto dawn, having left the bottle of aniseed water in the grog shop. He had forgotten it, but this was of little account, for so had she.

'Sound' Mark: 92 Weeks

Dallas.

Fox's "The Sound of Music" closed last week, just a day short of a 92-week run, new longevity mark for Dallas. Since the film opened at Interstate Circuit's suburban Inwood on March 24, 1965, attendance passed the 475,000 mark from over 900 performances.

Interstate continues its locked lip policy re actual money.

"Hawaii" followed at the Inwood, also on a hardticket basis.

Dear Communications Industry

By JOHN M. CULKIN, S.J.

(The director of the Center for Communications of Fordham University's Department of Communication Arts, Jesuit Father John Culkin, one of the country's active figures in the film-study field, has a message for the communications industry . . . a sort of pitch and a promise, in the form of an open letter—Ed.)

You already know that the universities are interested in you. Their interest is almost universally expressed in their efforts to separate you from some of your money. They can also be counted upon for routine and superficial comments on the influence of the media. A few, and the number is growing, are developing schools of communication. Unfortunately, many of these tend to be spinoffs from traditional schools of drama, speech and journalism. But interest is high and the lag between what the world needs and what the schools supply is of long-standing.

It is, however, an age of gap-closing. The speed of electronic communication has made it so. Here is one university that's saying: "Stop the world; we want to get on." Fordham quite simply wants to put together the best school for communications in the country. This is an invitation to join the conspiracy. We want your experience, your ideas, your money, your objections, your dreams.

The challenge is simple. The problems are many. An undergraduate and graduate program has to be practical without degenerating into a trade school. It has to deal with theory without leaving the real world. It has to cooperate with the industry without being controlled by it. It has to smell out the real issues underlying the layers of party-line rhetoric. It has to be both colleague and critic within all the media and industries. It has to develop a staff which is competent enough to earn the respect of the profession which it serves. It has to find its role in a new and rapidly developing complex of issues involving art, economics, politics, international cooperation, education, culture, and a whole lexicon of similar terms. One thing is certain—no one man or institution has all the answers. Fordham is now trying to come up with a few of the right questions.

Why Fordham? We have the insight and, therefore, the responsibility. We have geography on our side—two square blocks of it at Lincoln Center and the offer of a building at Columbus Circle. We have some history working for us—one of the first Communication Arts departments in the country and 20 years of competent service at the undergraduate level. Our graduates have made it in all the media. Our staff has consisted of a core of full-time profs and a cadre of adjunct teachers drawn from the arts and industries of the city. Things that could slow us down are slim finances and the feelings some have that a church-related school can't operate effectively in this field. Money takes care of financial problems. Competence and relevance solve both problems.

Ideas have consequences. The right ideas will also attract the needed resources. Our thinking is based on a tour of most of the communications schools in the country and on countless discussions with practitioners out in the real world. React to it. It's an invitation to invest in the future of your own profession. Let us know where we should be heading. And if you want your name on a building, room, professorship or scholarship . . . let us know. We plan to go first class.

(Father Culkin's pitch was heard in one area, the Federal Government's National Council of Arts when it assigned a matching grant to Fordham last month, as reported in the Dec. 21 issue of VARIETY.—Ed.)

How To Avoid—

Fame, Fortune, Fat & Fate

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

San Francisco

About 25 years ago, I ran into a very swift-moving, constantly-excited, furiously-successful writer-producer-director of some of the worst movies ever made, who said, "Where have you been? What have you been doing?" By which he meant, "Look at me, and look at you. I'm a Field Marshal in command of thousands of people, millions of dollars. Don't tell me you're still only a writer." Abashed, I said, "Well, I've been here and there. I've been writing, but now I'm here to see this Sneak Preview."

It was his latest movie, unnecessary, useless, noisy, and painfully boring, so, of course, after the movie, I went out of my way not to run into him again.

Today that man is a millionaire who owns a dozen paintings by such unfortunate and impractical fellows as Van Gogh and Jackson Pollack, for instance. Also, houses all over the world, expensive cars, tailor-made clothes, and all of the other things busy, successful, famous, rich, fabulous people like to have and to accumulate, apparently as a defense against wisdom and death.

Still Only A Writer!

As for me, I am still who I was 25 years ago: a writer, in command of a typewriter, owning the junk that inevitably falls to the floor around a man who hangs around long enough including a lot of rocks from beaches here and there. Also, stuff I've written and published, which could be converted into money, if I cared to bother.

Well, why don't I? (Letters, telegrams and phone calls ask this question a dozen times a month.)

The answer is, I don't need to, because I've paid all my debts in full, and because coming into possession of a lot of money would mean that I would have to hire the services of an accountant who understands money and taxes; a lawyer who understands lawyers, law, courts, judges, juries, and larceny; a personal secretary; an impersonal secretary; an errand-runner; a gardener; a housecleaner; a butler; a stooge; a chauffeur; and six or seven other nice people who haven't got what it takes to be sensations in the world, or to be sensibly poor and not psychotic about it. I would have to become some kind of Field Marshal myself, and that's just not for me.

Famous Enough

Besides, I have never known a time that I wasn't as famous as any man has any right or reason ever to be. Doing only work I have wanted to do when I have wanted to do it has brought me more money than I had ever had in mind, more than I needed, more than I deserved, more than any writer needs or deserves, and so I spent it, gave it away, threw it away until the government itself informed me that I was disposing of its money, which the government wanted to spend, give away, throw away.

I was given the alternative of working for the government, or of going about my business on my own terms, in my own way, un beholden to the economic system, to the culture explosion of the government and the banks, to the fantasy of great achievements, to the fraudulence of better times for everybody, un beholden to anybody.

As it was when I sold papers, a buck is a buck. If you've had (Continued on page 13)

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Memoirs of a Chronic Festival-Goer

Backward Look at the Pattern of International Rallies Through the Years—Created by the Italy of the Blackshirts—Often Tense With Cold War Antagonisms—Gradually, Festivals Matured and Values Came Clear Against Their Limits and Hazards—Perhaps 165 Round the World But Only 22 Important—Move to Further Reduce Their Numbers.

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Paris. Total number of film festivals around the world may run to 165. It varies every time there's a count. But the truly important events add up to perhaps 22. That's including Asia. Africa is alone in not having become sufficiently "civilized" to break out with film festivals.

By now there is a hard core of veteran festival-goers, Journalists, photographers, critics, buffs, buyers, sellers, scouts and people who seem to live on air. Anyone attending all 22 major events could, in theory at least, consume some 230 days of a year's 365.

A previous article in last year's Anniversary (by another writer) explored some of the ways in which festivaliers contrive to live and travel. Actually many of them pay part or all of their own expenses. It follows, too, that in growing situations the auspices have grown knowing about the free-loaders without any publication or other outlet for news and reviews. Equally is it true that the early era hokum, the zany bits with the careless starlets, have been jeered from the scene.

Historically it is worth recalling that film festivals originated in 1932 when that "showman," Benito Mussolini, craved cachet for himself and fellow bully boys. Idea was that Venice, a living museum by itself, was the ideal setting.

Prizes were first instituted via public referendum and then by an international jury. Venice began to develop into a meeting place for world filmmakers and film writers. In 1937 Palace was built on the Lido, an island near Venice that had a reputable beach. Here Thomas Mann wrote his "Death in Venice" but it was a lively spot, at least two weeks a year.

La Grande Illusion

Early prizes were won by Helen Hayes, Frederic March, Wallace Beery, but as the Italo-German axis grew grim it became a meeting place mainly for the angle-shooters even if in 1937 Jean Renoir's famous pacifistic film "La Grande Illusion" could still win a major prize.

Cannes tried to have a festival in 1939 but it was shelved by the war. Venice went on with German warships in the lagoon and German Propaganda Minister Goebbels himself making appearances. Then it died out but was revived in 1946.

Cannes became a fest in 1946. Locarno in Switzerland, San Sebastian in Spain, Berlin in the Western half of the divided city and many more of all kinds including those for shorts, children's films, experimental films, industrial films, ad films, and recently one for military films of all kinds and mainly those made by the military for training purposes, or made for them privately.

Cost of a Festival

Festivals could cost the organizers from \$120,000 to over \$150,000. And to American companies it could mean a cost of \$10,000 to prepare, present and send representatives of a film, with the danger of a big, commercial, expensive film losing out in awards to a small film from an unknown country or filmmaker.

By the early 1950s, there was the excitement of film creators meeting from around the world, first revelations of new countries, directors, players.

Slowly more or less serious press coverage began. Against that, one pressman boasts of attending dozens of film festivals without having seen a film.

Name-Calling

Film festivals have, through the years, reflected the political sensitivities of many crises. McCarthyism in the United States echoed. Cold war tensions expressed themselves again and again. One nation snubbed another. Leftists flung their stock-in-trade expletive: "Fascist!" at whoever they disliked. A running feud between "commerce" and "art" shaped, as indeed it continues. During the mess in Algeria the sensitivity of the French was acute, a sensitivity that was very much felt at the 1966 Venice Festival because of an Algerian-Italian film.

'Don't Do It, Bob'

Take the cold war. At an early Cannes Festival, circa 1952, photographers asked American actor Robert Mitchum to shake hands with a burly, bald Russian player. Both agreed pleasantly, but before it could be done a stentorian voice was heard, "Don't do it Bob." It was Preston Sturges, the late American filmmaker, who had shouted the warning. Mitchum did it anyway.

Edward G. Robinson, as a member of the jury, saved the American flag from being dragged in the mud at Cannes, according to a headline in the conservative New York Daily News. He objected to a Spanish film, no less, "Welcome Mr. Marshall," made by two Spanish directors, Luis Berlanga and Juan-Antonio Bardem, who were to make names for themselves at future festivals.

A charming comedy, it dealt with a little Spanish town which heard that Marshall Plan people might be coming to the town. To try for this American aid it is transformed into what tourists think a Spanish town is, with maids in mantillas on balconies being serenaded etc. But the Marshall car just races through the town. Later the decorations fall and the last scene is an American and Spanish flag floating in a muddy stream towards a street sewer. Robinson's objections had this cut and American "face" was saved.

One American Flag

A decade ago, in 1956, this *VARIETY* rep went to the Czech fest at Karlovy Vary for the first time. There were but two Americans accredited that year. What was unspoiled was almost exclusively Communist bloc features.

A humorous incident developed when the two Americans wanted to separate and sit apart in the dining room. No, this could not be permitted. Much regrets. Reason: Karlovy Vary had, at the time, only one American flag, and every nationality had to dine under its own banner!

In Cannes one year an American star arrived in an

open car surrounded by press, public and photographers, and the first thing she asked the greeting publicity man on alighting was "Should I speak to Mr. Chaplin?" It had been rumored he would be there (actually he has yet to accept the perennial invitations he gets to festivals). Since then, the recognition of Red China by France has seen Formosa pulling out of Cannes.

At Venice these last four years, the festival director, Luigi Chiarini, has proved most unpopular with Venetian businessmen and film showmen, both. He has tried to turn it into an exposition and frowned on the hoopla of stars, starlets and social aspects. He wanted only to put the emphasis on film art. A professor, he asked only historians who had written books on films to join the jury.

Shrugs off 'Jew Suss'

Chiarini cast aspersions at an American entry in 1964, "Lilith," which primed an American majors boycott. Falling attendance, less business, had hotel owners putting out a pamphlet against Chiarini which showed him in uniform next to Mussolini and also printed his rave review of the notorious anti-Semitic Nazi film "Jew Suss" at the time. Confronted with this, Chiarini only shrugged and noted he was now a man of the far left and everybody had to make concessions for art in those days.

It appears Chiarini is still in. Robert Favre Le Bret remains at the helm of the other leading festival, Cannes. His troubles were entirely of another order.

In the early days at Cannes there was an outing to some islands outside of the resort city. Drinking pernod in the sun made it merry and also gave newsmen, not too interested in films, ideas for creating some copy. At one visit a buxom British starlet, Simone Silva, was talked into going for a swim and then somehow the top piece of her bikini was off and she was hugging Robert Mitchum. A friend boggled and shot it with a 16mm camera as all still cameras broke loose, with Mitchum stoically extricating himself.

The resulting hulabaloo procured Miss Silva a Hollywood try but no future and ended in tragedy with her

suicide some years later. There were a few sporadic nude events before the island trip was cut from the Cannes agenda.

One recalls Sophia Loren crying at a press luncheon when she was treated with delicacy by all. It was her first trip back to Italy, and Venice, after the "bigamy" charges due to her marriage with producer Carlo Ponti. The jury proved even more gallant by giving her the acting award for an American film "The Black Orchid."

One recalls, too, Betsy Blair finally getting "justice" at Cannes in 1955 for "Marty" and also for her own individual personality. That was the year Kim Novak became a favorite with European pressmen, getting great coverage and practically being turned into a "star" though she had no film present at the particular Cannes Festival.

Venerable filmmaker Josef Von Sternberg, on Locarno jury, asked Marlene Dietrich to come down which created some pandemonium since she was the first big star to grace this more subdued festival. But before the showing of "The Blue Angel" Sternberg kissed Miss Dietrich on the cheek and then tried to do the same with a beautiful young Czech actress, who pulled back from him as if he was capitalistic poison. This bothered him, but he accepted it as modesty. Later the Czech actress came out crying and kissed Sternberg's hand.

Aristocratic if leftist Italian director Luchino Visconti showed a lack of sportsmanship when he only won a Silver Lion after the Golden Lion went to the Indian director Satyajit Ray for the second in his now famed trilogy "Aparajito" (The Unvanquished). Visconti did not speak to Ray when both were on television on the stage during the prizegiving. He also made a remark that he would not talk for silence was golden, referring to Ray's shyness and winning the gold prize to his silver one.

Booings

There was the shameful booing and hooting at Michelangelo Antonioni's "L'Avventura" at Cannes with both Antonioni and Monica Vitti emerging in tears. But most journalists signed a petition against this unseemly and unintelligent display and the film went on to become a great success. Antonioni received his top award at Venice for "The Red Desert" in 1964.

Cannes in 1959 helped launch the French New Wave, that group of ex-critics making films who showed for a time much promise but soon fell apart.

At Venice in 1951 came the revelation of the Japanese film. Many people went to Venice the night "Rashomon" was on. But some stayed out of curiosity and saw this harsh, dynamic and brilliant film that went on to win the grand prize that year. Nobody from Japan was there since an Italian distributor, who happened to have bought it, submitted it.

Hardly anyone then knew about the 500 films made yearly in Japan and the great Nipponese directors who were soon to become famous at least among selective art house audiences, like Akira Kurosawa, who did "Rashomon," the late Kenji Mizoguchi and Yasujiro Ozu, Kon Ishikawa, Susumu Hani, Masayaji Kobayashi and others.

Festively Made

Juries are an important part of the festival game too, since prizes can help a film, though they sometimes do not help. Above all, festivals gain attention for new talents. Greek director Michael Cacoyannis received good reviews, no prizes, but was definitely "launched" by festivals.

Juries are usually drawn from film reviewer or film personage ranks but sometimes noted personalities are recruited, to wit painters, writers or playwrights. Henry Miller, that forthright expatriate American writer, once rated a pornographer, turned up on the Cannes jury one year. It is true he had written a review of some early Luis Bunuel films and even tried his hand at scripts.

Awareness spread among film-makers that festivals could focus attention not otherwise available to the obscure. A case in point was "The Connection" at Cannes, a New York indie based on an off-Broadway play about dope fiends and their fondness for that four-letter word, then verboten on soundtracks in America. Cannes was kind to "The Connection," but the Albany Board of Regents held it up on a license. Producers fought and forced a license without the word (11 times used) deleted. But when the film finally opened in Manhattan the public could not have been more bored. The big "buildup" at Cannes meant naught.

In the Christmas holiday period of 1964 at the deserted Belgian seaside resort of Knokke le Zoute and "experimental film festival" brought certain Greenwich Village underground films to notice. Jack Smith's "Flaming Creatures" drew comment that this was a "stag" film rather than "art." The attempt to rally a defense on the score of civil liberties fell rather flat. It aroused prurient interest but very little support.

For a time there was muttering that (a) Italy and France gave each other the prizes at their respective festivals, and (b) that many important films were gotten by certain fests promising prizes beforehand and (c) that prizes were arbitrary anyway and how could one judge which was the best among a drama, comedy and musical?

But with juries international, it is hard to see how they could all be "bought." It is true that sometimes there were more French and Italians than foreigners on some juries, but that has since been rectified. What could be done was to try to influence them by festival heads to give the prizes to films that stood chances at world box-offices so as not to make the prizes too esoteric.

Hollywood has won top prizes at Cannes, none at Venice, for "Marty" and "The Friendly Persuasion," with Britain taking it at Cannes for "The Knack" and "The Third Man" and for Sir Laurence Olivier's "Hamlet" at Venice.

IT'S WAR!

By HOWARD DIETZ

A lot of war talk is in the air, but not enough attention is paid to the war that is escalating on our very doorstep. I refer, of course, to the war against cellophane and kindred plastic. Unless something is done about it, and quickly too, we will soon be subject to that seemingly innocent translucent foe which knows no respect for human dignity, and, under the guise of sanitation, drives us to pitiable attempts of scratching at a package of cigarettes, hungry for just one puff, or potato chips or peanuts; or, (it must be admitted) anything.

Look inside your refrigerator these days for a late night snack and you will see what I mean. It will show you the meals you are going to have on Monday, which is a week away. It all looks very handy, but when you want something right now, try and get it. Your enemy—usually the little woman—the aluminum companies have seen to her. They put on big tv shows which appeal to the woman so that she doesn't do anything in the afternoon, except practice putting things such as potato salad neatly in packages which are something like baggies. She can do this and watch a soap opera at the same time. Try and open one of these baggies at midnight (when of course, you are drunk) and I'll put money on the line that says you don't get out of the kitchen 'til 2 a.m. You oversleep and are in danger of losing your job, all because of some kind of plastic.

Enlist in this war. Now is the time to stand and be counted. You'll be surprised to see how few people get counted in on such an issue. I am told there is a method of freeing yourself from the clutches of the monopoly, that you can go to a plastics school and learn the basic maneuver on how to punch your way out of a paperbag, which even Maxie Rosenbloom, the light-heavyweight champion, couldn't do. They say you should pull gently at the little red ribbon and you're home in a breeze. Well, I've pulled the little red ribbon and lost it every time, and I defy anyone to do it right before these very eyes. Let him show me how to open a piece of chewinggum, or a knife and fork on an airplane, or let the barber get his comb and brush free and clear. I prefer to be one with the dust.

My one consolation and hope is that my early crusade against sardine keys is proving to be 90% effective, especially on Portuguese sardines which were canned in Japan and shipped to America.

But as to the war on plastics, let this be a warning, there is method in their madness. They'll escalate and infiltrate under the guise of being our friends and protectors. Already records are covered with plastic and impossible to play on impulse, but just think if they make each seat hygienic in movie and even legitimate theatres! Think of toilet seats and even drinking glasses in hotels, and imagine the ultimate horror of hundreds of women trying to break into plastically sealed seats at a matinee. Even they wouldn't think of introducing this at a performance that didn't consist mostly of women; but I often go to matinees nowadays, and even as I write, I feel a certain fear stealing over me and I appeal for help. Help, help, they're putting me in a paperbag; send for Secretary McNamara!

Big Rental Pictures of 1966

(U.S.-Canada Market Only)

Below is the *VARIETY* Anniversary Edition's usual checklist on the big pictures of the year ending given 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 1966 were on the market too sketchily for inclusion now. They must wait for next year's compilation. ("Big" rental rule of thumb is a film earning, or likely to earn, \$1,000,000 or more.)

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 1966 in which they were on exhibition, are reported although anticipated total rentals are left open in several instances.

Unfortunately for full estimates, certain major films have had only a precursory showing about

which the distributors are reluctant to cite rentals in hand, for various reasons. These include 20th-Fox's "The Bible" and Paramount's "Is Paris Burning?" Although it has been suggested to these film companies that complete omission of these major films might be interpreted by the trade as an indication of weak reception by the public, they would still not indicate the amount of rentals earned to date. There is also a growing reluctance on the part of some sales chiefs to "anticipate" eventual take, understandably perhaps, since in the past, some of their "anticipated" figures have proved over-optimistic and requiring subsequent year reduction.

It will be noted that certain releases from late 1965 which were not included in last year's Anniversary Edition have been picked up herewith. Information following the title is name of director, producer or production company, distributor and month of release. When director and producer are the same, the name is listed once only.

Feature	Origin	Date Out	Rentals To Date	Revenue Anticipated
Thunderball (T. Young; Eon Prods.; UA; Dec. '65)			\$26,000,000	\$28,000,000
Dr. Zhivago (D. Lean; Ponti; MGM; Dec. '65)			15,000,000	30,000,000
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (M. Nichols; Lehman; WB; June '66)			10,300,000	undetermined
That Darn Cat (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; Dec. '65)			9,200,000	9,400,000
Russians Are Coming				
Russians Are Coming (N. Jewison; Mirisch; UA; May '66)			7,750,000	8,300,000
Lt. Robin Crusoe, USN (B. Paul; Disney; BV; June '66)			7,500,000	8,300,000
The Silencers (P. Karlson; Allen; Col.; March '66)			7,000,000	7,000,000
Torn Curtain (A. Hitchcock; Univ.; August '66)			7,000,000	undetermined
Our Man Flint (Daniel Mann; David; Fox; January '66)			6,500,000	undetermined
Patch of Blue (G. Green; Berman-Green; MGM; March '66)			6,300,000	6,750,000
Ugly Dachshund (N. Tokar; Disney; BV; February '66)			6,000,000	6,200,000
Wild Angels (R. Corman; AIP; July '66)			5,500,000	undetermined
Harper (J. Smight; Gershwin-Kastner; WB; March '66)			5,300,000	undetermined
Blue Max (J. Guillermin; Ferry-Williams; Fox; June '66)			5,000,000	undetermined
Arabesque (S. Donen; Univ.; July '66)			5,000,000	undetermined
Nevada Smith (H. Hathaway; Levine; Par.; July '66)			5,000,000	6,500,000
Battle of Bulge (K. Annakin; Sperling-Yordan-Cinerama; WB; Dec. '65)			4,500,000	undetermined
Fantastic Voyage (R. Fleischer; David; Fox; October '66)			4,500,000	undetermined
Texas Across River (M. Gordon; Keller; Univ.; November '66)			4,500,000	undetermined
Glass Bottom Boat (F. Tashlin; Melcher-Freeman; MGM; July '66)			4,320,000	4,750,000
Boy, Did I Get A Wrong Number (G. Marshall; Small; UA; June '66)			4,010,000	4,300,000
Agony and Ecstasy (C. Reed; Fox; October '65)			4,000,000	undetermined
Walk, Don't Run (C. Walters; Siegel; Col.; July '66)			4,000,000	4,500,000
Trouble With Angels (I. Lupino; Frye; Col.; April '66)			3,950,000	4,100,000
Lambi (reissue) (anim.; Disney; BV; March '66)			3,900,000	4,200,000
Stagecoach (G. Douglas; Rackin; Fox; June '66)			3,800,000	undetermined
Singing Nun (H. Koster; Beck; MGM; April '66)			3,590,000	3,800,000
Do Not Disturb (R. Levy; Rosenberg-Melcher; Fox; January '66)			3,500,000	undetermined
Professionals (R. Brooks; Col.; November '66)			3,500,000	8,650,000
Dorn Free (J. Hill; Foreman-Jaffe-Radin; Col.; April '66)			3,450,000	3,600,000
Darling (J. Schlesinger; Janni; Embassy; October '65)			3,360,000	4,000,000
Spy Who Came In From Cold (M. Ritt; Salem; Par.; February '66)			3,100,000	3,600,000
How To Steal Million (W. Wyler; Kohlmar; Fox; July '66)			3,000,000	undetermined
Cast Giant Shadow (M. Shavelson; Mirisch-Llenroc-Batjac; UA; April '66)			2,850,000	3,500,000
Ghost and Mr. Chicken (A. Rafkin; Montagne; Univ.; May '66)			2,750,000	undetermined
Three On a Couch (J. Lewis; Col.; June '66)			2,650,000	2,875,000
The Group (S. Lumet; Feldman; UA; March '66)			2,560,000	3,000,000
Boeing Boeing (J. Rich; Wallis; Par.; December '65)			2,500,000	3,000,000
Paradise, Hawaiian Style (M. Moore; Wallis; Par.; June '66)			2,500,000	3,200,000
Lady L (P. Ustinov; Ponti; MGM; July '66)			2,335,000	2,700,000
Flight of Phoenix (R. Aldrich; Fox; January '66)			2,200,000	undetermined
Modesty Blaise (J. Losey; Janni; Fox; May '66)			2,200,000	undetermined
What Did You Do In The War, Daddy? (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; July '66)			2,200,000	2,650,000
Thousand Clowns (F. Coe; Harrell; UA; December '65)			2,150,000	2,400,000
Never Too Late (B. Yorkin; Tandem; WB; November '65)			2,100,000	undetermined
The Chase (A. Penn; Spiegel; Col.; February '66)			2,100,000	2,300,000
Frankie & Johnny (F. De Cordova; Small; UA; April '66)			2,050,000	2,750,000
Rare Breed (A. McLaglen; Alland; Univ.; February '66)			2,000,000	undetermined
Fireball 500 (W. Asher; Nicholson-Arkoff-Tupper; AIP; June '66)			2,000,000	undetermined
Blindfold (P. Dunne; Arthur-Schwartz; Univ.; June '66)			2,000,000	undetermined
Dr. Goldfoot and Bikini Machine (N. Taurog; Nicholson-Arkoff-Carras; AIP; November '65)			1,900,000	undetermined
Assault on Queen (J. Donohue; Goetz; Par.; July '66)			1,900,000	2,700,000
Loved One (T. Richardson; Ranshoff-Calley; MGM; December '65)			1,810,000	2,000,000
A Fine Madness (I. Kershner; Pan Arts; WB; May '66)			1,800,000	undetermined
This Property Is Condemned (S. Pollack; Houseman; Par.; Aug. '66)			1,800,000	2,600,000
Alfie (L. Gilbert; Par.; October '66)			1,800,000	undetermined
Spinout (N. Taurog; Pasternak; MGM; November '66)			1,770,000	3,000,000
Khartoum (B. Dearden; Blaustein; UA; June '66)			1,710,000	3,000,000
Batman (L. Martinson; Dozier; Fox; August '66)			1,700,000	undetermined
Heroes of Telemark (A. Mann; Benton; Col.; January '66)			1,600,000	1,650,000
Inside Daisy Clover (R. Mulligan; Pakula; WB; January '66)			1,500,000	undetermined
Ghost In Invisible Bikini (D. Weis; Nicholson-Arkoff-Carras; AIP; April '66)			1,500,000	undetermined
La Dolce Vita (reissue) (F. Fellini; RIAMA-Pathe; AIP; Aug. '66)			1,500,000	undetermined
Way, Way Out (J. Lewis; Fox; October '66)			1,200,000	undetermined
Hawaii (G. R. Hill; Mirisch; UA; October '66)			1,200,000	undetermined
Made In Paris (B. Sagal; Pasternak; MGM; February '66)			1,102,000	1,300,000
Moment To Moment (M. LeRoy; Univ.; January '66)			1,000,000	undetermined
Slender Thread (S. Pollack; Alexander; Par.; January '66)			1,000,000	1,500,000
Last of Secret Agents? (N. Abbott; Par.; May '66)			1,000,000	1,250,000
Lost Command (M. Robson; Col.; July '66)			1,000,000	1,150,000
The Appaloosa (S. Furie; Miller; Univ.; October '66)			1,000,000	undetermined
Where Spies Are (V. Guest; Guest-Pallas; MGM; January '66)			995,000	1,200,000
Liquidator (J. Cardiff; Elliott; MGM; November '66)			960,000	1,750,000
Second Best Secret Agent (L. Shonteff; Puck; Embassy; Nov. '65)			900,000	1,200,000
Fortune Cookie (B. Wilder; Mirisch; UA; November '66)			855,000	3,000,000
Viva Maria (L. Malle; UA; February '66)			825,000	1,150,000
Seconds (J. Frankenheimer; Lewis; Par.; October '66)			800,000	1,750,000
Night of Grizzly (J. Pevney; Dunne; Par.; May '66)			750,000	1,000,000
Return of Seven (B. Kennedy; Mirisch; UA; October '66)			720,000	1,600,000
The Swinger (G. Sidney; Par.; November '66)			700,000	undetermined
Alvarez Kelly (E. Dmytryk; Siegel; Col.; October '66)			575,000	1,400,000
A Man And A Woman (C. Lelouch; AA; July '66)			350,000	1,250,000
Romeo & Juliet (P. Czinner; Embassy; October '66)			300,000	1,500,000
Penelope (A. Hiller; Loew; MGM; December '66)			130,000	4,000,000

FILM DIALOG YOU'LL NEVER HEAR

By TED SENNETT

Closter, N.J.

Bonnie: (rushing in enthusiastically) Eddie! Eddie! It's a telegram! Ziegfeld wants us to star in his new show! It's our big break!

Eddie: The hell it is. I'm not working for any guy named Flo.

Grumpy Rich Old Man: (to sweet little girl with dog) Get off my property, you little guttersnipe! I don't care if you're cold and starving. Vanish—before I call the police!

Little Girl: (turning to the dog): Go for his throat, Sandy.

Cynthia: (passionately) You're my husband, George, but you have the right to know. I loved Arthur for two years before we were married. I loved him on our wedding day. I loved him all the years we've been together. And I love him even today!

George: He is kind of lovable, isn't he . . .

Scientist's Assistant: Dr. Zulch, you must stop these experiments. You cannot tinker with the mystery of life! You cannot toy with the future!

Zulch: Why not? They're my Tinkertoys!

Dance Director: (rushing in, breathless) Chief, Donna Lorraine just fell off the stage and broke her leg! . . . Should we rush in that cute little chorine from the third row?

Producer: (chewing on his cigar) That clutz? Call Marilyn Miller!

Pilot: This Serum X is the only thing that can save that old lady's life! I've got to fly it to the hospital—and I must get there in an hour—or it's curtains!

Friend: But there's a blinding snowstorm outside. Ice will form on the wings! You'll never get through!

Pilot: Do you have a bus schedule?

Defense Attorney: I ask you to free this helpless woman! I ask you to free this wretched victim of circumstances! I ask you to free this wife and mother!

Judge: You expect us to release this confessed murderess?

Defense Attorney: I'm only asking.

Explorer: (to Indian Chief) You give us Happy Hunting Grounds. We give you plenty wampum. Plenty beads. Plenty feathers.

Indian Chief: Yes—but how about a few Green Stamps?

Peggy: We've just got to raise that money for Widow Murphy! What can we do?

Gloria: (Excited) I know! Let's put on a show!

Donald: And lose our shirts? Let's sell tickets to "Fiddler On The Roof!"

Air Force Captain: (to wife) Ellie, I've got to stay in the service. I have this . . . feeling I can't explain . . . a feeling of serving and belonging . . . You'll stick by me, won't you?

Ellie: I should say not! Who do you think I am—June Allyson?

Desperate Prisoner: All right, Warden, we have your keys. And we have your guards. Throw down your guns—or the guards get it between the eyes!

Warden: To hell with the guards! Throw down the key to the washroom!

Farmer: Doc! Hurry! It's the missus!

Doctor: Boil up a large pot of water—fast!

Farmer: For the . . . baby?

Doctor: Heck, no. I brought my jar of instant coffee . . .

The New Ill-Breed of Humor (?)

By HARRY HERSHFIELD

Said about a certain playwright: "He's educated beyond his intelligence." Voltaire had those kind pegged. He asked a friend: "Re-



Harry Hershfield

garding the Duke of Burgundy—what are his capabilities?" "Oh, the Duke has an answer for everything."

"My God—is he as ignorant as all that?"

Some of our present crop of playwrights and stand-up comedians fit this category. They consider themselves the "higher the fewer," and have set themselves aside, in rarified atmosphere of the highest plateau of supposed "superior" thinking. With this charge we also say: "Do not condemn that which you do not understand." But we do condemn plays fostered on the public that are not understood completely by the authors themselves. One recently admitted his confusion. His defense being that he was really in the "highest plane of groping—really intellectual 'spaceflight'." When he sends back orbit photographs of his brain, maybe we'll get the answer.

More fun in the yarn of the professor who said to his pupils: "I have a frog with me. With him I shall prove my theory." He put the frog down on the starting line, then cried: "Jump!" With that the frog jumped 50 feet. He brought it back and said to the pupils: "Now I'll cut off his four legs." He took off all the legs and then put the frog again on the starting line. Then he cried to it: "Jump!" The frog didn't move. Again he

cried: "Jump!" Again it didn't move. To which the professor said to the pupils: "See, this frog proves my theory—if you cut off his legs he can't hear."

Proving the theatergoers' reaction. When the playwright begins to dissect your sensibilities by emasculating your most sacred emotions, no wonder you do not react as a normal human. A distorted "epic," as we say.

And what is the supposed "super-intellectual" trying to prove? That we shouldn't remain happy, even if we feel better being happy. What is, really isn't? If you say to him: "We have 10 witnesses who saw you steal that horse" he answers: "Well, I can bring you 50 people who didn't see me take it."

It's what you don't see that really matters. You're a "square" or other appellations, if you don't appreciate their distorted, fetid thinking. Propounding and pounding at decay. Humans in their lowest depths of degradation is their dish. The smellier the better.

They write plays about phases of human habits that can never be contagious. Therefore, its only value is clinical—i.e. if you enjoy being a patron of clinics. If I have to compromise, I'll settle for the Picasso story. Burglar entered his studio and robbed him. Wasn't interested in his paintings, but demanded cash. After he escaped, the gendarmes interviewed Picasso, who said: "I'll make a drawing of the robber so you can identify and capture him." So they took Picasso's sketch of the burglar and went out and arrested a one-eyed ballet dancer, the Eiffel Tower and a wheelbarrow.

The reader will probably ask: "Why so suddenly steeped in unusual, cutting criticism?" Good

(Continued on page 30)

'SOUND' BLOWS 'WIND' OFF NO. 1

ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

(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 reports. Experience has informed this publication that the All-Time list is most carefully studied by readers who look in vain for films they believe ought surely to be included but are not. Therefore, these reminders are reiterated:

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

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

(c) Figures, as given below, signify the rentals received by the distributors from the U.S.-Canada market only and omit foreign market rentals. The latter, in recent years, frequently equal the domestic payoff.

A sizable contingent of past releases is round-figure estimated at \$4,000,000, or close enough thereto, though more exact data would be distinctly preferable. There is a great reluctance on the part of most film companies to revise figures once they have passed their first flush of success (with the exception of major reissues) although many of the films have stayed in circulation for years, been reissued sporadically, and have added income over the years. This makes the quoted figures on some of the older releases questionably reliable. As example, Warners' "Giant," released in 1956, carried a figure of \$12,000,000 from 1957 until this year, when the film's director-producer, George Stevens, reported that, through July 31, 1966, the domestic figure is actually \$13,830,000 (hence *Variety's* updated figure).

(Note: Film title is followed by name of director; producer or production company; original distributing company plus present distributor, if different; and year of release, as well as total rentals received to date.)

Sound of Music (R. Wise; 20th—1965).....	\$42,500,000
Gone With The Wind (V. Fleming; Selznick; MGM; 1939)....	41,200,000
Ten Commandments (C. B. DeMille; Par.; 1957).....	40,000,000
Ben-Hur (William Wyler; Zimbalist; MGM—1959).....	38,000,000
Mary Poppins (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1964).....	31,000,000
My Fair Lady (G. Cukor; Warner; WB; 1964).....	30,000,000
Thunderball (T. Young; Eon; UA; Dec. '65).....	26,000,000
Cleopatra (Joseph Mankiewicz; 20th—1963).....	23,500,000
How West Was Won (Jonn Ford-Henry Hathaway-George Marshall; Smith-Cinerama; MGM-1962).....	23,000,000
Around World in 80 Days (M. Anderson; Todd; UA; 1957)...	22,000,000
West Side Story (R. Wise, J. Robbins; Mirisch-7 Arts; UA; 1961).....	22,000,000
Goldfinger (G. Hamilton; Eon; UA; 1964).....	22,000,000
It's Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (S. Kramer; UA; 1963)....	19,000,000
The Robe (Henry Koster; Ross; 20th—1953).....	17,500,000
South Pacific (Joshua Logan; Magna-Adler; 20th—1958)....	17,500,000
Bridge On River Kwai (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—1958)....	17,195,000
Tom Jones (Pony Richardson; Woodfall; UA—1963).....	16,150,000

Longest Day (Ken Annakin-Andrew Marton-Bernhard Wicki; Zanuck; 20th—1962).....	15,100,000
This Is Cinerama (Lowell Thomas; Cooper; Cinerama—1952).....	15,000,000
Lawrence of Arabia (David Lean; Spiegel; Col—1963).....	15,000,000
Doctor Zhivago (D. Lean; Ponti; MGM; Dec. '65).....	15,000,000
Carpetbaggers (Edward Dmytryk; Levine; Par—1964).....	14,500,000
Spartacus (Stanley Kubrick; Bryna-E. Lewis; U—1961)....	14,000,000
Giant (G. Stevens; Stevens-Ginsberg; WB—1956).....	13,830,000
Guns of Navarone (J. L. Thompson; Foreman; Col.; 1961)...	13,000,000
Greatest Show On Earth (C. B. DeMille; Par—1952).....	12,800,000
From Here To Eternity (Fred Zinnemann; Col—1953).....	12,200,000
Seven Wonders of World (Lowell Thomas; Cinerama—1956)	12,500,300
White Christmas (Michael Curtiz; Dolan-Berlin; Par—1954)	12,000,000
Cinerama Holiday (Louis de Rochemont; Cinerama—1955)...	12,000,000
El Cid (Anthony Mann; Bronston; AA—1962).....	12,000,000
Irma La Douce (B. Wilder; Wilder-Mirisch; UA; 1963).....	12,000,000
Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines (K. Annakin; Margulies; 20th; 1965).....	12,000,000
Quo Vadis (Mervyn LeRoy; Zimbalist; MGM—1951).....	11,750,000
Samson and Delilah (C. B. DeMille; Par—1950).....	11,500,000
Duel In Sun (King Vidor; Selznick; SRO—1947).....	11,300,000
Best Years of Our Lives (William Wyler; Goldwyn; RKO—1947).....	11,300,000
Peyton Place (Mark Robson; Wald; 20th—1958).....	11,000,000
Psycho (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1960).....	11,000,000
Sayonara (Joshua Logan; Goetz; WB—1958).....	10,500,000
Snow White (animated; Disney; RKO-BV—1937).....	10,400,000
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (M. Nichols; Lehman; WB; June '66).....	10,300,000
Great Race (B. Edwards; WB; 1965).....	10,200,000
Mutiny On Bounty (Lewis Milestone; Rosenberg; MGM—1962).....	9,800,000
Shaggy Dog (Charles Barton; Disney; BV—1959).....	9,600,000
Operation Petticoat (Blake Edwards; Granart; U—1960)....	9,500,000
Parent Trap (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1961).....	9,400,000
The Apartment (Billy Wilder; Mirisch; UA—1960).....	9,300,000
Cat Ballou (E. Silverstein; Hecht; Col.; 1965).....	9,300,000
Cinderella (Wilfred Jackson; Disney; RKO-BV—1950).....	9,250,000
That Darn Cat (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; Dec. '65).....	9,200,000
Absent-Minded Professor (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1961).....	9,100,000
Shane (G. Stevens; Par—1953).....	9,000,000
Cat on Hot Tin Roof (R. Brooks; Avon; MGM—1958).....	9,000,000
Auntie Mame (Morton DaCosta; J. L. Warner; WB—1959) ..	9,000,000
From Russia With Love (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1964).....	9,000,000
Caine Mutiny (Stanley Kramer; Col—1954).....	8,700,000
Exodus (Otto Preminger; UA—1960).....	8,700,000
Bambi (anim.; Walt Disney; RKO-BV; 1942).....	8,600,000
20,000 Leagues Under Sea (R. Fleischer; Disney; BV; 1955)	8,600,000
This Is The Army (Michael Curtiz; J. L. Warner; WB—1943)	8,500,000
Mister Roberts (J. Ford-M. LeRoy; Hayward; WB; 1955)...	8,500,000
King And I (Walter Lang; Brackett; 20th—1956).....	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
Lady And Tramp (animated; Disney; BV—1955).....	8,300,000
Some Like It Hot (B. Wilder; Mirisch-Ashton; UA; 1959)...	8,300,000
What's New, Pussycat? (C. Donner; Feldman; UA; 1965) ..	8,300,000
Old Yeller (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1958).....	8,200,000
Swiss Family Robinson (Ken Annakin; Disney; BV—1960) ..	8,100,000
Bells of St. Mary's (Leo McCarey; RKO—1945).....	8,000,000
Jolson Story (A. E. Green; Skolsky-Griffith; Col—1947)....	8,000,000
Battle Cry (Raoul Walsh; J. L. Warner; WB—1955).....	8,000,000

(Continued on page 23)

ALL-TIME FILM 'RENTS' REVISED

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

The cash tills were alive with "The Sound of Music" all during 1966, as was predicted in last year's boxoffice champions story. It is the new leader of the all-time list, having added \$22,500,000 to the \$20,000,000 garnered domestically in 1965 to put it ahead of long-time champ "Gone With The Wind" by a slight margin. How long this will last should be worth watching as 1967 will certainly add considerable sums to both films.

"Sound of Music" still has the vast majority of its regular-run bookings to play, but Metro plans a special reissue of "Gone With The Wind" this year, blown up to 70m, which will insure certain heavy response. On its last time out, in 1961, the saga of Scarlett O'Hara added almost \$8,000,000 to its total.

Noticeable by their absence from the 1966 compilation (see adjoining page) are three major films: Fox's "The Bible," Paramount's "Is Paris Burning?" and, as was also true last year, United Artists' "The Greatest Story Ever Told." The omissions are due to the refusal of the distribution companies to reveal the business done (or, possibly, not done) by these films. That any measure of success has been disappointing is hardly news to the film industry. However, other films, released since these three, have been reported on, including UA's "Hawaii." It is hoped Fox, Paramount and UA will consent by the time the 1967 list is published, to clarify the situation; perhaps not.

'Alfie' & 'Mr. Chicken'

There were at least two "sleepers" of note during 1966. The big one, of course, was Paramount's "Alfie," which came onto the U.S. market an unknown quantity despite its spectacular success in its native Britain. Besides a repeat of that popularity here, possibly helped by the advance work done for star Michael Caine by "Ipcress Files," the possibility of an Oscar nomination will give the film another tremendous shot in the arm. The second "sleeper," Universal's "Ghost and Mr. Chicken," proved that unsophisticated product doesn't need the much-touted New York kickoff to hit the jackpot.

The continued strength of carefully-planned reissues of major productions (as Disney has long preached) was also emphasized by Paramount's 1957 "Ten Commandments," upping its score by close to \$6,000,000, to stay in third place.

Walt Disney's "Mary Poppins" manages to keep just ahead of Jack Warner's "My Fair Lady" by a close margin — in the film business today, \$1,000,000 is a close margin. What will be the eventual history of these two? As almost all Disney films are withdrawn while still popular, and then carefully reissued at specified periods (usually seven years), it figures that "Mary Poppins" will be increasing its total rentals every so many years, as have the other Disney classics (see "Bambi" this year). Warners, however, has maintained a past policy of failing to update figures on older films after a few years which would indicate that "My Fair Lady" will go up to a certain figure and then stick there indefinitely.

'Thunderball,' \$26,000,000

New top-earner of the James Bond features is "Thunderball," with an amazing \$26,000,000 in its first year of release. If UA keeps it, as it has the other Bond films, on the market semi-permanently, that total will continue to grow, as have "Doctor No," "From Russia With Love" and "Goldfinger." This year's forthcoming battle of the Bonds — UA's "You Only Live Twice" and Columbia's "Casino Royale" — should provide some boxoffice fireworks (and may well spell the start of a decline in pub-

(Continued on page 23)

Right-Angle Nabes 800 and 750 Cars

Kansas City.

Opening of the new State drive-in twins recently marks the first new theatre development in Kansas City, Kansas, in more than a decade. The twins are located on the western edge of the city, and were built by Martin Stone and Luva Vaughn, the third drive-in project they have built in the past three years. The others are the I-70 on the eastern edge of the Kansas City, Mo., and the Independence (Mo.) Twins.

Ribbon cutting had jockey Harry Becker of KCKN as emcee. Mostly, it was the occasion for giving friends and industryites a looksee at the facilities.

They saw a setup in which the two theatres operate at approximately right angles to each other, from a central projection building and refreshment centre. State I has capacity for 800 cars, State II 750 cars.

Film policy follows that in effect at most drive-ins in the metropolitan area, generally sub-runs with a different program in each theatre, occasional first-run in showcase situations. The usual programming is triple bill, admission at \$1.25 per person.

'ACTING' VS. 'SPECTACLE': A WIDESCREEN DILEMMA

By GERALD PRATLEY

The previous complaint had been that the big screen picture lacked characterization, that the spectacle or the scenery, though impressive, got in the way of the people, who became cardboard figures.

Now there is the switch and "big screen spectacle pictures" have instead been criticized because they have little spectacle and might well have been better as personal dramas without the blow-up.

United Artists "Hawaii" is an astonishing picture because the important element in it is always the central character, the missionary, so magnificently played by Max von Sydow; Metro's "Doctor Zhivago," is, together with family and friends, more important than the great Bolshevik revolutionary uprising taking place around him; UA's "Khartoum," instead of constant battles, offers a splendid characterization by Charlton Heston of General Gordon and detailed descriptions of the political intrigue going on around him; again Columbia's "A Man for All Seasons," is, like Paramount's "Becket," an interior drama.

The only recent widescreen "epics," in which character was subordinate to scenery and battles of various kinds are "The Blue Max," "The Battle of the Bulge" and "Is Paris Burning?" the latter failing to make the character of von Choltitz as important as he was in the actual event.

Values and Dangers

All of which leads to the question: what is a widescreen picture and are they really necessary? Here confusion sets in. Most of the time, both the public and the critics haven't any idea of what constitutes a big-screen picture, and neither have industry reps. It might well be argued that the screen size isn't important, and this is partly true but it does have a great deal of bearing on what the public expects and what its judgment of a film will be if what it finds isn't what it had imagined.

When a film is exhibited on a reserved-seat policy, which means higher prices, and is accompanied by advertising suggesting that the film cost umpteen millions, took years to make and has a cast of thousands, the public fully expects this picture will be a whopping great spectacle. This being so, it may prove difficult to accept that which doesn't live up to their expectations.

Some were disappointed with "Hawaii" and "Khartoum" only because they were not the films expected. As to size, most of these pictures are filmed not on 70m, which is considered to be the size for spectacles and increased reserved seat prices (only "The Bible" among current attractions, appears to be 70m) but on 35m Panavision. On many occasions, routine, inexpensive westerns get shown on larger screens in action houses at reasonable prices than some of the "big-screen" one-performance-a-night epics.

Who Knows Facts?

Finding out what was filmed on 70m and has been printed on 35m, or what was filmed on 35 and has been enlarged to 70 is almost impossible, and only the man who made the picture seems to know; and then, not always!

Many moviegoers fully expected Warners' "Virginia Woolf" to be a reserved-seat picture on the big screen. At first, the realization that it wasn't led them to think that this was due to the film not being as good as the studio had represented. Once the reviews were out, however, audiences responded and the picture is doing far better than had it been enshrined with the somewhat pretentious air which comes from putting pictures on a once-a-night showing.

There is good reason to film certain subjects on the giant screen, and to show them on a reserved seat policy. But there aren't many and the practice is being over-worked to the detriment of movies and the studios. Originally a de-

vice to prove to the public that cinemas had more to offer than television in the way of size, color and action, the really big screen is best used seldom and with intelligence. The huge costs, the compromises that must be made, all weaken the integrity of the whole in the desperate knowledge that vast sums of money must be earned to show a profit.

In many cases, feature films today are no longer the entertainment of the masses. Countless families, with several children, still cannot afford \$2.50 to see Fox's "Sound of Music." Will the same be true of "Doctor Dolittle?"

There is nothing wrong with changing the screen size to suit

the subject being filmed, or to mask off a wide screen (as Sydney Furie did in "The Appaloosa" by shooting around the wide-brimmed hats of his characters) to concentrate on intimate scenes; and the use of different gauges, screens, colors and cameras all add tremendously to the variety and versatility of cinema and the range of its achievements.

But nothing other than harm results from misusing them purely for the sake of effect, or to cover inflated production costs. A film which might well have been financially successful shown under regular conditions may fall victim instead to unnecessary audience disapproval.

The Who's Who of Who's On First

By SOL SAKS

Hollywood.

It is an even bet that at this very moment in Hollywood, if it is not a big game and if it happens to be in between secretarial coffee breaks (incidents which usually occur with about the same frequency), there is this sort of telephonic conversation going on . . .

SECRETARY A: "Bigshot A would like to talk to Bigshot B. Is he in?"

SECRETARY B: "Yes, he is. Would you put Bigshot A on please?"

SECRETARY A: "Is Bigshot B on?"

SECRETARY B: "I'll put him on as soon as Bigshot A gets on."

SECRETARY A: "I wouldn't dare put a bigshot like my boss on first. I have two children to support and my husband is behind on his alimony."

SECRETARY B: "What are we going to do?"

SECRETARY A: "How about if

we count to three and put them both on at the same time?"

SECRETARY B: "Just a minute, I'll check . . . My bigshot says negative. Last time you counted slower."

SECRETARY A: "That was accidental. My bigshot wasn't sure which number came before three."

SECRETARY B: "He can't be such a bigshot if he does his own counting."

SECRETARY A: "At least he isn't obstinate. He wouldn't even be making an issue of this but he's afraid the phone may be tapped and unless his next picture grosses over eight million he wouldn't like it to get around that he got on the phone first . . ."

And so on until the next coffee break or the big game, whichever comes first. The rigid protocol deciding who should get on the phone first makes, by comparison, a state dinner as informal as an Irish picnic.

Reports of temperamental stars,

SPIRIT OF '76

By JACK VALENTI

(President, Motion Picture Assn. of America)

Look ahead to 1976, the year when VARIETY will be observing its 71st anniversary, and the United States of America will be celebrating its 200th.

The linking is deliberate. There will always be America. There will always be VARIETY. Q.E.D.

Take VARIETY first, as you have to!

In 1976 countless persons will still be sitting around countless tables and resolving oaths in blood not to say anything to VARIETY. "It will be a disaster if VARIETY hears of it."

Countless secretaries will be told: "If VARIETY calls, say that I am not expected back from Timbuctu until next week." And countless secretaries will chant the words into telephones but being wise and acutely observant they will have soft and disbelieving chuckles in their voices.

Next morning they will take an aspirin before placing VARIETY on desks of countless bosses, for they will know from experience that you can't keep anything from VARIETY. The story will be there, under black headlines, quote for quote, outburst for outburst, comma for comma, just as it occurred in "secret" around the table.

Everybody but VARIETY may wonder how it happened, and everybody, on meeting again, will take a blood oath once more that it won't happen another time. And it doesn't . . . until the "secret" meeting is over.

Someone suggested a way out: "Why not let VARIETY meet instead of us and that way we can find out what occurred before it occurs?"

This seemed a possibility, so I dispatched a spy to the VARIETY offices in West 46th St. It won't work. He reported the headquarters wouldn't accommodate all the persons who would want in.

I guess we'll have to keep on waiting for VARIETY to come out each week to discover what's going on behind closed doors from the White House to Whitehall, and all the centres of news in between.

Now that we've taken care of VARIETY, though not of course of ourselves, let's look around in 1976 to see what will be changed. Examples:

—America's Gross National Product, the measure of our country's wealth, will exceed one trillion

dollars . . . \$1,000,000,000,000 . . . up about one-third from the present level.

—America's motion picture theatres will be taking in around two billion dollars (\$2,000,000,000), double the present boxoffice revenues.

—Some 30 motion pictures will gross \$25,000,000 each in the period 1972-1976, up from 13 in the current five-year period, 1962-1966.

—Some 4,000 new theatres will have been built, and many will be round, with a surround-screen encircling the audience. It will put us right in the middle of the action.

230,000,000 Americans

—The population of the United States will be about 230,000,000 and the greatest increases will be in the 15-19 and 20-29 age groups, the ages of the most frequent moviegoers. They will total nearly 60,000,000, which is larger than the population of Great Britain.

—College enrollment will exceed 9,000,000, up more than 3,000,000, and there will be 13,000,000 persons 25 years old and over who have completed one to three years of college.

All these fabulous millions constitute The Film Generation, of which Stanley Kauffman writes in his book, "A World on Film" (Harper & Row, N.Y., 1966):

"Film is the only art besides music that is available to the whole world at once, exactly as it was first made . . . This universality and this relative simultaneity of artistic experience have made us all members of a much larger empathic community than has been immediately possible before in history. . . ."

"Nevertheless the film content has only just been discovered, the boundaries are not remotely in sight. It is this freshness that gives the young generation—that I have called the Film Generation—not only the excitement of its potential but a strong proprietary feeling. The film belongs to them."

So, as we see, many things will be changed.

Some suggest that we are a "crisis" industry, that crisis sits beside us "every day of the year."* I know a lot of industries that would like to enjoy such crisis—such robust prospects—as ours.

* A Tarzan film (the series started in 1918) is playing some place in the world every day of the year.

Long-Ahead Dating Of Big Pictures Already A Characteristic of 1967

Los Angeles.

The importance of snagging major pix far in advance of planned opening dates, for purposes of advance planning and promotion as well as for the slotting of general releases, is exemplified by a series of 1967 datings, reaching as far ahead as 11 months.

"Camelot," for example, is now set for a N.Y. world preem next Oct. 25 at the Stanley Warner Theatre there, according to Jack L. Warner, who is personally producing the film version of the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe legituner. Director Joshua Logan has started 16 weeks of studio lensing here with stars Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave and Franco Nero.

The L.A. booking for "Camelot" is not yet firm as to theatre, but William R. Forman's Pacific circuit is understood to have the pic for one of its deluxe situations. Pantages, one of these, incidentally will be the world preem house, sometime in June, for Walt Disney's "The Happiest Millionaire," a roadshow pic.

Pacific's Cinerama Dome, of course, opened on Dec. 22 "Grand Prix," latest Cinerama pic from Metro, and latter company's "2001—A Space Odyssey" will bow around Memorial Day at the Stanley Warner Hollywood, as reported earlier.

Cinerama, by the way, has three pix in work, Philip Yordan's duo of "The Last Trumpet" and "Krakatoa," both in pre-production stages and supposedly to be ready for bookings in the 1967-68 season, plus the just-acquired "Reminiscences" of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. Which will be ready first is not known.

Meanwhile, the Pantages, for two years or more a regular Warner Bros. exclusive showcase house, is now buying pix from many distributors. Wendell Mayes' WB pic, "Hotel," is tentatively dated at the Pan for about Feb. 8, replacing United Artists' "A Fistful Of Dollars," the Clint Eastwood Italo-made b.o. smash there. Latter follows "Any Wednesday," the WB Christmas pic at the house.

Charles Chaplin's "The Countess From Hong Kong," made in England for Universal and preeming in January there, is pencilled in at the Pantages for March 17. Thereafter, Disney's "Millionaire" is the next firm booking.

Stanley Warner Hollywood, on the other hand, is going on a Metro kick when Paramount's "Is Paris Burning?" comes off early in the year. "The 25th Hour," Anthony Quinn-Virna Lisi starrer for Metro will replace "Paris," and then "Happily Ever After," the Omar Sharif-Sophia Loren pic, slides in between "Hour" and "Space Odyssey."

At the SW Beverly Hills deluxer, Paramount's "Funeral In Berlin" bowed Dec. 21 in a three-theatre, two-city (N.Y.-L.A.) day-date world preem. Columbia's "Night Of The Generals" and "Taming Of The Shrew," latter the Richard Burton-Elizabeth Taylor hardtacketer, follow in that order, per present planning.

Metro's "Doctor Zhivago," still holding up well at Fred Stein's Hollywood Paramount, continues there indef into 1967. Earliest estimated subrun playoff on "Zhivago" appear to be next summer.

Across the street from the Paramount Grauman's Chinese remains in total allegiance to United Artists, with "The Fortune Cookie" was succeeded Dec. 20 by "A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum," thence two more UA pix leading into the late spring bow of the next (fifth) James Bond UA pic, "You Only Live Twice."

Moveover In Atlantic City

Atlantic City, N.J.

"The Sound of Music" (20th), which played 1,200 times, a new record for a motion picture booking here, in the Virginia theatre, located on the Boardwalk opposite Steel Pier, opened for a second run here in the Shore theatre. It will run as long as profitable.

"Music" started its long run in the Virginia on May 27, 1965, and film was shown twice daily from that date until Nov. 27th of this year.



Jack Valenti

HOW BRITISH EADY WORKS

Quarter of Admission Price as Subsidy; Israel System Favors Producers

By JOSEPH LAPID

Tel Aviv.

Israeli producers are making few pictures though seemingly good profits are practically guaranteed by government subsidy. But foreign producers are catching up with good conditions provided for here and number of co-productions is on the increase, particularly with the French.

Israeli Government grants local producers half the amount collected in taxes on film theatre tickets sold. Since taxes amount to half price of tickets, the subsidy given to producer is 25% admissions. As a result the producer occasionally gets a bigger subsidy than his total investment. The most successful Israel production ever, Ephraim Kishon's "Salach Shabati" ("Sallah," in U.S. release) (number of tickets sold equal half of country's population) cost \$110,000. Government subsidy payment amounted to \$170,000. Net profit in Israel totalled three times original investment and pic is selling well abroad, after being in the run for Academy Award and winning San Francisco Festival.

Seven Israeli films have been premiered in 1966. Three were co-productions: "Judith," with Sophia Loren, directed by Daniel Mann, producers Cumulus Productions, London; "Cast a Giant Shadow," with Kirk Douglas and Yul Brynner, directed by Melville Shavelson, producers Mirisch-Llenroc-Batjac, Hollywood; "Fortuna," with Pierre Brasseur, Saro Urzi and Mike Marshall, directed by Menahem Golan, producers Noah Films, Tel Aviv (with a French company).

These films, since they are co-productions, are receiving only half the Government subsidy granted to purely local made pics. In view of their big budgets, particularly "Judith" and "Cast a Giant Shadow," the subsidy is only a trifle. What Israel provides for is an occasional good theme, durable sunshine and two studios with English speaking staff. Also the government's "film-commissioner," A. Hirschberg, is willing to help in closing down streets, arranging for extras, getting Army co-operation—everything to keep foreign producers happy.

Where the government subsidy in co-productions really comes in is in low-budget films with particular interest to local audiences. Israeli b.o. may cover production cost even before pic is sold abroad. Good example was "Never on Saturday," an Israel-French co-production which has done well in both countries, and in U. S.

Israel producers have premiered only four pics in 1966 on their own and another half a dozen are in the making. Those already running are: "Trunk to Cairo," cost \$25,000, in color, produced by Noah Films, Tel Aviv, directed by Menahem Golan. A vague reproduction of the true life story of an Israeli citizen whom Egyptian agents in Rome tried to spirit to Cairo in a trunk. Did poorly. (AIP has for U. S. but not released yet.)

"Moishe Air-Condition," cost \$120,000, produced by Zohar & Deshe Ltd., directed by Uri Zohar, a popular low-comedy on Israeli Army-life.

"The Boy Across the Street," cost \$60,000, produced by Israel Motion Picture Studios & Ilan, directed by Yosef Shalhin. A sentimental story about the hard life of a 12-year old boy and his touching relation with a crippled girl won the Silver Lion at 1966 Venice International Festival of Films for Youth.

"Two Kooni Lemels" cost \$27,000, produced by Geva Films, directed by Israel Becker, a comedy based on Jewish folklore.

Pics in the making:

"Sabina and Her Man," expected to stand \$200,000, produced by

Israel Motion Pictures Studio, with Eva Bartok, directed by Peter Freistadt: a woman nearing middle age rents rooms in her Jaffa home, looking for company and gets involved in the lives of her tenants.

"Three Days and a Child," tabbed at \$100,000, produced by S.Y.V., directed by Uri Zohar. The love-hate relationship between a Jerusalem student and the small son of his former girlfriend.

"Variations on a Love Theme" (\$80,000), produced by Arad Films, directed by Isaac Yeshurun. The foursome-boss and wife, boss's secretary and her husband. Affair between boss and secretary. Attempt by secretary's husband to get boss's wife.

"Motive for Murder," (\$200,000), produced by Yoel and Gershon Neumann, directed by Peter Freistadt. A murdered nymphomaniac and the alibis of the suspect.

"999 . . . Aliza Mizrahi," (\$270,000), produced by Noah Films, directed by Menahem Golan. A char woman in a department store outwits the police in solving a murder case.

"Erbinkeh," around \$25,000, produced by United Film Producers, directed by Ephraim Kishon. The comic adventures of a modern Israeli vagabond, who gate-crashes bar-mitzvah parties.

Also in the making is "A Night in Tiberias," an Israel-French co-production (Geva Films, Israel—Marsi Films, France), directed by Herve Bromberger, starring Pascale Petit and Raymond Pellegrin, with Israeli actors Geula Nuni and Gideon Shemer. The kidnaping of Kathrine, the ten year old daughter of French engineer working on a water project at the Sea of Galilee.

While the recurring theme in foreign films made about Israel ("Exodus," "Judith," etc.) is the fight of the Jewish people for their Homeland, local producers are making thrillers and comedies. There is a higher than average percentage of pics dealing with children—reflecting the concern of a re-born people for the next generation.

PAYROLL UNLOCKS A FILM SUBSIDY

By ANDREW FILSON

(Director, Federation of British Film Makers)

London.

Movie P. Maker needs the River Thames for his major budget film "The London Tea Party," so he will produce it in London. He would like Eady money, but foresees problems. Two Americans (Mary Millionaire and Charles Croesus) will be starring; other leading artists will include two other Americans, a French Actor and an Italian Actress; and the Director is an American, Peter Percentage. Can "The London Tea Party" with this international cast be a British film entitled to Eady?

Movie P. Maker has to study the British Films Act, 1966 and if he wants to be steered through the small print he had better get hold of the Explanatory Statement on the Registration of British Films prepared by the Board of Trade.

One condition is easy to satisfy: a British film, if it uses a studio, must use a studio in the British Commonwealth or the Republic of Ireland. But the central and at times complicated condition is that a certain percentage of the cost of labour of persons "directly engaged" in the making of the film must have been paid to subjects or ordinary residents of British Commonwealth countries or the Republic of Ireland. (Irish Lobby please note our special treatment of Eire).

In calculating this percentage of British (including Commonwealth and Eire) labour, the producers can exclude the labour cost of one person, but 75% of the remaining costs must be British.

Alternatively he can exclude the costs of two persons (provided one of the two is an Actor or Actress), but in that case 80% of the remaining labour costs must be British.

How will this work out for "The London Tea Party?" Movie P. has to decide whether he will himself produce or whether he will hire a British producer. If he is going to produce he will come into labour costs (unless he is one of the two excluded).

Let us suppose that he will not be the physical producer (Continued on page 31)

MYTHS ON BOTH SIDES HAUNT FULL ACCORD OF BRITONS AND YANKS

By EDWARD L. BERNAYS

(The now retired pioneer in public relations practice, Edward L. Bernays, has from time to time concerned himself with Anglo-American relationships, most recently with a \$5,000 prize contest, closing June 30, 1967. For further information as to the contest address Bernays at 7 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass. —Ed)

Cambridge, Mass.

A communications gap continues between 200,000,000 Americans and 53,000,000 Britishers. My recent five months stay in England

has re-convinced me of this. I do not see any threat as imminent, but at a time when foreign policy decisions are made by the publics of the countries concerned and not by ruling establishments, as before, it is vital that the people as well as the diplomats understand each other and that public attitudes in both countries be based on true facts and not distorted cliches and stereotypes, half truths, myths and misconceptions.

Show people, British and American, who travel to opposite shores should be aware of this gap, for they can play a potent role in bridging it.

And from many standpoints—economic, political, ideological—it is vital the gap be bridged. On the shoulders of the United States and the United Kingdom and their close relationship partly rests the continuity in the world of those values all of us hold dear—freedom, equality and orderly justice.

What can the British and American performers do to produce a more rational understanding between the two peoples? They can do a great deal, because in both countries they get relatively more space in the mass media, radio, tv,

press, than almost anyone but top political leaders. They can play an important and legitimate role in ensuring that truth and reality become the dominant elements in the communications channels, instead of pat concepts and distorted cliches.

The first step is, of course, for the performer to be aware of the existing situation. If he is an American who goes to Britain he should know that many Britons think of the Americans in terms of a stereotype and he should evade and avoid being cast in a role that will reinforce the Britisher's prejudice or notion. Many Britons think all Americans are crude, vulgar, brash, boastful, trigger-happy, dollar-crazy, sex-mad, jingoistic, credulous, neurotic and materialistic. A thoughtful American can ensure by his words and actions that these cliches are not intensified in the minds of the British people. Obviously if he is aware of the pitfalls of being cast in these roles, he can avoid them in what he says and does.

Similarly the Briton who comes to America and is hailed by film cameras, tv, radio and newspaper reporter, should be mindful of the stereotypes attached to an "Englishman" in this country, in order to develop a more balanced and truthful viewpoint. He should be mindful of the fact that many Americans think all British are class-ridden, degenerate, lazy, unprogressive, pauperized, snobbish, stand-offish, prejudiced, ungrateful, soft on Communism and that they all lack a sense of humor.

The performer does not step out of his role as a performer in acting as I have indicated. He is helping his own standing with the publics in the country he is visiting by projecting the realities of his own country. James A. Farley once told me that the sale of Coca Cola fluctuated up and down in France as the attitudes of the French people fluctuated up and down in friendliness to the United States.

'There's Girl in My Soup' Sold to Columbia Pics

Hollywood.

Ronald Kahn, here for talks on an upcoming 20th-Fox pic, reports that a current London legiter, "There's A Girl In My Soup," in which he has 25% interest, has been sold for pix to Columbia Pictures. The six-character, one-set play bowed last June 15 at the Globe, London, and a Broadway version is planned for next season, with Neil Simon making his producer debut.

English version of "Soup" is produced by Michael Codron, and stars Barbara Ferris. It was written by a new playwright, Terence Frisby. Film sale reportedly was for \$280,000, with the usual 60-40 split between author and backers, respectively. Kahn put up 25% of the \$28,000 cost to mount the maiden production.

Meanwhile, Kahn is here huddling with director Fielder Cook on pair's "Prudence And The Pill," rolling next spring for 20th, and based on the Hugh Mills humor novel. At one time, Metro had it on its official slate.

Kahn's other English film activities include a board membership in the Sydney Box company, now making 27 color pix for Westinghouse Broadcasting at an average budget of \$600,000 each. Pix go first to theatres, however. (Westinghouse has a separate pix deal with Sidney Pink, who bases in Spain.)

Also, Kahn and Leslie Elliott have pooled interests, including rights in "The Liquidator" and sequel sleuthers.



SHIRLEY Mac LAINE

In Release "GAMBIT"

'Image' Makes Impact For Showfolk And Politicos Alike

By HY GARDNER

In the category of personalities marketing their wares to the public, an accepted image, even if blurred, is better than no image at all. Instant identification is sometimes well planned and organized, other times it emerges through sheer accident.

An unflattering image can swing an election, change the course of a nation's affairs, determine the fate of the world. Thomas E. Dewey, who beat Harry S. Truman for one edition in a headline the Chicago Tribune will never forget, was never able to live down a word-caricature drawn by Alice Longworth Roosevelt of the out-of-season Roosevelt: "The Little Man on Top of the Wedding Cake." It painted such a pathetic, ludicrous and familiar picture it very well could have made the difference between his being President of the United States or the intentionally Forgotten Man of Politics.

In later years Richard M. Nixon, another G.O.P. hopeful, then vice-president of the United States, appeared in a series of tv debates with his opponent, the late John F. Kennedy, and created the image of a disciple of Blackbeard. The inept makeup job blackened his jaws and distracted voting viewers from concentrating on the ideas he was projecting.

In recent months the image of President Lyndon B. Johnson and the country he runs have both suffered, but under another catchphrase, "loss of prestige." The automakers too, are fighting desperately to regain an image tarnished by the accusation of one critic, Ralph Nader. Gen. Charles DeGaulle, once the Great Patriot of France, has lost face and blurred his image by twitting Uncle Sam's nose despite the Allies saving the swaggering figure's nation twice in one century. And up there in the rarified atmosphere of NBC-TV's executive chambers, I hear that the thought has been expressed that Dean Martin's image of a total-tippier hurts his ratings with the family trade and should be redesigned.

I don't go along with such nonsense. Dino would have been washed up long ago if he bottled his brain in that much alcohol while still alive. The same appraisal goes for Jackie Gleason, one of the favorite family entertainers of all time. Jackie may booze it up when his 20-hour day is over, but I've looked him straight in the eyes and they're a lot clearer than the bloodshot CBS color eye. The ever-lovin' Joe E. Lewis, on the other elbow, makes no bones about the validity of his double-image. "If my image is a guy who likes to drink, just say I'm too drunk to deny it. I earn my living working in joints where they sell liquor and it wouldn't look nice if I didn't do what everybody in front of me is doing."

Asked Jack Benny if he believes his image as the world's stingiest man is valid. "No it isn't," he said, meanwhile tipping our waiter a quarter — then grinning and slipping him a 10 spot. "It's just a wonderful, surefire, long-enduring comedy peg I luckily fell into thousands of radio programs ago. Just the other day, in New York, I ran up a \$125 cabfare, handed the hackie a \$5 bill and told him to keep the change. 'Mr. Benny,' he said, almost blushing, if you can imagine a New York hackie blushing, 'please take your money back: I'd rather keep my illusions about you than take your money.' I was so taken aback I asked him to autograph the banknote and I tucked it into my piggybank the minute I got back to the hotel."

Jayne Mansfield and Monique Van Vooren, because of statuesque statistics, finally have gained some fame as solid entertainers sans the strictly physical facade.

Goodies & Baddies

Van Johnson's "The Boy Next Door" image has always been a pain to him, even when he was youthful enough to portray that kind of character. "That boy," he said, "moved a long time ago and left no forwarding address."

No personality ever made a

deeper impression as a "bad guy" than "Lippy" Leo Durocher, especially when a remark he's supposed to have made is quoted constantly, "Nice guys finish last." "I never did say that. I made some remarks to the late, great sportswriter, Frank Graham, back in the dressingroom at Ebbets Field after Eddy Stanky beat the Giants in the 9th with his spikes flying. 'We wouldn't have won,' I said to Frank, 'if Eddy ran the bases wearing ballet slippers and being a gentle soul. You don't win ballgames that way.' The next day Graham summed up my thoughts by writing 'Nice guys finish last,' and it's been attributed to me ever since."

Most actors who hit the jackpot in a tv series would give anything (anything that is, but the residuals) to erase the images they created. Gene Barry still belly-aches when he's remembered only as "Bat Masterson," Hugh O'Brian blanches when you start talking about "Wyatt Earp," Vince Edwards, a man of varied talents, gets nauseous when he's addressed as "Dr. Ben Casey" and Paul Burke, even though he's had a good run in "12 O'Clock High," is still recognized as a detective in the most believable cops 'n' robbers series ever to hit tv, "Naked City." Paul's "lieutenant of detectives," Horace MacMahon, altered his image drastically when, after fighting it out with every screen gangster and law-enforcer in Hollywood, he moved over to the right side of the law. "My son prefers the gangster image," says MacMahon. "The boys at school have more respect and admiration for him when I'm a tough guy in the late shows than as a dedicated cop in 'Naked City.' Yes, I was 'killed' in around 26 pictures before I changed my image."

To his dying day, Mario Lanza was sick of the image of a temperamental, uncooperative personality plunked on him by the press after he got into a series of unintentional brushes with nightclub and movie studio producers. His contemporary, Maria Callas, is also the victim of her

own headlined tantrums with the resultant image of a hard-if-not-impossible-to-handle star. Sinatra has survived many different images, good and bad.

Sometimes one member of the family can be hurt by another's image. Because Zsa Zsa was known as "the Marrying Gabor," sister Eva wasn't recognized as being one of the most adroit and skilled actresses in the profession till she achieved recognition in her weekly TV series, "Green Acres." Now Eva's sculpted a respectful image of her own.

Raymond Massey's inescapable image as Abraham Lincoln is so realistic, "Ray won't be satisfied," Jack Waldron once quipped, "until he's shot in a box." Today Massey has mixed emotions. In some quarters he's still called "Abe," in others he's known as "Dr. Gillespie."

Of all the images most difficult to live down or up to, I suspect Perry Como has the prize. "Mr. Nice Guy" must smile, be affable, can't grumble if another car side-swipes him, if a waiter drops a plate of soup on him, if the laundry rips all the buttons off his shirts—he must remain in the Nice Guy character around the clock.

Willie Mays, probably the greatest ballplayer in modern times (along with Sandy Koufax, Mickey Mantle, the Robinsons & Company) is still known to two generations of Harlem kids as "the greatest stickball player on the block." He was always a three-and-a-half to four manhole cover hitter, the way heroes are measured on the streets of New York. Willie is currently growing into the image of a fashionplate, sharing laurels (and royalties) on the ad pages with Cesar Romero as a clotheshorse for Petrocilli.

Once I asked Jimmy Durante if he ever became so embarrassed by his image as "Schnozzola" he thought about asking Doc Shurr (who has a long list of shortnosed stars to his credit) to prettify his nose. "Waddya crazy or something?" Jimmy growled, "ya want want me to be ouda work?"

When I Was 7½ It Was A Very Good Year (OR, ELMO LINCOLN WAS JEWISH?)

By LOUIS LASCO

Hollywood. What made it a very good year was Elmo Lincoln, Eddie Polo, Douglas Fairbanks, among others. The first time I saw Elmo portraying Tarzan, my mother sat next to me, atremble with the cheek-clutched discovery that Elmo Lincoln looked exactly, if not more, than the brother she had left in Galicia some years before. With childish logic I assumed that Elmo must be Jewish, too.

This knowledge I carried proudly to my classmates. My claim brought a rebuttal from a certain Wladek Zymanski, a generation away from a Warsaw suburb. Evenly chauvinistic, he threatened to demolish me unless I conceded that Elmo sprang from Polish extraction. With a three inch and 20-pound disadvantage I negotiated. Elmo Lincoln finally emerged a Polish Jew. Later, when my mother suspected that Rudolph Valentino was Jewish, I kept it a secret.

Here in Hollywood, we boast a cinema that shows only silent movies. Such is the magic of Douglas Fairbanks that now, 40 or more years later, his pictures still draw crowds. And no swash-buckler since has come anywhere near his performance. This short, bandy-legged mummer had the grace of a bird in flight. I'd rather watch him take a dozen steps than see Nureyev for an entire evening. There was a purity in his gaiety, his airiness, vigor and jauntiness that was unexcelled. You felt the man rejoiced every time he drew a breath. And all the kneepants

idolaters in our block emulated his exploits in "The Three Musketeers," "The Black Pirate," "Robin Hood," "Thief of Bagdad" and so on. Yes, it was a very good year.

A Cigarstore Indian Face

Anthetically, there was William S. Hart with the pantomimic mobility of a cigarstore Indian. I recall him in a big closeup, a tear squeezed out of his eye, sliding slowly, funereally down his cheek and onto his sheriff's badge as he remains stiffly mute, while his accuser identifies him as Black Hardy, the bankrobber. And his flaxentressed fiancée tottered close by, her tortured eyes circling uncontrollably in horrified disbelief. What a roof-lifting cheer went up when it was shortly thereafter revealed that it was his stepbrother who was the bankrobber.

One day I sat in the balcony of Chicago's Banner Theatre from 10 in the morning until 11 at night watching Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman." Then I saw William Haines in "Brown Of Harvard" a dozen or so times. In view of this it remains a puzzle to me that today I am not, at least, a line coach for the Green Bay Packers. But I know why.

Briefly A Matador

Just about then I had my Valentino period. After being totally enthralled by "Blood and Sand" I became for several weeks our neighborhood's resident matador. Utilizing Hearst's Herald-American in lieu of a cape, not out of any editorial prejudice but because the paper was printed in a

Broadway's Bartholdi Inn That Was

By ABEL GREEN

With the changing Times Sq. realty scene (Hotel Astor to become a 45-story skyscraper, MGM vacating Loew's State Theatre Bldg. for its own Metro Bldg. on 6th Ave. and 55th St., etc.), Broadway midtowners recalled the show biz legend at the time when Loew's took over the old Bartholdi Inn on 45th St. and Broadway as a keystone for the new edifice in 1922.

Bartholdi's was one of those happy-go-lucky wayward inns, so typical of many a theatrical boardinghouse, which even in its own time was "legendary." The two most memorable gags ascribed to Bartholdi's was (a) the probably apocryphal "house rule" about "no smoking opium in the hallways" and (b) when the gong rings at 4 a.m., everybody back to his or her own room.

It was in the heyday of vaudeville and, besides the flagship Keith's Palace—the vaudevillian's idea of heaven—the immediate Times Sq. environs held Loew's State, flagship of that circuit's middle-time, and Loew's American Roof, on West 42d St. near 8th Ave., which was a "show" house for Loew's, much as Proctor's Fifth Ave. (at 28th St.), Proctor's 23d St., or Keith's Colonial on Broadway and 62d St., were the "show" houses for the Keith-Orpheum-Proctor complex.

Result was an influx of live talent from all over the U.S., most of them habitating the side street theatrical hotels in the West 40s and 50s. Unlike the "wayward inn" shenanigans of the legit and literati, that the late Frank Case recalled so well in his book of the same name, when he owned and operated the Hotel Algonquin, the vaudevillians were a lustier lot. Many came in off the road with their "grouchbags" loaded, and too many wound up victims of crapshooting cronies and poker hustlers, in and out of "the profesh." A few of the best known male hoofers and monologists—names still legendary in the annals—were the prime larcenists. They were renowned dicemen and pasteboard experts who had no compunction about taking their theatrical pals in these so-called "friendly" games.

But somehow the Bartholdi Inn, possibly because of its crossroads-of-Times Square location on Broadway and 45th, as prominent as the Astor's locale, had an aura and a legend all its own.

peach color, I executed breath-taking maneuvers, courting bloody extinction with each subtle twist of the wrist. The day I wearied of the game I let the bull win. I fell to the floor, fatally gored, staunching the flow of blood with my palm. Gasping, I stared glazedly at my screaming admirers in the stands and expired, at which moment my mother came into the room just in time to hear my final agonized grunt. She joined me on the floor in a fainting swan dive.

Not only was I as great a matador as Valentino but equally effective as a lover. Sitting in the front row I would alternately narrow and widen my eyes at the luscious Miss McNair, our third grade teacher. Substituting a pencil for a cigaret I would blow denigrating rings of smoke at her, my mouth curving menacingly, my whole demeanor suggesting that as soon as the lunch bell emptied the classroom she would be at my mercy in the privacy of my tent. My acrobatic eyebrows eventually moved her. She called my mother and insisted that I be taken at once to an oculist.

Miss McNair's ill-judged indifference towards me diverted my romantic leanings to the heroines of the silver screen. In a dazzling, cynical succession I became passionately enmeshed with Agnes Ayres, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Clara Kimball Young and Mabel Normand. It wasn't until the talkies came that I allowed my love life to take on a collective aspect. It was a time of love and my heart spilt over like Niagara. If only they had known how I felt—maybe — who knows? But they were so far away and I had no horse. However there was a moment of hope when the possibility of successfully thrusting myself upon one of them presented itself.

Me, Self-Adoring

The time was Rosh Hashonah and following the annual custom my mother took me to the Continental Clothing Store, where I was outfitted with my first long pants suit, new shoes, a hat and other accessories. I faced the mirror transfixed with an adoration that would have made Narcissus seem a victim of self hate. I stared unbelievably at that grandiose figure, the suave demeanor, the casual urbanity, the gay boulevardier, swordsmen without peer, the mysterious stranger — wondering — would I still love Clara Bow after she had collapsed across my pointy shoes in a dead faint, hopelessly overcome by the totality of my elegance.

It's most unlikely that I would have been so smooth a customer as I was at 7, 8 and 9, had I not absorbed the styles of Lew Cody, Lowell Sherman and Conrad Veidt. Unfortunately, the girls I knew were unprepared for my early maturation and I often went down in bitter defeat before the clumsy antics of my rivals. One very young lady who resisted my romantic efforts in the balcony of the Biltmore Theatre threatened to call an usher. Accepting my fate, I took her hand and in a

farewell gesture pressed my lips against it. She saw fit to relate this episode in a loud voice to our teacher the following Monday morning. Evidently I was much too much ahead of my time. Still, it was a very, very good year.

The fact that I am and have been for some time a fearless adventurous spirit, a gallant romanticist, irresistibly debonair, equally at home in the mansions of the great or the Silver Lining Mission, equipped with a manner for all occasions, possessed of a generous heart, ever on the alert to rescue a damsel from an inferior or absent embrace, all this and more I owe to the shadows that danced across the screen in those long ago years.

Who occupies the screen now on Saturday afternoons when the kids take their seats? Pallid echoes of yesteryear's rugged heroes and imaginative comics. Neither the action nor the laughs are there as happened when cowboys really rode their horses instead of being psychologically involved with them. And there was Chaplin, Keaton, Harry Langdon, Charlie Chase, Larry Semon, Ben Turpin with their wonderful nonsense. Today, no kid leaves the theatre wondering about next week's Chapter 9—"Eyes Of Purple Madness" or "In The Tiger's Jaws."

Tune in next year, kiddies, when I'll tell you all about another period including, among others, Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis, Miriam Hopkins, and Ernst Lubitsch, who made the depression more bearable with their drawing room antics.

Who's On First

Continued from page 10

gency phone call doesn't come and . . .

SECRETARY: "The President would like to talk to the Premier."

COMRADE: "Would you put the President on please."

SECRETARY: "Is the Premier on?"

COMRADE: "He will get on as soon as the President gets on."

SECRETARY: "I can't put the duly elected representative of 190,000,000 people of the Great Society on first."

COMRADE: "And how about those civil rights riots in Chicago?"

SECRETARY: "Supposing we count to three and put them both on?"

COMRADE: "In what language do we count?"

SECRETARY: "We could count to four . . . the even numbers in Russian, odd in English."

COMRADE: "That means one is in English."

SECRETARY: "Maybe if we toss a coin deciding which language we start counting in . . ."

Meanwhile, streaking across the Atlantic at 600 miles a second

And the frightening thing is that it doesn't matter whether it's during the big game or a coffee break,

CAN MEXICO DUST FEATHERBED?

CORNING THE CLICHES

"Yeh, but you should have caught me at the grave." (Joe Miller).
 "Runs the gamut from A to B" (Dorothy Parker).
 "The Met begins when Otto Kahn sits down and the curtain goes up." (Robert Benchley).
 "Business was so bad rats were nesting in the balcony."
 "Radio was a medicine show with chimes."
 "Because there are more white horses."
 "Yeh, but what have you done for me lately?"
 "Romance? Certainly not, we're just good friends!"
 "A funny thing happened tonight on my way to the theatre . . ."
 "And then I wrote . . ."
 "It's OK, but it's not like the book."
 "Would you like to come up and see my etchings?"
 "What am I running for—my house ain't on fire!"
 "Two in my name."
 "This song is too good."
 "Got great notices in New Haven."
 "Let's have lunch some day."
 "It needs work."
 "Put it on the agenda."
 "Money's tight."
 "I'll call you back."
 "Let's touch base on this."
 "It's breaking wide open."
 "The switchboard lit up."
 "They wouldn't let me off."
 "You never heard such laughs."
 "It's good to be back."
 "It's another 'South Pacific'."
 "I was a close personal friend of Sime's."
 "I'm a friend of Abel's."
 "Great delivery but no material."
 "Where are the great leading women?"
 "She's another Marilyn Monroe."
 "She sings like a rabbit."
 "They don't make pictures like that anymore."
 "He's a comic's comic."
 "People don't go out anymore."
 "Let me put it this way—"
 "I've been trying to get you all day."
 "It's an opening day's record."
 "I was panned because I wouldn't take an ad."
 "The road's dead."
 "The sponsor's wife turned it down."
 "It's a firm 52-week deal."
 "The budget killed us."
 "After you leave New York everything else is Bridgeport."
 "One born every minute."
 "That was no lady . . ." and its variations,
 "That wasn't my wife, it was Lady Peel" . . .
 "We killed 'em in Sheboygan" (Buffalo) (Chillicothe).
 "Three worst weeks in show business: the week before Christmas, the week before Easter and a week in Toledo" (Buffalo, Duluth, etc.).
 "I kicked my agent in his heart and broke my toe."
 "Don't mind him officer—he's drunk."
 California-type: "On a clear day you can see Catalina" . . . "It's just heavy dew" . . . "Never buy anything in California that you can't put on the Chief."
 "Let's keep it clean."
 "I'll be ready in five minutes, dear."
 "Eat this, it's good for you."
 "What a cute baby; looks just like its father!"
 "Buy it, put it away, forget about it."
 "This is a brand new approach."
 "Tonight I gotta get a room."
 "All Americans are millionaires." (The French idea).
 "Don't call us, we'll call you."
 "Excuse me, miss, but didn't we meet once in Atlantic City?"
 "Dayton is a great town to come from . . ."
 "Of course, I ain't that old, but I can remember her way back when."
 "Don't tell him I said so, but . . ."
 "Every prostitute has a heart of gold."
 "All Broadway successes come from hick towns."
 "There are no fighters today who could stand up to Jack Dempsey." (Ditto ballplayers and ditto singers).
 "Mother's cooking."
 "The check is in the mail."
 "She never goes anywhere without her mother, and her mother goes anywhere!"
 "Slip me five till payday."
 "All I want to do is get even."
 "This is unusual weather."
 "The ratings are phoney."
 "Reason I can't get booked is because I won't pay off."
 "Oh well, lucky in love!"
 "That's the way the ball bounces" ("the cookie crumbs").
 "I love my husband, but oh you cad!"
 "Let's have one for the road."
 "It's surefire."
 "Please, no water! I'm driving."
 "We were jam-packed at the first show."
 "Trouble is, the nut is too heavy."
 "He'll never make it as a single."
 "I can hear them breathing out there."
 "The only trouble was the curtain was up."
 "It's okay but just not enough people came to the boxoffice."
 "One fool at a time."
 "Nobody liked it but the people."
 "The star system is ruining summer stock."
 "The Boston critics hated us—we should do great in New York."
 (Variation: "I'm scared—they loved us in Boston.")
 "The unions are killing the road."
 "We did terrific but the star got all the money."

Saroyan

Continued from page 6
 one, you've had a million. A house is a house, work is work, health is health, pain is pain, death is death, and I don't want anything or anybody to tell me different. I don't want any fantasy about any of it. I don't need to beat the rap. I beat it fifty years ago.

I'm a loser, but would be in any case, so why fight it? No assassin can surprise me.
 In the meantime, I am in command of a typewriter. My hunger for art and wealth is satisfied by another look at the rocks from the beaches, and by the writing of another story, which has a face value of exactly no dollars and no cents, but is also priceless.
 Where have you been? What have you been doing?

BRAINY YOUNG EXECS HOPEFUL

By KATHERINE de la FOSSE

Mexico City.
 This past year of 1966 started slowly for Mexican film production. Many Mexican producers had readied the conviction that picture-making was a mugg's game. Recuperation of their investments was too slow. Too few film houses existed or were worthwhile playdates. Too big a backlog of warehoused films haunted them.

Exhortations from the Minister of the Interior Lic. Luis Echevarria to improve quality and quantity of Mexican features so as to obtain foreign rentals met with surly claims that they were obliged to make low-budget "quickies" for Mexico alone in order to stay alive.

Combatting this defeatist attitude was difficult but the industry was fortunate in 1966 in the appointments of several new young leaders: Emilio O. Rabasa, President of the Film Bank; Mario Moya Palencia, head of the Department of Cinematography and Film Censorship; Jaime Fernandez, head of the Actors' Union (ANDA). Fernando de Fuentes Jr., head of the Association of Producers, and re-elected Jorge Duran Chavez as head of Sec. I, Technicians and Manual Workers and overall head of STPC (Mexican Motion Picture Production Employees Union). This group of braintrusts has been responsible for a more realistic approach to the many and complex problems which have bedeviled the Mexican film industry for years, and has managed through its vision, energy and concrete efforts, to infuse new life and enthusiasm into the flagging producers.

Churubusco Studios is booked solid with local and foreign productions. Producers are now eager for co-production deals, mainly with Yanqui's. Monthly Film Bank credit financing reached the total Bank's capital of 10 million pesos (\$800,000) in September.

In April of 1966 Emilio Rabasa, with Luis Anciola de la Lama, head of the distribution company, CIMEX, and Cesar Santos Galindo, director of Operations at Churubusco Studios, made a highly satisfactory survey trip to Hollywood. They overhauled the system of distribution; held discussions in depth with leading U.S. producers, and made extensive purchases of equipment for the renovation of Churubusco Studios. Not willing to see their efforts scorned they

(Continued on page 22)

THE MEGOCRACY

By RAY RUSSELL

Hollywood.
 It is 11:00 of a Sunday morning, and two men have met in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel for brunch. They are a film director and the author of the present piece. After they order their eggs Benedict, the director lights a filter-tipped cigaret and asks . . .

Director: Are you writing something for VARIETY again this year?
 Author: I expect so. But I don't have a subject.

D: Writer's block, eh? Why don't you write about the Megocracy?

A: The what?

D: Megocracy. A word I coined about five seconds ago. Means "rule by megaphone" and refers to the entirely unjustified authority and undeserved power of the film industry's single most uncreative, unqualified, overrated, undervalued group of frauds: the directors.

A: Directors! But you—

D: Listen. Demand your rights. Make your voice heard. Stand up and be counted. Too long have directors lorded it over their betters—and the lowliest grip is their better—from the vantage point of a pedestal whence they have been elevated by the bloating gasses of ego, publicity and paranoia.

A: That's good. Bloating gasses is good.

D: And the amazing part of it all is that the true artists and craftsmen of the medium—the film editors, writers, actors, cinematographers and others—have let it happen, have fallen for it, have allowed themselves to be brainwashed into believing the director is their superior, whereas in truth he's not even their equal. In imagination, originality, visual flair, story sense, in every way save in the unsavory art of personal aggrandizement, he is their inferior. (To waiter:) You call this Hollandaise? It looks like . . . I won't even say what it looks like . . . take it back.

A: Hey—

D: The director is nothing without guys like you, the talents he feeds upon, brainpicks, "collaborates" with and deigns to advise. Why, he's so utterly helpless without you that you should be allowed to list him on your income tax form as a dependent! The master strokes for which he's praised and paid are usually someone else's work. That ironic bit of intercutting probably originated in the mind of the film editor. That beautiful piece of business was probably donated by the actor. That so-called "great shot" was probably described in sharp-etched detail by the writer,

set up by the cinematographer, and lit by the electrician.

A: Don't forget the designer and the set-dresser.

D: Right! And makeup and costumes. "Director So-and-So has created a series of shimmeringly beautiful images," the arty critics will say, but who made them beautiful?

A: Then the director is expendable? Unnecessary? Is that what you're saying?

D: Of course not. Somebody has to "lead the orchestra," and the best directors have a skill for organization and diplomacy that makes them uniquely suited to the job.

A: Like you?

D: (ignoring this): Speaking of orchestras leads to an interesting analogy, because the film director is very much like the symphony conductor—the script is his score, the actors are his musicians, etc.—and yet the most glamorized symphony conductors are never considered to be superior to the composers whose works they conduct! By way of contrast, look at the difference in status and prestige between the almighty film director and the lowly screenwriter, whose script is looked upon as so much scratch paper for the director to doodle on. Now, Toscanini, Stokowski, Monteux, Klemperer, Mitropoulos—these men sometimes put on intolerable airs, but did they ever dare place themselves above Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, Tchaikovsky, Mozart, or even on equal terms with them? No! And this despite the fact that symphony conductors are among the most pampered people of our day. Even the most conceited of them look upon themselves as trustees of the composer—which is precisely the attitude the film director should have toward the screenwriter, but does he? I said, does he? Why don't you say something?

A: (mouth full): I'm eating.

D: Take a look at this . . . (He extracts from his billfold a tattered clipping). This is something Igor Stravinsky said when the London Observer asked him to comment on conductors and conducting. Here. Read it aloud.

A: But I'm—

D: The eggs will wait. Read it. Just the parts I've underscored in red.

A: (reading): "Conducting, like politics, does not attract original minds. . . . A conductor may actually be less well equipped for his work than the best of his players . . . The successful conductor can be an incomplete musician, but he must be a complete angler. His first skill has to be in the game of power politics . . . The conductor is encouraged to impose a purely egotistical, false and arbitrary authority, and he is accorded a position out of all proportion to his real value . . . Like all intermediaries, he is a social parasite living on the creations of others . . ." Gee. Stravinsky said that?

: Yes, and his remarks also fit film directors like a fine, custom-made glove.

A: (finally won over): There's something in what you say. And yet the myth endures; the phony mystique of The Great Director persists like a bad cold; and writers, like me, still have to smile graciously when well-meaning people ask, "Do you hope to direct some day?"—as if to become a director were a promotion, rather than a demotion.

D: Sure! Because the propaganda has done its work, the directors have been most successful at what they do best—self-glorification—and, as a fellow writer of yours, the late Raymond Chandler, once observed: "The very nicest thing Hollywood can possibly think of to say a writer is that he is too good to be only a writer."

A: You make a darn good case, and it's especially convincing coming from you—a director.

D: Director! Me? Nah! That's all behind me. As of bright and early tomorrow morning,



PAUL FORD

Season's Greetings
 Now featured in "THE COMEDIAN" with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Alec Guinness

'OUR WAR WAS WORSE THAN YOUR WAR'

By CHARLES ISAACS

It has been said that television is so demanding that people involved in its output haven't got the time to look around and see what's going on in the world. At present this is said in relation to Vietnam. I resent this because the entertainment industry has always contributed more than its share, and we always know there's a war going on, simply by keeping track of Bob Hope.

I am sure that somewhere today there are writers sitting quietly in lonely rooms turning out material to aid the war effort. You may not hear much about them but they are there just as they were in World War II when the men of the Armed Forces Radio Service were brought together by the Office of War Information. Someone else will have to write about the men making today's effort, but before the annals of heroic endeavor in World War II are closed, let us add a chapter on the exploits of the men of Operation Typewriter.

Shortly after the first bombs fell at Pearl Harbor, top radio comedy writers were drafted into the Army as privates, corporals and sergeants. Some served with other divisions until transfers could be completed and then they were brought to AFRS with their specialized talents.

AFRS stations were installed in the South Pacific and throughout Europe. Behind every military advance moved a truckload of AFRS transmitting equipment. Some distance behind the truckload of equipment—about 5,000 miles behind, approximately, and on Santa Monica Blvd. to be exact—stood the big, plain stucco building that served as headquarters for the AFRS operation.

It was here in 1945 that I reported for duty as a writer, after having served as a gunner on an oppressive little escort vessel in the South Pacific. In the Naval Unit administrative office a yeoman said he was glad to have me "aboard." After passing on my credentials he took me through the building on a tour of inspection. The writers worked in small partitioned cubicles and as we walked we could hear the clatter of dice and the rapid shuffle of cards as they turned out thousands of programs—"Command Performance," "G. I. Journal," "Jubilee," and "Mail Call."

I wandered into a dingy office in a secluded corner of the second floor. A baldheaded soldier was bent over an assortment of strange articles that were strewn about his desk. He heard my footsteps and looked up. It was Bill Morrow, Jack Benny's writer, and his face lit up in a cheery smile as he saw me.

He glanced at my ribbons and battle-stars which I

Party (Or Wake) Risk After 'Big Opening'

By THOMAS M. PRYOR

Hollywood.

"Let's throw a party after the screening."

Depending upon the size and splash of the affair, this form of celebration (which often has all the gaiety of a wake) can cost upwards of \$3,000. It's good for the egos of those involved. The tab, of course, comes out of the ad budget. Moreover, since parties just don't fall together without advance planning, and all the headaches that go with preparing an invitation list, the supper party-screening diverts hours of pressagent time and energy from the immediate necessity of publicizing the picture.

Object of the screening and feed is to attract free newspaper space. In most cases, however, the print dividend is disappointing—a mere column squib or a paragraph in the normal harvest, plus some photos in fan mags that may or may not coincide with release of the picture. There are many exploitation men who are convinced that the money could be spent more rewardingly in direct advertising, but their's is not to reason why.

These grocery and watering adjuncts to screenings are something of a riddle as far as serving as implements to arouse public attention and curiosity. Generally at these affairs, the press list is restricted (more so than at ordinary, no feed screenings); the best seats at the showing are reserved for friends of the producer, the director, the stars and the studio head, and when it comes to wine and dine time the press is gently elbowed off to the sidelines, with little or no opportunity to chat with those who might make some news.

Post-prem splashes are in a separate category. Then the picture has been reviewed and it is off and running at the boxoffice, and there frequently is widespread newspaper and tv (local anyway) coverage. Reason: customarily such events are tied-in with a worthy benefit, giving the evening an altogether different complexion, humanitarian or civic as the case might be. The press agents usually get their battered heads bashed in staging these shindigs, too, but they at least can draw some consolation that the word of mouth engendered for the picture goes beyond the BevHills-Bel Air home circuit.

It's those intimate gatherings of the Hollywood clan—the "friends" of, the counterparts on exec levels from other studios and the inevitable roster of agents—that boost the income of restaurateur, caterer and liquor vendor and rarely do the picture any measurable good which fracture frazzled pressagents. As one asided at a recent screening-party, "there goes my raise." That reminded of a pre-Christmas cocktail reception held by a major studio back in the Depression Days in New York to introduce a French importation, with a string ensemble providing gentle mood music. The pressagents working the affair got dismissal notices, effective the end of the week, just before heading for the hotel.

was flamboyantly displaying across my chest. "You'll be able to add a Purple Heart to that after you've been here a month. They're giving them for ulcers now."

"What are you working on?" I asked.

He waved at the odd items on his desk. "This is a snake kit. You see this this is a tourniquet, this is a knife for cutting the snake bite wider, this is anti-toxin and I'm trying to figure out what this junk is."

"Do you need that stuff here?"

"You'd be surprised. You can't trust some of these officers."

"When does anyone write a program here?"

"Oh," he said, "they get done. If we're stuck we call up Snag Werris, or the boys on the Hope show. They send us over a batch of material."

"That's very nice of them," I said.

"What the hell, why shouldn't they?" Bill demanded. "They're civilians. Look what you and I are going through." He put the tourniquet around his arm and I left.

Brown Derby Commandos

At 8:30 each morning the enlisted men of the Armed Forces Radio Service mustered on a large parking lot one block from their office building. Capt. Petito, adjutant of the post, would order rollcall and when that was over the men were dismissed to go to breakfast. They would hop into Buick convertibles, Oldsmobiles, Cadillacs—the officers would take their smaller cars—and everyone would go to Hollywood & Vine to Dupar's Restaurant or to the Brown Derby.

At nine o'clock the soldiers and sailors began sauntering in and by 10 most of the writers were in their cubicles. I was assigned to one of the compoboard cages to work with Al Lewis, the witty Bob Benchley writer. The office contained a desk, two chairs and a few sheets of paper. "What about a typewriter?" I asked.

"Shhh," he cautioned. "Don't let them put a weapon in your hand. You'll have to go to work."

"But when do we start writing a script?"

"Right after we hear about the fifth race at Santa Anita," he said. "You can't live on Army pay, you know." He went around to the east wing offices where they had a small battered radio always turned to the station giving race results.

Apparently the administrative officers didn't feel that talent and ability made up for a lax attitude, because the next morning, when I arrived at the post, there was a large sign in the lobby announcing an assembly of all enlisted men.

"Come on, men," called Sgt. Rosy Rosenberg. "We're about to be briefed for maneuvers." The Sergeant had been a talent agent before the war and was now liaison man between AFRS and the Victory Committee.

We all trooped into the uncomfortable auditorium and when the last man was in, the doors were closed and Capt. Petito took over.

"You guys have forgotten something!" Pete roared with his chin outthrust angrily. "You're in the Army!" He strode back and forth across the platform. "The first thing you know, the War Department is going to forget that you're writers and actors and you're going to be overseas in the mud. Don't you know that this is an Army post? Come down here once in awhile."

Petito looked out over the amused faces of the enlisted men. "Fellows," he pleaded, "don't I always give you a square deal? If you call up and say you have a hang-over, don't I let you stay home?"

The audience roared.

"You're carrying this thing too far," Petito shouted. "Some of you haven't showed up in weeks. Some of you don't even know the address." The men laughed. Pete went on. "I want all Army men to report to the parking lot at one o'clock—in fatigues. Dismissed!"

At one o'clock I had to go to a recording studio, so when I stopped to pick up my car at the parking lot I got a closeup view of GI's at work. Stripped to the waist and wearing oversize pocket fatigues, were most of the top Hollywood writers and actors. With shovels and hoes and wheelbarrows they were sweating under a hot sun, as they removed brush and weeds from the edges of the parking lot.

Nix To The Morris Office

As I stood on the sidewalk exchanging insults with the dirty, tired writers, an agent from William Morris parked his car and walked over. He was dressed in a suit of cool civvies and on his lapel glistened a discharge emblem.

"Hello, fellows," he amiably greeted the shovel-wielding writers. "Are you busy?" Morrow lifted his shovel, but producer Bob Welch restrained him.

"I'd like to talk to you a minute," the agent said to Sherwood Schwartz, former Bob Hope writer. "I've got a deal that might interest you."

"Can't we fight this war in peace?" Sherwood asked. "You agents are always interfering—and right in the middle of combat too."

"How about you, Bill?" the Morris agent asked Morrow, "we need someone to write a Cass Daley audition. There's 500 bucks in it."

Bill wiped the sweat from his bald head. "Can't you see that I'm in the Army?"

"But this won't interfere with the Army," the man persisted. "You can do it in your spare time."

The writer began digging at a large root. "You'll have to talk to my agent."

"Where is he?"

"It's Sgt. Rosenberg," he answered. "He's the tall soldier over there pushing the wheelbarrow."

The agent sidled over to Sgt. Rosenberg. "We'd like to hire your client to write a Cass Daley audition. The budget is 500 dollars."

The Sergeant curled his lip in derision. "Five hundred dollars for an audition? That boy made 1,750 bucks a week in radio; 500 is an insult."

"But he's in the Army now."

"Sure," the Sergeant said, "that's why he's got to get more dough. He needs it."

The William Morris agent walked over to Marv Fisher, Jack Carson's writer, but he said no. The agent argued, "If this show sells—and we feel that it's quite definite—you can make about 700 dollars a week and it won't conflict with your being in the Army."

"I can't do it," the writer said, leaning on his hoe a moment, "I'm working on an original for pictures."

The agent finally gave up and as he passed me he said, "I've never seen such independent guys."

"Why not?" I said. "As long as you keep buying War Bonds they're assured of a steady income."

He got into his car and drove away, possibly to try the Motion Picture Unit at Culver City.

Even a rear echelon can feel a crisis and one afternoon it was being felt heavily. Sgt. Sherwood Schwartz and

Pvt. Al Lewis returned from a patrol in the vicinity of Paramount Studios and were reporting on the collapse of supply in that area. An actor, not in uniform, was refusing to make a scheduled appearance. The conversation had gone as follows:

"Give us a break," Sgt. Schwartz pleaded, "the show goes on at NBC at 6:30. That's in only four hours. We can't replace you."

"That's not my worry," the popular juvenile actor answered, "I'd be very happy to do 'Mail Call' for you boys, but your script doesn't fit me."

Corporal Lewis said, "But you play an Army private in love with his top sergeant's daughter. And William Demarest is playing the sergeant. We think it's your character exactly."

"Don't be foolish," the actor scoffed. "You started on this script three days ago. How do you expect to capture my character in three days, when they—" He paused and pointed out the window at the Paramount Picture writers' building. "—when they haven't captured me in two years?"

"We can change any of the objectionable lines," the sergeant said.

"Changing lines won't help," the boxoffice star snapped. "The entire conception of me is wrong. That isn't my character."

"Suppose that in a couple places we don't have your character," Sherwood said. "The program isn't heard in the United States."

"That's right," Lewis corroborated, "just some of the GI's overseas will hear the spot."

"That doesn't matter," the young man said dramatically. "Those boys will be coming home some day!"

The soldiers gave up, returned to base and wondered if they could get the actor drafted.

"We've only got three and a half hours," Lewis said. "What do we do, cancel the show?"

"No, wait a minute," Sergeant Rosenberg said. "That drafting business gave me an idea. Would Ezra Stone fit that part?"

"Sure," the corporal answered. "We're in. Stone is over at March Field."

Corporal Baron Polan was already on the telephone and in a few minutes was talking to Sgt. Ezra Stone, the former "Henry" of "The Aldrich Family." Stone said he'd be happy to come down and do the show, but they better get public relations to spring him a little early because he was due to leave for San Francisco that evening.

After many restless minutes went by, Polan heard a voice on the telephone say, "This is Air Forces Public Relations. Now what's this about Sgt. Stone?"

"Well, sir," Polan began, "we're in trouble here. We need Ezra for an Army show and we'd appreciate it if you could get him down to Los Angeles for us."

"Who am I talking to?," the voice asked coldly.

"Corporal Polan, talent division, Armed Forces Radio."

"Will you put a ranking officer on, please?," the sneering voice asked.

Corporal Polan swore under his breath. "He wants an officer," he told the others.

"Get Pete," Sgt. Rosenberg said.

In a moment Capt. Petito got on the telephone. "Hello, sir, this is Capt. Petito speaking. I—" Petito's mouth slowly closed. He put the telephone down, his face red, his jaw set. "Get Major Peterson."

Major Austin Peterson, formerly an executive with an advertising agency, picked up the telephone. "This is Major Peterson," he spoke defiantly into the mouthpiece. "Major," the voice said, "Sgt. Stone cannot appear on your program tonight. He's being driven to Los Angeles where he will board a train for San Francisco."

"But I will guarantee that we'll get him on that train right after our program, sir," the Major said.

"If he did your program he'd have to leave earlier for Los Angeles," the voice snapped, "and we can't treat Sgt. Stone like that. This is very short notice and you must remember, Major, Sgt. Stone is a star."

After an hour of more frantic telephoning, Sterling Holloway was located and readily agreed to appear.

Today the smoke of the writers' cubicles has cleared, the angry clatter of typewriters has been silenced. Uniforms, stained with carbon paper, have been reverently hung away in closets. The AFRS writer of World War II has been absorbed by the needs and pressures of civilian life, but now and then when a band on the Sullivan show plays a martial air, his mind goes back through the years, and for a moment he sits a little straighter at his typewriter.

Literati Fun & Cerf

By BENNETT CERF

For some time rumor has had it in literary circles that VARIETY has been contemplating a weekly report on book sales comparable to its tabulation of receipts in the country's leading cinema palaces. Conceding that this project ultimately will be given the greenlight, the first of these reports may conceivably approximate the following:

HOW TO AVOID PUBLICITY by Alas P. Merrick. (30,000 copies printed; \$5). A Critic-of-the-Month rejection. Not whammo 6,500 copies, including 6,400 purchased by Mr. Merrick.

A NOSEGAY OF FOEMLETS by a Mrs. Miller. (200 copies printed; \$2). Floppo 3 copies. Closes Saturday with a net loss of \$2,000 on \$500 investment.

HOW TO GET EVEN BIGGER IN TEXAS by Anita Mansfield. (48-22-38 copies printed; \$4.45). Hotzy 2,000 copies, boosted by warm weather. Busting all records. Held, natch.

THE SAUCE by Joe E. Martin. (69,000 copies printed, \$3 a fifth). Eye-closing 3,700 copies this week, despite being closed for local Election Day.

I WAS A FIVE-YEAR-OLD PERVERT. Anonymous. Boffo 8,500 copies, helped by twofers (twofer a quarter).

Power of German Press Incredible

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

When Hitler Youth Leader Baldur von Schirach was released from Spandau Prison in Berlin recently, after serving his 20-year sentence as a Nazi war criminal, "he was spirited away in a private airplane 'like a movie star,' as one journalist reported.

Protected by police from the crowds and international press, Schirach was flown to a secret hideaway in Bavaria where he is going to write his memoirs. The entire episode was masterminded and paid for by Stern, one of the top West German weekly news and sensation magazines. He is allegedly earning "in excess of \$25,000" from the magazine for the series.

At a recent trial in Duesseldorf, a "family bank robber band" was being questioned. Three married couples and an aged pensioner-helper had snatched about \$45,000 in daring bank robberies. One of the accused barely answered the questions in court — because, it was subsequently indicated, he had sold his life story exclusively to one of the German weeklies.

The power of the press is almost incredible here. On one side Playboy was recently put on a list of "publications dangerous for youth" for a one-year term, and a group of private campaigners for "clean linen" met at Nuremberg to attack the unclean illustrateds. The citizens' action committee for "cleanliness in word and picture" aimed its fight against "subconscious sexual kicks."

And on the other side, almost anything short of clearly illustrated pornography goes in West Germany (and even that is offered for sale via mail order ads promising "the secrets of love" in stories and artwork, sent under plain cover).

One German court recently dealt with the perplexing problem of what constitutes a "lewd look" in a publication. It was charging a German newsdealer with distributing 297 copies of Playboy in which the "bunnies" looked lewd, the stills from "Fanny Hill" looked lewd, and the double-page pullout looked lewd—at least to the court.

The German papers have just about no bars in the sexy themes and sexy photos department. The "New York Times of Germany," the staid conservative daily newspaper Frankfurter Allgemeine regularly runs ads in its weekend section announcing "discreet hospital for delivering babies," and in the summer want-ad sections, the "wants" are mostly those of German male pleasure-seekers who delineate the characteristics of the girls they are seeking—good wardrobe, excellent figure, not over 25—to spend a few weeks frolicking on the Riviera.

Some of the most far-out stuff appears in the weekly tabloids like The New Sheet With Court Reports (circulation over 1,000,000), Home and World (circulation over 800,000) or New World on Sunday, Green Sheet and New Post, all over 300,000 copies weekly.

Sorayga Rivals Jackie

The Jackie Kennedy of the American heartbeat papers is oppressed, throneless ex-queen Sorayga, "the half-German who sat on the Peacock Throne." Hardly a week goes by but that her face and figure adorn two or four of the tabloids with inventions about her ill-fated love for the Shah, or about her alleged new amours.

Another favorite for the tabs here is "poor childless Fabiola of Belgium — will she or will she not renounce the King and the throne?" Every week sees her gazing tearfully at a group of children in an orphanage or gazing soulfully at her mate — in an unending series of sob stories designed to cause the hardy German housewives to pat the heads of their broods of siblings and sigh with happiness at having produced a full house even without a throne.

German starlet Barbara Valentin, once dubbed "Scandal Noodle," gets her share of covers with headline tales of "My Wild Years" and some of the German publications covered the marriage of teenage singing favorite Drafli Deutscher when he finally got around to marrying the mother of his twins.

FAR FROM H'WOOD 'ESTABLISHMENT': OR THE BUFFS' HAVEN AT ARDEN HOUSE

By SUMNER J. GLIMCHER

(Author of this special report on the Robert Flaherty Seminars, recently convoked for a 12th annual session, is a Columbia U. personage, now manager of its Center For Mass Communication. Separately he is Flaherty Seminar Director and in that capacity selected the 82 films unreeled at Arden House—Ed.)

Early in September, 1966, a group of 119 men and women met at Arden House, Harriman, N.Y., to spend six days viewing and discussing 82 films. The 12th Annual Robert Flaherty Film Seminar had begun.

After Robert Flaherty died in 1951, Frances Hubbard Flaherty, his widow, believed she still had a contribution to make to the film world. Although Flaherty had made "Nanook Of The North" virtually alone—with Eskimo help—his collaborator on "Moana," "Man of Aran" and "Louisiana Story." He taught her to see, she said, and she wanted to share this experience with others.



Sumner J. Glimcher

One weekend, sometime after her husband's death, she invited half a dozen film makers to the Flaherty farm, just outside Brattleboro, Vermont. There they watched films, talked, argued, and learned. The First Robert Flaherty Film Seminar had taken place, and a tradition had been established.

Each year the Seminar grew. A tax-exempt, educational corporation, International Film Seminars Inc., was established to accommodate increasing needs. Trustees included Frances Flaherty, David Flaherty, Robert's brother who had also helped make the Flaherty films, Willard Van Dyke, Dorothy Oshlag, Paul Olson, George Amberg, Julien Bryan, Jack Churohill, John Clayton, Morris R. Mitchell, Sally Swing Shelly, and Columbia Prof. Erik Barnouw, who also served as president.

As advisors, another group of film notables lent their names, time, and sometimes money to support and nourish this annual meeting. They included Celia Anderson, Jane Beveridge, Shirley Clarke, Guy L. Cote, Thorold Dickinson, Leo R. Dratfield, Arnold Eagle, Jack C. Ellis, Edward Foote, Hugh Gray, Richard Griffith, Bruce Harding, Edward Harrison, Robert Hughes, Peretz W. Johnnes, Daniel W. Jones Jr., Isaac Kleinerman, Arthur Knight, Sigfried Kracauer, Richard Leacock, Carl Lerner, Albert Maysles, Elodie Osborn, Hans Richter, Lionel Rogosin, Valentine Sherry, Cecile Starr, Robert Steele, George C. Stoney, Henri Storck, Amos Vogel, Fred G. Wale, UCLA's Colin Young and Fred Zinnemann.

From time to time the Seminar has been held in various places other than the Flaherty farm: Puerto Rico, Minnesota, California, and, in 1965, for the first time, Arden House. Here the Seminar appears to have found a permanent home and the 1967 Seminar has already been scheduled for Sept. 1-7.

Every Facility

Arden House, formerly the (W. Averill) Harriman estate, is a 56-bedroom mansion which, with doubling, accommodates more than 100 persons. The ambassador bequeathed Arden House to Columbia University in 1950 and it is administered by Columbia's Graduate School of Business.

For the Flaherty Seminar, Arden House seemed ideal. Only 48 miles from New York City just off the New York Thruway, it is 90 minutes from the heart of Manhattan.

Several aspects of the Flaherty Seminar are unique. Perhaps most important are the intensive discussion periods, for the meeting is not a film festival where one

merely sees films. It was conceived as a week spent in the exchange of ideas.

To Each Its Creator

Whenever possible, every film is accompanied by its creator, who is expected to reveal all aspects of the production likely to interest other filmmakers. These candid discussions frequently contribute more to the understanding of the filmmaking process than does the screening of the film itself. It is here that philosophy, technique, budget, working method, sponsor relations are searchingly reviewed and discussed. Important films by established filmmakers are seen through the fresh eyes of students, who sometimes contribute unexpected insights.

Another feature of the Flaherty Seminar is the diverse nature, yet common concern of the participants. The Seminar attracts a serious group, all professionals involved in some area of film. While two thirds are intimately engaged in filmmaking as producers, directors, writers, cameramen, the remainder are critics, distributors, librarians, members of film societies, teachers and students. Thus those who make films can immediately exchange views with those who use them.

Dedicated to the Flaherty tradition, the Seminars put their emphasis on the exploratory spirit — on "nonpreconception"—both in technique and subject matter. Both feature films and short films are shown.

Early Interest

The Seminars have played a part in the advent of a number of new filmmakers. An early and avid attendee was Shirley Clarke before she made "The Connection" and "The Cool World." Another was John Korty, whose first feature "Crazy Quilt," debuted at the Seminar. Another was Robert Hughes, whose "Robert Frost: A Lover's Quarrel With The World," also was first shown at the Seminar. It later won an Academy Award.

Foreign films and foreign filmmakers have always had an important role in the Flaherty Seminars. This year films were screened which had been made in France, Colombia, Poland, Netherlands, Cuba, Brazil, Japan, Vietnam, England, USSR, Canada and Puerto Rico as well as the United States.

Susumu Hani, described by Japanese film authority Donald Richie as "perhaps the second director in Japan today, surpassed only by Kurosawa" was the 1966 guest of honor. Hani's trip to the United States, which was suggested by the Seminar management, was sponsored by the Japan Society. He showed "Children Who Draw Pictures," a short; "Bad Boys," a documentary on adolescent delinquents; and the feature "A Full Life," a love story told against the background of postwar Japan.

Gabriela Samper from Bogota, Colombia, showed "Legend of the Paramo," first in Spanish, then in English. The two versions sharply revealed the problems of translation. Edouard Luntz, French filmmaker, brought "Children Adrift" and a new feature, "Green Hearts." The latter, a study of juvenile delinquents in France showed remarkable similarities to Hani's film on the same subject.

Sent By Government

In 1965 George Sluizer, Dutch filmmaker, was sent to the Seminar by the government of the Netherlands. The previous year Yang Jong Hae from the Republic of Korea showed his work. In other years there have been participants from England, Philippines, India, Pakistan, Canada, Algeria, Malagasy, Denmark, Cameroon and France.

The 1966 Seminar included meetings based on various themes. One evening was devoted to five different ways of portraying the creative artist on film. Curtis Davis, director of cultural programs for National Educational Television, showed five half hour NET films: Dorothea Lange, Richard Lippold, Anne Sexton, Vladimir Nabokov, and Elayne Jones.

Differing in art form (photographer, sculptor, poet, author and musician), each film derived its style from the nature of the artist to be covered, the kind of material created by the artist, and the instincts of the filmmaker.

American Film Institute

One unusual element of the 1966 Seminar was a series of discussions concerned with the proposal to establish an American Film Institute. The flood of new film societies, from 250 in 1950 to more than 4000 in 1965 (VARIETY, Oct. 6, '65), attests to the increase in public interest in film form. The National Council on the Arts, under Roger Stevens, has received a Federal appropriation for such an institute. Not knowing precisely what form this should take and what activities should be undertaken, the Council commissioned the Stanford Research Institute, an industrial engineering organization, to prepare a set of recommendations. SRI staff member Peter Tilton, a research engineer, came to Arden House to spend a week.

Three meetings, each an hour, were held at which Tilton first explained the dimensions of his assignment, then asked for suggestions. Critic Pauline Kael, Erik Barnouw, Willard Van Dyke, and others made recommendations calling for: (1) a film climate conducive to growth and development; (2) screening opportunities for a diversity of films, as offered by the Cinematheque in Paris and the National Film Theatre in London; (3) a central source of information on all films; and (4) support for film experimentation and research. There seemed to be no support for the idea of an official film school.

Hollywood Establishment

In a sometimes stormy final session, many younger participants wondered whether the views expressed at Arden House would ever get beyond the National Council on the Arts. It was commented that its film committee—including Gregory Peck, Elizabeth Ashley, George Stevens—represented the Hollywood Establishment and totally excluded any representation from other elements of the film world, such as those working in the tradition of Flaherty—who was largely spurned by Hollywood, but whose followers represent a growing force internationally. Whither independent film production?

A retrospective showing that astonished the Seminar group was "The Man With The Movie Camera," the 1929 silent film made in the USSR by Dziga Vertov exploring the possibilities of the medium with extraordinary virtuosity. Included in this just released archival treasure are processes and techniques not usually attributed to such early work, including slow motion, fast motion, time lapse, freeze frame, matting, montage, superimposition, change focus, and very likely the first motion picture footage of the actual birth of a baby.

But as always, the emphasis of the Seminar was on new work. Among filmmakers who showed and discussed recent work were James Lipscomb ("Storm Signal"), Richard Leacock ("A Stravinsky Portrait"), William Jersey and Barbara Connell ("A Time For Burning"), George C. Stoney ("San Mateo County Mental Health Rushes"), and Phil Reisman ("End Of The Trail"). Discussion leaders were Erik Barnouw, George Amberg, Robert Steele, Sol Worth, Edward Mason, Willard Van Dyke, and this writer.

Several of the features provided bizarre surprises! "Deus e o Diabo na Terra do Sol" (Black God and White Devil) by Glauber Rocha, and "Vidas Secas" (Barren Lives) by Nelson Pereira dos Santos, supplied new insights into the South American milieu. Neither of these Brazilian films has yet been commercially released in this country, but both will create interest when they are seen. "The Black God," a story of fanaticism, violence and religion, seems to make sense only

when seen through surrealist glasses. This one film, encompassing murder, deicide, infanticide, rape, massacre and castration appears, at the least, allegorical. Not so, said Bogota's Miss Samper, this is the reality of South America. The discussants were silent.

Death of Brother

The Seminar suffered a substantial loss this year with the death of David Flaherty. A shy man who always refused to take credit for the massive job of organization he did. A fitting tribute consisted of Seminar scholarships offered in his name by Willard Van Dyke—on behalf of the Museum of Modern Art—to George C. Stoney and Madeline Tourtelot.

Frances Flaherty, an indefatigable participant at 81, and an inspiring speaker, disclosed during the Seminar that she wished to turn the Flaherty farm in Vermont over to IFS as a film study center, particularly for study of the Flaherty films and others made in the Flaherty tradition. Writing about her husband's life and work in "The Odyssey of a Film Maker" (Beta Phi Mu, 1960), she used the term "non-preconception." She said, "The Flaherty films are timeless in the sense that they do not argue, they celebrate. And what they celebrate, freely and spontaneously, simply and purely, is the thing itself for its own sake. The word I have chosen is 'non-preconception,' an explorer's word. Non-preconception is the precondition to discovery, because it is a state of mind. When you do not preconceive, then you go about finding out. There is nothing else you can do. You begin to explore."

DePatie-Freleng Report Big Take From Cartoon Pix

Hollywood.

Theatrical animated cartoons are in business again, according to figures of the United Artists'-distributed "Pink Panther" and "The Inspector" series made by DePatie-Freleng. Gross revenue for the 32 segments of the two series so far is \$579,680. Using this figure as base, UA anticipates new revenue of \$850,000 during next 12 months.

Totals are based on U.S. theatrical showings only and do not reflect rapidly growing market for "Panther" and "Inspector" in the United Kingdom, Japan, France, Germany, Italy, Spain and several Latin American countries. Domestically, the cartoons are averaging about 1,800 bookings a week and grossing about \$10,000.

DePatie-Freleng estimate negative costs of each segment at about \$23,000, with advertising and distribution costs swelling the total. However, profitability of enterprise is obvious as UA has at least 52 additional segments of "Panther" over next four years, and minimum of 16 more "Inspector" episodes.

Although other companies are making the six-minute theatrical cartoons, "Panther" and "Inspector" are the first new continuing characters to hit the big screens since "Speedy Gonzalez" and "The Road Runner" became popular about a decade ago. Friz Freleng helped develop "Gonzalez" when he was with Warner Bros.

Freleng and Ed DePatie said resistance by exhibitors to paying for new short subjects now was being overcome and attributed aggressive selling by UA as a prime reason. Lethargy, they felt, had been built up over the years by the influx of foreign cartoons, which exhibs could pick up for "a nickel or a dime," and almost as cheap reissue of old cartoons by major domestic filmmakers. Duo said the increasing number of lengthy road show features also hurts demand for cartoons, as well as double bill situations, though latter now is being overcome.

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FEBRUARY
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"IN LIKE FLINT"

MARCH / APRIL
"CAPRICE"

APRIL
"HOMBRE"

MAY
"THE FLIM-FLAM MAN"

JUNE
"A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN"

CASTING: TOM ADAMS, JACK ALBERTSON, LERIE ALLEN, MICHAEL BERGEN, BOYD, RIVERS, CAESAR, ARNOLD, DIANE, CILEN, LEE, JAME, BURN, WA, ALBERT, BLANKER, DINO DE LAURENTIIS, TROY DONAHUE, STANLEY DONEN, GORDON DOUGLAS, FERZETTI, ALBERT FINNEY, RICHARD, FLEISHER, IVAN, NADIA GRAY, ALEC GUINNESS, JEAN, AUDREY HEPBURN, ROBERT, HELPMANN, GENE KELLY, IRVIN KERSHNER, JOHN KUHN, JACK, MAY, "THE FLIM-FLAM MAN", ON FREDI, MARTINSON, WALTER MATTHAU, FRANK MC, STEV, MCQUEEN, ROBERT MORSE, EDWARD MULHARE, ANTHONY, NE, PAUL NEW, PARKS, SLIM PICKENS, CHRISTO, LUMMER, IRVING, CLIVE RE, RUSH, ZOE SALLIS, ALBERT, SALMI, GEORGE SANDERS, MICHAEL, PHIL SILVERS, INGER STEV, MARS, TURMAN, MAX VON SYD, RAY WALSTON.

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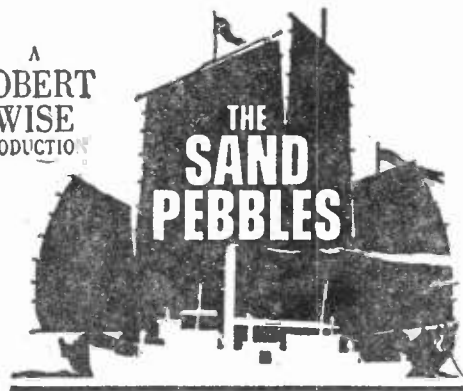
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 F CARNEY CHARMIAN CARR MICHAEL CARRERAS DON CHAFFEY SAUL CHAPLIN GRETA CHI
 ILLY COX RICHARD CRENNAN WILLIAM DANIELS CLAUDE DAUPHIN SAUL DAVID DORIS DAY
 S ELENORA ROSSI DRAGO ANDREA DROMM ANDREW DUGGAN SAMANTHA EGGAR GABRI
 YWELL TONY FRANCIOSA RONALD FRASER AVA GARDNER ALICE
 RICHARD HARRIS REX HARRISON RICHARD HAYDN PAUL
 AND
 COMING
 FOR THE
 SUMMER...
 "TWO FOR
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WHO NEEDS AUTHENTIC?

By CLAUDE BINYON

Hollywood.

The year was 1947 and Hollywood was riding high. There occurred, however, some individual personal crises, as for instance:

Mike "Stock Shot" Mahoney, the most successful producer of low budget westerns in the business, entered his private office glowering. Seated where he had left them a half hour before were Jim Farrell, the director, and Mahoney's perennial writers, Bierbaum and Murphy. Mahoney crashed his barrel-shaped body into his chair and hit his desk with a fist.

"The Old Man gave you trouble," guessed Farrell.

"He gave me worse than that," exploded Murphy. "He gave me that jerk cowhand his daughter eloped with! As an assistant! To help make my westerns authentic!"

"Is the Old Man nuts?" said Murphy. "Who needs authentic when you got boxoffice?"

"I'd walk out of here in a minute," said Mahoney, "except I'd lose all that stock footage I got piled up. I'd have to start shooting chases and stampedes all over again." He glowered another moment, then sighed resignedly. "Well, we're stuck with this character, so we better be nice to him. Pretend to be interested in what he says—but ignore him."

In Mahoney's outer office a bespectacled secretary looked up from her knitting as Tex Lincoln entered, tall, lean, shy, and hewn from granite. "Mr. Lincoln? Mr. Mahoney is waiting for you." Tex bowed slightly and went into Mahoney's office.

"Howdy," he said, standing by the door. Mahoney stood up, forcing a grin. "Come in, come in," he said, approaching Tex with outstretched hand. "Welcome to our tight little outfit, Abe."

"They call me Tex," said Tex. "Fine, fine," said Mahoney, propelling Tex into the center of the office. "I want you to meet my boys: Jim Farrell, the director, and Hank Bierbaum and Bill Murphy, my writers. We're just picking up a story conference." Mahoney eased Tex into a chair and went back to his desk.

"You from Texas, Tex?" asked Murphy.

"Yes."

"That's a switch," said Bierbaum.

"You joined us right in the middle of our next script," said Mahoney. "We'll just go ahead and let you get the feel of a story conference. If you get any ideas, speak up."

"Fine," said Tex nervously.

"Let's see," said Farrell, "we got up to where the El Paso Kid was standing on the range by a dead calf, swearing vengeance on whoever had rustled Missy's herd of steers and left their calves behind to die."

Mahoney turned to Tex. "Missy owns this ranch, and the El Paso Kid has come to ride range for her. The foreman is Dirk, a no-good louse." He turned to the others. "That's a good touch, having him swear vengeance by the body of the dead calf. We'll have everybody rooting for him—kids, the S.P.C.A., churches—everybody that loves animals."

Tex Asks A Question

"Is it all right to ask questions?" asked Tex. The others looked at him with a faint show of antagonism. "Sure," said Mahoney. "That's the only way you'll learn."

"I don't understand 'bout rustling steers and leaving their calves behind to die."

"What don't you understand?" asked Murphy.

"Where did the calves come from?"

"Are you kidding?" asked Mahoney. "From the steers, of course."

"A steer can't have a calf," said Tex. "It's a male. It's an altered bull."

There was silence, bristling with static. Finally Mahoney spoke. "Mr. Lincoln, I have been making westerns for 25-years, and in all that time my steers have had calves whenever I wanted them to. I never heard one word of complaint—until you walked in."

The others dismissed Tex with a look, and he sank deeper into his chair. "I didn't mean to butt in," he said.

"Let's get the story rolling," said Murphy. "I got this idea that the kid sees one of Dirk's gloves beside the calf, and figures Dirk must be the head of the rustlers."

"Great," said Mahoney.

Tex couldn't conceal his dubious look. "A ranch foreman wearing gloves?" he asked.

Farrell and the others glared at him. "What do you want the Kid to find?" Farrell snapped. "One of Dirk's arms?"

Tex sank even deeper. "Go on, Murph," said Mahoney. "Like I said, the Kid finds one of Dirk's gloves. So he gets on his horse and gallops to the ranch to tell Missy. But when he gets there he finds a note from Missy saying that on account of losing all her cattle she's taking the train to Houston with Dirk, who says he has a friend who will give her a loan on the place."

"Right," says Bierbaum. "The Kid knows right away that Dirk is working a crooked deal to steal the ranch from Missy, so he gallops to the depot and finds out the train to Houston left just five minutes ago. There's only one thing to do: stay on his trusty horse and beat the train to Houston."

"We're in," said Mahoney enthusiastically. "That gives us our chase. We can use the train shots from 'The Iron Horse Rides Again.' Now all we got to do is figure some shenanigans for Missy and Dirk on the train and we're set."

He got up and stretched, pleased with the world, then smiled at his writers. "Boys," he said, "I think this is the best you've done so far. It's got the feeling of 'Shane' without all that psychological mishmash." He turned to Tex cheerfully. "What do you think, Tex?"

Deep in his chair, Tex blinked once. "I'd rather not say."

Tex Speaks Up

Mahoney's jaw dropped, and the others had difficulty hanging onto their smiles. Mahoney finally recovered his cheerful attitude. "Look, Tex, we want you to speak up."

Tex straightened in his chair before he spoke. "Well,"

he said, "as long as you're asking; there's one thing that bothers me about what Mr. Bierbaum just said."

"Shoot," said Bierbaum with hollow grace.

"Earlier Mr. Murphy said that the Kid galloped to the ranchhouse to tell Missy about Dirk. Then Mr. Bierbaum said the Kid galloped to the depot."

"We meant on his horse, naturally," said Murphy.

"Right," said Tex, "but what I want to know is, how far is it to Houston?"

The men looked at him blankly. "From where?" asked Mahoney.

"From the depot."

"I don't know," said Mahoney with a trace of irritation. "Fifty miles, maybe. Why?"

"Nobody on a horse can race a train for 50 miles," said Tex. "And on top of that he's already galloped his horse to the ranchhouse and then to the depot. That horse is going to drop dead somewhere between the depot and Houston, and the Kid will never be able to stop Dirk's crooked deal with Missy."

The silence was almost overwhelming. Finally Murphy stood up. "Mr. Lincoln," he said in choked tones, "with one fell swoop you have just eliminated something that is as much a part of westerns as the short cut through the pass—the happy ending. Thanks to you our hero's horse has dropped dead, our hero is alone in the desert dying of thirst, and our lousy villain is drinking it up with our heroine in Houston with the deed to her ranch tucked safely in his pocket."

"I didn't say that," Tex protested quietly. "I just know it's silly for a man to try to race a train 50 miles to Houston on a tired horse."

'Fruitcake Weather'

By JACK DOUGLAS

"Fruitcake weather" is what Truman Capote calls this time of the year. Or at least, this is what he called it when, according to his own words, he was a lonely little boy. I am not a lonely little boy, but I still like the phrase

because it seems so apt. Although I haven't the faintest idea of what it means, to Mr. Capote. To me, it is the kind of weather in which to sit by the fire and remember my favorite fruitcakes.



Jack Douglas

Staring into the flames of an open fire is a good way to stir up memories. My first memory is of how much Sam, the firewood man, charged us for the firewood this year. When called upon to explain, Sam informed me that firewood is very high this year because of the shipping charges. Living in an area that has firewood in every direction for miles, I asked him what the heck he meant—shipping charges? Sam explained patiently—a little too patiently, I thought—that firewood now comes from Hong Kong. I said, "What's wrong with local firewood?" And he said, "You wanna charge it on your Diner's Club card or don't you?" Well—he had me there, but I still would rather have local firewood—for aroma if nothing else. Hong Kong firewood smells like a Chinese laundry burning down (with a bundle of Zero Mostel's shirts). So put Sam down as one of my favorite fruitcakes. Or maybe put me down as his.

This summer I was involved (definitely) in a stock tryout of an hilarious comedy, which at the moment is being more delicately shaped for Broadway. In fact, it is already more delicately shaped, and as soon as a certain star gives me the nod, I shall send my seconds to arrange things with my producer. Let me hasten to add, that my producer is not one of my favorite fruitcakes. He's not a fruitcake at all. He's a hardheaded, shrewd, and extremely perceptive Colossus of indecision.

My favorite fruitcake (during this summer-stock tryout) was Tessie, a full grown 630 pound gorilla, whom I used to further the plot. On opening night at the Westport Country Playhouse (a theatre built by elves in the Black Forest and brought to Connecticut piece by piece) Tessie, who actually was a male gorilla, refused to go on. The lights and the wrong-cued music frightened him and the audience itself didn't do much to reassure him (what with Paul Newman sitting in the front row), but besides all that, Tessie, by grunts and whimpers, managed to convey to his trainer, a man by the name of Herman Houk, that he would rather be back in Uganda in a tree than in an hilarious comedy in Westport.

After many tranquilized bananas, and promises of freedom, Tessie agreed to go through with it. Backstage breathed a sigh of relief, but just as Tessie was about to swing through an open door into the spotlight on a suspended auto tire, the rope broke and Tessie crashed to the floor and beyond. Tessie ruined a basement Coke machine and had fractured his hairy leg in three places and the producer, who had at one time been a stage manager had to swing on in Tessie's place. It wasn't quite the same because instead of the big laugh that was intended by this surprise entrance, the audience upon seeing the producer in place of a gorilla shrieked in fright and the curtain had to be lowered while everyone retreated to the Westport Country Playhouse bar for several glasses of courage before the resumption of the hilarious comedy. Incidentally, the who may stay right at the bar without seeing the play at all, which I think is a step in the right direction.

To sum up this summer tryout business with this gorilla and this producer. The producer is now in Uganda in a tree and the gorilla has a suite of offices at 240 West 44th St. Which may be another step in the right direction.

The Plumber

Another of my favorite fruitcakes, brought to my 7-Up soaked mind by the flickering flames, is Charlie Moncton, our plumber. I say, our plumber because we've bought and paid for him many times. Charlie is a perennial optimist. No matter how deep the water gets in our livingroom, Charlie tells us not to worry.

He tells us this from a rowboat at the top of the livingroom by direct submarine telephone to us sitting on the couch—just below him in 17 feet of water. Seventeen feet of water in your livingroom is mighty inconvenient, because it makes our Hong Kong imported fire-

wood very hard to light. But the whole thing is really our fault for living in a house directly under (almost) a dam that was built by some very unhappy WPA workers and three nonunion beavers.

Every time it rains the dam bursts and the faithful telephone operator who's supposed to stick by her post and warn us goes to the nearest drive-in movie until Westport Country Playhouse bar caters to theatre parties things clear up. It rains a lot in Connecticut and all of our livingroom pictures are framed with emergency life-rafts . . . which should give you some idea of the disaster area we live in.

But getting back to Charlie Moncton, the plumber. Whatever our problem it never bothers him. Nothing is too much trouble to fix—as long as he can get another Cadillac or maybe sometimes a Ferrari out of it. When we complain that one toilet sounds like the Overture of 1812 when flushed, he explains there's a very good reason for this—it's a very old toilet. Then he takes it apart and shows us the make and date: Crane—1812.

We lost Charlie one day. Somehow his foot got caught in his sewer-rooter and the last we saw of him he was waving bye-bye with sort of a circular motion and we haven't heard the Overture of 1812 since.

When Camp Was Really Camp!

By JEROME LAWRENCE

Moss Hart in "Act One" and Arthur Kober in "Wish You Were Here" explored the remembered yearly madness of the Borscht Circuit. But nobody has ever really chronicled the summertime Hamlets and Kid-Camp-Kazans who graduated from the Pabulum Trail.

During the summertime of my last highschool and early college years, I was the teenage Reinhardt of the Berkshires. For four incredible Massachusetts summers I worked as Dramatic Director at a boys' camp, which ranked the weekly shows alongside cleanliness, baseball and their kosher kitchen.

Kid stuff? Kiddy fare? Not on your life. We took our theatre seriously and served adult-size portions. We did more plays on the shores of muddy Lake Onota than the Theatre Guild and the Group Theatre combined. We should have called ourselves "Chutzpah Productions Inc."—for we had no fear: we tackled anything.

Years later I showed Marc Connelly a copy of his beautiful play, "Green Pastures," autographed lovingly to its director by the dedicated cast, which included Bud Shapiro, Martin Sepowitz, and Herb Segerman as "De Lawd." Marc roared with laughter: it was the first time "Green Pastures" had ever been done by an all-Jewish cast!

There were eight major productions each summer at Camp Winadu, full-length plays that included "Room Service," "Androcles and the Lion" (Shaw yet!), "Boy Meets Girl," "You Can't Take It With You," "Anything Goes," "Emperor Jones," even some Moliere: they ate up a rowdy version of "Imaginary Invalid." And, of course, there was always an annual full-length Gilbert & Sullivan: "Mikado," "Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore" were the favorites.

But the high point of every season was the original musical. The title was invariably a play-on-words on the name of the camp. Winadu presented "Winnie Doo" or "Wina-Doo-Dads" or "We Need Dough." Parents may have thought they were sending their sons to summer camp for fresh air. But they went home every Labor Day with lungs full of show biz.

It's gratifying to learn that the current crop of campers are still singing the songs from those musicals. Today, sons of the huge choruses who sang their hearts out on the Winadu stage are making the Social Hall rafters ring with songs we wrote by lantern-light (midnight salami sandwiches smuggled in) a quarter-of-a-century ago.

Hitting The Road To Glamor

We took the shows on tour, too—to the neighboring girls' camps. The kids would fight to be in those shows. It was glamorous to show off in front of all those dames—even though the ladies of the audience were still in pig-tails.

The play was the thing—and we used everybody available in the casts: waiters, guests, councillors. Despite directing, writing, making costumes, printing programs, and sweeping out the place, I even managed to act in one show a summer myself. I played the playwright (a character role) in "Room Service" and forgot most of my lines. I was the only one who did. The letter-perfect memory of those kids was amazing. They hadn't yet learned how to forget.

Our trilaborator on "Mame," composer Jerry Herman, had similar experiences. His father and mother owned a boys' camp and he began composing for those fearless kids, who would have sung grand opera if we had handed it to them. One of the tricks was to get those boy sopranos rehearsed and on stage fast—before their voices changed.

Now comes the Department of Hang-Your-Head-in-Shame. Nobody ever paid royalties! Everybody rationalized that no admission was charged, we were operating like a private club. Furthermore, none of the rights were available, because what we wanted to do were the current hit Broadway shows, and stock and amateur rights were still not released.

Do they still do it? Revenge has struck us at last. We keep hearing of productions of "Auntie Mame" at every girls' camp, of "Inherit the Wind" (particularly now that there is an all-male version), and "Mame" will probably be a favorite on the Short Pants Circuit from Kennebunkport to San Diego.

Samuel French and Dramatists Play Service (which didn't exist in the days of our youth) are policing these current camp dramatic illegalities. I urge the present crop of July-August geniuses to apply for rights. Where no admission is charged, Margaret Sherman at DPS and Abbott Van Nostrand at Samuel French will often make special concessions. But you will sleep better in your middle years, dear colleagues, if you do it all properly.

The real culprits of the non-royalty payment gang are the women minnesingers who charge fees to women's clubs to recite eloquently (playing all the roles) the current Broadway hit, sans permission, sans payment, and usually sans talent. The late Harold Freedman wisely delayed the printing of "Mary, Mary" and "Harvey" to prevent such flagrant violations.

The years we made-believe among the mosquitoes and came home from sunny summers pale as Hamlet's ghost are part of our bloodstreams. There's a play in it, maybe even a musical. And think of all those royalties we'll probably never collect!

Film Link That Helps

Is The Gossip Column Doomed?

By SHEILAH GRAHAM

The dictionary defines gossip as *Idle talk or rumor, especially about the private lives of others.*

It's been going on for a long time. Ever since and perhaps before the Bible—the book, not the movie. With such juicy tidbits as King David spying Bathsheba taking a sunbath in the nude on the opposite rooftop and sending her husband to the forefront of battle so he could get together with the sexy lady and have a romp with her indoors . . . And the elderly Sarah getting pregnant, before the pill, with Abraham who was more than 40 years older than Cary Grant. And all sorts of unlikely people begetting and begetting and with more violence in the Good Book than Sean Connery could give and take in a hundred James Bonds.



Sheilah Graham

I used to think it could go on forever with the idle talk and rumor about the private lives of celebrities in all the columns from coast to coast, in the immunity conferred by the three dot system originated by Walter Winchell four decades ago. Now I am not sure. I think that, more and more, readers want facts, not rumors, and they want the facts explained, not compressed into a few words that may or may not be true.

So, because I am a great survivor, I have been trying in the past few years to change the style of my column, to write longer pieces about important people or unimportant people with a good story to tell. Not without a struggle. There are still editors who believe in the short sharp non-writing system of the dots. And they could be right. But I'll take bets that before this typewriter hits 1999, the gossip column, as we read it today, will have vanished from the scene.

I don't particularly want to be around then. Nor I imagine would the pressagents who earn their livelihoods "feeding" the columnists with the bits and pieces picked up in the nightclubs, restaurants and, more often than not, in the imagination.

Don't get me wrong. I'd be sorry to see the gossip column go. It has provided me with a handsome way of life and I really do get to see such interesting people in such elegant places with such marvelous food. My lunch and dinner times are spent in Hollywood, New York, London, Paris, Rome and Madrid.

I have been wine and dined in Athens, Chicago, Nice, Pittsburgh and Pamplona. With glorious greats like Cary Grant, Vanessa Redgrave, Julie Christie, Bob Hope, Paul Scofield, and including Frank Sinatra before he decided to loathe what I had written about his divorce from Ava Gardner.

There are so many fascinating men and women I have met because I am a gossip columnist and we need each other; for me to fill the white space, for them to bring attention to what they are doing in their work, and, because, it is still usually more interesting, what they are also doing away from the screen or stage.

The Price One Pays

And I see every movie free of charge and all the first nights in New York and London.

It's a great life, if you don't weaken. Aye, there's the rub. The rich eating gives you indigestion. The travelling is tiring. The plays are often boring. The films long and hard on the rear. And, oh, the awful cocktail parties and the banquets and the interminable speeches and the awards that are handed to the wrong people, and the adulation that is exaggerated and the fights and the feuds and the false praise and the looking-straight-in-the-eye lies.

I sometimes think there must be a better way of living like a millionaire. It is getting harder for me to ask the prying questions, although I will if it means extracting a news story.

That is what I am mostly interested in getting. I would rather get news than the most amusing piece of gossip although I would not hesitate to use the latter to jazz up the column and perhaps cause someone to say, "Did you see what Sheilah Graham wrote about Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton?"

We hurt people sometimes, we gossip columnists, with a thoughtless line. This was brought home to me strongly by Steve McQueen a year or so ago after I had itemed, erroneously, as it turned out, that there was trouble in his marriage. An intimate of his had assured me this was true and we are always trying to get ahead of the news and print the story before it actually happens. For a line that I had forgotten until McQueen reproachfully reminded me, I had caused a great deal of anguish.

More Helpful Than Otherwise

But on the whole we help more than we hurt. A newcomer that we catch in a vignette and speed on his or her way. An appreciation of a performance.

And we do get letters of thanks sometimes. And some abuse, even though the item is true. How Sinatra raged and said "untrue" when I printed that he was wooing Mia Farrow and it would probably end at the altar. And how Tony Quinn reared on a Paris soundstage when a call from New York informed him that my column stated he and Jolanda were expecting their second child without benefit of a legal "I do." I made the correction and then I roared—in print—when the fact was too obvious to be ignored. But that is all forgiven and almost forgotten now.

Julie Andrews refused to talk to me for a year because I printed the fact that she was separated from Tony Walton which she was. But this all came under the heading of gossip until Julie herself stated the truth of the situation. And then it became news, front page news, and Julie, I imagine, will speak to me again because I actually performed a service for her with my contention that her marriage was over. In the guise of gossip I prepared her public, which regards her as pure and good and incapable of cutting the marriage tie, with the hard fact that this was possible and when it happened, the shock had been blunted.

BRITISH TALENT VERY MUCH TO THE FORE IN 1966 — STUDIOS AND CRAFTS BENEFIT FROM AMERICAN DISTRIBUTORS: STAKE IN FEATURES MADE OVERSEAS

By SIR CHARLES EVANS

(Director-General, British Film Producers Assn.)

London. It is a pleasure once again to have the opportunity to congratulate **VARIETY** on an anniversary—on this occasion its 61st—and to have the opportunity of saying a word about the British film industry.



Sir Charles Evans

Despite the credit squeeze in the U.K., British film production continues to flourish. It was gratifying to be able to tell your readers at the end of last year that we would, by the end of the year, have made 70 first-feature films of which 40 would be in colour. Actually, we will have completed perhaps 75 first-feature films in 1966 of which at least 60 will be in colour.

There is a higher proportion than ever before of high budget pictures of international appeal which is of itself of great importance since these sort of pictures can be regarded as the "low risk" pictures in an era of the mass viewing of television and the many other leisure activities available to the public. Moreover we continue to make a number of medium budget pictures which can reasonably hope for commercial success in a modern age of high audience discrimination, on account of their artistic content. I think Britain can claim, too, that her artists have had their most successful year in terms of international awards and acclaim whether this success has been achieved in British, American or continental films.

Modernization of our major studios continues and this year saw the completion of two new stages at the Rank Organisation's studio at Pinewood. These stages were designed from the start for both cinema film and television production, and are highly automated with a view to obtaining greater productivity.

The Associated British Picture Corp. is also engaged in dramatic modernization to its Elstree studio which will cost at least \$3,000,000. These two major British companies can then perhaps claim to have the most modern stages in any studios in the world. I think that it says a great deal for confidence in the future of British film production that these two companies should have undertaken such imaginative and costly modernization particularly at the time when the British industry was under examination by a Monopolies Commission. I have no doubt that this confidence will be rewarded.

Perhaps I can reinforce these brief comments on the capability of British studios and indeed the imagination and enterprise of those who make pictures in Britain by mentioning one set for the new Eon Productions Ltd., Bond picture, "You Only Live Twice," built at Pinewood studios, which is probably the largest single set ever built for a motion picture. It incorporates the largest single steel span ever constructed for any purpose in Europe. My space here prevents me from dwelling on the specifications of this huge project at Pinewood so it must suffice if I say that 700 tons of steel were used in its construction and that it cost \$1,120,000 (£400,000).

British films have continued to consolidate their position in many overseas markets including the most profitable and exciting of all markets, that of the U.S. The percentage of our total takings derived from overseas has increased and is now in excess of 50%. This is a matter of first importance for nowadays nearly all films, irrespective of their country of origin, require substantial overseas earnings if they are to recoup their costs. For this reason I welcome sincerely the American interest in British films, not only because this must assist in some measure the entry of British pictures into the American market but also because American finance can secure for British pictures the benefit of the world-wide selling network which the major American companies have established over many years.

The two-way traffic between the States and Britain is most important in improving the quality and suitability of films for an international market. I am sure that British filmmakers, be they artists, directors, writers, musicians or technicians, have enriched film production in Hollywood and this can certainly be said of the work of Americans in Britain, be their work here for a single film or be they working in Britain on a longer or even permanent basis.

Insular attitudes in filmmaking have no place in present day production. On the other hand, there is no evidence whatsoever to show that as some feared in the past the result of this strong Anglo-American exchange would result in the birth of neuters with a mid-Atlantic flavour which did not reflect the national characteristics of either country. What could be more British in character than for example "Lawrence Of Arabia," "Alfie," "Born Free," "Hard Day's Night," "Tom Jones," or "Becket," to name only a few British quota pictures financed from American sources which gained enormous international success when distributed by American companies.

A further example of this healthy co-operation is those excellent American and Hollywood-based pictures such as "The Collector" and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" which were shot on location in Britain. I am sure "Dr. Dolittle" will furnish another example of how American pictures can be made on location in Britain with great success.

The close ties between the British and American film industry are long-standing and will, I am sure, increase in terms of interchange of talent, resources and co-operation across the board. This does not inhibit in any way co-production with other countries. Britain has now started co-production with the continent of Europe where more than half the productions of the various countries are co-produced with other countries. Following the com-

pletion of our co-production treaty with France at government level, two Anglo-French co-productions have so far resulted. I have no doubt that after the start given by British and French pioneers in this field Anglo-French co-production will become a real force in the international motion picture scene.

It would be idle to pretend that there are not many problems to be overcome in Britain entering into the same co-production arrangements with other continental countries as we were able to achieve with France. We have cooperated in the past in productions with many continental countries but coproduction under which both participants benefit to the full by production aids, be they from the industry or from the governments of both countries and whereby their films have dual nationality, raises different problems. Where there is a will there is a way. There is a strong will for co-production with continental countries on the part of the British producer and in the 70,000 miles which I have travelled on behalf of the British industry last year I was left in no doubt whatsoever that every country which I visited wished to make co-productions with Britain.

Having briefly described what I sincerely believe to be a successful year in British film production and having expressed great confidence for the future in the international field with which **VARIETY** has been so intimately concerned during 61 years, let me mention something which offers great encouragement in our domestic scene.

In 1946 there were 1,635 million admissions while last year there were 326½ million—about one-fifth. This sharp decline has levelled out. It may be that our newest figures will show some modest increase in admissions but the fact remains that in these twenty years we have lost a considerable public for the viewing of our films. We have endeavoured to recapture these viewers by a publicity campaign called Uptake in which all sections of the industry partake and which is devoted to improving publicity in the first instance at provincial level and to removing the many disincentives, often of a local character, to the public leaving their houses and entering cinemas. But there is another interesting and in my opinion important development in Britain.

We are at present conducting a tollvision experiment in this country through the medium of Pay TV Ltd. Since the experiment is still proceeding I would not want to draw any premature conclusions from it. Nevertheless the evidence so far shows that despite the fact that a particular film has already been shown in the cinema in the districts where the experiment is being conducted there is a substantial audience for it on Pay TV. In the case of one particular film which had been shown in the district, 49% of the households which had Pay TV sets viewed it on their sets. Can it be that through tollvision we in Britain might recapture those lost audiences and, moreover, without harming the interests of exhibitors? This might open a whole new area of exploitation of product to the film producer whereby he exploited to the full his picture in the cinema by first run and strategically placed re-runs, exploited it next to the lost "audience" from cinemas by showing it on Pay TV and then showed it later on, in Britain, the B.B.C. or I.T.V.?

Wherever we live and work we will always have problems in the entertainment business. These are problems not only for those who provide entertainment but in the much wider sense those that derive such an important part of their lives from viewing what we in the entertainment industry produce. I, therefore, salute **VARIETY** on its 61st anniversary because I know that it will always in the future continue to provide an essential forum provided, I believe, by no other trade periodical in which we in the entertainment business can debate how best we can discharge our responsibility towards the general public all over the world.

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—Cincinnati Post and Times-Star

"A classy triumph. Caine's performance is flawless. One of the most significant of the young stars."

—San Francisco Chronicle

"You may hate yourself in the morning, but I think you are going to enjoy 'Alfie' very much."

—Life Magazine

"Beautifully played by Michael Caine."

—Washington Daily News

"'Alfie's' a soaring triumph!"

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BILLY ROSE

By JIM BISHOP

The last of the exquisite baronial mansions is at 56 East 93d Street., New York. It is a rare jewel, squeezed between apartment houses. Its halls echo to the delicately slipped feet of Billy Rose. It's his. The solemn faces that look down from the wall may be signed by Goya and Gainsborough and Rembrandt, and they are cherished by the lonely storyteller who walks the halls.

Mr. Rose is called a showman. He produced "Jumbo" and "Carmen Jones" and the Aquacade and many other spectacles. He isn't really a showman. He has also been called a dollar machine, but he isn't that either. He's a picture framer. If the picture has real beauty—whether it's a painting or a show or a live girl—Billy Rose will tack a frame around it and hang it somewhere for everybody to see.

Few men have more appreciation for true beauty, and few men started with less of it. Billy Rose was born Rosenbloom on the East Side. He never knew a time when his father brought \$25 a week home. The Rosenblooms were poor among the poor. They moved frequently to save a month's rent, and there were times when Billy and his two younger sisters were sent to bed without a meal.

The flat on Allen St. was full of people who commiserated with one another. Still, there was a clannish loyalty, almost a joy, in poverty and the neighbors shared the happiness of birth and marriage, and wept with grief at illness and death. It was and is a place of Yiddish lamentation and philosophy—most of all, of neighbors.

In their nothingness these people had everything. The beach was a fire escape; Delmonico's was the icebox in the kitchen; love was a stout mother pouring foreign diminutives in a child's ear; the mountains were a climb to a tar-paper roof; God was in the shadows behind a flickering Menorah; wealth was a \$15 cloth coat; friendship was a gruff voice saying, "So what's new?"

The map says that it is six miles from Allen St. to East 93d. The map lies. It is a million miles and it costs a dollar a mile. Billy Rose made it because he was born running. He made it because he had to do something better. He wanted money too—he doesn't knock it—but he had to shine brightly as something.

He was still a boy when he was champion stenographer. He worked for Bernard M. Baruch and the War Industries Board in 1918. Billy was earning \$200 a week when his father was still trying to make \$25. Whenever he reached a point where he thought the job could not be done better, Billy Rose quit and tried something else.

The body was small—he looked like a dissipated jockey—but the mind was big and the ambition was enormous. He wrote songs: "It's Only a Paper Moon," "Me and My Shadow," "The Night Is Young and You're So Beautiful," "Without a Song." He wrote others too, and these brought in \$50,000 a year in royalties.

When Mr. Rose felt that he was writing lyrics about as well as anyone in the business, he dropped it. He took his money into the night club business. He opened the Casino de Paree, the first New York theatre-restaurant. He followed with the Casa Manana, and the Diamond Horseshoe. His places made money, and he kept the money because he had bigger plans and Mr. Rose does not believe in partners.

He owns 100% of everything he touches. The feet of his wives touched the cold marble in the foyer. If it is done often enough, it will chill the heart. Mr. Rose married, in turn, Fanny Brice, Eleanor Holm and Joyce Matthews.

Billy did more than love them. He adored them and spoiled them and, in time, the chill was on them. Miss Brice was Baby Snooks. Miss Holm was a great swimmer. Joyce Matthews had a beauty with inner lighting. The best way to lose anything to to hold it too tight. He lost them one at a time. (As he also did the former Doris Warner still later—Ed.)

He produced shows and he banked \$250,000 a year. He wrote a newspaper column called "Pitching Horse-shoes," and he bought Broadway theatres—the Ziegfeld and the National, the latter now named for him. When Billy gambled at Monte Carlo, and found that he couldn't

beat the roulette wheel, he tried to buy the place. The French wouldn't sell.

Instead, he bought the mansion on East 93d St. It's a big marble mansion, and the butler can hear the dainty feet of Mr. Rose clicking from a long way off.

I walked into the lobby of the mansion. There was a sweep of white tile with black edging. A butler took my hat and coat in silence. There was an elevator to the right. It took me to a big smokingroom.

The center halls are spacious. The stairway curves like a pretty hip. Everywhere there are old masters hanging on the walls, each face looking brightly or grimly down the centuries. An alabaster sphinx rests on a footstool. Logs flicker discreetly in a fireplace. A sterling cigaret box gleams under a table lamp.

There is a small office with a desk, a blackboard, and a Dow-Jones ticker. Here Billy Rose sits from 9:30 until 2:30 buying and selling blue chip stocks. His Wall St. business amounts to more than \$1,000,000 a year and he divides it among Hutton, Ungeleiter and Dreyfus.

The little loner chalks symbols on his blackboard, feeds the tickertape through graceful hands, and phones his orders to buy or sell. On his desk is a big television offer to put on network shows. Billy Rose thinks he will decline it. NBC doesn't understand that Rose would have to run the show alone. They have a clause in the contract about "good taste." Who knows what that is?

He bought the Ziegfeld Theatre 16 years ago for

While his two sisters sued and were initially unsuccessful in upsetting the showman's will, Billy Rose "is still parked on a shelf in a vault in Westchester Hills (N.Y.) Cemetery," as one intimate of the late showman observed. Legalistics may be further complicated by Eleanor Holm, his second wife, to whom he bequeathed \$10,000, filing a \$15,990,000 claim on the estate. This Jim Bishop profile on Rose was written while the showman was alive. He died last Feb. 10 at his Montego Bay, Jamaica, West Indies, estate. Bishop sums up a show biz phenomeon whose rags-to-riches fortune is estimated at between \$30-\$50,000,000. One sister was left the income from a \$1,000,000 trust fund and the other sister, not as close to Rose, was bequeathed income from a \$100,000 trust; but both combined to upset the will and its bulk bequest to the Rose Foundation for reasons of "undue influence." N.Y. Surrogate James A. Cox two months ago dismissed the sisters' suit.

\$630,000. Billy, as always, paid cash and paid in full. He has been offered \$3,000,000 for the dream theatre, but he doesn't want it. The land alone, he reasons, is worth \$200 a square foot and he has 15,000 feet of it. He bought the old National Theatre and renamed it the Billy Rose Theatre. (The Ziegfeld Theatre and adjacent realty, embracing the entire 6th Ave. block front, and flanked by holdings on 54th and 55th St. was sold to Fisher Bros. for a new skyscraper).

Monuments are important to a poor youngster. He can stop anything in the big house except the clocks. Billy has riches and esteem and powerful friends. Somewhere along the line he lost four women; and three wives (later another wife). He walks the halls alone, listening to the echo of shoe on marble.

In a corner, he has his own barbershop. It has a chair, a lot of equipment, a striped barber pole that lights and turns, an electric horse, a massage table and barbells. How frequently can a man get a haircut?

In several rooms there is an electric coffeemaker plugged and ready. He likes coffee. There are electric chafing dishes with chicken livers and cocktail frankfurters so that, if Mr. Rose feels hungry at three in the morning, something is always ready.

The Spartan spark is in the bedroom. It is big, but against a wall is an old iron bedstead used by one of Napoleon's generals. It is small and light. There is room for one. Outside, in a wall, is a built-in refrigerator. Down one flight there is a poolroom with a full-sized pool table overhung with two big orange globes.

Billy likes to shoot pool and he can run 6 or 8 balls. There is an ornate card table, a black lacquered snack bar and, outside the room, a chilled wine cellar fronted by a bank vault door.

When he tires of the mansion, Billy goes to Tavern Island. This is a small body of land off Darien, Conn. He bought it outright, including the big house on it. He has servants there, but no friends.

A few weeks ago, he wrote a will. In it, he left something for each of the old retainers. He left something for his two sisters and for his last wife, Joyce Matthews, and her child. There is nothing in it for Eleanor Holm because as Billy says, "She's already been taken care of. We're the best of friends and she has nothing to worry about."

My Two Heroes— Sam And Harry

By H. ALLEN SMITH

Cuteness bugs me almost beyond endurance. It is my opinion that people who talk baby talk (other than babies) belong in a hospital for the criminally insane. There are moments when I'd dearly love to belt Smoky the Bear a good one right in the chops. I would happily adjust the noose around the necks of those who say "brunch" and "bye now" and "anyhoo" and "all righty." I support the belief of Samuel Johnson that children, until they attain the age of 18, should be raised in a barrel and fed through the bung hole. In short, I am cynical (in moderation) and lacking in sentimentality.

Yet I frequently find myself grown saccharine and almost simpering over two figures in American literature, and I describe them unhesitatingly as my heroes. Their names: Mark Twain and Henry Louis Mencken. I sometimes catch myself indulging in the ridiculous conceit of being thrilled that I was alive in this world at the same time Mark Twain lived. And I am almost psychopathically proud of the fact that I knew Mencken and had the privilege of personal relationship with him over a period of 30 years.

I often bore people to the edge of distraction by talking about these two men. An unfeeling friend of mine has remarked: "Any day now he'll start calling them Sam and Harry."

I became a Mencken nut first and a Mark Twain buff shortly afterward. In time I learned that Mencken was a devoted admirer of Twain, but I never suspected the full extent of the connection between the two until a day in the late 1930s when I was visiting Mencken in Hollins St. I got Harry to talking about Sam and he took me into the living room and stood me before a massive secretary that had belonged to his father. Among the books on an upper shelf were half a dozen first editions of Mark Twain.

When Mencken was nine years old he discovered that shelf. He had developed an appetite for reading but the available fare had been meagre and mediocre, and then one day he dragged a chair over to the secretary and climbed up to have a prowl. By superb chance (I sometimes think it borders on the supernatural, in which I do not believe) his hand fell upon a greenish volume titled "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." The boy took it down and read with mounting excitement and then went on to the other Twain books.

"When I was 20," Henry Mencken said, "I had a column going in the Baltimore Herald. I wrote in it that the critics were all lunatics for failing to recognize that 'Huck' Finn was the greatest novel ever produced by an American. I wrote that in 1900. I have never changed my mind. Up until my 40s I read it at least once a year, and I still drag it down and read it again from time to time."

In one of his books Mencken said that his discovery of Huck was "probably the most stupendous event in my whole life." He had been destined, by his father's decree, for the family tobacco business. He was 18 and working in the Mencken cigar factory when his father died. Three days later Henry put on his best suit of clothes and made his way to the city room of the Herald and applied for a job.

"It was an inevitable sort of thing," he told me. "It went straight as an arrow back to that day I climbed up here and plucked out 'Huckleberry Finn.' I was no more than 50 pages into it when I decided I was going to be a writer when I grew up. I never faltered in that resolution."

Old Harry! And old Sam! What a pair! Kindly pardon me, folks, while I brush a sentimental tear from my eye.

Most of these millions—perhaps \$10,000,000 when the estate is liquidated—will go to the Billy Rose Foundation. It will beautify "the gifted in the performing arts." If a good actress needs to have teeth straightened or scars covered, the Foundation will do it, in secrecy.

I asked him if he had ever gone hungry over a period of time. The intelligent face smiled faintly. "Once between jobs, I lived on two 5c packages of salted peanuts a day for several weeks. They are the cheapest and the most nourishing."

Can Mexico Stop Featherbed?

Continued from page 13

affirmed publicly that if producers still held off, Churubusco Studio itself would go into film production rather than leave its stages idle.

Grumbling producers were then quick to see advantage in U.S.-Mexican coproductions. As of Oct. 15 last two were completed; one was shooting; another due to roll in November. U.S. film production has included 20th Century Fox's "Daniel Boone" series and "Smeky"; Banner Productions series (still in production) of "Tarzan"; Batjac's "The Kiowa War Wagon"; and due to start soon, Mirisch's "The Law and Tombstone."

Under the ruling 50% of films being exhibited commercially must be Mexican (this includes co-productions made here). The backlog is freeing but not necessarily increasing the line up at the boxoffice in the capital. Mexican

producers, however, know that there is a large and lucrative market not only in the Mexican provinces but throughout Latin America, where brows are low, low, low.

There are still many snags to be ironed out and no amount of "Wirtschaftswunders" can perform miracles overnight. Exhibitors complain about the taxes and regulations which make movie house operation a thankless task.

The 27 independent neighborhood exhibition situations which closed this year remain a problem. Hopes are pinned on the new Mayor, Alfonso Corona del Rosal, that he will unfreeze four pesos (32c) top prices, unchanged since 1953, and that the increase can be used for an all-round revitalization of the Mexican film industry.

There are still points to be revised regarding conditions for filming here. Some U.S. producers have declared, and this has been confirmed sadly

by veteran Mexican producers, that union featherbedding will drive prospective foreign producers elsewhere if not corrected. It has driven Mexican producers to make films in Peru, Argentina and Brazil at lower costs. Ex-Film Bank President, Federico Heuer, now Director of Churubusco Studios, sees danger in co-productions increasing film costs in general in Mexico, and ending by proving harmful to the local industry. This remains to be seen. Meanwhile Mexican producers and directors will gain by the wider breadth of vision in film making.

Comrgo Inc., of New York, has changed its name to Sponsors Film Service Inc., according to a certificate recorded by Zelby & Burstein, attorneys of Manhattan.

ABC Theatres of New York Inc. has been reserved as a corporate name, in a certificate filed at Albany by Paramount Theatres Corp.

British Law Taking Form

Continued from page 5

ease the barring regulations, there were two interesting proposals made by the Commission, which could have some slight, but controversial, effect. The more intriguing of the two is the suggestion to introduce competitive booking, and though this could only affect a handful of situations around the country, it could, conceivably, provide an encouragement for building new theatres in key cities in competition with the two major circuits. Hitherto, it has been impossible to attract capital to build in an area where the two majors are in site, because of the obvious hazard of booking top product, but if there was a genuine free-for-all, and a newcomer could outbid the majors, the situation could be substantially different.

The other recommendation is the suggestion that independent theatres could be linked together to form a sort of cooperative booking group and while this was ad-

vocated mainly for economic reasons it is regarded with dubious feelings by distributors who see the possibility of a new octopus which would be principally concerned with cutting its film hire costs rather than providing guaranteed sustenance to production and distribution. There is little doubt that this measure will be vigorously resisted in the continuing exchanges between the industry and the Board of Trade before the new legislation is prepared.

As it took the Commission more than two years to complete this inquiry and make its report, and as the Government is taking a further three years in which to digest the report and make its own proposals, it is little wonder that one disgruntled producer commented: "Too little, too late."

If the inquiry had been conducted 10 years earlier, and the recommendations acted on immediately, it might have been a different picture—in every sense of the word.

'Music' Over 'Wind'

Continued from page 9

lic interest, egged on by the myriad carbons of the series).

Metro is pleased (and a great deal relieved) at the amazing staying power of "Doctor Zhivago," which has gone past the \$15,000,000 mark domestically and is now predicted to hit an eventual \$30,000,000. When the film was first released, however, few predictions were made (even by Metro) that the David Lean treatment of Boris Pasternak's novel would ring up the business it has, and is continuing to do.

Another demanding film, on which few predictions were made, but which proved both critically and business-wise a major triumph, was Warners' "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" With a very big \$10,300,000 taken in and most of the country's theatres still to play, 1967 should boost this one up quite a bit, especially should it capture some Academy Award nominations, as seems indicated. Oddly enough, winning an Oscar usually breaks down considerable resistance on the part of that audience that usually deplores "very adult" films. The emphasis on the Elizabeth Taylor image didn't hurt Metro's reissues of "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" and "Butterfield 8," upping both films considerably.

That's Show Biz

It was a strange year at the nation's boxoffices with some very big, very expensive releases failing to make it; some medium-weights turning out to be heavyweights and, most pleasant of all, some admittedly "little" pictures really catching the public's fancy. Major hardticket efforts which made little impression on the nation included Fox's "The Blue Max" (although the ultimate anticipated business is reported, "undetermined") and Warners' "Battle of the Bulge," also "undetermined," but not too hopeful. With only \$4,500,000 taken in after a full year's release, there's not too much life left in this Cinerama effort. Fox's "Agony And The Ecstasy," also a long time out, failed to live up to expectations, barely outgrossing the reissue of Disney's "Bambi."

Despite a strong cast and heavy sell, UA's "Cast A Giant Shadow" failed to make the all-time list, nor did the company's "The Group," "Khartoum" and "Fortune Cookie"; Metro's "Lady L" and "The Loved One" (this Tony Richardson effort, after "Tom Jones," was a real letdown); Columbia's "The Chase," "Heroes of Telemark" and "Lost Command"; Fox's "Flight of the Phoenix"; Paramount's "Assault on a Queen"; or Universal's "The Apaloosa."

Even USSR 'Pleased'

Most of the films which did rack up heavy business, however, considering their predicted outcome, emphasized comedy or suspense or a combination. Norman Jewison's "The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming" gave UA one of its best boxoffice pix and pleased everyone, including the Russians, who even "reviewed" it for VARIETY.

Disney's second Dick Van Dyke, "Lt. Robin Crusoe, USN," also proved successful while "That Darn Cat" combined laughs and thrills to give Disney his top film of the year. Dean Martin's first in the Matt Helm series, "The Silencers," brought in Columbia a cool \$7,000,000 and triggered the continuance of the character.

The really bright spots of the year were those several films with fair to medium budgets that did much more than was expected. Fox's "Our Man Flint" made James Coburn a top boxoffice name and proved that James Bond's dominance of the spy-spoof market is not absolute. The Oscar attention given Metro's "A Patch of Blue" gave that modest item a really big boost, up into the \$6,300,000 class, while Disney's "Ugly Dachshund," originally planned as a TV series, proved that really well-made pilots could be converted to theatrical release with good results.

AIP's Cashable 'Angels'

American International hit the top business charts fairly steadily but the company's runaway success was Roger Corman's "Wild Angels," which garnered \$5,500,000 and set off what appears to be a stream of motorcycling-juvenile delinquent efforts.

ALL-TIME BOXOFFICE CHAMPS

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

Continued from page 9

Guys and Dolls (Joseph Mankiewicz; Goldwyn; MGM—1956)	8,000,000	Moby Dick (John Huston; Moulin-Huston; WB—1956)	5,200,000
King of Kings (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; MGM—1961)	8,000,000	Rio Bravo (Howard Hawks; WB—1959)	5,200,000
Music Man (Morton DaCosta; WB—1962)	8,000,000	Hole In The Head (Frank Capra; Sincap-Capra; UA—1959)	5,200,000
Russians Are Coming, Russians Are Coming (N. Jewison; Mirisch; UA; May '66)	7,750,000	From The Terrace (Mark Robson; 20th—1960)	5,200,000
Pinocchio (animated; Disney; RKO-BV—1940)	7,700,000	Elmer Gantry (Richard Brooks; Smith; UA—1960)	5,200,000
Glenn Miller Story (Anthony Mann; Rosenberg; U—1954)	7,600,000	The Great Escape (J. Sturges; Mirisch; UA; 1963)	5,200,000
Butterfield 8 (Daniel Mann; Berman; MGM—1960)	7,575,000	Help! (R. Lester; Shenson; UA; 1965)	5,200,000
Trapeze (Carol Reed; Hecht-Hill-Lancaster; UA—1956)	7,500,000	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (Howard Hawks; Siegel; 20th—1953)	5,100,000
Pillow Talk (Michael Gordon; Arwin-Hunter; U—1959)	7,500,000	The Outlaw (H. Hughes; RKO; 1946)	5,075,000
World of Suzie Wong (Richard Quine; Stark; Par—1961)	7,500,000	Forever Amber (Otto Preminger; Zanuck-Seaton; 20th—1947)	5,050,000
The V.I.P.'s (Anthony Asquith; de Grunwald; MGM—1963)	7,500,000	Friendly Persuasion (William Wyler; AA—1956)	5,050,000
Unsinkable Molly Brown (Charles Walters; Weingarten-Edens; MGM—1964)	7,500,000	Mrs. Miniver (William Wyler; Franklin; MGM—1942)	5,000,000
Lt. Robin Crusoe, USN (B. Paul; Disney; BV; June, '66)	7,500,000	Song of Bernadette (Henry King; Perlberg; 20th—1943)	5,000,000
La Dolce Vita (F. Fellini; RIAMA-Pathe; Astor-AIP; 1961)	7,500,000	Razor's Edge (Edmund Goulding; Zanuck; 20th—1947)	5,000,000
How To Marry A Millionaire (Jean Negulesco; Johnson; 20th—1953)	7,300,000	Green Dolphin Street (Victor Saville; Wilson; MGM—1947)	5,000,000
Gigi (V. Minnelli; Freed; MGM; 1957)	7,240,000	Red Shoes (Michael Powell; Pressburger-Rank; EL—1948)	5,000,000
Peter Pan (animated; Disney; RKO-BV—1953)	7,200,000	Jolson Sings Again (Henry Levin; Buchman; Col—1949)	5,000,000
No Time For Sergeants (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1958)	7,200,000	The Sands of Iwo Jima (Allen Dwan; Grainger; Rep.; 1950)	5,000,000
The Alamo (John Wayne; Batjac; UA—1960)	7,200,000	Moulin Rouge (John Huston; Romulus; UA—1953)	5,000,000
To Kill A Mockingbird (Robert Mulligan; Pakula; U—1963)	7,200,000	Three Coins in Fountain (Jean Negulesco; Siegel; 20th—1954)	5,000,000
For Whom Bell Tolls (Sam Wood; Par—1943)	7,100,000	A Man Called Peter (Henry Koster; Engel; 20th—1955)	5,000,000
David and Bathsheba (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1951)	7,100,000	There's No Business Like Show Business (Walter Lang; Zanuck-Siegel; 20th—1954)	5,000,000
Not As Stranger (Stanley Kramer; UA—1955)	7,100,000	Pete Kelly's Blues (Jack Webb; WB—1955)	5,000,000
Oklahoma (Fred Zinnemann; Magna-Hornblow; Magna—1955)	7,100,000	East of Eden (Elia Kazan; WB—1955)	5,000,000
Son of Flubber (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1963)	7,100,000	Vera Cruz (Robert Aldrich; HHL-James Hill; UA—1955)	5,000,000
Von Ryan's Express (M. Robson; 20th; 1965)	7,100,000	Bridges Toko-Ri (Mark Robson; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1955)	5,000,000
Hatari (Howard Hawks; Par—1962)	7,000,000	Anastasia (Anatole Litvak; Adler; 20th—1957)	5,000,000
The Sandpiper (V. Minnelli; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965)	7,000,000	Island In Sun (Robert Rossen; Zanuck; 20th—1957)	5,000,000
Shenandoah (Andrew V. McLaglen; Arthur; U—1965)	7,000,000	Farewell To Arms (Charles Vidor; Selznick; 20th—1958)	5,000,000
The Silencers (P. Karlson; Allen; Col.; March '66)	7,000,000	On The Beach (Stanley Kramer; UA—1959)	5,000,000
Torn Curtain (A. Hitchcock; Univ.; August '66)	7,000,000	Journey To Center of Earth (Henry Levin; Brackett; 20th—1960)	5,000,000
Shot In The Dark (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; 1964)	6,700,000	North To Alaska (Henry Hathaway; 20th—1960)	5,000,000
Going My Way (Leo McCarey; Par—1944)	6,500,000	Flower Drum Song (Henry Koster; Hunter-Fields; U—1962)	5,000,000
Snows of Kilimanjaro (Henry King; Zanuck; 20th—1952)	6,500,000	Judgment at Nuremberg (Stanley Kramer; UA—1961)	5,000,000
Country Girl (George Seaton; Perlberg-Seaton; Par—1954)	6,500,000	Bon Voyage (James Nielson; Disney; BV—1962)	5,000,000
High Society (Charles Walters; Siegel; MGM—1956)	6,500,000	The Interns (David Swift; Cohn; Col—1962)	5,000,000
I'll Cry Tomorrow (Delbert Mann; Weingarten; MGM—1956)	6,500,000	The Birds (Alfred Hitchcock; U—1963)	5,000,000
Imitation of Life (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1959)	6,500,000	55 Days at Peking (Nicholas Ray; Bronston; AA—1963)	5,000,000
Come September (Robert Mulligan; Arthur; U—1961)	6,500,000	Hud (Martin Ritt; Revetch; Par—1963)	5,000,000
Wonderful World Brothers Grimm (George Pal-Henry Levin; Pal-Cinerama; MGM—1963)	6,500,000	Under Yum-Yum Tree (David Swift; Brisson; Col—1963)	5,000,000
Our Man Flint (Daniel Mann; David; 20th; Jan. '65)	6,500,000	Dr. Strangelove (S. Kubrick; Col.; 1964)	5,000,000
Suddenly Last Summer (Joseph Mankiewicz; Spiegel; Col—1960)	6,375,000	Becket (Peter Glenville; Wallis; Par—1964)	5,000,000
North By Northwest (A. Hitchcock; MGM; 1959)	6,310,000	Night of Iguana (John Huston; Stark-7 Arts; MGM—1964)	5,000,000
Picnic (Joshua Logan; Kohlmar; Col—1956)	6,300,000	The Blue Max (J. Guillermin; Ferry-Williams; 20th; June '66)	5,000,000
Nun's Story (Fred Zinnemann; WB—1959)	6,300,000	Arabesque (S. Donen; Univ.; July '65)	5,000,000
A Patch of Blue (G. Green; Berman-Green; MGM; March, '66)	6,300,000	Neveda Smith (H. Hathaway; Levine; Par; July, '66)	5,000,000
War and Peace (King Vidor; Ponti-DeLaurentis; Par—1956)	6,250,000	Spellbound (Alfred Hitchcock; Selznick; UA—1946)	4,975,000
191 Dalmatians (anim.; Disney; BV; 1961)	6,200,000	Since You Went Away (John Cromwell; Selznick; UA—1944)	4,950,000
Bye Bye Birdie (G. Sidney; Kohlmer-Sidney; Col.; 1963)	6,200,000	Good Neighbor Sam (David Swift; Col—1964)	4,950,000
Charade (Stanley Donen; U—1963)	6,150,000	In Search of Castaways (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1963)	4,900,000
Welcome Stranger (E. Nugent; Siegel; Par; 1947)	6,100,000	Fantasia (animated; Disney; RKO-BV—1940)	4,800,000
Vikings (Richard Fleischer; Bryna-Bresler; UA—1958)	6,049,000	Yankee Doodle Dandy (Michael Curtiz; Wallis-Cagney; WB—1942)	4,800,000
Sergeant York (Howard Hawks; Lasky-Wallis; WB—1941)	6,000,000	Notorious (Alfred Hitchcock; RKO—1946)	4,800,000
Life With Father (Michael Curtiz; Buchner; WB—1947)	6,000,000	King Solomon's Mines (Charles Bennett; Zimbalist; MGM—1950)	4,800,000
Ivanhoe (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1952)	6,000,000	The Searchers (John Ford; Whitney-Cooper; WB—1956)	4,800,000
Hans Christian Andersen (Charles Vidor; Goldwyn; RKO—1953)	6,000,000	Pepe (George Sidney; Col—1961)	4,800,000
High and Mighty (William Wellman; Wayne-Fellows; WB—1954)	6,000,000	Streetcar Named Desire (Elia Kazan; Feldman; WB—1951)	4,750,000
To Hell and Back (John Hibbs; Rosenberg; U—1955)	6,000,000	Salome (William Dieterle; Adler; Col—1953)	4,750,000
Seven Year Itch (Billy Wilder; Feldman; 20th—1955)	6,000,000	Battleground (William Wellman; Schary; MGM—1949)	4,700,000
Tall Men (Raoul Walsh; Bacher-Hawks; 20th—1955)	6,000,000	Dragnet (Jack Webb; Mark VII; WB—1954)	4,700,000
Sea Chase (John Farrow; WB—1955)	6,000,000	Gunfight at OK Corral (John Sturges; Wallis; Par—1957)	4,700,000
A Star Is Born (George Cukor; Transcona-Luft; WB—1955)	6,000,000	Pal Joey (George Sidney; Essex; Col—1957)	4,700,000
Strategic Air Command (Anthony Mann; Briskin; Par—1955)	6,000,000	Hercules (Pietro Francisci; Teti-Levine; WB—1959)	4,700,000
Raintree County (Edward Dmytryk; Lewis; MGM—1957)	6,000,000	Blue Hawaii (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1961)	4,700,000
Come Blow Your Horn (Bud Yorkin; Lear-Yorkin; Par—1963)	6,000,000	Annie Get Your Gun (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1950)	4,650,000
Father Goose (Ralph Nelson; Arthur; U—1965)	6,000,000	The Green Years (Victor Saville; Gordon; MGM—1946)	4,600,000
Yellow Rolls-Royce (A. Asquith; de Grunwald; MGM—1965)	6,000,000	Babes In Toyland (James Donohue; Disney; RKO-BV—1961)	4,600,000
Ugly Dachshund (N. Tokar; Disney; BV; February '66)	6,000,000	Four Horsemen of Apocalypse (Rex Ingram; MGM—1921)	4,500,000
Move Over, Darling (M. Gordon; Rosenberg-Melcher; 20th; 1963)	5,900,000	Random Harvest (Mervyn LeRoy; Franklin; MGM—1942)	4,500,000
The Pink Panther (B. Edwards; Mirisch; UA; 1964)	5,800,000	Angels in America (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1945)	4,500,000
Sons of Katie Elder (H. Hathaway; Wallis; Par; 1965)	5,800,000	The Paleface (Norman Z. McLeod; Wallis; Par—1945)	4,500,000
Blue Skies (Stuart Heisler; Siegel; Par—1946)	5,700,000	Road To Utopia (Melvin Frank; Jones; Par—1945)	4,500,000
Rear Window (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1954)	5,700,000	Thrill of a Romance (Richard Thorpe; Pasternak; MGM—1945)	4,500,000
Gypsy (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1963)	5,700,000	Valley of Decision (Tay Garnett; Knopf; MGM—1945)	4,500,000
What A Way To Go (J. Lee Thompson; Jacobs; Fox—1964)	5,700,000	Easy To Wed (Eddie Buzzell; Cummings; MGM—1946)	4,500,000
A Hard Day's Night (R. Lester; Shenson; UA; 1964)	5,700,000	Till The Clouds Roll By (Richard Whorf; Freed; MGM—1946)	4,500,000
How To Murder Your Wife (R. Quine; Murder Inc.; UA; 1965)	5,700,000	Bachelor and Bobbysoxer (Irving Reis; Schary; RKO—1947)	4,500,000
Seven Brides For Seven Brothers (Stanley Donen; Cummings; MGM—1954)	5,600,000	Road To Rio (Norman Z. McLeod; Dare; Par—1948)	4,500,000
Teahouse of August Moon (Daniel Mann; Cummings; MGM—1957)	5,600,000	Easter Parade (Charles Walters; Freed; MGM—1948)	4,500,000
Leave Her To Heaven (John Stahl; Bacher; 20th—1945)	5,550,000	Great Caruso (Richard Thorpe; Lasky-Pasternak; MGM—1951)	4,500,000
Big Parade (King Vidor; MGM—1925)	5,500,000	Desiree (Henry Koster; Blaustein; 20th—1954)	4,500,000
Egg And I (Charles Erskine; Finkelhoffe; U—1947)	5,500,000	To Catch A Thief (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1955)	4,500,000
House of Wax (Andre de Toth; Bryan Foy; WB—1953)	5,500,000	The Conqueror (Dick Powell; Hughes-Powell; RKO—1956)	4,500,000
Anatomy of a Murder (Otto Preminger; Carlyle; Col—1959)	5,500,000	Rebel Without a Cause (Nicholas Ray; Weisbart; WB—1956)	4,500,000
Please Don't Eat Daisies (Charles Walters; Pasternak; MGM—1960)	5,500,000	Love Me Tender (Richard Webb; Weisbart; 20th—1957)	4,500,000
Ocean's 11 (Lewis Milestone; WB—1960)	5,500,000	Pride and the Passion (Stanley Kramer; UA—1957)	4,500,000
Solomon and Sheba (King Vidor; Richmond; UA—1960)	5,500,000	Young Lions (Edward Dmytryk; Lichtman; 20th—1958)	4,500,000
Thrill Of It All (Norman Jewison; Hunter-Melcher; U—1963)	5,500,000	Don't Go Near The Water (Charles Walters; Weingarten; MGM—1957)	4,500,000
Viva Las Vegas (George Sidney; Cummings; MGM—1964)	5,500,000	Return To Peyton Place (Jose Ferrer; Wald; 20th—1961)	4,500,000
The Wild Angels (R. Corman; AIP; July '66)	5,500,000	Fanny (Joshua Logan; WB—1961)	4,500,000
Song of the South (animated—live; Disney; RKO-BV—1946)	5,400,000	Lolita (Stanley Kubrick; Seven Arts-Harris; MGM—1962)	4,500,000
Eddy Duchin Story (George Sidney; Wald; Col—1956)	5,300,000	Diamond Head (Guy Green; Bresler; Col—1963)	4,500,000
Sleeping Beauty (animated; Disney; BV—1959)	5,300,000	Sword In The Stone (Walter Reitherman; Disney; BV—1963)	4,500,000
Dr. No (T. Young; Eon; UA; 1962)	5,300,000	Send Me No Flowers (Norman Jewison; Keller; U—1964)	4,500,000
Harper (J. Smight; Gershwin-Kastner; WB; March, '66)	5,300,000	Battle of the Bulge (K. Annakin; Sperling-Yordan-Cinerama; WB; Dec. '65)	4,500,000
The Cardinal (Otto Preminger; Col—1963)	5,275,000	Fantastic Voyage (R. Fleischer; David; 20th; Oct. '66)	4,500,000
Unconquered (C. B. DeMille; Par—1947)	5,250,000	Texas Across the River (M. Gordon; Keller; Univ.; Nov. '66)	4,500,000
The Yearling (Clarence Brown; Franklin; MGM—1947)	5,250,000	Cheaper By The Dozen (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1950)	4,425,000
Blackboard Jungle (Richard Brooks; Berman; MGM—1955)	5,250,000	Two Years Before Mast (John Farrow; Miller; Par—1946)	4,400,000
Meet Me In St. Louis (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1944)	5,200,000	Knights of Round Table (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1954)	4,400,000
Show Boat (George Sidney; Freed; MGM—1951)	5,200,000	Written On the Wind (Douglas Sirk; Zugsmith; U—1958)	4,400,000
Mogambo (John Ford; Zimbalist; MGM—1953)	5,200,000		
Magnificent Obsession (Douglas Sirk; Hunter; U—1954)	5,200,000		

(Continued on page 31)

COMING FROM COLUMBIA...THE TOTAL LOOK



A Man For All Seasons

FRED ZINNEMANN'S FILM OF
"A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS"

From the play by ROBERT BOLT
co-starring
WENDY HILLER
LEO McKERN
ROBERT SHAW
ORSON WELLES
SUSANNAH YORK
and PAUL SCOFIELD
as Thomas More
with NIGEL DAVENPORT,
JOHN HURT and CORIN REDGRAVE
Music by GEORGES DELERUE
Executive Producer WILLIAM N. GRAF
Screenplay by ROBERT BOLT
Produced and Directed by FRED ZINNEMANN
TECHNICOLOR®

The Deadly Affair

JOHN LE CARRÉ'S
"THE DEADLY AFFAIR"
starring JAMES MASON
MAXIMILIAN SCHELL
HARRIET ANDERSSON
HARRY ANDREWS
and SIMONE SIGNORET as Elsa
with KENNETH HAIGH
ROY KINNEAR
MAX ADRIAN
and LYNN REDGRAVE
Music by QUINCY JONES
Screenplay by PAUL DEHN
Produced and Directed by SIDNEY LUMET
TECHNICOLOR®



The Taming of the Shrew

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
RICHARD BURTON
in THE BURTON
ZEFFIRELLI PRODUCTION of
"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"
also starring CYRIL CUSACK
MICHAEL HORDERN
ALFRED LYNCH-ALAN WEBB
and VICTOR SPINETTI
MICHAEL YORK-NATASHA PYNE
Screenplay by PAUL DEHN-SUSO CECCHI DAMICO
FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI
with additional dialogues by William Shakespeare
Executive Producer RICHARD McWHORTER
Directed by FRANCO ZEFFIRELLI
A ROYAL FILMS INTERNATIONAL/FAI PRODUCTION
TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION®

Casino Royale

CHARLES K. FELDMAN Presents
A FAMOUS ARTISTS PRODUCTION LTD
JAMES BOND 007
"CASINO ROYALE"
starring
PETER SELLERS-URSULA ANDRESS
DAVID NIVEN-JOANNA PETTET
ORSON WELLES-DALIAH Lavi
and WOODY ALLEN-Guest Stars DEBORAH KERR
WILLIAM HOLDEN-CHARLES BOYER
JOHN HUSTON-GEORGE RAFT
JEAN PAUL BELMONDO And Co-starring TERENCE COOPER-BARBARA BOUCHET
with GABRIELLA LICUDI-TRACY REED-TRACEY CRISP-KURT KASZNAR
ELAINE TAYLOR-ANGELA SCOLAR Plus a Bondwagon Full of The Most Beautiful and
Talented Girls You Ever Saw-Produced by CHARLES K. FELDMAN and JERRY BRESLER
Directed by JOHN HUSTON-KEN HUGHES-ROBERT PARRISH-JOE McGRATH
VAL GUEST Screenplay by WOLF MANKOWITZ-JOHN LAW-MICHAEL SAYERS
Suggested by the Ian Fleming Novel-Music by BURT BACHARACH
PANAVISION®-TECHNICOLOR®



The Long Ride Home

GLENN FORD
GEORGE HAMILTON
INGER STEVENS
PAUL PETERSEN in
"THE LONG RIDE HOME"
with TODD ARMSTRONG and MAX BAER
Screenplay by HALSTED WELLES
From the novel by NELSON
and SHIRLEY WOLFORD
Music by VAN ALEXANDER
Produced by HARRY JOE BROWN
Directed by PHIL KARLSON
PANAVISION® EASTMANCOLOR



Divorce American Style

NATIONAL GENERAL Productions Presents
A TANDEM Production
DICK VAN DYKE-DEBBIE REYNOLDS
JASON ROBARDS-JEAN SIMMONS
VAN JOHNSON
"DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE"
co-starring
JOE FLYNN-SHELLEY BERMAN
MARTIN GABEL-PAT COLLINS
and TOM BOSLEY
with EMMALINE HENRY
Screenplay by NORMAN LEAR
Story by ROBERT KAUFMAN
Music by DAVID GRUSIN
Produced by NORMAN LEAR
Directed by BUD YORKIN-TECHNICOLOR®



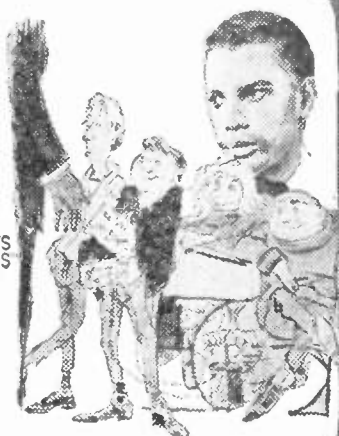
Young Americans

"YOUNG AMERICANS"
Produced and Directed by
ALEX GRASSOFF
Starring
THE YOUNG AMERICANS



To Sir, With Love

SIDNEY POITIER
in
JAMES CLAVELL'S PRODUCTION OF
"TO SIR, WITH LOVE"
co-starring
JUDY GEESON-CHRISTIAN ROBERTS
SUZY KENDALL "THE MINDBENDERS"
and introducing LULU
From the novel by
E. R. BRAITHWAITE
Executive Producer
JOHN R. SLOAN
Written for the screen
Produced and Directed by
JAMES CLAVELL
TECHNICOLOR®



Band of Gold

DEAN MARTIN-STELLA STEVENS
in "BAND OF GOLD"
co-starring
ELI WALLACH-ANNE JACKSON
BETTY FIELD
Screenplay by
STANLEY SHAPIRO
AND NATE MONASTER
Directed by
FIELDER COOK
Produced by
STANLEY SHAPIRO
PANAVISION®
EASTMANCOLOR



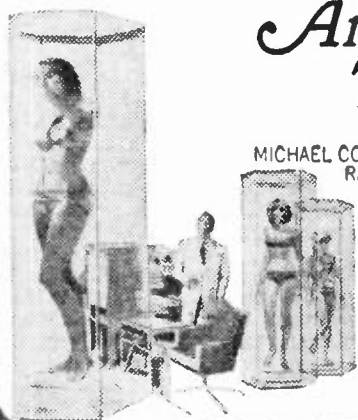
Who's Minding The Mint?

JIM HUTTON-DOROTHY PROVINE
MILTON BERLE-JOEY BISHOP
BOB DENVER
and WALTER BRENNAN as Pop
in "WHO'S MINDING
THE MINT?"
co-starring
VICTOR BUONO and JACK GILFORD
Screenplay by R. S. ALLEN
and HARVEY BULLOCK
Music by LALO SCHIFRIN
Produced by NORMAN MAURER
Directed by HOWARD MORRIS
A Norman Maurer Production
EASTMAN COLOR



IN ENTERTAINMENT.....TOTALLY EXCITING!

Kiss The Girls And Make Them Die



A DINO De LAURENTIIS Production
starring
MICHAEL CONNORS · DOROTHY PROVINE
RAF VALLONE · MARGARET LEE
NICOLETTA MACHIAVELLI
BEVERLY ADAMS
and TERRY THOMAS
in "KISS THE GIRLS
AND MAKE THEM DIE"
Produced by DINO De LAURENTIIS
Directed by HENRY LEVIN
TECHNICOLOR®

The Night of the Generals



THE SAM SPIEGEL-ANATOLE LITVAK
Production of
"THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS"
starring
PETER O'TOOLE
OMAR SHARIF
TOM COURTENAY
DONALD PLEASANCE
JOANNA PETTET
PHILIPPE NOIRET
Music by MAURICE JARRE
Produced by SAM SPIEGEL
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
Filmed in PANAVISION® · TECHNICOLOR®
A HORIZON-FILMSONOR
CO-PRODUCTION.

The Happening

SAM SPIEGEL presents
"THE HAPPENING"
starring
ANTHONY QUINN · MICHAEL PARKS
GEORGE MAHARIS
ROBERT WALKER · MARTHA HYER
and introducing FAYE DUNAWAY
Co-starring OSCAR HOMOLKA
JACK KRUSCHEN ·
MILTON BERLE as Fred
Screenplay by FRANK P. PIERSON
JAMES D. BUCHANAN and RONALD AUSTIN
Story by JAMES D. BUCHANAN
and RONALD AUSTIN
Produced by JUD KINBERG
Directed by ELLIOT SILVERSTEIN
A HORIZON PICTURE · TECHNICOLOR®

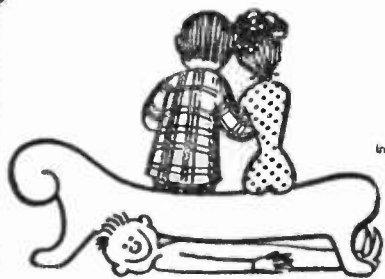


New Times Happy Times



SONNY & CHER
in "NEW TIMES
HAPPY TIMES"
co-starring
GEORGE SANDERS
and NORMAN ALDEN
Screenplay by TONY BARRETT
Story by NICHOLAS HYAMS
Music Composed and
Conducted by SONNY BONO
Executive Producer STEVE BRODY
Produced by LINDSLEY PARSONS
Directed by WILLIAM FRIEDKIN
EASTMANCOLOR

Luv



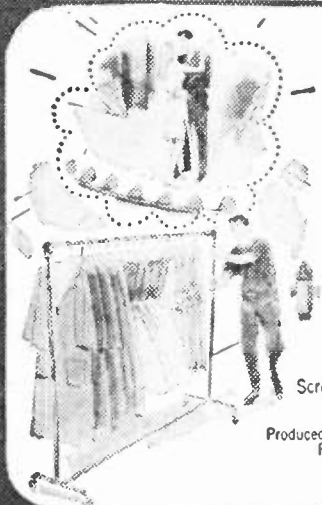
JACK LEMMON
in A MARTIN MANULIS Production
"LUV"
co-starring
PETER FALK
ELAINE MAY
NINA WAYNE
and EDDIE MAYHEOFF
Screenplay by ELLIOTT BAKER
Based on the play by MURRAY SCHISGAL
Produced on the stage by CLAIRE NICHTEIN
Music by GERRY MULLIGAN
Executive Producer GORDON CARROLL
Produced by MARTIN MANULIS
Directed by CLIVE DONNER
PANAVISION® EASTMAN COLOR

The Big Mouth

JERRY LEWIS
in "THE BIG MOUTH"
co-starring
GAYLE HUNNICUTT
Based on an original story by
BILL RICHMOND
Screenplay by JERRY LEWIS
AND BILL RICHMOND
Produced and Directed
by JERRY LEWIS
EASTMANCOLOR



Enter Laughing



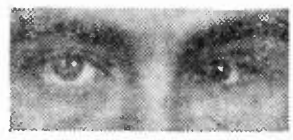
"ENTER LAUGHING"
starring JOSE FERRER
SHELLEY WINTERS
ELAINE MAY
JACK GILFORD
JANET MARGOLIN
DAVID OPATOSHU
MICHAEL J. POLLARD
DON RICKLES
RICHARD DEACON
and introducing RENI SANTONI
Music by QUINCY JONES
Screenplay by JOSEPH STEIN and CARL REINER
Based on the play by JOSEPH STEIN
(Adapted from the novel by MORTON GOTTLIEB)
Produced on the New York stage by MORTON GOTTLIEB
Produced by CARL REINER and JOSEPH STEIN
Directed by CARL REINER
EASTMANCOLOR

The Swimmer



BURT LANCASTER
In SAM SPIEGEL'S Production of
"THE SWIMMER"
co-starring BARBARA LODEN
Screenplay by
ELEANOR PERRY
Co-Produced by
FRANK PERRY and
ROGER LEWIS
Directed by
FRANK PERRY
A HORIZON PICTURE
EASTMAN COLOR

IN COLD BLOOD



A FILM BASED ON TRUMAN CAPOTE'S NOVEL

Funny Girl

BARBRA STREISAND
In
RAY STARK'S PRODUCTION OF
"FUNNY GIRL"
Directed by SIDNEY LUMET
Produced by RAY STARK
TECHNICOLOR®



AND
COMING
IN THE FUTURE

The Ambushers

McKenna's Gold

The Tiger Makes Out

Department K

Circus of Blood

Torture Garden

A Dandy in Aspic

Guess Who's Coming
To Dinner?

30 Is A Dangerous Age,
Cynthia

Oliver

Dr. Faustus

Avec-Avec

Mistress Masham's
Repose

Two Memories of Mr. Maugham

By GARSON KANIN

Playwright-director Garson Kanin's friendship (and wife, Ruth Gordon's) of many years with the late W. Somerset Maugham is reprised in a book, "Remembering Mr. Maugham" (Atheneum). The extensive, frank note-taking by Kanin during this lengthy camaraderie results in transferring his memories with evident feeling of unabashed admiration, appreciation, extensive reflection and keen observation. Herewith are two brief excerpts.

1954. LONDON

A rich and unexpected trouvaille tonight. We talk of Terry's play "Separate Tables," which is at the St. James'—and all at once WSM is reminiscing about another night at that same theatre: "It must have been somewhere around the . . . beginning of 1895. George Alexander was on the crest, and Henry James—I suppose he was about 50 at the time—was fashionable. So it was an important event. I can't remember all the other . . . play-ers, but of course Alexander was in it, and Irene Vanburgh, one of the Terrys, too—I don't recall which—and it played at the St. James'. I can't imagine how I—an impecunious medical student—got to that first night. It was one of the . . . grand ones, and sitting up there with the gallery gods, I saw the carriage folk come in. There was H. G. Wells, and Arnold Bennett, and that American woman who wrote and acted. What was her name?"

Ruth supplies it. "Elizabeth Robins."

"Quite. And several . . . Terrys, George du Maurier, and I remember the thrill of seeing John Singer Sargent in the flesh, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. And of course there were the . . . critics: William Archer and A. B. Walkley and Clement Scott and a new one named George Bernard Shaw. He had been, up to a few days before, a music critic and had just . . . begun to cover plays for Frank Harris on 'The Saturday Review.' 'Guy Domville' must have been no more than the . . . second or third play he reviewed.

They said that Henry himself didn't attend. He was entirely too . . . nervous, and so he went to the Haymarket, nearby, to see Oscar Wilde's new play "An Ideal Husband." I thought the first act of "Guy Domville" went well enough, but in the second, things became . . . dull, whereupon the audience grew restless and there was a good deal of coughing. The play was laid in the 1700s, consequently the costumes were odd. There were some that seemed . . . bizarre indeed. One of the actresses entered under an enormous chapeau. The audience began to . . . laugh, and from somewhere a voice called out, 'where did you get that hat?' Of course, this set some of the others off. A little later there was a . . . drunk scene—quite embarrassing—and that went not at all as intended. Henry later cut it from the play, but—too late. The audience . . . got out of hand. Toward the end George Alexander, playing the leading role, said something like 'I'm the last of the Domvilles, m' lord,' and a voice from the . . . gallery cried out, 'And a bloody good thing, too!'

"They say Henry came in through the stage-door as the play was ending. He'd no idea it had gone badly or that the audience had been restive, had even shouted. So when the curtain calls were being taken and a few voices began to call 'Author! Author!' he responded. George Alexander must have been . . . most upset, else he wouldn't have brought poor Henry on, but there have been other theories. H. G. Wells wrote somewhere in telling about it that he believes a spasm of hate for James seized Alexander. At any rate, Alexander took him by the wrist and pulled him right out onto the stage with him. Booming and hissing and catcalling began. Henry stood there with his mouth wide open. You saw he wanted to move, but he was rooted. He made a sort of gesture. I can't describe it. It was rather like . . ."

Maugham shrugs his shoulders

and makes a movement of his arms, as though to say, "What the hell, I'm sorry," or something of the sort.

"Then he turned suddenly and ran off the stage with Alexander after him."

How odd that Maugham, not yet a writer, not yet a dramatist, should by coincidence have been present on this historic, blistering, nightmare night.

What I am thinking is this: Could it be that he had somehow made this fact known to Henry James, and if so, would this not have upset James? In any case, 20 years passed, and when James wrote his article for "The Times Literary Supplement," he deliberately snubbed Maugham. And so began, as far as I can make out, a feud which lasted for two lifetimes.

1953. ST. JEAN-CAP FERRAT

Title talk this afternoon up at Maugham's. We agree that titling is a unique gift and that Scott Fitzgerald possessed it. All his titles are near perfect: "Tender Is the Night," "All The Sad Young Men," "This Side of Paradise," "The Rich Boy," "Diamonds As Big As The Ritz," and so on and so on.

"Were they all his, do you suppose?" asks Maugham.

"I believe so," I reply. "I once had occasion to discuss this very subject with him, and he took great pride in this ability. He said he had even provided Zelda, his wife, with the title for her only published novel, 'Save Me The Waltz.'"

"Isn't that fine?" says WSM. "The title, I mean. Yes, the generosity, too, but especially the . . . title. I wish he'd helped me with some of mine."

"Oh, yours are pretty good . . . on the whole."

"Not really. Some of the short stories have rather . . . neat names, but books always gave me difficulty, and I was never able to . . . bring myself to accept the suggestions made by editors and publishers and sometimes even friends."

"Lillian Hellman's play 'The Little Foxes' has a fine title, and she says Dorothy Parker named the play."

"Dorothy Parker is a . . . great woman," says WSM.

"I like most of your titles well enough," I say, "with the exception of 'Of Human Bondage.' That's a dud."

He is surprised. "Oh?" he says. "I think it's . . . good enough."

"Good enough isn't good."

"Perhaps," he says, "you would have . . . preferred the original title—'The Artistic Temperament Of Stephen Carey.'"

"Hardly."

"Strange what fashion is. When the . . . book was written, that first title was thought to be ideal, but when I revised it, I decided to give it a fresh . . . name as well."

We leave the title talk and begin to discuss the projected musical version of "Of Human Bondage." I tell him what I know of Sam and Bella Spewack, who are working on the book. They are old friends and absolutely first-rate writers. He is pleased to have this reassurance, and tells me how much he liked Richard Adler, who has been here to talk to him about it.

We get pretty involved in the conversation, and I cannot help expressing some misgivings about the lyric possibilities of the work. But then I hasten to point out that no one can know in advance what might lend itself to musicalization.

Suddenly I remember Alan Lerner's joke when he heard "Of Human Bondage" was being made into a musical show. Alan volunteered a title, and I tell it to WSM—"Worst Foot Forward." WSM looks at me stonily. He does not care for the witticism.

"Now, you must admit that's funny," I say.

"Must I?" he asks.

On to other things.

"Did you really say," I ask, "that intelligent people read practically nothing after the age of 30?"

"Of course. It's . . . quite true."

"But you read all the time!"

"Because I'm . . . not intelligent!"

"I think you are."
"That's because you're . . . not intelligent."

I try to get him to go into this more fully. His point is that we read a great deal when we are young and impressionable. Certain authors hit us hard. We grow older, read less; older still, until we read, as he puts it, practically nothing, but the indelible effect of the writers of our youthful reading remains and so we cherish them, remember them as "lit with glamour" and applaud them as they and we grow old together.

The hell of it is that often it is difficult to grab the key of his flow. Sometimes he seems to be jesting when he is at his most serious. At other times he seems to be at his most serious when in reality he is kidding the pants off the public.

Buyer-Seller War, (Both Pix & TV), Marks Australia

By ERIC GORRICK

Sydney.

Seldom have the buyers and the sellers of entertainment been so far apart as during 1966. Left behind at the post are a great glut of in-between films which Australian showmen are able to avoid. At the same time the buyer-seller feud is also rampant in television.

The initial 1967 problem is a tough one for the distributors to solve: how to loosen the huge product backlog of non-hardticket pix, escaping a monetary loss.

Major circuits, Hoyts and Greater Union, have switched overwhelmingly to reserved policy. Other chains have followed suit. How then, can non-hardticket product play off? Suburban showmen don't want them; country showmen give the thumbs-down sign, and drive-in operators are only interested in top pix following key runs.

Operative here is a 25% right of rejection on foreign pix which includes U.S., and if a distrib sells a top pic to an exhib on a deal calling for a number of run-of-the-mill pix, the exhibitor okays such a deal, then promptly rejects 25% of the pix contracted for—and back those rejects go into the distributors' vaults.

One suggestion is to court family trade in the industrial suburbs via the "family nights" at an overall admission of 20c provided distributors agreed to a minimum percentage rental.

It's argued this would unload vaults of those 25% reject clause pictures. Such a move via a "gentlemen's agreement" would lessen distributors' headache.

TV Product Block

Another crucial trade problem relates to commercial tv operators who seek more equitable price figure for product. This last year saw one long hassle between buyers and sellers. Video interests say sellers upped price by 50%. Hence the marked swing to local shows, plus a higher quota of British theatrical product.

Another complication: media here shuns black and white, seeks tinted film. This concerns color video. Government may okay it before 1970. Set manufacturers are hopping for a governmental greenlight within 18 months.

Bluestone Scrams Campus For London Film Berth

Seattle.

George Bluestone, screenwriter, author and instructor, at the U. of Washington, is leaving Campus to become a producer-writer with Gershwin-Kastner Productions in London.

He flies to Britain in January for production duties on the filming of his screenplay, "The Venturer," based on John Masefield's "Sard Harker." He has also written the screenplay for Herman Melville's "The Confidence Man."

He wrote "Novels Into Films" and produced a film here based on Melville's "Bartleby, The Scrivener." He has also written the libretto for "Dybbuk" to a score by Michael White, which premeed here in 1963 and the same pair is working on a second, "Alice," based on Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland."

TALENT IN SEARCH OF A JOB

By ROBERT GESSNER

(Prof. of Cinema, N.Y.U.)

Here is a puzzling paradox. Amusements, including television, cries for fresh talent. Education, meaning schools and colleges, trains assorted talents.



Robert Gessner

But the two don't connect. The paradox accelerates. Never in the history of motion picture production—dating from the days of the first studio in Thomas Alva Edison's second floor rear behind Victor Recording in Orange, New Jersey—has there been so much trained talent ready to supply flesh and fiction for the camera. Conversely, never in the history of American education, dating from the days of illustrated anatomy lectures in Philadelphia's Medical College, have so many motion picture courses been clasped to the breasts of so many black gowns.

To be specific, over 100 U.S. colleges and universities are offering nearly 900 courses to approximately 30,000 students who aim to learn how motion pictures move so they might become a better audience or a director, writer, actor, designer, or makeup man. The U. of Southern California heads the list with 62 courses, while Yale trails Harvard with a single offering. When I first began teaching the motion picture as an art form at New York U. in 1935 there were only two departments, USC and NYU, in lonely isolation. Now such diversified departments as journalism, sociology, and fine arts—to name a few—are introducing film courses. Brigham Young University, for example, has nine courses and even Lincoln Center aspires to teach cinema (initiated by memos, I happily report, written at the invitation of William Schuman before the film festivals were inaugurated).

What does this educational eagerness to train talent mean? What is the discussion about an American Film Institute, and should there be one, or several, or none? Will pictures be bigger and better?

Lest the unwary reader deduct from these questions that the author is negative or cynical, I wish to identify, but briefly, the voice of experience. In 1946 the Motion Picture Foundation for Colleges and Universities was founded under the guidance of Morris L. Ernst with Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith leading a Hollywood group of hopefuls, such as Orson Welles, John Huston, Lewis Milestone, Dore Schary, and others. As executive director I barnstormed the academic groves from Smith College to UCLA, selling deans and professors of drama the idea that films, like the horseless carriage, were here to stay. The Foundation offered guidance in instruction and the best 16m equipment available. I hasten to add, before phones ring and telegrams arrive, that the Foundation did its work so well we went out of business. Colleges are budgeting their film courses as though they were subsidizing the football team.

Also, since my first lecture in Paris in 1948 on cinema as an art that can be taught, I have been aware of European film institutes, noted their effects on European film institutes, noted their effects on European films, and subsequently proposed in print and voice their equivalent in this country. My position has evolved through realities. In Europe, an arrangement (differing in each country) permits qualified graduates to go directly into unions or government-sponsored productions, or both. Such is not possible in the U. S. A. So my outlook has altered.

The question for this country is whether additional training or subsidies of existing film schools will open studio gates? The answer, reluctantly, is no. The union system does not breed apprentice training. An American Film Institute (even with parallel facilities in

New York and Los Angeles—or adding Chicago and New Orleans) will add to numbers of qualified youths already locked out at the studio gates.

This leads to a more fundamental question: What role should the Federal Government exercise in fostering youthful talent? I have three recommendations:

An agency to bequeath or loan cheaply money for experimental shorts (half-hour productions). The money is to be given to private production companies with limited or no capital and to colleges and universities. There is precedence here in other arts and industries.

Secondly, a partially-subsidized distribution system (outside formal theatres) should be nationwide, permitting the films produced experimentally on low-budgets to be seen. Most films produced by young talent, in or out of colleges and which are worthy of exhibition, just aren't circulated. This is tantamount to writing literature that isn't published or plays that aren't produced.

Thirdly, the Library of Congress should reactivate its authority to receive a print of every film made in America. This will mean money for archives. These prints should be made available to museums and educational organizations and libraries for study (under certain controls that protect copyrights).

Film study in America is most handicapped by the unavailability of films and at reasonable rentals. Above all else, film study will expand our awareness of cinema as an art and create better audiences, and help the talented student learn his craft.

Ohrbach Joins Levin Vs. MGM

Jerome K. Ohrbach Thursday (29) filed at the Securities and Exchange Commission to join Philip Levin's battle to overthrow MGM management.

Ohrbach's statement of intent to join the proxy fight said he owns 25,000 MGM shares, all purchased within the last month. He is prexy of Transpacific Equipment Corp. of Beverly Hills, Cal., which is export agent for heavy equipment. He is also a limited partner in the Dreyfus Fund. Ohrbach said he would be one of the dissident nominees for the MGM board.

The SEC filing noted that Ohrbach engaged in a proxy fight to overthrow the management of United Artists Theatre Corp. in 1962. But he lost that bid.

With Ohrbach's shares, declared Levin supporters reported a total of 621,802, or about 12.5% of Metro's outstanding stock.

'Restricted to Over 18s' Policy Voluntary; Goes For All 'Night Games' Dates

"Night Games," the incest-themed Swedish film by Mai Zetterling, has opened in New York on a policy of "admittance restricted to persons of age 18 minimum," and according to distributor Tom Hakim will hew to that policy in all its engagements "around the world."

Hakim, who recalls that he instituted a similar policy for "La Ronde" a few years back, declares that no legal considerations were involved in the decision, and that it is definitely "not a gimmick." The idea, Hakim says, is simply that the picture is "adult film fare, and we are doing it the way we do it in France, with no one under 18 admitted."

"We must have certain limitations to what we do," Hakim said, "and we want to tell the people that this is no Disneyland. When I was a child I don't think I would have understood this film, and my own child, I wouldn't let him see it."

Mondial Films is the U.S. distribution firm run by the French producer-distributor.

Actors Fund of America

(An Unstuffy Santa Claus)

By ROBERT J. LANDRY

Gifts of money and services have immemorially flowed from showfolk to the charity projects of others. The impressive industry support of the Will Rogers Hospital is characteristic; broadly imaginative are the innumerable local gestures, largely for community children in need, of the Variety Clubs, and so on. Indeed, it is warranted to say that the habit of ready response to human alleviation so marked showfolk through time that slick promoters took advantage, made a scandal for a while of "benefits", which largely benefitted only the promoters. But that's a separate story and presumably now pretty much under control.

The point about the Actors Fund of America, founded in 1882, is not its age, though it is probably oldest of all; rather it goes about its tasks with dispatch, common sense, quick compassion and a minimum amount of "conditions" and redtape. Nor does it confine its ministrations of cash and management to actors. Troupers may have been the most numerous segment of recipients of aid during 85 years of operation, but it is the link to amusements, and not the role of entertainer, which "qualifies."

The Actors Fund has accommodations, and very nice indeed, for some 34 residents at its new home in Englewood, N. J. This was a replacement for the venerable purchased villa of Hettie Green, champion lady skinflint of the 19th Century. The top floor later became unsafe, possibly par for Hettie Green real estate; anyhow, the old was torn down and the new built. And yet the home itself is barely 10% of the Actors Fund dispersal of assistance. Its latest tabulation shows a weekly average of 236 recipients. Some get small sums of pocket cash; others fairly substantial monthly defrayments of living costs.

There has been a certain piquancy attached to the Fund through the bequest of one Conrad Cantzen, a theatrical layoff who conceived a passionate conviction that life held no worse torment for a performer than to hit the asphalt on his uppers. Hence the Cantzen Shoe Fund, solely for the purchase of sabots for the trade. Last fiscal year this provided 587 pairs of shoes, averaging \$12.

Bequests have comprised a principal source of revenue through the years. Yields of interest as given in last spring's report: Estate of David Warfield, \$16,722; Winchell Smith Fund, \$7,204; Estate of Harry Vincent, \$6,214; Estate of Al Jolson, \$5,638. Among 24 estates reported were those of Nance O'Neill and Russ Brown.

Cross Servicing

There is a cross-servicing factor in connection with the Actors Fund. Its series of Sunday night (and occasional matinee) performances are by permission of Actors Equity and by royalty arrangement with the Dramatists Guild. Donations are received from various organizations, to give a sampling: Jewish Theatrical Guild, the League of New York Theatres, Theatre Authority, Century Theatre Club, Ziegfeld Club, and so on.

For the Actors Fund performances, which typically need four weeks or so to handle the ticket logistics, the actors perform gratis, as usually does theatre management. Other employees get their pro rata wages. Out of gross receipts of \$138,762, necessary expenses reduced the net to the Actors Fund to \$94,361. This covered a season's aggregate of 20 performances, one in Los Angeles.

Summertime campaign for the Fund brings smaller sums, but the strawhats totalled \$21,659 for the summer of 1965. Such remote sites as the Sacramento Music Circus, Lakewood at Skowhegan, Me., the Red Barn at Saugatuck, Mich., participated.

Historians of the theatre will note that the playhouses represented in 1882, when the Actors Fund was first set up, were Wallack's, Booth's, Madison Square, Standard, Daly's, Thalia, Tony Pastor's, Harrigan & Hart's, Ha-

verly's, Abbey's Park Theatre, San Francisco Minstrels, Sinn's Brooklyn Park, Windsor, and Union Square. Lester Wallack was the founding president. Early supporters included P. T. Barnum, Edwin Booth, Joseph Jefferson. (By 1902 the Actors Fund had opened its first "home", which was on Staten Island, predecessor to the Hettie Green layout.)

Daniel Frohman was long connected with the Fund and it is of interest that one of his fundraising stratagems, a monster show of shows, will be revived late in February of 1967 at Philharmonic Hall. Vinton Freedley, the regnant president, is already lining up talent and Arthur Schwartz is writing special music.

No Undue Formalities

Applicants for aid from the Actors Fund are not encumbered with undue formalities. The home has physical limits, of course, but at the moment of this commentary's writing there were two vacancies. From time to time the death of some oldtimer draws notice to the fact that some of the guests are or were widely famous. Anne Nichols of "Abie's Irish Rose" was at the Englewood Home during the last months of her life.

It is evident from scanning the documentation about the Actors Fund of America that it has largely been the work of the producers and managers, though performers have mostly benefitted. The present secretary and general manager, Warren P. Munsell, was long with the Theatre Guild as an official, though originally an actor. Longtime chief of the Fund was Walter Vincent of the Wilmer & Vincent chain of theatres, later sold to Fabian. (When the new home in Englewood was financed, there was a special collection earmarked for that purpose.)

The Percy Williams Home on Long Island, which dates from 1925, should not be, as it sometimes is, confused with the Actors Fund of America. Williams was a vaudeville magnate who left his estate for a home primarily with vaudevillians in mind. Since then a hospital wing has been added and from time to time the Actors Fund sends some of its operative or convalescent clients there, paying the charges.

Reviewing Their Intentions, Ambitions And Woes Vs. Reviewing Their Results

By A. D. MURPHY

Hollywood.

These remarks have been germinated by a two-year hitch in the west coast bureau of *VARIETY*. It is the impression of the present observer that showfolk divide into three categories of reaction to criticism. For the purpose of these remarks favorable notices are excluded for these induce only warm, inner-glow, admiring references to the reviewer. Here we mean honest, detached, but not favorable comment.

The "victims" it may be stated react according to their own special psychology. Either they want (a) their ambitions and intentions reviewed, not the results or (b) they adopt a pose of impersonal analysis and denounce the bad notice as calculated to "hurt the industry" or, finally, and the minority (c) accept the comments as honest and valid and forge ahead with other projects.

Some typical comments from the first group include the plaintive wail, "but we all worked so hard." Fine. Professionalism is assumed, and, in the twilight of a person's career, consistent professionalism is worth specific comment, although never does it alibi a poor individual performance.

Also, "I was trying to show man's inhumanity to man," another might say. Great, but did he really do it—on the screen? Or, "you wouldn't believe what we had to fight to get this picture made." Who cares about the troubles? It's the result that counts.

The other chintzy cop-out is the

mournful dirge that a rap will "hurt the industry." One has visions, perhaps, of thousands of little children, forced to become drop-outs, while work-weary mothers take in laundry as daddy, innocent victim of a flop, roams the streets seeking day work.

What trade-paper reporter or reviewer has not heard the "hurt" line when some downbeat news story or review was breaking? The plea is a form of guilt by disassociation, in which, per the theory, reality must be sacrificed to a rosy delusion. What these people fail to realize is that no form of endeavor can long endure when everything is called good, while some things are rated better.

Phoney Promotion

What really hurts the industry, in the long run, is the perpetuating of false impressions. Optimism and upbeat promotion have their place—in production phases. But the fat is in the fire when the images flash on the screen. It is the moment of truth for the filmmakers, and if they won't face it, their agents will on the next visit to the studio, and their biz managers will face it when the inflated "success" reaps no participation income.

Of course, only a minority of realistic filmmakers realizes and appreciates one important angle: the public sniffs out pix, regardless of what anyone says in print about the films. Bad notices retard temporarily the b.o. success of a popular hit, while good reviews give an added lift to a sure hit. On the other hand, phony puff

tude to expenditures on this type of entertainment has shown a remarkable change from the days when "going to the movies" was an established habit.

With few exceptions, people here do not mind the relatively higher cost to see a very good roadshow film and they treat their visit to the cinema as a rather special occasion. However, if any film does not measure up to the high standards they have come to expect from the industry during the past few years, then, regardless of how low the admission price may be, there is still a lack of response for these films.

For exhibitors this is a continuing problem that only time, we hope, and the constant efforts of motion picture producers to improve quality, will overcome.

Foreign Influence

As previously remarked, influx of European migrants to Australia over the past years has had a marked effect on the industry especially in the capital cities where the majority of these migrants have settled. Gone are the many small newsreel theatrettes which were commonplace for years. These are now 200-to-400 seaters, intimately-styled art houses screening predominantly Continental product and trading successfully. (The migrants have also made their presence felt by the vast increase in the Continental restaurants that has taken place, once again mainly in the capital cities. These restaurants have played their part in enticing more people out of their homes at night and into the cinemas as part of a full evening's entertainment.)

Television has settled down into its proper niche in the family entertainment scheme and now seems to offer much less of a threat to the motion picture industry than it did.

But in the State of New South Wales, with more than a third of Australia's total population, our major opposition is still the ex-servicemen's and sporting clubs which are growing in number

Europeans Help Anzac Films, Cafes; Servicemen's Clubs Hurting B.O.

By DALE TURNBULL

(Managing Director Hoyts Theatres Ltd.)

Sydney.

There continues to be a growing awareness among the Australian public that the motion picture industry is rounding the corner to more prosperous times. The press, although it controls television to a large extent in this country, has this year started to devote a much larger slice of its news content to films once again.

Dailies' interest was sparked early in 1966 by the news that the Hoyts Theatres chain was to build a \$4,000,000 Cinema Centre in Melbourne, Victoria, incorporating three new all-purpose cinemas, a restaurant and a 10-story office block.

Such a display of confidence by one exhibitor company and the building and renovating program that has been evident in the industry over the past two years have been a turning point in the press' attitude towards us.

The Australian public has already experienced evidence of the industry's revival in the upsurge of popularity accorded the excellent films that have been in release during the year.

The highlight of the past 12 months has been the overwhelming success of Fox's "The Sound of Music." Playing in only one theatre in each of the six capital cities across the country it has, in its aggregate season of 362 weeks, already passed the 3,197,000 attendance figure that was recorded for our previous best film "South Pacific" during its total aggregate season of 516 weeks in the same cities.

There is still no end in sight for the seasons in the major cities of Sydney (85 weeks), Melbourne (85 weeks) and Adelaide (41 weeks).

Other longrunning shows like "Magnificent Men in Flying Machines," "Great Race," "My Fair Lady," "Mary Poppins" and "Virginia Woolf?" have all played a tremendous part in adding to the industry's aura of success.

Although the public has demonstrated its willingness to be wooed back to cinemagoing in increasingly large numbers its atti-

tude to expenditures on this type of entertainment has shown a remarkable change from the days when "going to the movies" was an established habit.

The members, and there are hundreds of thousands of them, see in their club a home away from home where they can relax in relative luxury, eat at subsidized prices, be entertained regularly by top class local and overseas artists at no cost and see featured films, which, although not first run, are properly presented in comfortable surroundings and in colour, which is not yet available on television in this country.

Of course the members pay for all these amenities indirectly by means of the legalized poker machines that grow in ever increasing numbers in each club.

The entertainment dollar can only be spent once and the motion picture industry's share of this dollar in New South Wales has been cut drastically by the clubs.

There is only one way to woo these members back to the cinema and that is by an ever constant effort to improve the quality of the product we sell, by energetic and imaginative promotion of the product and by providing the ultimate in comfort and presentation within our cinemas.

Suburbs

Although suburban theatre trading was dealt a near death blow by television and the number of cinemas cut to the bone, it has become obvious to exhibitors in this country that these suburban areas were in fact highly over-seated in the past with hard-top theatres.

The loss of the least successful of these theatres, whilst it has driven many independent exhibitors out of the industry, has now left the major circuits in a relatively healthy economic position. The theatres that were retained in key positions are being updated in terms of both comfort and equipment and, whilst a continuous supply of top quality product for these weekly change houses still represents a major problem, their operation has reached a level which now gives hope of economic stability.

Drive-in theatres are still increasing in popularity, and Hoyts have continued to expand its interest in these during the year by building and acquisition. Further building and planning is now in progress.

For exhibitors Down Under 1966 has certainly been a good year and the future looks most encouraging.

Sime & the Astor

Buffalo.

Editor, *VARIETY*:

May I contribute another nostalgic recall on Sime and the Astor Hunting Room.

One day in the early '20s, I was visiting New York and Sime said to me "What time do you eat breakfast?" "About eight," I said naively. "Well meet me tomorrow at noon for breakfast-lunch at the Hunting Room," he said. So I met him and during the ensuing hour he stopped every celebrity who came by and introduced me as *VARIETY*'s Buffalo correspondent. The talk was all theatre; I was agog. The most memorable thing about the occasion, however, was that it initiated me into the morning ritual of "London broil."

When I came home, I perplexed the local bistro keepers by ordering it and wowed my local friends with my familiarity with sophisticated comestibles.

It is for this that I remember the Hunting Room especially, as well as for the fact that I had breakfast there at eight one New Year's morning when Times Square outside was as deserted as a churchyard.

Sidney Burton.

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Foresee Reduced Costs for 'Scanning' Anamorphic Prints for TV Use

Hollywood.

While theatrical features sold to television continue to rise in price, the cost-of scanning anamorphic prints for tv showing is on the verge of dropping sharply, reports Panavision prexy Robert E. Gottschalk, who earlier this year spent four months in running down a rumor that Panavision process pix cost \$30,000 to convert for tv. The rumor temporarily lost him a major studio account.

Meanwhile, Panavision will continue its policy of leasing gear on a pic-by-pic basis, eschewing any contractual commitment to various companies. Major expansion will involve the development of complete camera arrays, as opposed to fabricating lenses and other attachments to existing equipment.

Converting an anamorphic pic (Panavision, CinemaScope, etc., with 2.35:1 aspect ratio) for telecasting (at a 1.33:1 aspect ratio) is a contractual responsibility of the film companies in its deal with webs and syndicators. Two major methods are employed: a three-position pan-and-scan rig, or a variable mask device. In the latter procedure, an operator moves a mask back and forth across the film, such movements translated by tape to a lens on the optical printer which makes the tv prints.

The average cost for converting an anamorphic feature for tv is about \$6,000, according to Gottschalk. Most of this cost includes the preparation of two 35mm tv prints, now demanded by webs for its N.Y. and L.A. program feeds. Gottschalk reports that the two 35mm print requirement may be dropped, in favor of all-16mm prints, and when this happens, conversion costs will drop to under \$2,500, or about 1% of a \$250,000 leasing deal.

Although Panavision is now a Sy Weintraub company, founder Gottschalk remains as prexy and chief exec officer, part of the deal, and, still spreading the gospel via demos for film directors and first cameramen, he points out that 1.85:1 process films are subject to mis-framing in theatres. Also, in a later pix-to-tv sale, image heights on the tube are smaller than on an anamorphic film. Low-budgeters once eschewed anamorphic process when tv conversion costs were higher, but situation no longer prevails.

Harry Hershfield

Continued from page 3

question, seeing that your correspondent is usually on the "clown" side of things. In this case, however, I ride along with a line in Shakespeare's "Henry IV" with the King's jester saying: "Invest me in my motley, give me leave to speak my mind" — the jester speaks the truth. But neither should one demand so many affidavits, to strengthen his cause. As once cracked by Fred Allen, when 20 speakers got up at a banquet, to say wonderful things about the guest of honor: "Anyone needing that many character witnesses shouldn't be honored!"

Even fighting myself, now, will not halt the subject matter at hand. Being the "cadaverous"-type plays on- and off-Broadway. True that horror attracts, as witness accidents, fires, drownings and 101 shockers. And many of the "horror" gawkers find themselves, in truth, like the woman who applied for a job as first-aid helper. When they asked her: "What would you do, if you rushed to an accident and saw bodies strewn all over the street?" "I'd sit down on a chair, bend over till my head touched my knees—and that would stop me from fainting!"

Perverved Enthusiasms

We're all conscious of and live by the contrasts of life. The brighter the sun, the deeper the shadow. Continually bombarded by these contrasts, we are tossed, battered and effected. The things we abhor often have a greater "pull" and dramatic effect on our lives. But I cannot cheer for the undertow that swirls us down to

the disastrous depths of sickening, ugly putrid lure. There is just so much time to life, desire and fulfillment. Within bounds, every human has the right to live it to the best of satisfaction. If some enjoy sadism and flagellation, their time will end before Society can interfere. We speak, rather, about what we wish to do regarding these aberrations exhibited now in public, that offend the majority. The authors of these clinical messages easily have, for precedence, writers of the far past, in books, paintings and sculptures; some of the most horrible depictions of slaughter, disease and insanity. If they are by a famous Middle-Age artist they still command a tremendous price, as do renowned playwrights of today, no matter what public "abortions" they offer you.

Certain critics see in that aberration a curious quality for high praise the "u" and the "in" clientele do a bit of raving themselves. That critic always reminds me of the lawyer in court, saying to his client in the witness chair: "Now, in my own words, tell the jury what happened!"

Saw a sample of that not so long ago, at an open air forum, at the Lake Tarleton Club in New Hampshire. A critic was the speaker. He went into a rave of the show he reviewed. We also saw it, and were disgusted with it. But this critic actually said that he only saw "symbols in that wonderful play—that all through it he saw only the spiritual purpose in it." To which another speaker, in rebuttal, said: "I also saw that same play. And I wish to say this: No matter how long I keep looking at an outhouse, it doesn't become a shrine to me!"

The theatregoer has a right to resist that which he feels has no right to be produced. Under our newest "free and liberal" legal viewpoints, there is nothing one can do about it, but stay away. Following the dictum of Disraeli: "Circumstance is beyond us, but conduct is within our own power."

In our private lives, or in "personal" social gatherings of friends, most taboos are thrown aside and, what I'm tirading against in the main, takes place. It's then over with, till the next meeting of the "hardly can wait." But it's all done within their own confines. It is public conduct we are campaigning for. From the utter looseness of thinking and action in many of our supposed schools of learning, the years of accepted and tried values must go by the board, unless halted by the majority; who still believe in public conduct, no matter how tempted many are to break away from necessary rules and regulations. I could even give it a serious thought, if smut, filth and degradation was engaged in for the love of it. But when plays, books and such are produced for a fast and plentiful buck (and they are on a fast increase), with reading matter they know is deliberately vile (for publishers and producers "who see no evil, speak no evil and hear no evil"), then we can only quote from the Euripides: "Whom God wishes to destroy he first deprives of reason."

Wise Uncle

Been said: "The love of money is the root of all evil" — with everybody rooting for it. The only contented one is shown in the will of the rich uncle who died: The opening line read: "Having been of sound mind I spent all the money."

The ordinary citizen, ambitious, now takes his cue from the success he hears about of playwrights, authors and certain stand-up comics. If they get laughs with their material then the "fun" in it nullifies most objections. It's almost impossible to physically hurt another man, if you're laughing at the time. Owen Wister's "The Virginian" knew that when he said, "When you call me that, smile!"

There's a laugh in many a harsh action. In the case of the fellow who was in a railroad accident. He told a friend, later: "The Company paid me \$50,000 — and my wife got \$10,000." The friend replied: "I didn't know that your wife was also hurt?" "She wasn't, but in the excitement I had the

presence of mind to kick her in the face."

Critics of this screed will probably ask me: "Have you lost your sense of humor?" "No, but I feel pretty much like the fellow taken for a 'ride' and the police found him later, in an off-road shack, hung up by the toes and his body full of knives. The cops asked him: 'Doesn't that hurt?'" "Only when I laugh." Under today's circumstances, I can only grit my dentures and face it.

MIXED BAG OF SIX FEATURES BY DUTCH

By HANS SAALTINK

Amsterdam.

The total Dutch production of feature films for 1966 is six. Same number can be expected in 1967. The 1966 output was an uneven bunch. None of the films broke even. With subsidies this is hardly necessary. Dutch feature films can count on financing by the Dutch Production Fund, set up by both Dutch Cinema League and Government. It amounts to \$30,000 to \$100,000 per film, the exact sum never revealed.

Nikolai van der Heyde's "A Morning Of Six Weeks" was first feature film to be released in 1966, also Van der Heyde's bow as director of full length feature. Film had success in art houses it opened at the same time as "10:32 p.m." N.F.M. production directed by Arthur Dreyfuss, a half-hearted thriller starring Linda Christian, that flopped, a setback of about \$300,000. An English version of "10:32 a.m." was prepared under the title "Murder In Amsterdam."

Next on the list was Fons Rademakers' "Dance Of The Heron" adapted from a play by Ilugo Claus. Rademakers, known for his "Village On The River" and "The Knife," wanted to give his film more international appeal, also to have the perfect actors, which meant that his cast was headed by Swedish Gunnar Lindblom and French Jean Desailly. "Dance Of The Heron" had success, and Rademakers had the pleasure of seeing his film shown at the San Francisco Film Festival, where he received the Golden Gate Award for excellence in directing.

For years Holland's film production was mainly known in connection with shorts. A breakthrough has been forced by new directors, young ones in particular, of which Nikolai van der Heyde was the first. Wim Verstappen was another, though he could not wait for the long process connected with subsidizing via the Production Fund. Verstappen, known for his partnership with director Pim de la Parra, scripted and produced some of the latter's short films, like "Ah... Tamara" and "Heart Beat Fresco." He made his direction debut with "The Less Happy Return of Josef Katus To The Land of Rembrandt," a 16mm feature film, financed by his own production firm, Scorpio Film, and later blown up in a 35mm version with a post-subsidy by the Production Fund. "Katus" was a success in Amsterdam, where it ran for 4 weeks at the Cinetel, a semi-art house. A film with a Provo background, it has less appeal in other Dutch cities, though it has been shown by film clubs and was invited to participate at the Mannheim Film Festival, where it even harvested some secondary prizes. Though technically not up to par (in spite of good camera work by Wim van der Linden), it proved that a feature film could be made in Holland for the no-budget of \$3,000.

Another first in feature films was Frans Weisz's "The Gangster Girl." Weisz received a Silver Bear when his short "An Afternoon On The Island Of Grand Jatte" was shown at the Berlin Film Festival. "The Gangster Girl," shot in Rome, Menton and Amsterdam, was well received by the trade press, but film drew wrong public as the title suggested an actioner while in reality it told the story of the interior conflict of a writer who works on the adaptation of his own novel and can not accept alterations to be made to his brain child when a film company takes it over.

Double Features 'Revenge' Start

By ARTHUR S. WENZEL

The double feature, that bane of exhibitors' existence, became an early cause-celebre on the part of Joseph M. Schenck, Douglas Fairbanks and Sid Grauman. Their intent was good, however... revenge.

Abe Erlanger, who had rights from the Lew Wallace estate for the distribution of the 1937 "Ben-Hur," had agreed with Sid, Doug and Schenck to have the world premiere at Grauman's Egyptian in Hollywood (the late Hedda Hopper, a close friend of Grauman's, bawled United Artists out a decade ago for dropping the Grauman name from the theatre). Everything was set for a gigantic premiere when Erlanger (the Klaw & Erlanger trust) phoned that "the deal is off. I'm going to put it in my Baltimore Theatre in Los Angeles at \$2 and \$2.50 per ticket."

Grauman's pleadings and anger did no good. So Fairbanks, mad as you-know-what, said, "Mary (Pickford) and I have just finished 'Taming of the Shrew' and I've just finished 'The Gaucho.' We'll ruin Erlanger's Biltmore premiere by having the world premiere of both our films at Grauman's Egyptian, when Erlanger opens 'Ben-Hur' at those silly (sic) top prices."

And they did, and packed them in with the first (first-run) double feature. Erlanger and "Ben-Hur" broke even for a short run at the Biltmore but the film later had a run of eight months at Grauman's Egyptian.

Et Cetera, Marcus

The late Marcus Loew, of the Loew's theatre chain, and a pal of Grauman's, took the Coast exhibitor, during a visit to New York, to show him Loew's brand-new 83d Street Theatre. The two night owls reached the house at 3 a.m.

The janitor, cleaning up the new house, wouldn't let them in. Loew shouted, at the top of his voice, "I own the damn joint." The janitor shouted (louder), "The house manager told me not to let anyone in... not even the wind," and slammed the heavy door shut, catching Loew's W. C. Fields-size nose in the process. Loew, hopping mad, phoned the house manager at 4 a.m., waking him to shout, "your d—d janitor won't let me in to show my pal, Sid Grauman, my own new theatre."

The house manager, aghast, whimpered: "I'll come right down and let you in and fire that d—d janitor."

"Like hell you will... raise his salary! He was only doing his duty, but how the hell did he know who I was?"

And that started the oft-told tale of this and that mogul "raising the salary of an employee who had embarrassed them, but were carrying out their orders, etc."

Hardening of Film Arteries

Continued from page 5

quickly into retirement.—Ed.)

Superb film schools are conducted in Paris, Rome, Moscow, Lodz and Prague. In Russia alone the All Union Research Institute has a \$5,000,000 budget devoted solely to film research. While in training, its students receive financial support, and after graduation in any of the so-called Iron Curtain countries they encounter no Iron Curtain but go directly from the classroom into the government-controlled film industry.

Melancholy Graduates

No one in the U.S. except Papa and Mama pays the bills for our students of filmmaking at USC, UCLA, NYU, Columbia and a score of other universities and when a man graduates, unless he marries the president's daughter, he can find no openings in the theatrical film industry.

Against their will such graces drift into jobs in television, industrial films, documentaries, educational films or commercials.

Independent production in the U.S., in spite of its undeniable superiority both to government-operated picture-making abroad or to our old assembly line, mass production system, has one basic shortcoming. "Independent" producers, unlike L. B. Mayer or Jack Warner, are too deeply involved in the success of the one picture on which they are currently engaged to spare time or money to experiment with new faces, new figures or new brains for future projects. As a consequence, the average age of people engaged in the industry today is, I am told, 54.

Cary Grant, considered king of Hollywood now that Gable is gone, admits to 62. Bob Hope is 61, Henry Fonda and John Wayne are 60. The continued popularity with female audiences of such elderly gentlemen is naturally a source of considerable encouragement to me but my wife points out that old gals such as Joan Crawford and Bette Davis, whose ages I think it prudent not to mention, are equally durable. A bachelor friend of mine in the late 40s who regards himself quite a swinger with the dames, was recently much disgruntled. His 18-year-old niece had said to him the previous night:

"I don't go to the movies any more. It gives me the creeps to see men of your age making love to girls of my age."

Our bright young directors such as Richard Lester and Sidney Furie had to travel to Europe to obtain an opportunity to show their stuff and gain public recognition. Our sensational new stars — Burton, O'Toole, Loren, An-

draws, et al—came from England or the Continent. Our best new directors are fugitives from the tv chain gang. Our rising young authors were writers of fiction or drama for Broadway or off-Broadway. The shameful and costly truth is we are a wholly parasitical industry dependent on other crafts to develop the manpower and the womanpower without which a creative activity such as ours cannot hope to permanently prosper. Everybody in the trade is aware of this condition, everybody deplores it, but nobody does any thing about it—that is, nobody did until recently when a few far sighted executives agreed that an art-industry cannot continue in definitely to be operated on a day-to-day and a picture-to-picture basis. If American films are to retain the world-wide prestige they acquired in the 20s, 30s and 40s, we have no recourse save to concentrate on discovering, training and giving work to the actors, authors, directors and technician of the future.

A thoroughly practical plan has been suggested by which ever major company would commit itself to financing the production and distribution of four picture each year—written, directed, acted, with union approval, photographed, edited, lighted, costumed, scored, etc. by newcomers. The cost for each picture would run anywhere from \$250,000 to \$400,000 and with the current demand for feature films to fill the gap left by the debacle of tv production, they could scarcely fail to return their investment. If ever year, or every other year, only on or two stars or directors or authors were discovered, the ultimate gain would be incalculable.

Crown International's Regional Franchise

Hollywood.

Crown International Pictures has firmed up regional Dixie distributors for its future releases. Jac Productions will be handling Atlanta exchange area, Clark Releasing Co., acting for Jacksonville and Variety Films in Charlotte. Dallas based Starline Films, as disclosed earlier, will handle Crown in Dallas, Oklahoma City, Memphis and New Orleans.

Crown contemplates 10 release one of which, "Road to Nashville" is now in some Dixie pre-release dates. Crown chief's Newton Jacobs' owns Favorite Films company will handle in Western states.

ALL-TIME TOP CHAMPS

Continued from page 23

Inn of Sixth Happiness (Mark Robson; Adler; 20th—1959) ..	4,400,000
Spencer's Mountain (Delmer Daves; WB—1963) ..	4,400,000
McLintock (A. McLaglen; Wayne; UA; 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
Red River (Howard Hawks; UA—1948) ..	4,350,000
Man in Grey Flannel Suit (Nunnally Johnson; Zanuck; 20th—1956) ..	4,350,000
The Man With the Golden Arm (O. Preminger; UA-AA; 1956) ..	4,350,000
Glass-Bottom Boat (F. Tashlin; Melcher-Freeman; MGM; July '66) ..	4,320,000
Lost Weekend (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1946) ..	4,300,000
Sailor Beware (Hal Walker; Wallis; Par—1952) ..	4,300,000
Some Came Running (Vincente Minnelli; Siegel; MGM—1959) ..	4,300,000
G. I. Blues (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1960) ..	4,300,000
One-Eyed Jacks (Marlon Brando; Par—1961) ..	4,300,000
Sergeants Three (J. Sturges; Small; UA; 1962) ..	4,300,000
Days of Wine and Roses (Blake Edwards; Manulis; WB—1963) ..	4,300,000
Monkey's Uncle (R. Stevenson; Disney; BV; 1965) ..	4,300,000
30 Seconds Over Tokyo (Mervyn LeRoy; Zimbalist; MGM—1944) ..	4,250,000
Adventure (V. Fleming; Zimbalist; MGM—1945) ..	4,250,000
Saratoga Trunk (Sam Wood; Wallis; WB—1946) ..	4,250,000
The Egyptian (Michael Curtiz; Zanuck; 20th—1954) ..	4,250,000
Demetrius and Gladiators (Delmer Daves; Ross; 20th—1954) ..	4,250,000
Living It Up (Norman Taurog; Jones; Par—1954) ..	4,250,000
Bus Stop (Joshua Logan; Adler; 20th—1956) ..	4,250,000
In Harm's Way (O. Preminger; Par—1965) ..	4,250,000
Hollywood Canteen (Delmer Daves; Gottlieb; WB—1944) ..	4,200,000
Weekend at Waldorf (Robert Leonard; Hornblow; MGM—1945) ..	4,200,000
Three Musketeers (George Sidney; Berman; MGM—1948) ..	4,200,000
On The Waterfront (Elia Kazan; Spiegel; Col—1954) ..	4,200,000
Rose Tattoo (Daniel Mann; Wallis; Par—1955) ..	4,200,000
Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison (John Huston; Adler-Frenke; 20th—1957) ..	4,200,000
Can Can (Walter Lang; Cummings; 20th—1960) ..	4,200,000
Parrish (Delmer Daves; WB—1961) ..	4,200,000
Breakfast at Tiffany's (Blake Edwards; Jurow-Sheppard; Par—1961) ..	4,200,000
Robin and 7 Hoods (Gordon Douglas; Sinatra; WB—1964) ..	4,200,000
Zorba, The Greek (M. Cacoyannis; Int'l Classics-20th; 1964) ..	4,200,000
Cincinnati Kid (N. Jewison; Ransohoff; MGM; 1965) ..	4,200,000
Father of Bride (Vincente Minnelli; Berman; MGM—1950) ..	4,150,000
Born Yesterday (George Cukor; Simon; Col—1951) ..	4,115,000
Margie (Henry King; Morosco; 20th—1946) ..	4,100,000
Mother Wore Tights (Walter Lang; Trotti; 20th—1947) ..	4,100,000
Johnny Belinda (Jean Negulesco; Wald; WB—1948) ..	4,100,000
Joan of Arc (Victor Fleming; Wanger-Fleming; RKO—1949) ..	4,100,000
I Was a Male Bride (Howard Hawks; 20th—1949) ..	4,100,000
Snake Pit (Anatole Litvak; Bassler; 20th—1948) ..	4,100,000
African Queen (John Huston; Horizon-Romulus; UA—1951) ..	4,100,000
Hondo (John Farrow; Wayne-Fellows; WB—1954) ..	4,100,000
Love Me Or Leave Me (Charles Vidor; Pasternak; MGM—1955) ..	4,100,000
Deep In My Heart (Stanley Donen; Edens; MGM—1955) ..	4,100,000
Bad Seed (Mervyn LeRoy; WB—1956) ..	4,100,000
Man Who Knew Too Much (Alfred Hitchcock; Par—1956) ..	4,100,000
The Misfits (John Huston; Taylor; UA—1961) ..	4,100,000
State Fair (Walter Lang; Perlberg; 20th—1945) ..	4,050,000
Cass Timberlane (George Sidney; Hornblow; MGM—1948) ..	4,050,000
Boy, Did I Get A Wrong Number (G. Marshall; Small; UA; June '66) ..	4,010,000
Ben-Hur (Fred Niblo; MGM—1926) ..	4,000,000
Singing Fool (Lloyd Bacon; WB—1928) ..	4,000,000
Dolly Sisters (Irving Cummings; Jessel; 20th—1945) ..	4,000,000
Smoky (Louis King; Bassler; 20th—1946) ..	4,000,000
Holiday In Mexico (George Sidney; Pasternak; MGM—1946) ..	4,000,000
Kid From Brooklyn (Norman Z. McLeod; Goldwyn; RKO—1946) ..	4,000,000
Night and Day (Michael Curtiz; Schwartz; WB—1946) ..	4,000,000
Ziegfeld Follies (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1946) ..	4,000,000
Emperor Waltz (Billy Wilder; Brackett; Par—1948) ..	4,000,000
Reap the Wild Wind (C. B. DeMille; Par—1948) ..	4,000,000
An American in Paris (Vincente Minnelli; Freed; MGM—1951) ..	4,000,000
Jumping Jacks (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1952) ..	4,000,000
Moon Is Blue (Otto Preminger; Herbert; UA—1953) ..	4,000,000
Long, Long Trailer (Vincente Minnelli; Berman; MGM—1954) ..	4,000,000
Sabrina (Billy Wilder; Par—1954) ..	4,000,000
Left Hand of God (Edward Dmytryk; Adler; 20th—1955) ..	4,000,000
Love Is Splendor Thing (Henry King; Adler; 20th—1955) ..	4,000,000
Seven Little Foes (Melville Shavelson; Rose; Par—1955) ..	4,000,000
Jailhouse Rock (Richard Thorpe; Berman; MGM—1957) ..	4,000,000
Big Country (William Wyler; UA—1958) ..	4,000,000
Horse Soldiers (John Ford; Mirisch-Mahin-Rackin; UA—1959) ..	4,000,000
Don't Give Up The Ship (Norman Taurog; Wallis; Par—1959) ..	4,000,000
Never On Sunday (Jules Dassin; Filmways; Lopert—1960) ..	4,000,000
Splendor In Grass (Elia Kazan; WB—1961) ..	4,000,000
Mr. Hobbs Takes Vacation (Henry Koster; Wald; 20th—1962) ..	4,000,000
What Ever Happened Baby Jane? (Robert Aldrich; WB—1962) ..	4,000,000
Summer Magic (James Neilson; Disney; BV—1963) ..	4,000,000
Misadventures Merlin Jones (Robert Stevenson; Disney; BV—1964) ..	4,000,000
Captain Newman MD (David Miller; Arthur; U—1964) ..	4,000,000
Topkapi (Jules Dassin; Filmways; UA—1964) ..	4,000,000
Nutty Professor (Jerry Lewis; Gluckman; Par—1964) ..	4,000,000
Sex and Single Girl (Richard Quine; WB—1964) ..	4,000,000
Agony and the Ecstasy (C. Reed; 20th; 1965) ..	4,000,000
Walk, Don't Run (C. Walters; Siegel; Col.; July, '66) ..	4,000,000

Thomas E. Rodgers Exits Trans-Lux to Join SW As Fellman's Exec Aide

Thomas E. Rodgers, until recently theatre operations v.p. for Trans-Lux Corp., has joined Stanley Warner Theatres as executive assistant to v.p. Nat D. Fellman. Rodgers, son of the late William F. Rodgers, longtime Metro v.p.-general sales manager, joined

Trans-Lux in 1950 as assistant general manager of theatres. He was elected a v.p. of the Trans-Lux Theatre Corp. in 1956, and when company merged with parent Trans-Lux Corp. shortly thereafter, he was elected to theatre operations v.p. post, supervising building of new theatres and acquisition of existing houses.

Dick Van Dyke will topline cast of "Chitty, Chitty, Bang, Bang" for producer Albert R. Broccoli's United Artists release.

FREE SPEECH: THE RIGHT TO OFFEND

By HARRIET F. PILPEL

We go into 1967—as indeed we go into every year—facing some intricate choices in the area of freedom of expression. Here's a quick look at three of these. The questions posed will be recurrent themes for many years to come.

Item: Let's get in on an argument that's been going on in the pages of that distinguished magazine, The American Bar Association Journal. In an editorial in the September issue of The Journal the question is asked: "Do we really believe in free speech—for Communists, whose ideas most of us hate, or just for the old familiar thoughts we like?" And in the November issue, appears a letter from a reader answering this question by saying "that, if put to a vote, a large majority of the American people would declare the Communist Party to be our enemy" and therefore not entitled to free speech.

Beyond Consensus

Now that puts the issue very neatly. The writer of the letter talks of free speech in terms of "majority" vote. The point is, however, that the genius of our Constitution, and particularly of the Bill of Rights which sets forth our fundamental rights—including freedom of speech and the press—is that it exists for the protection of the rights of minorities. The majority needs no constitutional guarantees; they can always vote themselves whatever protections they want. It is only minority viewpoints that require the protection of the First Amendment guarantees; the minority viewpoints which by definition are

not accepted by—may indeed be anathema to—the majority.

At a time when opinions are clashing sharply on fundamental issues, particularly in connection with the Vietnamese war, we will do well to remember that the American way of life calls for protection of the expression of opinions we loathe—that the United States Constitution was devised to make sure that these could be freely expressed no matter how the majority feels about them. The only test of free speech and press—"the indispensable condition of nearly every other form of freedom"—is whether it extends to the views and opinions we detest. And as many distinguished judges and legal thinkers have reiterated: We have nothing to fear from the expression of opinions we hate if others are free to demonstrate their errors in a free market place of thought.

As of this writing, major cases concerning different but not simpler aspects of free speech are before the United States Supreme Court having to do with libel and privacy.

Vortex of Controversy

Item: On the libel front, the question posed by cases involving General Walker and Wally Butts is whether the so-called New York Times rule applies to public figures as well as public officials. You will recall that the New York Times rule was first enunciated by the United States Supreme Court in a case brought by an Alabama public official against the Times and four Negro clergymen and that the court held—in

an epoch-making extension of the Constitutional boundaries of freedom of the press—that public officials may not recover for statements made about them in their official capacity unless those statements are (a) libelous, (b) false, and (c) made with malice—defined to mean with knowledge of their falsity or in reckless disregard of whether they are true or false.

It is now very strongly argued—and has been held by some courts—that the same rule should apply to public personalities—people who like General Walker, Wally Butts and Linus Pauling, have been active in the vortex of public controversy. Against this further extension of the rule is the argument that "good name in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls" and that people should not have to pay the price of having remediless attacks made on their good name because they have chosen to emerge from their own gardens to play a part on the stage of public events. No matter how these particular cases are decided, the problem is bound to be a continuing one.

As To Privacy

Item: On the privacy front, the basic question is related—but a little different. Here there need be no question of loss of good name or reputation. The issue is rather whether there are some people or some things about some people or some things about all people that ought to be immune from discussion in public and in the public prints whether libelous or not—i.e. even if the statements made are favorable to the person involved.

On the one side, there is the argument that knowledge is power, and that within the limits of the law of libel (whatever they turn out to be) everyone should be free to present to the public the facts about everyone else—no matter how private or personal those facts may be. On the other side, it is contended that especially in a mechanized and computerized world full of constant attacks on what privacy we have left, there must be some areas of one's private life that are immune not only from snoopers and eavesdroppers, electronic or otherwise, but also from exposure to the public in words of print.

Leer of a Sensualist

These are but three of many free speech issues with which we are constantly confronted. Where will Ralph Ginzburg be a year from now? Still facing—or serving—a five year jail sentence for obscenity based on his distributing material with "the leer of the sensualist," material which the United States Supreme Court indicated when it affirmed his conviction might not be obscene in and of itself, i.e. apart from the way it was promoted. But Ginzburg was charged and convicted on the basis of the material—not its promotion—as distinguished lawyers have pointed out to the United States Supreme Court and other courts in connection with unavailing requests for rehearing or at least resentencing.

And like that. No matter how the Supreme Court or any court decides any of these at any particular time in any particular case, they are hydra-headed and will rise and rise again in myriad forms and contexts. Constant awareness of the free speech issues confronting us—and of what the consequences are of deciding them one way or another—is a first obligation of all who are determined to keep our First Amendment green. And aren't we all?

Pegler-Reynolds Libel Case Set for Filming

Hollywood.

Producer Stanley Asher is dickering with Daniel Mann for him to direct film version of "A Case of Libel," which Henry Denker is adapting from his Broadway legitimer, in turn an adaptation of Louis Nizer's tome, "My Day in Court."

Legiter, which parallels the Westbrook Pegler-Quentin Reynolds libel suit, starred Van Heflin.

Eady Plan Modus Operandi

Continued from page 11

of the film. It may be best to exclude (say) Mary Millionaire and Charles Croesus from his calculation of labour costs, and then the Director and the other foreigners must not account for more than 20% of the remaining labour costs. It's a big film, so the cost of the British Screenwriter, Actors, Technicians and Studio Labour, Composer and Musicians and others can certainly add up to 80% of the labour costs (excluding, of course, Mary and Charles). It depends, on how many Britons are being employed and how much is being spent on them.

Easier Nowadays

The 80% is getting easier these days because the British industry has so much technical and acting talent and so many of our Actors and Actresses now have marquee value throughout the world. "The London Tea Party" will be able to cast British performers for all roles which do not specifically call for foreigners.

It is not so difficult, but there are some points to watch. Costs include the costs of all persons "directly engaged" in making of the film and this phrase "directly engaged" can cause problems. For example, if the film has a location outside the British Commonwealth and Eire, the local labour and local crowds employed go into foreign labour costs. A second point is that "living expenses" must be included in labour costs. If a suite is provided for a foreign star, the cost goes into labour costs (unless that star is one of the non-British persons excluded from the calculations).

Deferred Sums

Labour costs also include deferred and contingency payments. If any person gets a share in the gross or the profits in lieu of a full fee, then some valuation must be made of the rights given to him, and "the sum must be not less than a reasonable estimate of the cost of securing the services of this person." In the case of "The London Tea Party" Peter Percentage may swell the foreign labour costs.

If all goes well, Movie P. Maker will have a British Quota film, but that is not enough for Eady. A Canadian or Hong Kong Company can make a British Quota film, but it won't get Eady money. Eady is reserved for British Quota films made by Companies registered in the U.K.

Movie P. Maker will need to set up, say, "Boston Film Productions Ltd." This can be a subsidiary of

Boston Pictures Inc.; it can get all its finance from the States; and it can concede rights in the ownership or exploitation of the film to Boston Pictures Inc. But it must be the U.K. Company which undertakes the arrangements for the making of the film—e.g. the hiring of Actors and others.

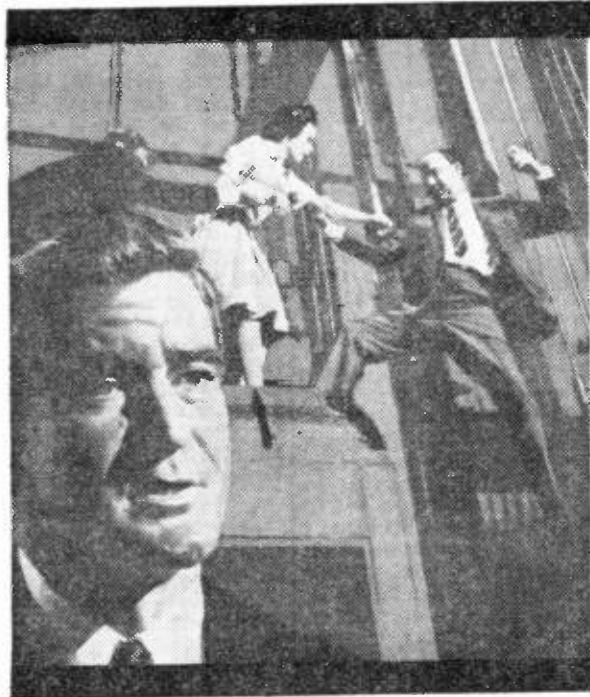
Carefully Examined

The claims for Quota Status are carefully examined by the Board of Trade, but the examination centres on the proportions of labour and foreign costs. They are not interested in whether the producer has spent the money wisely and in accordance with the budget. I mention this point because a recent report of an interview gave the impression that the Board of Trade carries out a cross-examination in the manner of a completion guarantor. In fact, the Board of Trade is most helpful and is willing to give advice before the film is made so that the producer does not by accident go over the limit.

But is all this trouble worthwhile? That depends on whether you are interested in money. The essence of the Eady scheme (nicknamed after Sir Wilfred Eady, a Civil Servant who prepared the first version 16 years ago) is that (through a levy on tickets sold) part of the boxoffice takings of cinemas is put into "The British Film Production Fund" and is subsequently paid out to British films made by UK Companies. The levy collected is deducted from boxoffice figures before film hire is calculated, which means that the scheme is financed by distributors and producers as well as exhibitors. In the 12 months to October 1966 about \$10,000,000 of Eady money went to long feature films. The money available is shared out among films which qualify in proportion to their distributors' British earnings during the levy year concerned. The final sums are done at the end of the year, but interim payments are made each month.

The rate of pay-out depends partly on the amount collected and partly on the volume of claims made. At the moment the Fund is paying out at 50%; therefore a popular film which earns, say \$600,000 in Britain, will get a further \$300,000 of Eady money. Distributors do not, or should not, charge distribution fees on Eady money, so a handsome contribution to negative costs can be got from the Fund.

Warner Bros. unlocks all the doors of



THE HOTEL MANAGER who knew there were only so many secrets you could sweep under the plush-carpeted rugs of the St. Gregory.



THE GIRL FROM PARIS who was a rich man's traveling companion. Can you think of a better way to travel?



THE KEY THIEF who had a working arrangement with the B-girls in New Orleans' most notorious strip-joints.

World

HOTEL Starring ROD TAYLOR

CATHERINE SPAAK • KARL MALDEN • MELVYN DOUGLAS

and MERLE OBERON as "The Duchess" Directed by RICHARD QUINE • Written for the Screen and Produced by WENDELL MAYES

TELL

the sensation-filled best seller.



THE HOUSE DETECTIVE who knew where all the bodies were buried—and didn't mind digging them up.

THE TYCOON who was a loaded gun aimed at the heart of the St. Gregory.

THE DUCHESS whose ruthless ambition was willing to pay any price—even blackmail.

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A Character Called Frisco

By PETER LIND HAYES

Much has been written about Joe Frisco, born Louis Josephs. His extraction was Irish, Polish and Austrian. He had been told, and



Peter Lind Hayes

he believed, that he was a direct descendant of the Emperor Franz Joseph. Frisco was the most literate illiterate I had ever met; physically, he was a well-formed little man, about five feet, six inches tall. His choice of clothing was always on the outlandish side of "Sportin' Life," and his comedic trademarks were a derby hat, an ever-present cigar and a thick pair of hornrimmed glasses. On a clear day, he could see the lens and the Racing Form.

Frisco was addicted to the Sport of Kings, and was always being nosed out of a nine-horse parlay. He once dismissed a pressing debt to a bookmaker by admitting that he had "b-b-b-blown his m-m-m-money on the rent!"

Hazy (author's mother, Grace Hayes, the comedienne) was very fond of the stuttering comedian, but felt his stammering was a deliberate guise to attract sympathy and gain attention. Their friendship dated back to the early days of Colisimo's in Chicago. In that era, Frisco was a penniless dancer, hoofing around Chicago with a beautiful young girl named Loretta McDermott. When "Big Jim" Colisimo was attending the opera, Hazy and her roommate, Dale Winters, would sneak Joe and his partner into the place and while they danced their hearts out, Hazy and Dale would "shill" for the two buskers, starting the nickels, dimes and quarters rolling onto the floor.

A short time later Frisco migrated to New York, and, as the saying goes, his career caught fire. He became an overnight sensation, and the "Frisco dance" became a national craze. Hazy too had made the move to Broadway, but no doors would open for the willowy blonde from San Francisco.

One evening at a very nice party, she was introduced to America's newest star, Joe Frisco. She was all primed for a big, warm greeting but, to her surprise, he gave her hand a quick shake and dismissed her with "Hello, k-k-k-kid, I'm gl-gl-glad to m-m-meet ya!" Several nights later, she was once again presented to the great man, and once again was perfunctorily ignored with a quick, "H-h-h-hello, I'm p-p-leased to m-m-meet ya!" This happened at two or three other "in" gatherings, and finally, her Irish temper came to the fore. Seizing the little man by the lapels, she waltzed him into a quiet room and proceeded to berate him. "Listen, you little jackass, don't you ever acknowledge another introduction to me! I'm Grace Hayes. I used to sneak you into Colisimo's night after night, so you could dance for nickels and dimes. Why if it hadn't been for me, you probably never would have made it to New York!" Frisco looked at her with twinkling eyes and said, "Q-q-q-quiet, g-g-g-g-g, I'll n-n-never give you away!"

Probably the earliest recorded witticism concerning Joe Frisco had to do with his humble beginning in Rock Island, Ill. He had quit school after the third grade, and at 15 had formed a partnership with a boy named Andrew Coffee. Frisco practically existed on doughnuts, so they decided to call the act "Coffee and Doughnuts."

These two wandering minstrels were literally wandering on foot from place to place seeking an outlet for their song and dance act. One evening they peered through the window of a rather prosperous looking farmhouse. Inside they perceived a healthy looking farmer seated before a half-finished turkey. A gentle rap brought the farmer to the kitchen door.

"We're dog-tired and ha-ha-haven't eaten for tw-tw-24 hours.

We'd d-d-do anything for s-s-something to eat and a n-n-n-night's sleep!"

The farmer made them promise to help with the chores the next morning and then turned "Coffee and Doughnuts" loose on the remains of the turkey. After dinner, the boys were led to the attic, provided with a couple of blankets and locked in. The farmer was taking no chances on his newly found laborers disappearing in the night. The next thing Frisco remembered was being frightened out of his sleep by a loud pounding on the door. It was pitch dark and the farmer was yelling, "Come on, boys, you promised to help with the chores and we're going out and hoe potatoes!"

Why Sneak Up On 'Em?

"Hoe potatoes?" moaned Frisco, "It's f-f-four o'clock in the morning, d-d-d-do we have to s-s-sneak up on 'em?"

From that farmhouse in Iowa to the star of the Palace Theatre on Broadway was a broad jump, but the little man really made it big. Frisco was making \$6,500 a week, when taxes were negligible and the living was easy. He spent it as fast as he made it and his quick quips were making him a legend in his own lifetime. Frank McGlynn was an actor who had made a lifetime career out of playing Abraham Lincoln. It was always your last chance to see McGlynn's farewell appearance as "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." McGlynn played the part for so many years he got into the habit of strolling around Broadway wearing a top hat and a shawl. Frisco spied him one day and said "That p-p-poor son of a g-g-gun won't be happy until s-s-somebody shoots him."

He once did a benefit performance with Enrico Caruso. While the great tenor was being introduced, Frisco leaned over and whispered, "Don't sing 'Dark Town Strutters Ball.' I u-u-u-use it f-f-for my finish."

His natural habitat in these halcyon days was the Friars. One evening he stood in front of the club in a torrential rainstorm for 20 minutes. Finally, when his cigar went out, he stepped into the club, brushed himself off and said, "Ya can't ever t-t-tell, l-l-look what it did for Jeanne Eagels."

When they were building the old 8th Ave. subway in Manhattan, Frisco became a typical sidewalk superintendent. He watched an old man with a shovel for about a half-hour; at long last, he inquired, "What are you b-b-b-building?" The old man leaned on his shovel and shouted, "We're building a subway!" "How long before it will b-b-b-be finished?" "Oh, about three years!"

"I g-g-guess I'd b-b-b-better call a cab!"

One Friars Club member was a dwarf, baldheaded, but proudly sported a big, black, bushy beard. He was constantly broke, and was forever putting the bite on his actor friends. One morning, he spotted Frisco having breakfast in the old Child's Restaurant at Columbus Circle. Figuring the big star would be an easy "touch," he scooted in and out of the tables, and when he arrived at Frisco's table, the only thing Frisco could see was the bald head and the bushy beard jutting over the edge of the table.

"Hi, Joe, you got a dollar?"

Frisco summoned the waitress, pointed at the dwarf's head and said, "I ordered grape fruit, l-l-little girl. Who ordered J-J-John the Baptist?"

Irving Berlin

During an appearance at a night club in Atlantic City, Frisco learned that Irving Berlin was in the audience. He proudly announced the fact at the end of his performance, and suggested that maybe Berlin would favor the audience with a chorus of "Alexander's Ragtime Band." After a thunderous ovation, Berlin meekly walked to the centre of the stage and very timidly whispered

two choruses of his ragtime smash. After a frenzied response from the throng, Frisco's comment was, "That B-B-Berlin's got a h-h-hell of a voice, b-b-but you g-g-gotta hug him to hear him."

Frisco's career was now approaching its peak and Hollywood was beckoning. Warner Bros. offered him a fabulous salary and he agreed to film a remake of an old comedy classic called "The Gorilla." As soon as he arrived in Hollywood, he squandered his money on a furnished mansion in Beverly Hills and promptly moved into the Hollywood Plaza Hotel on Vine St. Frisco was very superstitious and terrified of the dark. He needed noise, lights and gaiety to feel secure and the old Plaza offered lots of security along those lines. Frisco wanted a bellboy to send out for a bottle of Scotch, but when the bellhop appeared, he had an impediment worse than Frisco's.

"Did you s-s-send f-f-for a bell-b-b-boy, M-M-Mr. Frisco?"

"Yeah," answered Frisco, "but r-r-run down and s-s-send up a straight man!"

Gideons For Two

Later on that evening, the room clerk rang his room and rudely inquired, "Mr. Frisco, do you have a girl in your room?"

"Yes, I do, s-s-send up another Bible!"

Joe's movie, "The Gorilla" was a disaster, so Warner Bros. kept the film and released him. He was broke again. What the mansion hadn't taken, the horses had. He had moved into a cheap apartment, and was aimlessly banging around a raceroom under the old Pantages Theatre on Hollywood Blvd. As he was absolutely tapped out, he was leaning on a broken pool cue, listening to the public address system describe races which he couldn't afford to bet on. It was the day before Thanksgiving, and an actor friend asked him what he was going to do about his Thanksgiving Day dinner. Frisco's reply was to the point, "I got a s-s-stove in the a-a-apartment, but I got nothing to cook on it, u-u-u-unless you got a g-g-good recipe for yesterday's Racing Form."

The warmhearted actor felt sorry for the little clown. "Tell you what, Joe, I'm a hell of a good cook—I've got a date with my agent, here's \$20, you buy a turkey, and I'll meet you back here in a half-hour and we'll have the finest Thanksgiving dinner you ever tasted."

Frisco thought that was a pretty good offer, and off they went. A half-hour later the sentimental actor returned to the smoke-filled raceroom, only to find Frisco, still leaning on the pool cue with his ear cupped in the direction of the loudspeaker system.

"Joe!" he shrieked, "where the devil is the turkey?"

Joe shrugged the actor and mumbled, "It's in the stretch!"

Hollywood was no longer interested in Joe Frisco, but Chicago was. An eager night club had advanced him two railroad tickets and a sizable salary for a two-week engagement. Being in the

chips again, he decided to take his film stand-in with him. The stand-in was a frail little man named Jules White.

It was the night before he was scheduled to open in the night-club, so they decided to do the town. At around four o'clock in the morning, Frisco and Jules stumbled into the lobby of the old Sherman House Hotel. If you know anything about the old Sherman House, you will recall that the lobby was generously covered with elaborate kingsized brass spittoons. Also at four o'clock in the morning, a lot of elderly women in sneakers with mop pails in hand descend upon the lobby and clean it.

Abe Lyman and his Californians were currently appearing in the old College Inn, a popular bistro directly under the lobby of the hotel. Naturally there was a big picture of Lyman in the lobby with a red arrow pointing and announcing that Lyman was appearing nightly downstairs. The aforementioned charwomen had casually piled several of the shiny brass spittoons in front of Lyman's picture.

Frisco removed his cigar, pointed at Lyman's picture and said, "I knew he w-w-was g-g-good, but I still don't b-b-believe he won all them c-c-cups."

Frisco's professional career becomes a little obscure at this point. Needless to say, he tumbled down the ladder just as quickly as he had climbed it. I had remembered all the stories about the little man, and here he was in the latter part of 1938, offering to work twice a night at the Grace Hayes Lodge for the great sum of \$20 per evening. He called it "w-w-wake-up money" (horses). For the next year and a half the Lodge prospered tremendously and Frisco and Charlie Foy behaved admirably. Half the radio and film writers visited the Lodge nightly with pencils and pads in order to jot down any new ad libs that Joe Frisco might come up with.

"This is God's country, and he can have it!"

"They told me I'd be a riot in pictures. I've been here two years, and I haven't even seen a Brownie camera."

"This is the only state in the union where you can fall asleep under a rosebush in full bloom and freeze to death."

"This is beautiful scenery, but you can't put catsup on those mountains."

"A friend of mine built a beautiful little home in the valley—it rained two weeks ago . . . now he's in New Orleans with the same house."

"This is the only section in America where the real estate men have to watch their property on horseback."

A Frisco line was one of the biggest laughs in Gary Cooper's most successful films, "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town." You may recall, plotwise, they were trying to prove that Mr. Deeds was a little pixilated. One witness in court revealed that he had seen Mr. Deeds

feeding a policeman's horse doughnuts. When asked why he was feeding the horse doughnuts, Mr. Deeds replied, "I want to see how many doughnuts this horse will eat before he'll ask for a cup of coffee!" It was pure Frisco and taken right from the floor of the Grace Hayes Lodge.

During the day, if he wasn't at the racetrack, Frisco could always be found holding court in front of the Vine St. Brown Derby. One day he was guilty of jaywalking across that famous thoroughfare. As the policeman wrote out the summons, Frisco asked, "H-h-how f-f-fast was I going?"

I bumped into him accidentally coming out of the Warner Theatre on Hollywood Blvd. I glanced at the marquee to discover he had just seen "The Sea Wolf" starring Errol Flynn.

"How was it, Joe?"

"P-p-pretty good, it's the b-b-bravest I've ever seen him."

A Quiz Kid

Frisco was always interested in surveys or statistics of any kind and if he possessed the answers he invariably made it a guessing "Guess who the wealthiest man game."

"I give up, Joe, who is the wealthiest man in the world?"

"The man's name is A-A-Andrew Mellon; he owns all the aluminum in the world. He owns m-m-most of the m-m-mush melons and he's got a p-p-piece of 'M-M-Melancholy Baby!'"

Jimmy Fidler, the Hollywood columnist, had been running a write-in popularity contest on his radio show for several months to find out who was the most popular personality in the world. Frisco once again had the results and once again, I was the fall guy.

"W-w-who d-d-do you think is the m-m-most popular man in the world?"

"I don't know, Joe—the President, maybe?"

"The president, hell—t-t-the most popular man in the world is B-B-Bing Crosby—the P-P-Pope ran third, and paid four-eighty."

I was always watchdogging Frisco to make sure he showed up at the Lodge in time for our first show. One evening I picked him up in front of the Derby and on the way to the Valley, I stopped to give a lift to a fabled Hollywood character known only as "Peter the Hermit." Peter was a colorful old man with white hair and a flowing long, white beard. He carried a Biblical staff—always wore sandals, white pants and a white T-shirt. He was a garrulous old goat and commandeered the conversation all the way to Laurel Canyon. After Peter and the strong smell of octagon soap had left the car, I turned to the strangely silent Frisco and asked, "How does that guy make a living?"

"He p-p-probably s-s-sells caves."

'Hitler In Drag'

Hazy was not at the club when we arrived, but Charlie Foy was. Since Frisco and Foy now considered themselves the main attraction at the Lodge, faint tinges of envy were beginning to crop up. Hazy was the boss and the two horseplayers were starting to resent their tight strings on the moneybags. Frisco often referred to my mother as "H-H-H-tler in drag."

At the moment they were belaboring me for the keys to her dressingroom. They wanted to shave and tidy up a bit before the evening's festivities. Finally, with a warning to "hurry up," I opened the door to Hazy's inner sanctum. As Charlie finished shaving, Frisco noticed all the things on my mother's makeup table. Eyebrow pencil, powder, perfume, lipstick, etc.; everything a woman has on a makeup table.

"Foy, l-l-look what that d-d-dame has to put on her kisser to look 50!"

Foy for once came to my mother's defense, and remarked how well she was looking and that the Lodge had done her a lot of good. He further reminded Frisco that Hazy was only 40 years old. Frisco doubled up with laughter and said, "F-F-Foy, you c-c-couldn't s-s-stick her with a fork!"

Germany's Story Remains—

Berlin. Although the year of 1966 saw the West German film in artistic upbeat improvement, owing to a number of promising young directors, it can't be denied that the native industry remains with heavy economic problems. Even such a widely respected company as Atlas-Film, postwar Germany's most ambitious and progressive distribution enterprise, suffered troubles in 1966. Around 100 W-German pic producers have abandoned their tasks within the past 12 years. During the same period, more than 2,000 cinemas closed. Several dozens of distributors have gone bankrupt or out of business. The fate of distributors speaks a particularly eloquent language. After all, it wiped out even such once powerful outfits as Herzog-Film, UFA-Filmverleih and Schorch-Film.

Surprisingly enough, major film festivals of 1966 had German entries in their programs. In earlier recent years such festivals as Cannes or Venice often lacked any contributions from this country. The two mentioned festivals had repeatedly turned down W-German features as inferior. The 1966 Cannes festival saw two W-German pix entered in competition. This already was marked here as a remarkable recognition.

"THIS YEAR IT IS 'GRAND PRIX'!"

—Judith Crist on WNBC-TV

"A SMASHING AND THUNDERING COMPILATION OF RACING FOOTAGE SHOT SUPERBLY. Such a barrage of magnificent shots of the racing cars that you really feel you've been in it after you've seen this film. YOU COME AWAY WITH THE FEELING THAT YOU'VE SEEN VIRTUALLY EVERYTHING THERE IS TO SEE IN GRAND PRIX RACING...!"

—Bosley Crowther, N. Y. Times

"YOU'RE IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT AT 'GRAND PRIX'! MORE EXCITING ON FILM THAN IN REAL LIFE!"

The viewer is swept up by the race. He hurtles around a needle-sharp turn... he swoops down for a closer look in a helicopter. He gasps as a car shoots out of control. He enjoys the ride, happy he's tucked into a theatre seat. A BEAUTIFUL

COLOR SPECTACLE!" —Kathleen Carroll, N. Y. Daily News

"YOU'LL HAVE A FINE TIME! BEAUTIFUL, SPECTACULAR FILM ON RACING! THRILLS AND CHILLS! DAZZLING EFFECTS!"

Authentic sights and sounds of competition during actual Grand-Prix races. Follow the fate and sex life of four drivers. We do get every year one of those great big Cinerama spectaculars, and this year it is 'GRAND PRIX'!"

—Judith Crist, N. Y. World Journal Tribune
—Judith Crist on WNBC-TV

"IT'S A TRIBUTE TO THE SUBJECT OF FORMULA

1 AUTO RACING! The rivalry, the tensions, the danger, the joy, the disappointment and authentic, magnificently photographed racing machines!" —Archer Winsten, N. Y. Post

"WHEN YOU WATCH THIS FANTASTIC ACTION FILM YOU ALL BUT DRIVE THE CARS YOURSELF! This is the real thing! It is a flashy, dizzying job of skillful direction, and no racing film has ever approached it for authenticity and excitement!"

—William Wolf, Cue Magazine

"ONE VERTIGINOUS MIRACLE AFTER ANOTHER...gives the audience a ride that makes the old Cinerama roller coaster seem like a surf board on the Sahara!"

—Newsweek Magazine



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LIONPOWER FROM M-G-M 

Perennial War Over Film Titles

By JAMES ROBERT PARISH

(Author of the text below, an attorney, heads New York's Entertainment Title & Copyright Research Co.—Ed.).

An apocryphal story has it that, in the late 1920s, a New York newspaperman researched the titles of then bestselling books to determine which words, if any, were most frequently utilized in the titles. After discovering that the three most-used nouns in titles of successful books were "doctor," "dog" and "Lincoln," the reporter advised a publisher friend to bring out a work entitled "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog." The novel promptly failed.

Nonetheless, Shakespeare's query "What's in a name?" has been answered by publishers, movie producers and tv packagers with "Plenty!" Early on, purveyors of art and commerce discovered that the mass public can be attracted or repelled, or merely influenced, by the tag name which is attached to the product. Today's film producer is searching for a good title for his forthcoming film, must answer questions posed to himself regarding his titling of the work which are similar to questions which the earliest authors must have posed: Will the title help sell the product? Will it differentiate the product from others similar to it (a very different question than the first)? Will it help sell the product?

Good titles, it has been said for decades, should have the quality of revealing content and also carry enough "zip," "zing," and "pizzazz." Attached to the latter point are artistic considerations: the appropriate use in some titles of literary symbols, plays on words, pleasing allusions, etc.

In addition to the above questions, today's businessman/producer must answer equally important questions: Will the title use a suggested title (see infra).

Bad Examples

By and large, most film, video and theatrical production companies do excellent jobs of developing titles. However, cumulative film production listing reveals how many cleverly worded, inventive titles have been offered to the public. To determine how the adroit producer, as a type, has learned to gravitate toward the sharp, adept title, one can learn much from an examination of a few unsuccessful titles...

"Chad Hanna" (even some who had read the Satevepost original serial did not know to whom, or to what, the title referred).

"Holloway" This Universal product released untimely in June (1944), confused the public with a title which had little to do with its contents or to Maugham's original novel.

"Action of the Tiger" (from Britain), carried a label which might have attracted wild animal enthusiasts until word-of-mouth treatment of the plot (Van Johnson rescuing European unfortunates) killed it.

When Josef Von Sternberg completed his John Wayne aviation espionage mishmash "Jet Pilot" in 1950, no one really knows what title scripter-producer Jules Furthman had in mind. By the time Universal released it in October '57, the "Jet Pilot" tag was used. The film's actual content to a public no longer amazed by jet planes per se and the feature met financial disaster. Under its French release title, though (literal translation) "The Spies Have Fun," the film paid off at the boxoffice. "Republ..." its name when released in late '65.

In the decades following the 1909 U.S. Copyright Act, film producers, authors, publishers, and theatre impresarios cared little, if at all, whether their works' titles infringed on previous uses of the same or similar titles. Title rights were infrequent sources of court actions, under the then strictly construed 1909 United States Copyright Act. In tracing the growth and development of the law in this area, as it relates to filmic aspects, one must admit in retrospect that the large amounts of finance capital at stake in production today have contributed greatly to looser contemporary interpretations of

what constitutes unfair, unauthorized use, infringement, invasion, etc. The impact of heavy show biz investment the world over has augured for greater court liberality in protecting the rights of those who have invested money and talent in the high-priced product of today.

That Crowded 'Cabin'

In the early 20th century, gigantic sums were not usually at stake and the law was less sophisticated in the theatrical-cinema law area. The "production race" with two or more companies racing to the wire with the same property and the same title was virtually a commonplace.

One thinks immediately of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was the most flagrantly pirated of titles throughout its 90 years of existence, as play and film. Then there were the Gilbert & Sullivan piracies, too numerous and unabashed to be credited in the present time.

When Charles Bryant shot the film version of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" for '22 release, it is nowhere recorded that the '23 German release, "Nora" made anyone particularly lawsuit-conscious. Even neck and neck races in the same country stimulated few of those responsible: Universal's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared in November '27, three months after United Artists' released "Topsy and Eva." Paramount's "The Woman From Moscow" (November '28) and MGM's "Dream of Love" (December '28) were both based on Victorien Sardou's novel "Fedora"; yet contemporary newspaper accounts only allude to the wounded pride of Paramount's director, Ludwig Berger. Two feature versions of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables" both appeared in '35 under the same title (a domestic production by United Artists-Richard Boleslawski and a French feature by Raymond Bernard). No heated battle ensued either when France's Pierre Chenal made "Crime et Chatiment" and American Josef von Sternberg filmed "Crime and Punishment" both based on the Dostoyevsky novel.

But in the late-30s, a famous decision, the so-called "Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" case (Francis Day & Hunter, Ltd. v. 20th Century-Fox Corp. Ltd.) marked a high-water mark and turning point in the concepts of American copyright law as it applied to the creative, lively arts. As with many milestone decisions, this case marked only the crest of a previous trend, with the reverse flood soon to follow, "The Man" case held that song title and a movie title operated in two separate spheres, and the use of a title in one area had to no effect on its use in the other creative art. Manifestly unfair, "The Man" case helped to set in motion a balancing of interest. Today's courts hold that all the creative arts are tied together, dominant use of a title in the cinema may today preclude the same title's re-utilization in drama, literature, music, radio, tv, etc.

Yet in the 1930s and into our own time, duplicated uses of originals continued apace in the cinema; not so widespread perhaps, and demonstrably on different bases. In France, Maurice Cloche, and in America, Allan A. Kenward, shot version of Daudet's "La Petite Chose" (French version carried the same title, the American, "The Last Lesson") only months apart. But true races on the same property are becoming far rarer, and when they do occur, more widely advertised.

The most recent startling case of biographical twinning was, of course, the Jean Harlow films: Levine-Paramount revealed theirs in December, '61 (shooting began in Feb. '65), while the ElectraVision version began shooting in March '65.

In '56, 20th Century-Fox released its feature "Carousel," based on Ferenc Molnar's play "Liliom" and on the American musical by Rodgers & Hammerstein. Also in '56, Hungarian producer/director Karoly Makk had his "Liliomfi" released and given film festival exposure. 20th had the rights to Molnar's work insofar as this was

possible, yet Molnar was a Hungarian; Makk, his co-national could claim traditional elements in the story if a suit would then have been efficacious. Duplicated films, one of which involves "behind the curtain" production are among the most vexatious titling/content problem situations. A more pointed example followed the release of Helmut Kautner's West German "Der Hauptmann von Köpenick" ('56) based on the Zuckmayer play. Bulgarian director Slatan Dudow, operating in East Germany about a year later, shot a seemingly deliberate and updated parody of the Kautner feature, "Der Hauptmann von Köln," in which the timid felon was updated and politicized into a Nazi general masquerading as a West German felon!

Another defense gone by the boards is that national borders, or more precisely, divergent political systems, mean that duplicated content in features will not result in successful legal actions. In '44, RKO under Robert Wise released a feature "Mademoiselle Fifi," adapted from the de Maupassant short story. And in '44, shortly after the Occupation ended, Christian-Jaque began shooting his "Boule de Suif" part of which derived specifically from the same short story. Neither production team could reasonably have expected to know much about the other's efforts.

So It's 'Unfair'

It is important to realize that, when discussing artistic creation, unfair competition has very little to do with price-cutting, misrepresentation, monopoly, or any of the other elements the public usually associates with this phrase. When the offerer of film, tv, theatrical, novelized, etc. product has no right to the title appended to his merchandise, he will have to acquire that right (by purchase) or be penalized (via the risk of having to pay money damages and/or facing an injunction on the distribution of his product). Courts have become so liberal in protecting product's title that mere publicity of a title may serve to protect it; notices in trade papers, ads, news releases. Nor does a project necessarily have to be completed for its title to become sheltered; notices about working titles are frequently sufficient.

As an example of the notice effect, take the title "Hot Blood." In '53, Columbia had purchased Rooney's fictionalized article "The Crook's Raid" (about leatherjacketed hoods disrupting a California town) and advertised the "Hot Blood" for its forthcoming feature to be based on it. Around Xmas '53, RCA (via a tie-in deal) issued a 45 rpm, four-tune single record within a jacket titled "Hot Blood" and emblazoned with a shot of Marlon Brando berating Mary Murphy. The music inside, not directly from the film's soundtrack, included the film's instrumentals as played by Shorty Rogers. The feature was registered as "Hot Blood" (but MPAA registration usually is little more than a gentlemen's agreement among the members), but released in February '54 as "The Wild One." RCA retitled its record sleeves "The Wild One" and time marched on. Less than two years later, Columbia used the advertised title "Hot Blood" for a Nicholas Ray feature on gypsy love.

The above example, not yet fully detailed, leads to a definition of the second recently important concept, that of dominant use of a title. To be protected under the unfair competition rubric, a producer, firm, original author, releasing organizations here or abroad, distributor and/or exhibitor (all may be interested parties), must show the dominant use of the creative work's title (or specific content: sequence of ideas). A series of qualifications will establish such dominance, among the most important of which are (1) priority of use; (2) constant releases to the trade and/or public of use or intended use; (3) hard and speedy action against would-be users of the same or related titles; (4) maintenance of use, via re-runs, TV re-runs, recording exposure,

TV Compounds Title Confusion

With the advent of television syndication and the general appearance on the home tube of vintage theatrical features the question of titles has been greatly clouded. Broadcasters and advertisers unhesitatingly alter the original release titles of the Hollywood producer (and of the import) just as film producers unhesitatingly alter the book publisher's choice, while everyone feels free to tamper with the author's own title as hopefully inscribed on the manuscript. Here are instances of theatrical titles as switched for the air:

TITLE	FEATURE USAGE (most recent)	TV USAGE
"GUEST IN THE HOUSE"	'44, UA	"Alcoa Premiere" '62
"MASQUERADE"	'65, UA	"The Barron" '66
"A SHOT IN THE DARK"	'65, UA/Mirisch	"Five Fingers" '59
"ACT OF VIOLENCE"	'48, MGM	"For the People" '65
"ESCAPE"	'40, MGM	"For the People" '65
"PARTY GIRL"	'58, MGM	"GE Theatre" '62
"THE HOOK"	'63, MGM	"The Nurses" '62
"THE SETUP"	'49, RKO	"The Saint" '64
"THE HITCHHIKER"	'53, RKO	"Twilight Zone" '60
"THE AVENGERS"	'50, Republic	"Series title" '63-'66
"THE SISTERS"	'38, WB	"Danger Man" '61

8-Millimeter 'Threat'

Commercial Industry Survived All Changes Of Past and Presumably Never More Sanguine —Meanwhile Narrow-Narrow 'Booms'

By JAMES L. LIMBACHER

(Pres. Educational Film Library Assn.)

Motion pictures, as well as its allied industries, have survived many crises over the last 70 years and in each case, the medium has become stronger because of them. Radio was thought certain to kill the habit of moviegoing altogether. For a few depression-haunted years, things looked bad. But stay-at-home habits lifted.

More or less simultaneously sound pictures threatened to kill the beauty of the visual image, to photograph the theatre, but in the end the films became "mobile" again and now shoot and show everywhere.

Then television came along. But widescreens, stereophonic sound, new art houses and newly-built scaled-down theatres reasserted cinema leadership. Latterly films which lost money in theatrical release often recouped when sold for television syndication.

Having nothing more consequential to blame their troubles on, the industry even wagged the accusing finger at the 16mm field. It insisted that the small-gauge film was ruining business until it was discovered that 16mm films were creating a more intelligent viewing public. Not that the 16mm issue was dropped. Exhibitors love to gripe too much!

And so it goes. But the industry is now facing a new "threat"—one which may panic the industry for a while before it survives again.

The Midget Film

This time the threat is the midget of them all—8mm film. And in a few years, its development may change the moviegoing pattern again.

What does 8mm film have that 16mm and 35mm do not? The answer is, nothing. In fact, it lacks most of the attractive attributes of the other two film gauges in almost every respect. Yet it is going to

published port-facto novelizations, trade paper chatter, etc.

Some producers apparently feel that distance lends both enchantment and protection. Re the latter advantage, they are certainly wrong when they believe that since a film has been shot in a different country, copyright protection does not exist and other legal remedies are unavailable. Admittedly, the problems presented are trickier. However, even though a work may be in the public domain in the United States, it may have foreign protection under the International Copyright Convention (Berne) with which the U.S. has reciprocal treaties with many member countries, although not a member, or under the Universal Copyright Convention under which most nations, including the U.S., are members. And, while a basic work may be in the public domain, a theatrical film or tv adaptation may be protected under good and outstanding copyright. And differences of national origin or of medium employed scarcely ever affect the title of a work's legal status or the protection which it enjoys. Differences of national origin or medium make more puzzles for would-be users and for title search companies, though.

have a great effect on the entire film business.

The 8mm film is the tiniest motion picture film in captivity and has for nearly 30 years been used by families to record their vacations, their children growing up and special occasions in their lives. Armed with a small 8mm movie camera and a matching projector, a family could also buy a few Charlie Chaplin comedies and some ready-made travelogs to supplement their home-made movie programs.

Times Have Changed

But now 8mm has gone legitimate and in just two years it has become the most talked-about film size of the sixties. Not only has 8mm been invaluable to the home movie-maker, but it has now invaded the school, the college, the church and the public library.

Whereas the above-mentioned groups have previously limited themselves almost exclusively to 16mm, now 8mm is giving the 16mm gauge a run for its money. Some of the reasons are:

- (1) Its size is such that a half-hour silent 8mm film can be put on a 7-inch reel, the same size as a regular reel of recording tape.
- (2) Reels of 8mm film can be stored on regular book shelves and easily marked for quick reference and use.
- (3) 8mm film stock costs only about a third as much as 16mm and only one-tenth that of 35mm.
- (4) Projectors cost only about one-half that of a 16mm projector.
- (5) Both camera and projector are so light that they can be carried by anyone without effort.
- (6) For the first time, really worthwhile films are being brought out in 8mm.
- (7) Recent developments have introduced both magnetic and optical 8mm sound films, Super 8 film and Format M.

These reasons make 8mm films ready to compete with its sire, 16mm. If 16mm was the stepchild of the theatrical film, then 8mm was definitely the orphan—until now.

Libraries Developing

In 1966, dozens of public libraries opened 8mm film rental collections for their borrowers and the response has been overwhelming, indicating a renewed interest in the small movie film.

Film distributors are beginning to make new prints in the Super 8 size as well as the conventional 8. Business is beginning to boom. Such companies as Columbia, Universal and some independent studios are distributing 8mm condensed versions of their most popular silent and sound films.

It is said that within a few years that a family can go to the supermarket and buy a Hollywood feature film in a cardboard cartridge, take it home, show it and toss it away after showing.

An unbreakable film has already been developed which will eliminate splicing and breaking, thus keeping projection difficulties to a minimum.

So you think the theatrical film industry has had troubles before? It's only the beginning. But what do you want to bet that the industry comes out stronger than ever before? It always has.

ONE OUT
OF EVERY **12** AMERICANS
HAS SEEN

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

SINCE ITS WORLD PREMIERE
1 YEAR AGO

During that time:

"Doctor Zhivago" received six Academy Awards—more than any other film this year.

Around the world, "Zhivago" established itself as a hit in the truly grand manner—to the tune of over \$40,000,000 at the box office to date.

The "Zhivago" music, featuring "Lara's Theme," became the number one album in the country.

The fashions designed for this great film have had an international impact—the world is wearing the "Zhivago" look.

When it opened, "Doctor Zhivago" was hailed by critics as a film masterpiece. Today after a full year it still continues to cause an incredible outpouring of editorial comment from the world's press, calling it "Not just a motion picture, but an experience—an experience that shouldn't be missed."



AND NOW
THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR STARTS ITS **2**ND YEAR!
LIONPOWER FROM M·G·M 

The Chicago Art Film: R.I.P.

By RON WISE

Chicago.

The recent sale of the Town Theatre by Chuck Teitel to the Ross Theatre chain, and its subsequent transformation from art to a sexploitation-burlesque operation, somehow brings into sharp focus the irrefutable and disconcerting situation that has been becoming increasingly more apparent in the last two years. Except for the major, highly touted foreign product, the art market has become almost extinct in Chicago. Like the whooping crane whose numbers are dwindling, the quantity of the once high-flying art theatre, which had numbered over a dozen a few years ago, has waned until only one major first-run theatre, the Playboy, remains.

Perhaps it's because Teitel, whose father, Abe, brought the first foreign film—"A Nous La Liberté"—to Chicago in 1933, has sold two of his three art theatres in the last year that makes the situation seem so gloomy for the small art film. Other factors which illustrate the art market's decline here include the fact that the Esquire Theatre, recently acquired by the Walter Reade chain, and once the top art spot in town, has been mixing its product from Doris Day to "Alfie" and will go hardticket at the end of January, and that Oscar Brotman interrupted the run of "Dear John" in mid-stream so he could bring "Wild Angels" to his Loop Theatre.

Shut Out

Moreover, Teitel has generally turned his remaining theatre, the World Playhouse, into an exploitation house since the small scale art picture stopped scoring at the boxoffice. The other first-run art theatre, the Cinema, can't compete financially for the major product, and although it maintains its art image and caters to an art oriented clientele, it goes astray from time to time, and frequently hits the reissue trail, finding that the small film is becoming harder to make money with.

Many of the theatres which for a number of years made the art film business their exclusive property, have turned to lucrative exploitation product to keep the wickets spinning. Ross Theatres tried to keep the Town as an art house, but after losing \$2,000 a week for a couple of months, they brought in a bump 'n' grind-sexploitation policy.

Debate Theme

Exactly why the small art film no longer can make it hereabouts is a frequently argued subject. With some regularity the dailies' amusement scribes stoke up a fire, questioning why the New York citizenry can see the many art pics that have never been shown in the Windy City. The exhibitors have a simple reply. Art film patriotism is admirable, but it's not worth going out of business for.

The large theatre chains have discovered that there is plenty of coin to be made with major art pictures. These are the same films that the art exhibitor counted on to put him in the black when the smaller pics were registering shaky returns. Now, however, the competition for the bonanza art film is so great that the 450-seater can't afford the large guarantees demanded by the distributors.

Also, many of the subjects normally associated with art product have been absorbed by the American filmmakers, and the pure "art film" is becoming harder to define. Oscar Brotman, prexy of Brotman-Sherman Theatres, has been saying for some time that there is no longer such an animal as an art film, only discriminating patrons.

If things were not bad enough for the diminishing art film devotee, the Brotman-Sherman Carnegie Theatre, a major first-run art outlet, was knocked out last summer by a fire and probably won't get going again until late spring, and their Loop Theatre generally goes where the action appears to be, whether it be art or more commercial product.

When the Carnegie reopens, Brotman says he will again operate it with an art policy. But as in the past, he'll only go after the big pic. He maintains that the

little art film has become so difficult to publicize that running small foreign pictures in Chicago can only lead to a financial disaster. "The high cost of advertising films in a major market prohibits this sort of endeavor and only the major art product is a worthwhile investment," Brotman said.

Angles

Over this point Teitel and Brotman are in complete accord. Teitel, before selling the Town Theatre, made one last attempt to revive the Chicago art market. He initiated a cinematheque, a series of first-run art films which had never been screened in Chicago. The results were far from satisfactory. For a couple of months the cinematheque limped along, and finally, discouraged with the communities' obvious lack of interest, Teitel terminated the program and sold the theatre. He blames much of the small art theatre's problems on the large houses, who, hot for a winner, offer more competition than the small houses can withstand.

With the Carnegie out of action, and the other theatres grazing in economically greener pastures, the Playboy Theatre has risen as the major art house in Chicago. Its rise, however, was not merely one of luck. When Playboy took over the erstwhile Surf Theatre from H&E Balaban, the house's business had been on a decline for some time.

Playboy's first year as an exhibitor was no bed of roses; the theatre lost over \$100,000. Patrons didn't seem to know whether it was only for members of the Playboy club, or what to expect from it.

When Frank Atlass became director of entertainment for Playboy, he set about gathering the remains of the Chicago art audience, and started a rebuilding program. Clearly his plan has paid off because the theatre has been operating in the black, and has

apparently developed a large and reasonably loyal audience.

Like Brotman and Teitel, Atlass stays away from the small foreign picture and goes after the major art product. With Playboy's considerable financial he is able to compete with the large theatres and chains for product, and this has undoubtedly been the difference between success and failure.

Henry and Richard Stern's Cinema Theatre has had some success with the small art films, but the days of a blockbuster falling into their hands, such as "David And Lisa" and "Lord Of The Flies," which were two of their most successful engagements, have probably ended. With a reasonable, though limited, budget they manage to maintain their art image, but have not had the "big winner" they obviously look for in several years. The large theatres carefully watch the art market, and are quick to pick up the scent of a potential winner.

Perhaps sometime in the future the small foreign pic will again enjoy some popularity in Chicago. The Kohlberg Theatre chain plans to open an art house on the near north side around the first of the year, and they may be able to engender some interest in the little art film. The theatres that ditched their policies for the exploitation market hope so, as do the films distributors. Now all they need on their side are the customers.

Brother of Ripples Sets Son of Lynch in Job

Albany.

Frank Lynch, Metro salesman in the Albany territory, became branch manager on Jan. 1, succeeding the retiring Ralph Ripples.

Herman L. Ripples, assistant general sales manager for MGM and older brother of Ralph, revealed the promotion of Lynch, during a visit of the former to this city. He described Lynch as "the popular choice of all."

Lynch, son of George V. Lynch, who served as chief buyer for the Schine Circuit over a 35-year period, has been active in distribution for two decades.

Noel Coward Tops the Bombs

By GERARD WILLEM VAN LOON

(Theatre Correspondent - Die Buhne - Vienna, Austria)

In wartime London we double-dated...with a difference. As one never could be sure that a certain restaurant or theatre would still be standing at the time appointed, it was standard operating procedure to say, "Meet me at the... or the...!" But meet we did and dine out we did and though the theatres looked like ominous warehouses from the outside, inside it was business as usual with lights aglow and all the advertised stars on hand to go through their paces. (New York actors please copy!)

There was a delightfully conspiratorial hands-across-the-footlights atmosphere about theatre-going then for, if the air-raid sirens went off during a performance, neither we nor the actors knew for certain that we would have a bed to go home to or, for that matter, we would ever leave that particular theatre again. But what better place from which to go to heaven than from a seat in the stalls while the actors were spouting Cowardisms? And what plays could have served us better than "Blithe Spirit" or "Private Lives"? Noel Coward was the man of that "finest hour" and we loved him for it. As a matter of fact, it was while attending both of these plays that I came close to giving my mother that gold star for the livingroom window.

The R.A.F. having made it too hot for them, the Nazi bombers eventually "went off the air." The "live" raids ceased but quiet children, as the saying goes, are up to no good and, sure enough, early in 1944 those inventive Germans turned up with something new to "civilized" warfare, Vergeltungswaffen—retaliatory weapons—of two different, yet equally disconcerting sorts. The V-1's or buzz-bombs, as the first ones were called, were engine-powered artillery shells which winged their way across the channel with just

enough fuel to carry them to London where the motor would cut out and they would drop, war-head first. You could hear them coming as plainly as an outboard motor on a quiet lake.

Breath-Holding

Being thus forewarned, you would stop in your tracks and, if on the street, watch them until they passed from view. If indoors, you simply held your breath and hoped the snarling motor didn't stop till it was out of ear-shot. If it did, you waited for the crash knowing that if you heard it you hadn't "had it" and that was that.

Air-raid alarms having become ridiculous, they were discontinued "for the duration." We lived under a perpetual alert, developed very acute hearing and, assuming the sang-froid of our British cousins, went on working and playing and double-dating as before. So there we were, sitting at a delightful revival of "Blithe Spirit" at the Piccadilly Theatre when, half way through Act 1, the tell-tale snarl of an approaching V-1 became increasingly, menacingly audible...to us all. At this point Cecil Parker, playing Charles Condomine, turned to Margaret Ruthenford, playing Madame Arcati, and said as cheerfully as Coward would have him do, "Well, Madame Arcati, the time is drawing near." A gasp swept across the footlights and splashed back again. Everyone froze and listened in a state of total inanimation while the noise of the buzz-bomb reverberated through the roof of the theatre. But the motor didn't stop and, with the vast aplomb of the trouper she is, Miss Ruthenford delivered her next line on cue, "Who knows? It may be receding." "How very true," countered Parker and stopped the show. Audience and actor burst into uncontrolled, hysterical laughter followed by deafening applause.

Ramps Visible

From the Germans' point of view the V-1's had one distinct drawback. Their launching sites—huge cement ramps—were plainly visible from the air, which our flyers controlled, and were soon put out of commission. But the Nazis had a second trick up their sleeves, a rocket, or V-2, which could be shot vertically into the stratosphere from a metal platform which could be folded up like a bed-board in segments and quickly carted away. These nasty projectiles would come plummeting down without warning and would have done much more harm if many of them hadn't overheated on their earthward plunge and exploded in midair, causing a terrific bang but only shattering a few windows. How many actually landed and to what effect was a closely guarded secret at the time, so closely that few people in this country ever knew what we were going through but let me sum it up in one word even the understated British would agree to—enough!

Nevertheless, we still double-dated and so this time we were in the Apollo Theatre at a merry revival of "Private Lives" starring Kay Hammond and John Clements as Amanda and Elyot. It was Noel Coward's happy conceit that, in order to cut short their bickering before it got out of hand, one or the other of this domestic duo would say, "Solomon-Isaacs"—shortened to "Sollocks"—after which they would not speak until one of them thought of something uncontroversial to get the conversation going again. Talk of pregnant silences! Having built themselves up to an Act II frenzy, John Clements had just yelled, "Oh my dear, Sollocks! Sollocks!"—two minutes—Sollocks," and Kay Hammond had interjected a "But!" which was cut short by a repeated "Sollocks" when there was a mighty thunderclap that raised us all from our seats. Right over the theatre—or so it seemed—a V-2 prematurely exploded with a concussive roar. For one tense moment no one moved but then, with all the composure in the world, John Clements took a cigarette, handed one to Kay Hammond, lit them both, she rose—giving no sign that her knees were shaking—and walked to the window.

POST-MORTEM OF 1966

By AL STILLMAN

The Hawk disputes the Dove again.
Rocky is the Gov. again.
Another campaign pledge was broken
When they upped the subway token.
The Astor closed on a solemn note.
(Did the lady ever find her coat?)

Opinion on "Papa Hemingway" varies
From "highly factual" to Miss Mary's.
The Journal-Trib.-World-Telly-Sun
Gets you five for the price of one.
From England, where the Purists live,
Came the Double Negative:
"You didn't do nothin'" was the strong
Reproach to that "Cathedral" gong.

The Senator (Dirksen) will not yield
To anyone in the recording field.
Quite a few ladies around this town
Have beautiful profiles all the way down.

Frankie and Mia saw the light,—
He was her man, and he done her right.
Justice Douglas one might call
The Supreme Courtier of them all.

Uneasy lies an announcer's head:
First it was Mel and now it's Red.
So no one needed extra hankies
When Ballantine divorced the Yankees.

Above the town the foul air hung.
Invading many a luckless lung.
Misquoting what the poet said:
"Breathe there the man and he is dead."
What dirty work, alas! hath crept
Into the Sanitation Dept.?

For couples strolling hand in hand,
Sunday in Central Park is grand,
Especially for those who like
To get run over by a bike.

Movie censorship is dead:
Foreign films are laid in bed.
Sexy love is fine, albeit
I would rather make than see it.

Seated alone at the radio,
I was weary and sick-at-soul,
'Cause all I got
Was talk (a lot),
When I didn't get rock-'n'-roll.

You voted Yes to defeat it,

And No to let it slay;
So it's Yes, we have no Review Board,
We have no Review Board today.

That "Man of La Mancha" song
Was with us far too long;
You turned the set off, or
You bore the unbearable bore.

Off-track betting "came up" again.
We lost the Davis Cup again.
"Breakfast at Tiffany's" brought new furrows.
To the brow of Abram Burrows.
As for David Merrick, well, he
Had himself another "Kelly."

Our Peerless Leader lost his head
Over things that Nixon said,
While Governor Romney on "Meet the Press"
Said: "Yes-and-no" and "No-and-yes."
Proving that he owes a lot
To dauntless Mr. Arbutnot.

The shorter skirt lengths, in my book,
Created the Ungainly Look.
Nine ears were pleased, though badly bent,
By the jingle landing Kent.
My favorite Bard of Now and Yore,
In every store from shore to shore.
Is Ogden Nash of Baltimore.

Strange are the ways of men and mice:
Even Lindsay had his Price.
Ralph Nader filled a pressing need
By writing "Unsafe At Any Speed."
The look he took was pretty dim,
So General Motors shadowed him.

Lindsay was sworn in.—Wagner's gone;
John was sworn at later on.
King Faisal aired in interviews
His delicate feelings toward the Jews.
In "Mandrill" Machiavelli
Exposed, as so much vermicelli,
His world, plus many a buxom belly.

When Aqueduct closed December 10
I got back on my feet again,
Though I was standing on a crater
Till Roosevelt shuttered five days later.
The Shoe had a streak of 30 losers,
Turning teetotalers into boozers.

The world was in a hellish fix
In nineteen hundred and sixty six,
And don't expect to find it heaven
In nineteen hundred and sixty seven.

AUSTRALIA'S HOKEY FILM BOFFS, AND THAT'S NEWS

By KEITH H. MOREMON

(Executive Director, Greater Union Organization)

Sydney. The lasting values of the motion picture, after its painful 10-year testing period in competition with television, are now unquestionably exemplified by the 1966 series of unqualified successes in every key situation throughout Australia.

Press, radio and video, impressed by the wave of public response to quality cinema, have now returned to their former attitude of regarding motion pictures as prime newsworthy subjects for daily coverage.

This "about-face" has not come about simply by chance. There is nothing fortuitous about it whatever. Nor should it be regarded as natural phenomena. It is the outcome of the unflagging efforts and determination of distributor-exhibitor forces, united in common purpose and motivated by a realistic awareness of what is required and must be done to bring the industry in Australia back on to a firm footing.

Inherent in this, and undoubtedly the prime element contributing to the success of our efforts in this country, have been the revised, streamlined and updated marketing methods evolved in order to attain maximum penetration prior to initial key-release of top-line product.

'They're A Weird Mob'

Probably no finer example of this is the recent campaign instituted by the joint marketing personnel of the Greater Union Organization's own distribution and exhibition divisions, working as a single team on behalf of an Australian-made comedy feature, "They're A Weird Mob."

This is not a multi-million-dollar blockbuster. It has no pretensions of greatness in the sense of being a classic masterpiece. It does, however, pack a full measure of colloquial humor to send audiences away satisfied they have got their full money's worth.

In the light of this, for a locally-made low-budget production to smash every known attendance and box office record in every capital city and country centre wherever played, must surely be regarded as irrefutable proof of the rewards of virile, ultra-modern salesmanship.

At a time when our own industry, worldwide, has come to assess the large-capacity flagship theatres as outmoded liabilities, the campaign which preceded and launched "They're A Weird Mob" taxed the Sydney State Theatre's 2,500 capacity four sessions daily and rang up new alltime records for attendances, boxoffice takings and length of run, eclipsing every other record since this house first opened in 1929.

How? By careful planning, first-class organization, experienced know-how and the confident enthusiasm which is inherent in showmen who believe in their merchandise and are prepared to back their own judgment and resourcefulness.

Working as a close-knit team, my own organization's distribution division, British Empire Films, together with the Greater Union Theatre Circuit Division, chalked up over 6,000 inches of free editorial space in the national dailies in six States prior to the actual premiere release.

Became 'Hot'

Almost overnight the film became front-page news. One cleverly-baited competition alone netted daily free pictorial and editorial spreads every day for six weeks in the principal daily city press.

A positive flood of national rotogravure magazine free space was engineered concurrently, as much as eight pages in one issue, including pictorial, text and color cover.

All national and regional commercial television and radio stations were geared into the campaign in all States by means of personal appearances of director, players and scripter. These included not only off-the-cuff interviews but also an hour-long tv specta-

cular relay programme beamed live from studio and on location. It would indeed be well-nigh impossible to equate this pre-release coverage in terms of bought space. Certainly it was far beyond the combined financial resources of producer-distributor-exhibitor interests if bought at ruling rates.

This marketing campaign culminated in a brilliant series of vice-regal and society premieres in all capital cities, attended by State Governors, the Prime Minister, heads of State and prominent celebrities. In turn, these premieres sparked off another great wave of press-tv-radio coverage, adding up to many more thousands of dollars worth of free space and airtime.

I make no apology for instancing this particular marketing achievement by Australian showmen as represented by the distribution and exhibition divisions of the Greater Union Organisation. It is a success story the entire industry can share with equal pride.

Under no circumstances should it be regarded as a "freak" result. Rather it represents and brings into sharp focus the tremendous latent potential of the motion picture in this market as an integral element of today's new pattern of community living.

We have learned how to profit from the painful tests and setbacks of the past. The future will be as good as we resolve to make it, knowing that nothing is beyond our capacity. That is the guiding philosophy of The Greater Union Organisation, for nearly sixty years the largest "selling force" within the motion picture industry in Australia.

MARCIA BORIE FRONTS WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB

Hollywood.

Hollywood Women's Press Club has elected the following officers for 1967: president, Marcia Borie; vice president in charge of membership, Helen Itria; vice president in charge of programs, Dora Albert; treasurer, Melvina Pumphrey; recording secretary, Peggy McNaught; corresponding secretary, Rae Lynn, and the following members of the Board of Directors: Betty Goode, Pat Campbell, Ann Straus, and Ivy Wilson.

'Cruelty'

Continued from page 3

fisticuffs, and cops rushed across the stage chasing rioters. "A Night at the Opera" with the Marx Bros. did it first, but funnier.

Incidents continued throughout the run of the play, including parachuting live mice and stenchbombs—encouraged without doubt by the extreme leniency of French police to potential or actual troublemakers. None of that concern for those who "shout fire in a crowded theatre" in this country.

Theatre of Cruelty

Antonin Artaud, France's most original theoretician of legit, introduced the Theatre of Cruelty, which was supposed to represent an assault upon the audience. But Artaud thought that the actors would be assaulters, not the victims.

The way to go to the theatre here is in a gasmask and crash helmet. Some wives no longer go along to controversial plays, so one must bring a brave (or an unsuspecting) friend. Some get their kicks from Alitalia package safari charter flights, some enlist as Congo mercenaries but it is cheaper to come to Paris despite cheating taxidrivers. It's gotten to the point that it's news when a controversial play can be given without a riot, and newspaper report calm nights as exceptional news events.

Even the Comedie Francaise isn't spared. A play by Jacques Audberti (because it's only 50 years behind the times instead of 100) will shock the traditional Comedie subscription audience to the point of shouting down the actors.

DEMILLE: MAN AND MYTH

He Demanded a Lot From His Crew But Showed Unique Appreciation—Could It Be That His Innate Respect for Scripture Made His Biblicals Successful Where Others Have Faltered at the Boxoffice?

By ART ARTHUR

Hollywood.

To me, Cecil B. DeMille was Hollywood's best known unknown. No one in show business ever operated over a long period of time in a hotter spotlight. And no one on the Hollywood scene ever contradicted his own legends more consistently than he did as you got to know him better and better.

I joined his staff with one hand on the ripcord. As he related in his autobiography, I didn't want the job—and had to be persuaded to take it. I had heard that he was a man-eater. At the first opportunity I said to him, "Mr. DeMille, I want you to know that my respect for you is exceeded only by my respect for myself." He looked at me baffled, as if wondering how it could be otherwise. I thought I'd test him again when he wasn't satisfied with something I had written and asked me to rewrite it. He read the rewrite, nodded, and said, "That's better." I said, "You mean even better." He loved it.

'Yes Men' Come Cheap

Naturally, I was aware of the "yes man" legend. I had challenged it on several notable occasions—and found it wasn't so. I asked him about it. He snorted, "I can get 'yes men' for a great deal less than I pay people around here." Then he added, "Including you!" What else could I say but "yes."

He could be formidable—but no question about it. But I saw secretaries tame him with a single twinkle of humor. My favorite anecdote about him, which has never before been in print, stemmed from his determination to have quiet on the set. He had explained to me the reason for his stern insistence—the hub-hub on a large set could make it necessary to shout even the most simple instruction to an actor only a few feet away. And he was impartial in banishing violators of the call for "quiet." Once he ordered his own daughter off the set for talking after quiet has been requested during a rehearsal. Another time it was Hedda Hopper.

It was against this background that he found himself one day with a few minutes to spare between camera set-ups—and unexpectedly decided to go to his office, where he seldom appeared during "shooting" hours. I was walking with him as he entered the long corridor of the DeMille bungalow, and started for his office at the other end. Doris Turner, one of his secretaries, looked up in utter astonishment—then couldn't resist it. She asked, "What happened, Mr. DeMille? Did you talk on the set?"

Won 11, Got 3 Oscars

He could appreciate wit—and display it himself with Shavian skill. I once asked him how many Oscars he had won. "Eleven," he answered, "but they only gave me three." And there was the night he was honored with the Milestone Award by the Screen Producers Guild. At the climax, the stars who had worked for him stood up, one by one—until the entire ballroom seemed filled with glamorous standees. As the last introduction was made, every eye turned toward Mr. DeMille for his sentimental acknowledgement. He said, "I want to thank each and every one of you with all my heart for your great patience with me over the years." A vibrant second passed—and then the place rocked as he added dryly, "Exceeded only by my patience with you."

One of his veteran crew members was asked if C.B. was as tough to work for as people said. He answered, "Not at all. All he wants is absolute perfection—and a good day's work." He paused, thought about it and continued, "A very good day's work."

But that same crew member was on the list of people who were

called together—completely out of the blue—as "The Ten Commandments" was reaching completion. The Old Man had something he wanted to tell them. He had personally observed that each and every one present had worked far and beyond the call of duty. He had, therefore, decided to give each of them a unique type of raise—a percentage of his percentage of the picture's profits!

Since that day each member of the group—cameramen, film editors, set decorators, script girls, publicists, whatever—has received sizeable sums that, in some instances, total five figures. But it wasn't the amount that counted. Chico Day, an assistant director, said it for the group: "Listen—even if it was only one buck—it's still one buck more than anybody else in show business ever did."

There was the persistent rap that his only interest in the Bible was a buck—that the only reason he made films about the Bible was because they were highly profitable. The most recent snide repetition of this was, as I recall, in Esquire.

The legend-fosterers probably never knew that when he proposed his first film with a Biblical background, he was told, "Nobody wants to see a picture about people running around wearing bed-sheets." He went ahead anyway. In a few weeks, he had put more than a million dollars into the first "The Ten Commandments"—and still it wasn't finished. The word came from New York to suspend production, that he must have lost his mind. No producer had ever spent that much on anything. He was out on the loneliest of limbs. He answered by pledging everything he had—and offering to buy the picture back. It was an unprecedented act of faith. He was allowed to proceed.

The same detractors also ignore the fact that he made not one but two tremendously successful biblical films from which he took not a penny of what would have been his personal profit—the original "King of Kings" and the second "The Ten Commandments."

The truth was that DeMille was a deeply religious man, whose father had been a lay minister (as well as a playwright), and who was raised with the Bible as part of his daily life. He put a far higher premium on faith than on dogma. But belief was there. His personal faith in the Bible is what constituted the basic difference between the success of the films he made about the Bible and the failure of so many Biblical films made by others.

I saw this best illustrated as I watched the response of audience after audience to the scene in "The Ten Commandments" when the Voice of God is heard by Moses for the first time. Some scoffed—but to many others it was a profoundly moving experience, reaching to their deepest religious roots. What made it so moving to so many was that the scene had been just as deeply meaningful and moving to the man who put it up there on the screen—and they sensed it.

That single scene of humility and revelation, in my possibly-knowledgeable opinion, had more to do with the tremendous popular success of "The Ten Commandments" than the vast scenes of spectacle so many others would cite so quickly—the parting of the Red Sea and the Exodus among them.

A Clicking Sound

This was the scene which first confronted us with the Crisis of the Sound Track Clicks. It's an odd story—but it left no further doubt about the scene's emotional strength and meaning. Unlike so many producers, DeMille did not sit in the middle of the audience at the first vital screenings of any of his films. Instead, he would

walk some two thirds of the way down the far aisle, turn and stand—unseen in the wall shadows—where he could watch the faces of the audiences. He knew every frame of what was up on the screen—and saw no need to watch that. It was the audience faces and reactions that he wanted to watch. I had adopted the same technique—in the far aisle on the other side of the house.

After the first New York screenings at the Criterion, we were both disturbed about the same thing—strange clicking noises in the sound during the "Voice of God" scene. We had heard them before in Salt Lake City—but thought the sound had been corrected. Charlie Moss had just installed brand new sound equipment in his theatre. He was positive there was no defect there. The film itself was checked. No clicking sounds. Yet—at the very next screening—we heard them again. And at the screening after that. Then the mystery was solved as one of us noticed a woman make a small private gesture in the shadows of her seat. Standing close by in the aisle, we were hearing a sound that was not coming from the screen at all. As the emotional impact of the scene took effect, many women were seeking their handkerchiefs. The faint clicking sounds which had puzzled us so much came as they snapped open their purses.

The Board of Education in a Los Angeles suburb decided that they wanted to name a new school after Mr. DeMille but one thing made them pause. They knew about his conflict with labor chiefs stemming from his refusal to pay a political union assessment. They were afraid that the local labor leaders would veto any proposal to honor DeMille.

Because I had the confidence of friends on the labor side, I agreed to explore the matter in a very quiet way. Finally I was talking to the top labor voice in the area. "Name a school after Cecil B. DeMille?" he told me. "Sure. He's a helluva fighter for his principles—and a great American. They couldn't pick anybody better. Tell them to go ahead—there'll be no squawk from us. But, Art, just one other thing..." And then came the part that explains why legends so often obscure truth. "Don't ever," he added, "say we said so!" I guess it's safe to mention it now without the name.

But the greatest contrast of them all was between the popular Hollywood impression of him as a sort of two-gun General Patton of picture-makers and the man himself in any personal meeting. He had an old-fashioned gallantry and courtliness which was the absolute opposite of what people expected.

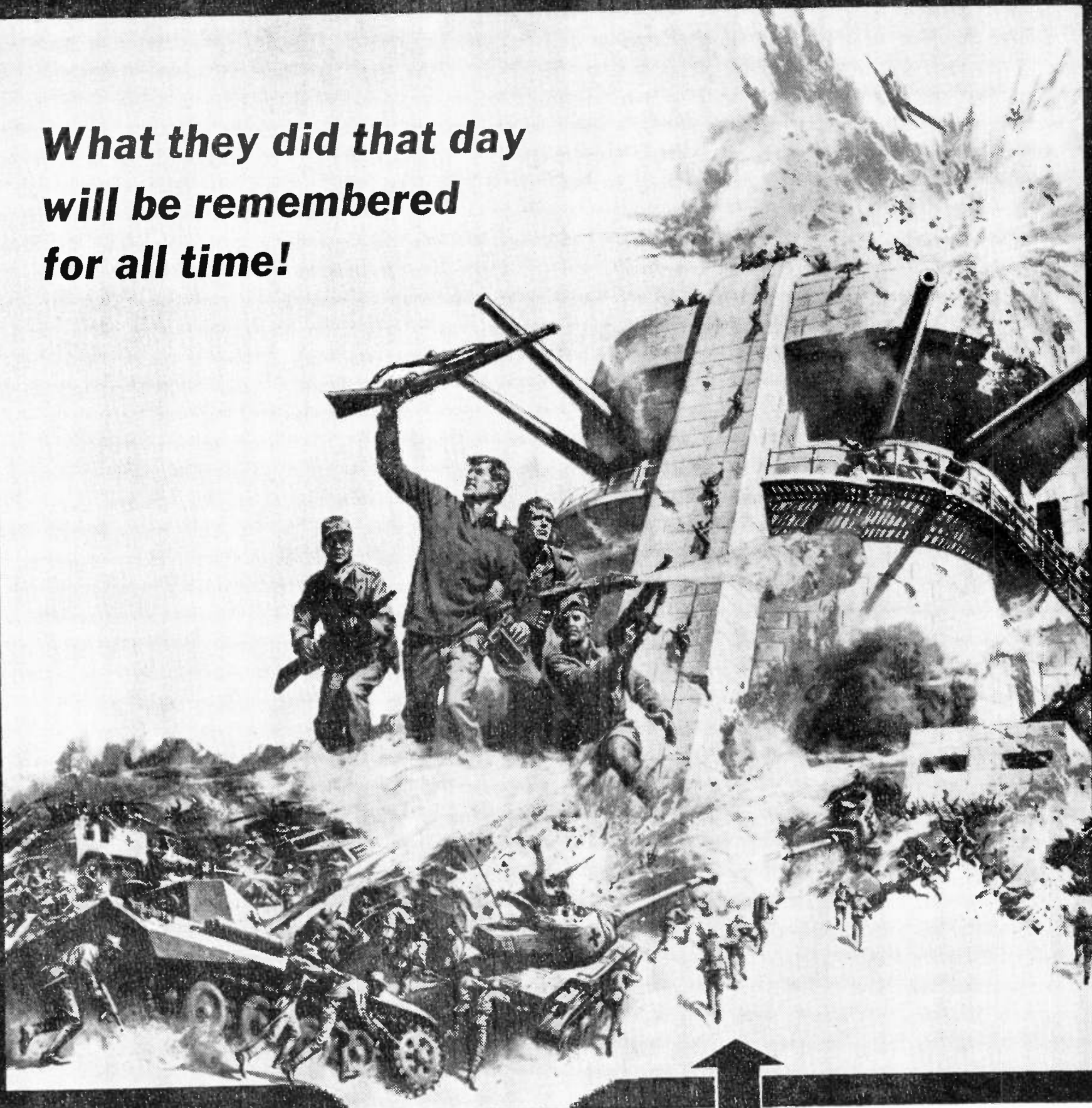
My entire family was completely enchanted by him from the first time they met. And he seldom overlooked any of the niceties. My wife's birthday and his were just one day apart—both were "Leos" on the astrologers' charts. Invariably, he remembered to send her flowers—and with a charming personal note. One year, the note said: "I wonder if Art knows how lucky he is to have a Leo at the office as well as at home." By then—I knew...

Showman McGlone Stays On Columbus 'Reviewers'

Columbus, O.

Ed McGlone, manager of RKO Palace, sole industry representative on the Columbus film review board, was among members reappointed by City Council. Councilman James Baumann took exception to the reappointment of lawyer Victor Goodman but Goodman was renamed anyhow. Baumann said that Goodman's clients included local burlesque interests.

**What they did that day
will be remembered
for all time!**



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POOL, MY DAD, AND SHOW BIZ

By RICHARD GEHMAN

Man always returns to his roots, the poets and anthropologists and sociologists and even some of the more perceptive preachers say, and I suppose it's true. I've returned to mine. Although most of my past 20 years have been spent listening to people in show biz tell about their unhappy childhoods, and trying to write these tales in a coherent manner that would not embarrass them (although it might, perhaps nettlesome), I always have had the desire to return to my roots, which were far less glamorous than the world I have been trying to chronicle.

I was born over a poolroom in Lancaster, Pa., in 1921. My father ran the record department of a music store there, a firm called Kirk Johnson & Co., probably the biggest music store in east-central Pennsylvania. But it always seemed to me, especially as I got older, that he ran that music store with his left hand when that particular hand was not making a bridge for the right hand to shoot a ball into a hole on one of the tables in the poolroom downstairs.

One of my earliest memories has to do with my mother sending me, when I was about two and one-half, down to haul Dad out of the poolroom, which was operated by a pleasant family of Greeks named Hampilos. It was no big father-dear-father scene. Indeed, the old man mainly said things like, "Be quiet, boy. Bucky's going to make a shot now." He sat there solemnly, stick in hand like a scepter, frowning at the positions of the hallowed balls, waiting his turn. I used to have to climb on a chair to watch him. When I did get to see him play, it was something to see. The old man had come out of the country; he was born in a house near Beartown, Pa., which is in the Welsh Mountains. I suppose that when he first went to work for Kirk Johnson & Co. he had time on his hands in the evenings, and gravitated toward the Hampilos poolroom because that was where the action was. He was—and still is—wiry, agile, and businesslike about the game. They (the fellows who hang around the room) have told me that he once beat the great Ralph Greenleaf. Dad says, "Ha!" I never beat him. But once I gave him a pretty fair game."

Gleason—the fat one, not the oldtime skinny film star—and I have done a number of pieces about pool for magazines. I write them and send them on to Jackie, and if he approves of them we publish them. "Where the hell did I ever learn so much about the history of pool?" Dr. Lard once inquired. "From my father," I said. My Dad knows everything there is to be known about the sport. He hardly ever plays pocket billiards any more. Today he sticks to straight billiards, the three-ball game, and in a city as small as Lancaster (pop. around 90,000 at best) he finds it tough to get a match. Charlie Hampilos is dead, but his boys and his widow have survived and still are running the poolhall. My Dad still goes by there about three evenings a week. But it is not the way it was in the old days, when he was warming up for his present skill, which is awesome to anyone who watches him.

Some of my Dad's skill was acquired by playing with traveling performers who played in vaudeville in Lancaster at the old Capitol and Colonial theatres. Pool and show biz always have been interconnected. It is hard to get Fred Astaire's attention on an interview in his home. He always has his cue in his hand. Ira Gershwin plays avidly, and so do most of his guests, in "that Penn Station of talent," as Oscar Levant once described the Gershwin home. Jerry Lewis likes to play; his ex-partner Dean Martin likes to play; Jack Carter and Jack E. Leonard like to play; and Johnny Carson had a number of pool spots on "Tonight." There even are some fair pool players among the distaffers—Jane Powell, I am assured by Bullets Durgom, the personal manager, is one. Dinah Shore is said to be a mistress of the stick.

A year or so ago, I was in what

I often refer to as That Toddlin' Town, having lunch with Harry Grove, the public relations man from Brunswick, which has been for many years the foremost manufacturer of pool tables in the U.S. (along with being one of the foremost manufacturers of toilet seats and records).

"You and Gleason have written so much about pool. What can we do for you two guys?" he asked.

I just stared at him. I did not know what to say. I could not, in conscience, take any money.

"Gleason has a table," Harry said. "In fact, he had the first table that wasn't green. When he built that big house out at Peekskill, he ordered one to be covered with blue felt. Besides, I think it would be in bad taste to give him anything. Why don't I send you a pool table?"

Needless to say here, pool has been the dominating sporting passion of my life. All kids imitate their fathers, I suppose. I never have been able to get enough of this fascinating sport.

Grove sent me a table. I set it up and began to practice. My father called one morning to ask what I was up to. I said, "Oh, eating a little, writing a little, drinking a little, and shooting a little pool."

His voice trembled. "Where do you shoot pool in Pound Ridge?" His question was justified. Pound Ridge, N.Y., where I live, is easily missed if a man, driving through happens to rub his eyes.

"Only table," I said.

"You have your own table?" he said, incredulously.

"Gold-covered," I said.

"I'll be up, he said.

It must be made clear right here that my Dad is in his 70s and that the distance between Lancaster, Pa., and Pound Ridge, N.Y., is something like 175 miles. There in my studio he was, the very next morning. We played pool for more hours than I care to remember, and he beat the pants off me. When we quit he only was getting warmed up.

At one point in the action, I said, "Dad, I think I might be able to get you a table." He looked up from a combination he was about to make. He said nothing, but his eyes were those of a child who just has been promised a new tricycle.

I had second thoughts. He and my mother live in the same house they have been in for the past 30 years. It is a small house. When Dad retired from the music store, the people there gave him a piano which fills the front room. The other room, a combination dining-room and kitchen, is dominated by a large table on which my mother likes to entertain guests. Regretting that I had made the suggestion, I said to Dad, "But where would you put a pool table?"

Dad stood erect. He smote my table with his fist, and then stroked it as though in apology. "If you get me a pool table," he said, "I'll move!"

Thirty years they have been in the small house in Lancaster. As I write this, now that my father has his table, they are looking at the house-for-sale advertisements, getting ready to move.

READE-STRICK 'ULYSSES' TO BUCK MARYLAND

Baltimore.

Here as in Chicago a looming threat to censorship is involved as to the Reade-Strick production of "Ulysses." Producers have stated they don't intend to submit prints of film to the Maryland State Board (or anyone else) prior to showing in March.

Here this means violation of state law. Authorities say the law will be upheld. Though they won't say how, under current law, the police may seize a film they judge to be obscene.

As of now, "Ulysses" will be shown at the Uptown, March 14 through 16. If exhibition is prevented here, it won't go without notice that action by the Maryland board and other city censor boards, will have given "Ulysses" space in the newspapers.

1,500 Bookstores For Whole U.S.; Postmen Tote Books Into Homes

By JACK McPAUL

(President, Society of Midland Authors)

A Remembrance Of Stan Laurel

By RAY SEERY

Morristown, N.J.

In December of 1957 I wrote to Stan Laurel regarding his giving permission and endorsement to a book I had planned called, "The Legend of Laurel & Hardy." It had been mentioned in VARIETY in the Literati column several weeks before. Stan's reply was cordial but in the negative. Seems he had already committed himself to Prof. John McCabe to do a book about the famous team. This book later was published under the title, "Mr. Laurel & Mr. Hardy" through Doubleday. Though Stan had nixed my proposal a warm friendship formed between us that lasted till his death in February 1965.

I had met the great team many years before back in 1940 in Newark. The duo were making a p.a. tour of the U.S. and played a week at the Adams (formerly the Shubert). After our meeting the team gifted me with an autographed photo and let me sit behind the wheel of their vintage auto which they used in their act. Appearing on the bill along with the team was Lew Parker as m.c. and another comic, Sid Gould, was also featured. I still have a copy of the three-sheet announcing their arrival.

As most everyone by now knows, Stan first came to this country from England with a troupe that included Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin went on to become the world's greatest comic, but it was a few years before Stan teamed with Oliver Hardy ("Bahe" to his friends) to become the world's greatest comedy team. Stan did make many overtures toward their getting together from time to time. He met with little success. A few years ago he tried once more to contact Chaplin at his Swiss retreat but his letter went unanswered. To add insult to injury, Chaplin devoted but brief mention to Stan in his recent bio. Laurel still thought highly of him to the very end.

Gleason & Van Dyke

Another brief insight into the type of individual Stan was. We'd often discuss the eventual casting of performers to one day portray L&H on the screen. I thought Jackie Gleason would have been terrific in the Oliver Hardy role, with Dick Van Dyke or Art Carney as Stan. Laurel, too, thought Gleason was most suited but never thought he'd consent to the idea as it might lessen his stature. I explained to Stan that I knew personally that Gleason admired the team greatly and would be honored to do the part. I believe Gleason once mentioned while playing golf with Hardy that he'd one day like to do it. Stan never thought of anyone other than his devoted friend, Dick Van Dyke, to portray himself.

I remember once mentioning to Steve Allen (I was writing for him on the "Tonight" show at the time) about my friendship with Stan. I also told him that Stan watched the tv show almost every night. Steve was pleased and in no time he too became a fast friend.

Steve Laurence had been planning on one day filming an animated series based on the L&H characterizations and negotiations were still pending at the time of Stan's passing.

Stan and Ollie lived modestly in their retiring years and never got a chance to share the millions made on the repeated showings of their films on tv. They worked before the days of residuals and settled for \$5,000 a week each at the height of their careers. This before the days of taxes wasn't too bad. Stan never got upset over

Chicago.

The American Book Publishers Council is authority for the statement that the nation has only 1,500 bookstores worthy of the name. Less than one per cent of the public, the council calculated, are regular patrons of these stores. As one example, Chicago in the early 1930s had 29 bookstores. Memory hazards a guess that perhaps 20 dealt solely in hardcover books. Today the city has about 13 stores that sell books. With possibly no more than one or two exceptions, the books share space with greeting cards, stationery, paintings and sculpture.

Judging from the way hard-headed giant corporations are latching on to publishing firms as subsidiaries, the book industry is healthy, despite the retail situation. Plainly the bookseller has given way to the postman. The majority of book buyers have assigned the selection of their reading matter to the book clubs.

Yet there is reason to believe that the modern crop of literary vendors at retail is not as intimately acquainted with their wares as the nose-in-the-book shopkeepers of old. I can record two candid admissions. One bookstore owner told me that he simply didn't have time to read. Keeping track of inventory and sales on anniversary cards, etc. occupied his days and there was night work in filling out governmental forms relating to taxes, Social Security, employee benefits and the like.

A shortage of help plus record-keeping were her major burdens, said the book buyer for a department store. "I have to go out on the floor and sell," she said. "I try to read at night but I'm so pooped I seldom get past a couple of pages."

What guides them then in determining the size of their orders? Their literary advisors, they said, were the publishers' salesmen. These fellows are honest men. They have to be. They don't sell and run. They're back next season. "Here's our big book," says the salesman. "We're giving it a first printing of 50,000 and we're going to spend \$50,000 on advertising and promotion."

The publisher is talking the business man's language. He's spelling out his faith in the volume with hard cash. The buyer responds in kind, "Put me down for 200 copies."

Salesman's Curse

Reciting his list the salesman appends print order and ad allotment. He speaks of, let's say, "Come Two Dawns." "A first novel," he explains. "By a guy nobody ever heard of. The editor likes it but nobody else in the shop is hot for it. We'll print 1,200 and no advertising."

"One copy," says the buyer. "Maybe the author's got a relative in town. I wouldn't want the word to get around that I don't carry a complete stock."

At a publisher's confab, the sales manager packs the heaviest gun. He hasn't read the manuscripts but he has skimmed through the outlines prepared by the editorial department. He has made his snap

the fact that he didn't make anything on the tv showings but was most hurt over the fact that the tv stations literally cut their masterpieces to pieces with too many commercial break-ins, thus ruining the comedy bits.

Laurel was a fishing enthusiast but during his final years reading became his only pleasure due to his semi-invalid condition. He suffered with diabetes. Any new book on comedy I'd send along to him. It wasn't too long before cataracts formed on his eyes and his physician first curtailed then completely eliminated his reading. He was left then with but one pastime—conversation, and this he loved. He was a great storyteller. He had many friends in show biz but few had time to visit him. Three who never failed were Van Dyke, Allen and Jerry Lewis. Stan cherished their

selection. "That one I can sell," he proclaims.

He is dissatisfied with the title. The advertising manager joins him in word shuffleboard and they come up with a new title. "This I can sell," says the s.m.

"It doesn't exactly capsule the story line," the editor murmurs. But he realizes that if the book flops the sales chief has an escape hatch in the complaint that he wasn't given the title he wanted. Hastily the editor adds, "But it's your baby now. You've got to go out and sell it."

"What else you got?"

A First Novel Groan

"A first novel." The editor ignores the groan and his sotto voce, "You got a lot more of them in the warehouse." He pushes on, "A good solid work called Come Two Dawns." Excellent characterization.

"Sex?"

"I had him put in some," the editor mutters, the shadow of shame in his eyes. "I can't take much. Not that sort of book."

Audibly the sales manager sighs. "Sometimes I think that if you fellows had the choice between Human Sexual Response and the Anatomy of the Common Cold, you'd give me a book with pictures of people sneezing."

From the best seller lists—The Magic 20—come the "hospital and hospitality" books. You pick a book for a sick friend or to say thanks to your hostess for a lovely weekend and your prestige goes with it. You want to be recognized as in the know literaturewise. You select a best seller.

Just in case you don't read the book sections, the stores assist you by pasting up in prominent places reproductions of a newspaper's list of the top sellers. The sales people consult the list when a customer phones a vague order for a "good book." There are employees who need help. In a store I chanced to overhear a sales girl in phone list as a matter of news. Also, in conversation with a client.

Newspapers print the best seller some instances, to please their advertisers among the bookstores.

Panned Sellers

Book editors from the big city papers gather annually in New York for the National Book Awards. Comments made on such occasions prompt the opinion that the editors would hate to have a visitor from Mars or the Soviet Union conclude that the top sellers in fiction truly reflect the finest writing talent in the U.S. In any given season possibly 50 to 75% of the fiction best sellers got thumbs down in the reviews. It would seem that advertising, promotion and tv appearances of the authors can overcome adverse criticism in books, if not the theatre.

There was, in a city that shall be nameless, quite a flap resulting from the selection of a hospital book. A newspaper editor was laid up with pneumonia. A friend, the president of a department store, decided to send him some books. Knowing that the editor was interested in the Civil War period the prexy so advised the manager of his book department. The manager was a sound merchandiser; he had done well in hardware and had been transferred to books to jack up that section.

An Editor Wised Up

"The Carpetbaggers" was one of the manager's selections for the editor. It was not, as you may recall, a saga of Reconstruction. The editor was horrified by the book and the subsequent discovery that it was on his paper's list of best sellers. Learning from his book-page man that most of other books on the fiction side of the list were burning up the sex cylinders he banished the best seller listing.

The bookstores cried out in anguish. If, they said in effect, the people don't know what to buy, they won't buy. The paper compromised. It now publishes a list called "Among the Most Popular." Overheated items are not on the roster. Hence, it differs greatly from the best seller lists in other cities.



Happy Anniversary

Joseph E. Levine

EXPLOITATION BACKFIRE

(Or the Stunt Died But the P.A. Lived)

By JOE SHEA

The best laid schemes o' press agents gang aft astray, to paraphrase Bobby Burns. Though planned with meticulous care, many publicity stunts are fraught with frustration in the grab for type and pix.

Two score years ago when T. R. Zann registered with a concealed lion at the Hotel Belleclaire on Upper Broadway, this was applauded for ingenuity at that time. Today no senior p.a. would expend energy on such a far-out hazard.



Joe Shea

Research dredges up further details of exploiter Harry Reichenbach's involvement with this almost incognito introduction of the "Tarzan of the Apes" outdoor yawn. To begin with, quite simple accommodations were requested: bedroom and sitting room large enough for a piano necessary for daily practice. A large packing case was hoisted to the suite. Next morning, Harry's hired hand ordered an expense account breakfast and 25 pounds of steak. "It's for Leo," the startled room service waiter was told. A peak

Nothing Happened

Among today's practitioners, Dick Williams, recalls preparations for the insinuation of a German magician yclept "Kalamach" to the Boston Common. The magic Herr drove blindfolded in an open car to a Hub theatre, while photographers of all the major dailies crowded in for shots. But nary a picture appeared. Nothing went wrong; maybe the news cameramen were blindfolds too.

Harvey Sabinson, who supervises campaigns for current Broadway sellouts, and guest lectures on theatrical publicity at Yale, believes that every stunt is successful if not in space, then in laughs for the press agent. He recalls handling "Ben Franklin in Paris," the musical of a couple of seasons ago.

"I took the chorus girls to lower Manhattan to scrub the statue of old Ben, which had been a pigeon target for 50 years. We couldn't get arrested." Harvey and the girls pigeoned out. The birds are still thumping their tail-feathers at Ben's image.

Karl Bernstein, who has toiled against deadlines for hit runs on Broadway, recalls his "Light That Failed" with this scene:

Greta ("I Want to Be Alone") Garbo slipped into the Imperial Theatre one evening during the run of "Silk Stockings" to catch a performance of the musical which was adapted from her famous movie "Ninotchka."

Judging it a good idea to snap Her Aloneliness, but not wanting to intimidate Miss G., Karl noticed only one news photographer. It was agreed he would catch her at her exit, which she made 10 minutes before the final curtain.

Garbo Escapes

"I signaled the lensman as Garbo came through the door, having cautioned him in advance not to photograph her until she reached the sidewalk. Everything went fine until Garbo whisked through the lobby to her waiting limousine. Then, as she entered the car, the photographer pressed his flashbulb, but alas, it failed to pop, and Garbo was alone again to her delight and my disappointment."

Sol Jacobson and Lewis Harmon from their 42d Street release base recall their maneuver extricating themselves from a water trap in Central Park.

"We were handling a frolic titled 'John Murray Anderson's Almanac' which boasted some of the most shapely chorines since the Follies days. (Incidentally, some of them have become well known: Monique Van Vooren, Colleen Hutchens was a Miss America, and Tina Louise.) To help publicize it, we joined with Sam Friedman who was handling the Phoenix Theatre's musical 'The Golden Apple' to stage a rowing contest in Central Park.

"All our gals were there, Sam had all his, plus photographers from the papers and TV networks. But we had neglected one item: a city permit.

"Defeated momentarily by the Park Department, we beat a hasty retreat to the Henry Hudson Hotel's pool where, with quickly dreamed-up ersatz aquatic events, we were able to garner more space than the planned stunt could have offered."

Terry Turner, long and until recently an executive of RKO-General, championed many bizarre stage specialty acts before moving on to plot campaigns for RKO Pictures and Radio City Music Hall. He loved stunts of all kinds, whether they were for promotion or presentation. Then he learned the lesson "Don't Make People Sick" with this misadventure:

Over-Taxed Stomach

"I discovered what I thought an unusual act at Coney Island. The name was Hadgi Ali, supposedly an Egyptian. He started by swallowing a great quantity of water, then some nuts, followed by small silk flags of all nations, topped by a pint of kerosene.

"Then he lit a match, started a fire with squirts of kerosene, emitted the nuts, then the flags, and finally put out the whole mess with the water he had swallowed first.

"To my young imaginative eyes, this was going to be a howling success. I put on a demonstration, and among those invited was Harry Hershfield, none other than the current Shepherd of The Lambs. At the conclusion, Harry ventured the opinion that the stunt might make people sick. But my enthusiasm ran way ahead of my good common sense, and I put on the act in a small theatre in New Jersey.

"Attendance was light enough at the beginning, but the theatre was empty at the finish. Even the manager was sick from watching the act. Hadgi Ali and I were fired. And that was the end of Hadgi Ali's career."

Richard Maney, who confessed his frustrations in his lively book, "Fanfare," documents his experiences with approximately 300 shows. (Recently he retired to his Westport spread.)

His volume for Harper's cites the ad of one of his cronies who was cheered by a Health Department warning of respiratory ailments. The display space for the Central Theatre read: "Take Dr. Copeland's advice. Stay away from crowds. Come to the Central Theatre tonight."

Maney further recalls extolling an actor for three paragraphs in a drama column. This triggered the actor's former landlady to storm the box office of the Broadhurst with an attachment for her ex-tenant.

Though he was responsible for many business-hustling ads, Maney was chilled by a court bailiff after one which promised a 10:30 a.m. court appearance for Joyce Howley of champagne bathtub fame, and a 2:30-sharp matinee appearance at the Greenwich Village Follies. The afternoon dailies listed only the matinee bow in Earl Carroll's revue. The bailiff had mentioned something about the P.A.'s being cited for contempt.

Then there was the legit agent turned screen exploiter one summer to promote a skating spectacular filmed in Sun Valley. Would the leading hotel in the Idaho resort air express two dozen snowballs

Leisure In Rome Mostly A Gabfest; Legit, Opera, English-Track Pics N.G.

By SAMUEL MARX

Rome.

(Producer-writer currently in Italy preparing "The Landing at Anzio" and "Waterloo" for Dino De Laurentiis.)

Two American ladies stood gawking at the dazzling display of literary miscellany draping a huge news kiosk on the Via Veneto and I overheard one of them say, "I wonder if anyone speaks English around here."

Dialog is where you hear it and on the Via Veneto one hears it incessantly... from the never-ending parade of strollers, from the surrounding tables, from the cars at your back, marooned in the motionless traffic. It's easy finding people who speak English; finding gente che parla Italiano could pose a problem.

The fascination of life in Rome, for American film folk, goes hand in hand with monotony. The theatre is unimportant, there is no serious music, opera varies between poor and mediocre. Two film houses run English-version films, often projecting scratchy work prints that have been sent to Italy for dubbing purposes. There are ancient monuments to see, of course, also churches and miles of underground catacombs, but one's taste for this form of amusement diminishes rapidly. Of television someone on the Veneto once remarked, "Television was terrible when there was only one channel so now we have two and it's twice as terrible!" But Rome has one guaranteed source of constant entertainment... a table on the Via Veneto.

Via Vittorio Veneto, the famous promenade of Rome, slopes gently through the center of town. At its top, Porta Pinciana, a stone plaque in an ancient wall recalls the names of about 200 men who fell in the first World War. The Via Veneto, as a street, dates from that holocaust. There are Via Venetos everywhere in Italy, in the big cities and the tiny villages, but none like that in Rome. They have but one thing in common, all are named (or rather, renamed) in commemoration of a great Italian victory against Austria in the last month of the war at a place called Vittorio Veneto, near the city of Venice.

The Hotel Flora on one corner and Harry's Bar on the other mark the northern boundary. Small shops, travel agencies featuring local tours, pensiones and entrances to cellar or rooftop nightclubs, plus some well-known dispensers of wearing apparel, fill

in the buildings to where the promenade ends, at a large bank on one corner and the Excelsior Hotel on the other. Only three short blocks and the Veneto ambles briefly downhill past the U.S. Embassy and curves inexplicably into another Via where it completely loses its identity.

Doney's, neighboring the Excelsior, is the largest of the great cafes. Under pale green awnings, its rows of outdoor tables are populated mainly by the middle-aged and the elderly. Small flags of all nations flutter decoratively on Doney's tables and the law of chance may find an unsuspecting Mississippian at a table flaunting the flag of a black African nation. One may sit here, ringside at a continuous floorshow from eight a.m. until four the following morning without having ordered more than a cappuccino. No one is ever asked to leave. It certainly comes under the heading of cheap entertainment even if this small coffee, with service, does cost 300 lire, a fraction short of 50c.

The youth of Rome shuns Doney's, their pad of action is directly across the street at the Cafe de Paris. This is the realm of the miniskirt and uncut hair. Players subsisting on dubbing work, stunt men and featured western actors make the scene here. Stars are rarely seen on the Veneto, the insatiable papparazzi rout them, using so many flashlight bulbs they provide almost constant lighting effect.

The Via Veneto inspires conversation, provides inspiration to the wit, heaps fuel on philosophy, dialog that is animated, picturesque and, unfortunately, superficial. Politics is far down the list of topics; it never appears at all among the boy-and-girl-watchers. They relax beneath a sign "Visitate Israel" flanked by neons advertising Libya and the Syrian-Arab Airlines. It is doubtful if Cafe de Parisians ever notice these incongruities; their eyes and thoughts are on the other things.

Theme of sex and money are tied. Other subjects: fast cars, hazards of Italian roads, curious customs of Italians, food, Raquel Welch, miniskirts and wigs, fea-

in dry ice to the P.A. in Boston? The resort's ice rink was the center of the film's activity, so the rude question of charges was not brought up since all were convinced the planned stunt would garner ample publicity to make everybody happy.

By coincidence, the P.A. entered his Boston hotel lobby as an express driver carried a dripping package to the front desk. A stream of water trailed from the package and across the lobby carpet. The clerk scanned the C.O.D. charge of \$36.24.

"What's this?" the puzzled clerk asked, eyeing the soggy box.

"Sez here, snowballs."

"Is this a joke? I can't accept it," the clerk decided.

"I'll guarantee the expressage," the eager touter volunteered.

"Please put the package in the deep freeze until tomorrow."

Four snowballs were salvaged and presented to the house manager for a trade pix. But it took two weeks' adroit juggling to write off the Christmas in July snow on the expense sheet.

The late William Fields, who polished off erudite prose for both the Playwrights Company and Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, usually had two APTAM aides for the circus run at Madison Square Garden. Bill could segue from one proscenium to three rings without thinking of the contrast. But one agent summed up the difference between legit and circus ballyhoo: "I've never heard an elephant trumpet because her picture was not in the newspaper."

Planned circus stunts are the most unpredictable extant. One year the circus arrived at the Sunnyside Yards in a downpour which a umbrellas for the lead elephants to hold for a parade shot. On the umbrellas for the lead elephants to hold for a parade shot. On the Queensboro Bridge approach the Indian and Ceylon mammoths threw the umbrellas to the roadway after one covering shot.

The following season, the arrival was set for 9 a.m. in the Harlem River Yards. "Curb Service" was to be theme for the pix. Barrels marked "Curb Service" were planned at convenient intervals for the proboscisians in addition to an A.S.P.C.A. mobile water tank. Typed lists of these locations were given to all cameramen. But the circus train from Philly was stuck behind a wreck in New Jersey, and the nervous animals stepped down from the stock cars at 8 p.m., and in the darkness missed all photos at the water holes.

Then there's the sob note which must be anonymous: a posh premiere was arranged in a Westchester County suburb, home of a famed star of another entertainment medium making his motion picture debut. Engraved invitations set the tone. The night of the premiere not one of the social set showed up for this elaborate affair arranged by a P.A. not familiar with the citizenry. He went back to the New York home office screaming: "Why didn't someone tell me that so-and-so beat his wife regularly... and the whole town knew it?"

Please omit flowers; send clippings.

ture film production and, at the bottom, television.

Here is an assortment of topical remarks overheard during recent evenings on the Veneto:

An earnest group discussing the misfortune of a young English friend found unconscious at an accident: "They didn't realize it was Derek until they got him to the Woman's Hospital!"

Stranger at a nearby table: "One thing about short skirts, they sure prove girls' knees aren't as cute as we thought they were."

Young actor back from doing a bit in a British studio: "They serve coffee in the morning and tea in the afternoon, which is how you tell the difference."

A tourist at Doney's: "No need to worry about the overpopulation as long as they drive scooters the way they do."

Another sage comments: "There's only one sure way to get coffee with your meal, see. You say you don't want to eat, just a cup of coffee. Then, when they bring it, you say you changed your mind and order food. That's my system."

French Males

Continued from page 3

foie gras and lobster, how to carve chicken or open champagne, how to break dates and how to make friends.

They are taught to offer women cigars, to kiss their hands, to rise when they approach or leave the table, and to carry their packages. When they travel by car they are told to be courteous and sportive. When they travel by air they are advised not to tell their neighbors about recent crashes.

One can hardly wait for the first group of Alluring Boys to graduate. The present class includes a few men who want training as models, or cover-boys as they are called in French, but the majority are socially mobile employees in search of *savoir-vivre*.

"We have salesmen, executives, and an *attache de presse*," said the school's founder, Mme. Mag Pique. "We have only 4 or 5 men in a class because they are paralyzed if there are more. They are much shyer than women."

Toward the end of the course, the Alluring Boys will hear lectures on diet, skin care and civil law. At the moment they are in the hands of Marc Cadiot, a psychologist, and the Marquis Franco Fabris de Favaro, who gives tuition on dress, protocol, ease and allure.

Venetian 'Cover-Boy'

The Marquis, a handsome Venetian cover-boy, was wearing an outfit only an Alluring Boy cum laude could get away with: a tight doublebreasted blazer in bottle green, a splashy tie and matching hankie, ox-blood buckled moccasins, and trousers in a window-pane plaid.

Mr. Cadiot, the psychologist, was wearing a nylon shirt, a wrinkled grey suit and a maroon tie. His socks were falling down.

"Your skin is showing," Mme. Mag gaily admonished Mr. Cadiot, pointing to his ankle.

"There are certain cases in which short socks are perfectly correct," said the Marquis politely. His socks were impeccable.

"The Marquis' work complements mine," said Mr. Cadiot, uncrossing his legs. "Once a man knows how to dress and eat he is partly rid of his blocks."

In short, they learn *savoir-vivre*. Mme. Mag, the Marquis and Mr. Cadiot agree that *savoir-vivre* is within the reach of anyone who truly wants to be an Alluring Boy.

"What is *savoir-vivre*," I prefer to call it *savoir-etre*," said Mme. Mag. "It means following the social conventions of a certain milieu," said Mr. Cadiot.

"It means being nice to everyone," said the Marquis, "from the Baroness to the concierge."

"Especially the concierge," said Mme. Mag.

THESE DISTINGUISHED RELEASES FROM **C**ONTINENTAL

A DIVISION OF THE WALTER READE ORGANIZATION, INC.

— JANUARY —

TIME LOST AND TIME REMEMBERED
THE CRAZY QUILT
THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY
(GENERAL RELEASE)

— FEBRUARY —

AFTER YOU, COMRADE
(COLOR)

THE TRAP
(COLOR)

THE BROKEN WINGS
(PRE-RELEASE)

— MARCH —

ULYSSES

— APRIL —

INVASION EARTH
(COLOR)

— MAY —

THE HAPPENING
(COLOR)

— JUNE —

JUDO MAN

Author! Author!

By WALTER WINCHELL

G. K. Chesterton was once invited to a party by a general... During dinner the host urged him to entertain the guests by spinning some amusing tales... "General," Chesterton shot back, "everyone to his town trade. I'll start telling stories after you fire a cannon."

There are some highdomed snobs who dismiss journalists as lacking in literary quality... But the material gathered by a writer while on a reportorial assignment served as the basis for a Pulitzer-prize-winning novel—John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath."

journalists as lacking in literary quality... But the material gathered by a writer while on a reportorial assignment served as the basis for a Pulitzer-Prize-winning novel—John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath."

When it was reported that Rudyard Kipling was getting a shilling a word for his writings, the author received a shilling accompanied by this message: "Please send us one of your words"... Kipling responded: "Thanks."

The infinite patience and the long years of tough toil that fine writing demands are perhaps best exemplified by Edward Gibbon's classic, "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." Gibbon worked on it for 20 years.

Nathaniel Hawthorne struggled to support his family by working as a clerk in a customs house... One day he lost his job—but when he told his wife about it she amazed him by exclaiming: "I have always known that you were a man of genius. I knew that someday you would write a masterpiece. So every week out of the money you have given me for housekeeping I have saved something; you have enough to last a year."... During that year Hawthorne penned "The Scarlet Letter."

There were four horsemen who rode with Paul Revere spreading the alarm... However, only Revere is remembered... Why?... He was immortalized via H. W. Longfellow's verse... The foregoing is probably the best illustration of the power of publicity.

When a hammy scribbler chided Alex Woolcott for not having a copy of his novel in his library, Woolcott flipped: "I have a dictionary. There is not one word in your book that isn't in my dictionary."

Luck is always a vital factor in success... Some years ago an editor ordered a book reviewer to turn out a review in an hour—to fill a hole in a page... The critic chose the thinnest book he could find and was enchanted with it... Because of his rave notice for James Stephens' "Crock of Gold," the reviewer was given credit for discovering a new writer who later rose to world recognition.

Charles Hanson Towne was haunted by the fear of being unable to earn a living as a writer... One day he penned an essay about his fear of failure and sent it to a magazine... It was accepted... His piece about failure inaugurated a successful writing career.

Although many writers are afflicted with idiosyncrasies, the strangest was Charles Dickens... Wherever Dickens went he would rearrange the furniture in his bedroom... He wanted to make sure that the head of his bed pointed north... Naturally, he always carried a compass... He was a firm believer of the value of the magnetic current coursing through his system from head to feet.

Mark Twain once arrived at a hotel, glanced at the register and noticed the signature of the last arrival: "Baron Soandso and valet"... He then signed: "Mark Twain and valise."

Jack London was frequently

tardy in delivering his stories to editors... An enraged editor wrote to London: "If I don't receive the story within 24 hours, I'll come up to your room and kick you downstairs, and I always keep my promises"... London replied: "If I did all my work with my feet, I'd keep my promises, too."

After H. G. Wells clicked he told J. M. Barrie: "Fame makes me feel like I'm sitting on top of the world"... Barrie retorted: "Never" (Continued on page 76)

Old Crime

Continued from page 3

rounded. The Chief of Police says over his loudspeaker, "Now hear this, Baby Face. The farmhouse is surrounded and you don't have a chance. Come out with your hands up."

"Drop dead, copper," Baby Face shouts from the window, firing a shot at the same time.

"I must warn you, Baby Face," the Chief says, "that anything you say will be held against you."

Baby Face lets go with a burst of a machinegun. "I don't intend to be taken alive, you dirty finks."

The Chief ducks behind his car. Kneeling, he says, "Baby Face, I have to advise you that you may either have a choice of your own lawyer or we will provide you with a public defender, and you do not have to say anything to us when you come out of the farmhouse with your hands up, if you do not want to."

"I got lots to say," Baby Face shouts from the window. "Ha, ha, ha."

He lets go with another burst from the machinegun.

"If you're going to talk to us, Baby Face, you'll have to sign a waiver that no one made you say anything against your will."

"I'm signing nothing, copper. I know my rights. Like the case of Gonzalez vs. the State of Oklahoma, no one can lay a finger on me until I'm brought before a magistrate and given a hot meal and a bubble bath."

"Now listen carefully, Baby Face," the Police Chief says. "We know you've killed 12 banktellers and robbed six postoffices, but constitutionally you have nothing to fear. Even if we can prove our case, you can always appeal on the grounds that because of this gunfight, you received adverse publicity in the newspapers, and could not get a fair trial."

Baby Face fires another burst from his machinegun. "That's what you say now. I haven't forgotten what happened to the Glutz vs. the People of Peoria, Illinois, case when the coppers tricked Glutz into a confession by giving him two tickets to the Green Bay Packers-Baltimore Colts football game."

"The Third Circuit Court threw out the Glutz conviction, Baby Face," the Chief shouts over the loudspeaker. "Didn't you read about the Third Circuit Court of Appeals ruling in Nashville vs. Virginia Woolf?"

"I haven't seen the newspapers lately," Baby Face shouts. "I've been holed up here, and if you want me, you're going to have to come and get me." Rat-a-tat-tat.

"Okay, Baby Face, have it your way, but don't say we're violating your constitutional rights."

The Chief gives the signal to charge and a hailstorm of lead fills the air. When the smoke clears, Baby Face is lying mortally wounded.

His mother rushes up to him and puts his head in her lap.

"They got me, Ma. Tell Melvin Belli the cops cheated him out of a fee," Baby Face gasps.

"Don't talk, son. If the police doctor doesn't patch you up, we can sue him for malpractice."

"But how, Ma?"

"Don't you remember, son, Dillinger vs. the People of Malibu Beach, California?"

Kadima Films Ltd. filed to do business in New York, with capital stock of 200 shares, no par value. Max N. Osen was filing attorney.

PERRY PAIR TO SCOUT ROME FOR 'CLEMENTINA'

Frank and Eleanor Perry signed a two-picture coproduction pact with Gershwin-Kastner Productions for projects to be coproduced and directed by Perry and scripted by Mrs. Perry.

Initial film of deal will be "Clementina" which will be shot on location in Rome and Washington, D.C. early next summer. Pic is described as "big-budget romantic-comedy with social overtones," based on story by John Cheever, who also authored "The Swimmer." Latter finished lensing last summer with Roger Lewis coproducing with Perry from Mrs. Perry's script.

Film will be released under Sam Spiegel's Horizon banner by Columbia. The Perrys left for Rome Dec. 23 for four-week location hunting. U.S.-Italy site split is 70-30.

Everything Comes Up Rusty: That's Austria in 1966

By EMIL MAASS

Vienna. The trade graph for the Austrian motion picture industry resembles a hospital chart. There are lamentations only. Reasons for the wailing include the following.

(1) Theatre attendance hit a new low in June of last year, when less than 5,000,000 tickets were sold.

(2) In the course of the year, 147 houses went out of business, while only two were newly built. (But one distributor interrupted his lament to add with Austrian optimism, "We had expected more houses to close down.")

(3) There's been a heavy death toll among oldtime theatreowners and, since under guild laws dating back to the Middle Ages, only the widow is entitled to take over the licence, there have been many newcomers in the ranks of theatre operators. (This may have its positive side, writes the trade paper, "as the new generation at least attempts to plan good programs and refuses to buy en bloc.")

(4) Only one Austrian picture, the United Nations sponsored "The Poppy Is Also a Flower," crossed international boundary lines during the course of the year, except to German-speaking countries.

(5) The city's two studios are occupied principally by German tv companies, and nothing has been done to attract foreign feature producers, except that Mayor Bruno Marek has promised to issue shooting permits without the previous red tape.

(6) Local producers, generally without funds, are going begging to the various government offices, asking them to "promote" the industry, but nothing at all has been done. ("Promote" can be roughly translated as "Can you spare a dime?")

Immediate prognosis doesn't look good, but eventually it's expected that competition from television will slow down, as it has in other countries. (Tv started here only in 1955, when the Allied occupation ended.) Meanwhile local industryites are looking favorably at the Swedish plan for "a day of rest for tv."

Fewer Native Films, Better Grosses Mark Argentina's Very Good 1966

By DOMINGO DI NUBILA

Buenos Aires. The just-ended 1966 was a very good year for show biz in Argentina, albeit local pix production slumped due to financial troubles in the National Film Institute, which administers the Film Aid Fund. Paradoxically, troubles aroused from a positive fact: the tremendous b.o. success of several Argentine features, which thus entitled them to collect in subsidies more money than institute had in

NEW ZEALAND: ALL-BRITISH PUBLIC

Little Taste There, as in Australia, for Continental-Type Cinema — Television Depends Almost Altogether on Filmed Material — Good Product Has Stimulated B.O.

By SIR ROBERT KERRIDGE

(Managing Director, Kerridge Odeon Corp., Ltd.)

BRAZIL'S NEW CINEMA

By GLAUBER ROCHA

(A Brazilian filmmaker, Rocha made his biggest impact on the international film scene two years ago with "Deus e o Diabo na Terra do Sol" (Black God and White Devil) at the 1964 Cannes Film Fest. He produced, directed, and wrote the film, and even wrote the lyrics for its folk tunes, composed by Sergio Ricardo. —Ed.)

Rio de Janeiro.

New cinema arose as a consequence of the critical discovery of our reality. Ten years ago, Brazil still knew a kind of romantic nationalism, even in what concerned the activities of the revolutionary left... Since, we have realized that we are living in an underdeveloped society, one which was historically excluded from the modern world and that we had to know this reality more profoundly if we were to find the road of emancipation. At the same time certain reform movements and more radical revolutionary activities were born. All this culminated under the government of Joao Goulart, a moment which can be considered as the apogee of this crisis. of this discovery.

We are members of a generation which has come out of this climate: the generation of the construction of Brasilia. Juscelino Kubitschek built this city on the central plateau of Brazil while talking about our future, creating thus an idea of development which was completely absurd but which worked, nonetheless along new perspectives. It is from this period which dates the center of Brazilian social studies.

Thus, the beginnings of New Cinema were founded here, in this general discovery of the Brazilian reality. Marco Bellocchio (an Italian filmmaker) remarked that political unity led us to professional unity. We think that the cinema can be a great instrument for a knowledge of Brazilian reality, that it can question this reality and even turn it upside down. It can be an active instrument of political agitation. It is from the standpoint of this universal principle (but which permits multiple experiences according to the temperament of each director) which caused the Brazilian cinema to come into existence.

The expression New Cinema signifies that our cinema is only being born. What existed before was only a craft barren of all cultural or industrial sense. Today New Cinema is the Brazilian cinema and its history is to be written simultaneously with the most important chapters of the history of Brazil. This critical, political, and realistic vocation of the new Brazilian cinema will be affirmed from day to day.

Anthony Newley and Sandy Dennis in "Sweet November," Jerry Gershwin-Elliott Kastner production for Warner Bros. release.

Auckland. For New Zealand filmgoers 1966 has been a year of outstanding entertainment. With release dates of major films scheduled close to New York and London premieres, New Zealanders are right up to date with the tremendous product value of the current output from the Studios.

Although ties of hereditary and economics influence a strong affinity with Great Britain, audiences are absolutely impartial in their appreciation and support of both American and British pictures.

With less than 3,000,000 in a country the size of the British Isles and a widespread geographical distribution, New Zealand does not have the concentration in large cities which develops sophistication. Moreover, a restrictive immigration policy has resulted in citizens of predominantly British stock—so there is comparatively little interest in Continental films, except for the few of outstandingly artistic merit or with some extraordinarily exploitable angle. The popular taste is for the family type of film rather than for those slanted at the so-called "mature" or "adult" audience.

The Government-controlled monopoly—the N. Z. Broadcasting Corp. (which also operates all Radio Stations) has recently completed one-channel geographical coverage of the country. Nightly television programmes of six to seven hours duration, plus weekend daytime sessions, are almost completely serviced by film, because facilities for local production have not yet been adequately developed. Programmes comprise both British and American entertainment or documentary film series, varied by the inclusion of two full-length feature films weekly.

During the past five years, tv coverage has rapidly increased penetration; and is now approaching complete saturation, on a one-channel coverage. Exhibitors are therefore currently experiencing the maximum impact of tv diversion. This has necessarily entailed the closure of redundant houses, a re-thinking of policies and a rationalisation of the business.

With the advantage of foreknowledge of experience in other countries, the challenge of tv is being met by vigorous and virile reaction of progressive marketing, promotion and presentation, allied with constructive concepts of patron service.

Following the global pattern, attendance at cinemas has largely ceased to be a regular habit and has become a "night out," necessitating a completely new approach to advertising effectiveness, physical amenities of theatres and standards of presentation. Current box office potential tends to be more and more concentrated in a limited number of long run attractions, especially in key city releases.

This change in the public attitude (Continued on page 80)

Nichols-Long's Pleiades 'Falesa'; Milton Holmes, From Britain, to Direct

Hollywood. Milton Holmes, returning from 10 years in Britain where he wrote and produced, will produce Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Beach of Falesa" for producers' Oscar L. Nichols and Fred Long under their Pleiades banner.

Pic is skedded for early spring shooting with interiors to be shot at Allied Artists and exteriors in Hawaii. R. R. Young will direct. Young recently coscripted "Water Hole No. 3" with Joseph Steek for Blake Edwards at Paramount.

Pleiades' initial production, "Armageddon 1975" rolls Jan. 23.

MOTION PICTURES

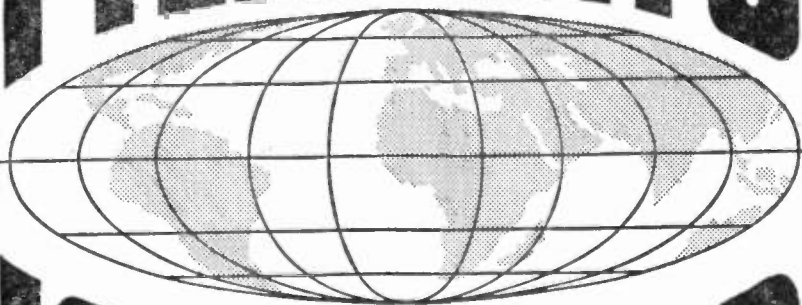
Ready for Release

MGM "13" DON'T MAKE WAVES MGM
MGM VAMPIRE KILLERS CUL-DE-SAC SIGMA III

In Preparation

MGM ICE STATION ZEBRA CASTLE KEEP COL.
MGM TAI-PAN THE FEBRUARY PLAN MGM
THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE
WAGONS EAST CATCH-22
SWEET AUTUMN DEVIL TAKE ALL

FILMWAYS



1967-1968

NETWORK TELEVISION SERIES

THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES
CBS, 5th YEAR

PETTICOAT JUNCTION
CBS, 4th YEAR

GREEN ACRES
CBS, 2nd YEAR

IN SYNDICATION
THE ADDAMS FAMILY

THE PHYLLIS DILLER SHOW
ABC, 1st YEAR

EYE GUESS
NBC, 1st YEAR

IN JOINT VENTURE WITH
BOB STEWART PRODUCTIONS

COMMERCIALS
Our company continues as a
major producer of commercials
for important sponsors and
their advertising agencies.

Our Popular Songs

Continued from page 4

was written by Walter Donaldson when he was still a bachelor. And his two most famous songs about the southland—"Carolina in the Morning" and "Back Home in Tennessee"—were written before he ever stepped foot in either state.

Egbert Van Alstyne got the inspiration for his ballad, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," in New York's Central Park—which wasn't a single apple tree.

Doris Day got her name from the Dietz-Schwartz song "Day after Day" and Dinah Shore her first name from the hit song, "Dinah." Doris Day was born Doris Kappelhoff. Auditioning for bandleader Barney Rapp she sang "Day after Day." When Rapp hired her as a band vocalist, she changed her name to "Day" because the song had been instrumental in landing her her first good job. As for Dinah Shore, her real name was Fanny Rose Shore. When she made her first radio appearance—in Nashville, Tenn.—her opening number was "Dinah." She assumed her first name of Dinah soon afterwards.

When Harry von Tilzer finished writing his sentimental ballad of the 1890s, "A Bird in a Gilded Cage," the first place he tried it out was a brothel. When he saw some of the girls reacting to the song tearfully he said: "Now I know I have a hit, if even those ladies can weep over my song."

Owes It All To Payola

Charles K. Harris' "After the Ball" was not only the first popular song to sell 5,000,000 copies of sheet music, but the first song to win its success to the practice of payola. The song was a flop when Sam Doctor introduced it in vaudeville in Milwaukee in 1892. Harris then paid the distinguished performer, J. Aldrich Libby, \$500 in cash and a share in the royalties. Libby would interpolate the song into the stage extravaganza, "A Trip to Chinatown," then playing in Milwaukee. Libby did so, made it an immediate hit.

A toy owned by Eddie Cantor's ten five-year-old daughter, Marjorie, was the inspiration for the hit song, "Yes, Sir, That's My

Baby." Gus Kahn, the lyricist, was visiting Cantor at his home in Great Neck, Long Island, when he began playing with little Marjorie's mechanical pig toy. As the animal jogged along clumsily, Kahn spontaneously improvised the lone, "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby. No, Sir, Don't Mean Maybe," to the rhythm of the toy's movements. Thus a song idea was hatched. After it became a hit, Kahn showed his royalty check to Cantor with the wry comment: "That's a lot of money for a Jewish boy to make out of a pig."

Little Marjorie Cantor herself was the inspiration for another song hit, "Margie."

Kern's Crusade

There's only one instance of a composer objecting violently to getting the Academy Award for one of his songs. The composer was Jerome Kern; the song, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The song was interpolated into the Gershwin screen musical, "Lady Be Good," where it won the Oscar in 1941. Kern put in a loud protest, insisting that the song didn't deserve the honor since it had not been written directly for the screen, that it was just an interpolation, and shouldn't have been eligible. What's more, Kern felt that Harold Arlen's "That Old Black Magic" deserved the Oscar. Feeling as he did, Kern set about to get the rules of the Academy Award changed with the result that from then on only songs written expressly for motion pictures became eligible.

Unusual research sometimes goes into the making of a successful song lyric. When Ira Gershwin tried out "Clap Yo' Hands" to a number of friends, Arthur Cresser (the brother of the lyricist, Irving) objected to the line "On the sands of time you are only a pebble." He insisted there just are no pebbles on the sands. Then and there the Gershwin friends, headed by Ira, made an expedition to a beach to do research. A pebble was found—and the line stayed in the song.

Albert von Tilzer wrote "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"—the unofficial anthem of America's national game—20 years before he had seen his first baseball game.

Would we still be writing "Deep Purples" and of Easts that Are Wests? Would husbands still meet their errant wives in call houses, and would girls swing in Belasco cages to a screaming accompaniment from Mother Goddam?

When I arrived in England this year the theatre had been without critics for a matter of six weeks and what happened?—the public lost interest. The slump was appalling, the new plays opened—and closed—to apathetic handfuls of theatregoers. The gallery first-nighters didn't even boo. What was the use if you weren't going to see the fact recorded in tomorrow's notices?

Beverly Berlitz

Continued from page 3

a script with an Italian background and the only Italian word I knew was "ciao." And I found out the first day that "ciao" is not polite. You utter it only to people with whom you are very familiar, not to say intimate—though, come to think of it. I learned "ciao" by looking at those Loren-Mastrolanni epics. I learned something else: writers are not too adept at learning another language. The honors go to actresses, who seem to be natural linguists, with actors a close second, while producers and directors are also-rans, probably because they can't get used to anyone correcting them.

Learning another language can be a frightening experience for a writer who wants to say everything at once. Instead he finds himself facing a foreign instructor who never says a word in English, but makes you understand the word by agile contortions and miming which would put Red Skelton to shame.

I remembered hazily those comforting days in Stuyvesant High School where I studied French with teacher Peter Mankiewicz (little did he suspect that his offspring would one day dominate Hollywood), but surrounded by 40 other boys who mispronounced the language as badly as I did.

At the Beverly Berlitz all is different. You learn how to read, write and speak Italian alone, without the instructor resorting to your native tongue. I began to suspect that my instructor couldn't speak English himself, until I learned he was taking his master's degree at UCLA. I wasn't even allowed to buy a dictionary. When I finished the Primo Libro and went on to the Secondo Libro, the director of the school, Honore Comet, congratulated me in French. And strangely enough even though I had never understood the kindly M. Mankiewicz, I understood M. Comet.

You learn a language, I discovered at long last, by osmosis. Also, when I got over my fright, it was better than being at any "closed" set in a studio. It is nothing for students to arrive with poodles, monkeys and ocelots. One actress arrived with a mynah bird, who was finally barred because it was learning the language quicker than the actress.

Too Earthly Spanish

One actor came with a script which he had translated into Spanish. He wanted the Berlitz experts to check the script "just to be sure." The female teacher assigned to him, came out of the room flustered and red-faced. It seemed that the actor had prepared the script with the aid of his gardener who naturally spoke an earthy Spanish.

The only language the Berlitz people have never been able to teach is an Eskimo dialect used only by a tribe of Eskimos living on one of the remote islands in the Bering Strait near Siberia.

The did locate one ex-G.I. who lived there for two years during the War, but he didn't know the language, because, as he explained, he never had to ask for anything. It seemed this tribe of Eskimos always anticipated his needs. But if I know Honore Comet and his clique they've got a James Bond character up there near the Aurora Borealis stealing the dialect under the noses of the Russian Navy.

Andre Previn, soon to be conductor of the Houston Symphony Orchestra, signed by producer Joseph E. Levine to score "The Graduate," for Embassy.

From A Concentration Camp: The Show On New Year's Eve

By HERBERT G. LUFT

Hollywood. Snow is falling. The barracks are wrapped in a silver crust. Icicles hang from the eaves. We peer through a clear place in the frosty window to catch a last glimpse of those who are leaving the camp for good. There they go, packed in sacks like potatoes, dragged through the alley, trailing behind the bicycles of guards who peddle away laboriously. Arnold, who bunked with me for five months, is one of them. A kick from a boot has smashed his spine.

Herbert G. Luft, chairman of the International Film Committee of the Hollywood Foreign Press Assn., was a prisoner in the Dachau concentration camp during the winter of 1938-39. "The Show On New Year's Eve" is based on an experience there.

We go on with our plans. In Stalag 26 we are a tightly-knit family of 400. There are men from every walk of life; ditchdiggers, factory-workers, shopkeepers, the milkman from my street and the bank clerk from the metropolitan branch.

Almost frozen to death this afternoon, while standing in line to answer rollcall, we now try to catch our breath for a few short moments. As I lie down, events of the day are forming pictures in my mind. How can I forget Franz, a lad from my home town who was shipped out with us to the camp during a mass raid. I knew him all the 17 years of his life. A few hours ago, he went insane after 20 lonesome days in the darkness of the dungeons. Eugene, who shares my cot, is ridden by fear. He has to report to the gate tomorrow morning at six. To receive punishment: 25 lashes states the verdict. His crime? He forgot to salute an officer while after work marching back to the camp.

Life and Death

Life goes on in spite of all the misery of this world. Right now, a dry piece of bread seems more important to a science professor than are the great discoveries of the century. There will be hot soup pretty soon. A meal down here is not merely a matter of eating, but often a bitter fight for the biggest portion and sometimes a duel of life and death for a few shrunken potatoes. Hunger breaks through the thin crust of so-called civilization and man is reduced to a desperate beast on the prowl for food.

II

Almost cheerfully, we arrange for the Show. Preparations are quickly made. We use benches and blankets to fix up a makeshift stage near the window. Rarely has there been a performance as hazardous as ours. Behind the barred wire punishment is meted out collectively and the most insignificant miscalculation could cost all our heads.

Groups of spectators file in from near and far. I climb to the top tier of bunks, to a good seat in the balcony. My reservation is next to a visitor from a cell-block of political prisoners. He has a fiery red skin and looks like an old man; yet he is scarcely more than 25. The low number on his jacket indicates that he is a veteran of this camp. Caught during the blood purge of June 30, 1934, he stayed alive by sheer accident. Like the rest of us, he was neither tried nor examined. He is well aware that he will not be allowed to leave alive. He has witnessed too much. Some night, they'll tear him from the high-voltage wire with a tiny bullet hole in his back.

III

Here they come in disguise, our actors: an assortment of wretched, lame and hungry looking characters. Some were leading thespians on the European stage; others had never reached the top. There are many vaudevillians.

Our makeshift theatre is much in the style of the Shakespearean era. No sets, no decorations; only the words of the author to convey meaning.

Like the Globe Players of 350 years ago, the man on the stage calls out for justice. The theatre comes back to the people as the de-

fender of human rights, as conceived as its purpose in the days of Queen Elizabeth I when the modern play was created.

Once again, the stage is a tribunal.

Men without power and influence in the world of reality express their belief in the ethical foundation of our civilization and their faith in a better future. Like Shakespeare's audience, the sailors, peasants and cockneys, our spectators play a definite part in the drama with exclamations and interjections.

IV

The theme is dangerous and the dialog excitingly sharp. I glance about at those who, though sealed off from the world, are engrossed in the performance; the human faces register enthusiasm. You cannot buy this experience with a theatre ticket. Not this one! Among us are highly educated men, and simple farmers who rarely read a book and seldom have seen a show. Tonight, we are one unit and share one common emotion!

The pageant is the go-ahead signal for a merry assortment of vaudeville acts; jugglers, tenors, magicians and tap-dancers whirl across the scene. Everyone tries to pay his fare by contributing his bit to the entertainment. Some are pretty good at it; others fail hopelessly to their own and our amusement. The barracks resound with chuckling, but we try to keep the applause to a minimum.

A wizened old man with large wise eyes, his lean body lost in an oversized Army coat, rises up onto the stage. His emaciated hands are shaking; his wrist has been broken and his tendons stretched in that hour he hung from the gallows on Christmas Day. He starts very low, as to himself. "Like in a war," he says, "we have our casualties—suffer defeat, a battle is lost but in the end..."

His words are cut off by a series of rifle-shots. An outcry rines through the air and echoes back from the camp alley. We jump to the floor, chairs and tables fly, and presto—the stage setting evaporates. Within a split-second the cold prison atmosphere is restored. As we scurry back to our bunk, the room is pitchdark and in deathlike silence.

SS guards carrying flashlights enter, rush up to our cots and tear off the blankets hoping to identify those who have been outside after curfew. They search the barracks from top to bottom—but they find no one who had failed to undress. Somewhat displeased with their efforts, they are about to leave when one of them trips over Willie's shoes and finds that they are muddy. They now have found an offender against camp regulations and take little Willie out to shoot him at dawn.

Later, filtering through our nervous dreams, we hear a soft voice amidst machinegun fire. Gradually, more of us wake up, rise on an elbow and pick up the melody; 400 voices blend into one powerful chorus, thereby releasing our anger and humiliation.

Thus begins the New Year.

S. Goldwyn Jr. Options Harlem Negro Sleuths

Samuel Goldwyn Jr. has taken options on seven novels by Chester Himes. The detective story series has Harlem backgrounds and features two Negro police sleuths known as Coffin Ed Johnson and Grave Digger Jones.

The septet of tales, from which Goldwyn hopes to create a series, are "The Big Gold Dream," "Cotton Comes To Harlem," "All Shot Up," "The Crazy Kill," "The Cool Killers," "Rage In Harlem" and "The Heat's On." This would be second attempt to film stories with Negro officers, having been preceded by UA's "In The Heat of The Night," with Sidney Poitier.

Himes, an American Negro writer living in Paris, started with paperback originals but is now writing hardcover novels, the latest "Run Man Run," published by Putnam with the reprint rights going to Dell.

Authors Should Hate Critics

Continued from page 4

laywright become friends with his critic?

What I would like is some sort of a club where we could meet and talk theatre and sing "There's No People Like Show People," with a couple beer-steins, arms around shoulders, and the warmth of an act-together.

Dang it all, we're in the same business, aren't we? We're equal, aren't we? We both climb to bed on Wednesday night with copy of VARIETY. Then what's the idea of all this aloofness? Who's up this Iron Curtain?

I am old enough to have lived through three eras of dramatic criticism. I came in during the middle Alan Dale period, when—least as far as Dale was concerned—a play was merely something on which to hang a humorous article. Twisted titles were a specialty. The notice of "Sherman Was Right" was headed "Frazee Was Wrong." "Frazee as the manager." And when William Rock dubbed his revue, "Let's Go," Dale remarked, "Mr. Rock's title was on the lips of most of the audience before the show was half over." You had to be a real what you called your ainchild in those days. I remember feeling glad Dale wasn't around when "Anything Goes" is produced.

Woolcott-Broun Era

The second era started when ex Woolcott and Heywood Broun turned from overseas wearing snail army boots with which they did a fine job of stomping anything they considered funny. The popular "punch play" went down under their attack. One was the fight in the dark; the other the love scene in the heroine's apartment, interrupted by a door opened with a latchkey. The devoted nurse could no longer be revealed as the errant

mother. The cry was "up reality, down with the theatrical!"

Al Woods stopped producing. Belasco turned from drama to comedy. Sammy Shipman, with head bloody but unbowed, alone stood his ground. His heroine might appear Chinese and prattle prettily with superfluity but in the end she'd turn out to have been stolen as a baby from her missionary parents.

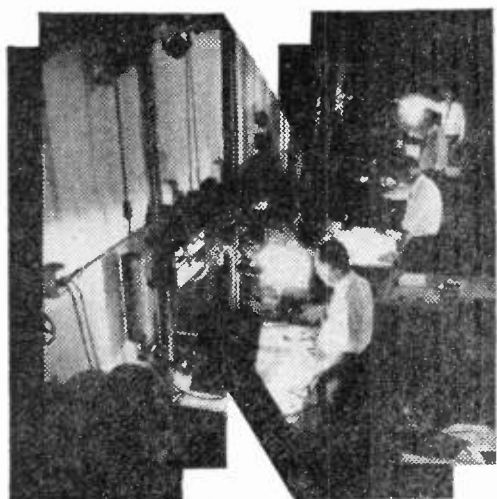
Since Woolcott and Broun were members of the Algonquin roundtable they became, to a degree unequalled before or since, the friends of a group of playwrights. Since the circle was united by bonds of antagonistic loyalty, there were inevitably charges of logrolling. These came from us loggers who had shortsightedly failed to join the union. Knowing that Woolcott and Broun had no objection to speaking to playwrights we hung around the Algonquin lobby pretending to be waiting for one of the two phone-booths to be empty. If they emerged in company with George Kaufman we busied ourselves with our shoe laces.

Crescent Crop

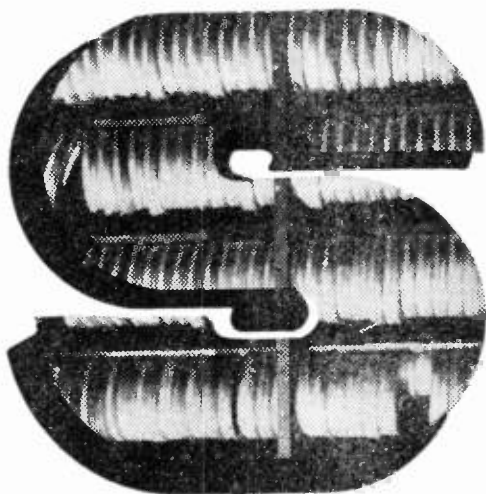
The diminished theatre of today, about which Walter Kerr has written so eloquently (there I go making up to a critic) has produced a smaller group of aislesitters but one upon which the public depends even more strongly. Their canons are definitely broader than those of the '20s but I find them even more unapproachable.

I can't see one of them without, at the same time, seeing that page where his name will appear beside the name of my play. I look at him as I look at the surgeon garbed in white as I lie on the operating-table. I recognize his skill, his beneficent purpose, his dedicated service but, after he has finished with me, shall I still be alive?

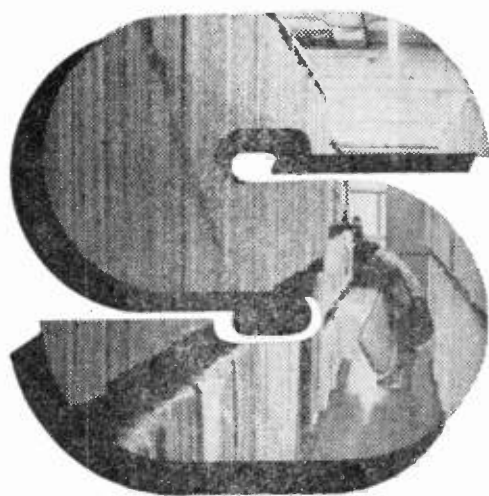
I wonder what would have happened had we had no critics?



A T I O N A L



C R E E N



E R V I C E

NATIONAL SCREEN SERVICE, 1600 BROADWAY, N.Y.C. AND 18 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

Las Vegas-on-Thames

Continued from page 3

that the bulk of Britain's top gaming clubs are run respectably.

Of more immediate anxiety to the casino people is the tax on gambling slapped on by James Callaghan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the proposed tightening up of the gambling laws dreamed up by Home Secretary Roy Jenkins now the gaming problem has been dropped into his lap. Callaghan's duty, which racked many casino owners on their well-shod feet, legislated that \$1,400 a year should be charged where the taxable value of the club is not over \$2,800; \$14,000 duty where it is between \$2,800 and \$8,400, leading up to a heavy duty of \$140,000 where the club's ratable value exceeds \$8,400. It is the huge difference in the ritzier clubs' rating that has caused anguish in the hearts of owners. "To have to take in \$2,800 a week before one can even buy a martini is no joke," one proprietor sighed.

Nevertheless, according to official figures, 15 gaming clubs in the top league in England and Wales (none in Scotland) had applied for licenses at the end of September which, officially, was the last date for applying. The Meadows Brothers decided not to pay the \$140,000 demanded, on the grounds that gaming had "only ever been an ancillary at the 21." Tim Holland of Crockford's (which has paid up) said that gambling would stop at Quent's, which is also owned by Crockford's. Paul Raymond's Revuebar now concentrates on its other activities rather than pay the heavy duty. A dozen or so lesser clubs in the suburbs and a score in the provinces have also folded because of the new duty. Many others have folded, but they were due to do so anyway through lack of business.

900 Casinos

However, according to Treasury figures there still remain nearly 900 casinos spread around Britain, about half of the figure which, earlier, had begun to cause the Government concern. There are also about 1,850 bingo clubs whose tax consists of only an annual \$280 for clubs with a ratable value of \$2,800 and less and \$2,800 for clubs whose rates top the \$2,800 mark.

Amend the Law

The 1960 and 1963 Gambling Acts have been proved to have many holes. Now the Home Secretary is asking for amendments of the Act which will embrace such points as:

(a) Compelling owners of all clubs to be vetted by magistrates. Most reputable casino owners are in favor of that. As things stand anybody can open a casino and police are more or less helpless.

(b) Stopping credit betting.

(c) Forcing casinos to be licensed.

(d) Forbidding any casino management from participating directly or indirectly in the games.

Proposition D is the one that has raised the hackles of every casino owner. At present casinos can dodge the clause in the act which prevents them holding the bank. They let it out to syndicates who pay a concession. If the new ruling goes through, the only way that proprietors will be able to make any profit is by charging players for each session in which they play. "To make this pay off we shall have to charge so much that it will frighten players away," grumble the proprietors.

Nor do the casino owners like the proposed Home Office rule which will eradicate 'zero' from the roulette wheel. At the moment this is a winning number for the house, but gives the casino an advantage of less than 3%. A final blow, say the owners, is that Jenkins aims to prevent casinos advertising. They will thus be unable to invite people to visit their casinos for gambling.

Meanwhile the British Gaming Association and the Casino Association of Great Britain are both working for the interests — and also the good reputation — of gaming houses in Britain. The Casino Association has outlined a scheme to the Home Secretary suggesting a Casino Board of Control. Their suggestions include that casinos

should be able to make a reasonable profit out of holding the bank.

The Home Office has insisted that it has no desire to close down gambling in Britain, but is merely anxious to make sure that it is not infested with criminal problems. The reputable casino bosses insist that if the Home Office is not careful it will either close down the business or drive it underground into sleazy cellars. Formerly, they say, will cut down the dollar-earning which the Government is rightly making a song and dance about or, at least, drive people back to the Riviera ("The French Government will probably award Roy Jenkins the Legion d'Honneur," wryly said one wag) for it is certain that now many new gamers have sampled the floor gambling will never die. If it is driven underground then the very conditions that the Government wants to avoid will take over and crime will swell, is the other argument.

Meanwhile, with w.k. characters such as George Raft at the Colony and Joe Louis at the Pigalle, with the silky, hushed atmosphere of the gaming rooms, the feeling of wealth and elegance, the cigar smoke, the coiffured women, the changing of chips, everything in the British casino garden looks lovely.

But behind it all there are some narrowed eyes, restless thinking and worried characters. Despite the apparent air of prosperity, what with the wages and incomes freeze, the credit squeeze, the brutally escalating rise in the cost of living, the Selective Employment Tax and now the Gaming Tax, beneath the surface things in casinoland are dicey.

Non-Skirts

Continued from page 4

allow such long suspension for such short-sighted behavior. The best the judge could do was to add a \$20 fine.

As you see, this is a crucial moment in French history. Parisians have named it "la crise de l'ourlet," or the hemline crisis.

Miniskirted demoiselles around St. Germain-des-Pres call it "strip-tease in motion." Teen coeds at the Sorbonne dub it their salvation and their "ooh la la!" Since it passes as a motor-bike, it requires no licenses and eludes parking regulations.

Matters are no better indoors than outdoors for weak-hearted Frenchmen.

"Les serveuses" in restaurants report that tips go up as skirts go up. Diners are getting as high as Gemini.

Office manager Bernard Castel sent a stenographer home to change her clothes when she came to work in a thigh-high skirt. She returned an hour later in her brother's turtle-neck sweater and no skirt at all, and explained that it was the longest thing she could find.

Parisiennes now shorten their dresses three inches at a time simply by turning up the hem once more. In the present bull market, some hems have been doubled up as many as six times without pressing so that the skirts are as thick as a band of fur around the bottom.

Maurice Casanova, who runs five restaurants and night clubs on the Left Bank's Rue St. Benoit with Roland Pozzo di Borgo, is now planning a super-minidress boutique there that will encourage "feasts of thighs for the eyes."

Christian Gerard, who is designing it, promises toboggans instead of stairs, ascending and descending snack bars, transparent polyester dressing rooms for customers without complexes.

Era of 'Erotisme'

"We are now living in the century of 'erotisme,'" explained Gerard. "Our motto is, 'Think young, think fun and don't get fired.'"

"By exposing thighs, French girls have finally unriveted male eyes from their derrieres, to some extent," reported Casanova. "In America, the bosom is big but the bosom is no bigger than the derriere in France."

What he meant is that traditionally the Frenchman prefers to let his eyes follow a receding der-

riere rather than an advancing bosom.

"Now all that is changed," insisted the Left Bank impresario. "Thighs have it, not because they are more beautiful than derrieres but because they are bare. Many, you may have noticed, are 'bien potelee.'"

Paris haute-couturiers are warning Frenchwomen that they mean business for next spring. They will drop the hemline to the depths of 1929 and Christian Dior's New Look of 1947.

The ladies are getting ready to fight such regression. They know that they have got a good thing going now and intend to keep it on the rise.

"Knees are not enough," announced Francoise Hardy, the young French star. "The knee is only a joint. Every man has two knees, too, but he does not have the rounded thigh, 'galbee' and 'bien potelee.'"

Where will it all end? At the end, it is woman's decision to do as she pleases, and the Frenchwoman's pleasure is to please the men.

"We'll keep shortening skirts to the limit," promised model-designer Sylvie Courin. "The limit will be swimsuit length. To be quite frank, it will just cover the crotch and the buttocks."

Wacky Wills

Continued from page 4

my second best bed." No mention was made of his "first" best bed. A sailor who died at sea requested his executors to pay his wife the sum of 25c with which to buy walnuts, "as she always preferred cracking and eating them to mending my socks." A North Dakota man bequeathed \$3 to his divorced wife—"1¢ for each year of our married life." In New Jersey, a husband was even more parsimonious: "To my wife, Anna, who is no damn good, I leave \$1." One timid soul left the bulk of his estate to strangers, leaving his wife his trousers, with the observation that "she wore the pants while I was alive; she can continue to wear them after my death." A Mr. Horne left the sum of \$1 "to my wife, Mary Horne, the daughter of Peter Brunnell, which is sufficient to enable her to get drunk for the last time at my expense."

Dour wills are not a modern invention. Back in the 18th century a crabbed husband was the author of the following:

"Since I have had the misfortune of having had to wife one Martha M——, who, since our marriage, has tormented me in a thousand ways; and since not content with showing her contempt for my advice, she has done everything that lay in her power to render my life a burden to me; so that Heaven seems only to have sent her into the world for the purpose of getting me out of it sooner; and since the strength of Samson, the genius of Homer, the prudence of Augustus, the skill of Pyrrhus, the patience of Job, the subtlety of Hannibal, the vigilance of Horatio, would not suffice to tame the perversity of her character; weighing carefully and attentively all these considerations, I have bequeathed her and do bequeath, to Martha M——, my wife, one shilling."

The following oddball requests and bequests were duly carried out according to probate records.

In 1879, a man died who willed that his friends were to take turns rolling a barrel of beer after his hearse and consume it on his grave. Another old will provided that a new cooking recipe should be pasted on the testator's tomb each day due to the fact that his wife had been such a poor cook. A certain man refused a legacy of \$1,000 because it was stipulated that before receiving it he must walk down the main thoroughfare of a fashionable summer resort "dressed in woman's attire."

An alcoholic who died following a bad case of delirium tremens left \$5,000 each to "the nurse who removed a pink monkey from the foot of my bed, and to the cook at the hospital who removed snakes from my broth."

One old bachelor left all his property to three ladies to whom he had proposed marriage and who had refused. "By their refusal," he stated, "I owe all my earthly happiness." A Nashville, Tenn., business man willed to his sister "a roundtrip ticket to my funeral."

Poseur-Scorning Latterday Stars

But Hollywood Film Gossip Biz Altered On All Counts Nowadays

By BOB THOMAS

The disappearance from the Hollywood newswriting scene of Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper, Mike Connolly and other veteran columnists has underscored the sea-change that has taken place in the coverage of the longtime (and still?) film capital.

Oh, there are a few of us left. Sheilah Graham still scampers from capital to capital, Sidney Skolsky still wants you to know he loves Hollywood, Army Archerd has a "good morning" for his readers, Harrison Carroll prowls the night beat, Phil Scheuer writes his cogent reviews, and Harold Heffernan, Florabel Muir, Vernon Scott and I continue to file copy.

Twenty years ago, Hollywood was a dual monarchy, with Queen Louella and Queen Hedda ruling their separate but overlapping domains. They warred over castings, births, marriages and divorces, and the major studios funneled their news to one or the other, but never both.

Even before Mrs. Parsons' retirement and Mrs. Hopper's death, their power had been reduced by events. Nothing remains constant, and that is most particularly true in the entertainment business. Here are some of the factors that have brought changes in press coverage of Show Biz-West:

(1.) The decline of the Big Studio. They are not all reduced to the status of rental studios, as many crepe hangers predicted; the Zanucks, pere et fils, have proved that a major lot can be a happy one.

But obviously the autocracies of Mayer, Cohn, Schenck and now, apparently, Warner, have vanished. And, of course, also Walt Disney.

This means the screen gossip can no longer be handed to a favored few. In fact, since contract player lists are virtually nil, little but production news emanates from the studios. And production news no longer has the impact it once had.

(2.) The internationalizing of the film industry. Just check any Friday and see how many films are being shot in Hollywood vs. those filming abroad.

Cultural Explosion

(3.) The Cultural Explosion. This is one of the most significant changes in postwar America. The rise in the level of cultural appreciation, due to efforts of higher education, travel, and the mass media, is evident. Television's role in this trend may be vastly underrated, and it should be the subject of a scholarly study.

The upgrading of the intellectual level of the average newspaper and magazine reader presents a challenge to the entertainment writer. He finds there is more interest in Truffaut's camera angles than in the size of Jayne Mansfield's bra. He should also be aware of, and be prepared to write on, developments in pop music, longhair music, art, books, the theatre, and, if necessary, the psychedelic whirl.

(4.) The decline of press-agentry. Hollywood boasts publicists galore, and you can find public relations counselors on almost every floor of the high-rise buildings that proliferate along the Sunset Strip. But the ungentle art of press-agentry is vanishing.

The distinction here is more than semantic. During the late, lamented big-studio era referred to above, film companies maintained huge staffs of press agents. So specialized was one studio's department that one press agent was assigned to plant the top half of Hedda Hopper's column and another to plant the bottom half.

Nonsense

Such a system produced masses of nonsense, but it also contributed to that now-faded commodity, Glamor. Studios took the time and expense to star an Ava Gardner in little but leg art for seven years until she became an overnight sensation.

Alas, the studios now assume little more than a caretaker function in regard to publicity, grinding out press books, production notes, synopses and little else. As for the independent publicists—oops, public relations counselors—they too often evolve into hand-holders, soothing and placating

their clients by whatever means so as not to lose the account.

(5.) The new acting breed. The post-tv era brought a greater degree of star obsolescence than at any time since the transition from silents to talkies. The industry not only suffered the loss of scores of personalities who were considered passe; it also lost some of its greatest names through death: Gary Cooper, Humphrey Bogart, Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, etc. In one year, two of the most promising of the new stars were removed from films: James Dean and Grace Kelly.

Other stars have risen in recent years, but few seem to possess the magic of their predecessors. The newcomers themselves are partly responsible for this.

The new film era has brought a breed of players who reject all the trappings of traditional stardom. Examples: Paul Newman, Julie Christie, Albert Finney, Warren Beatty. Many of these anti-stars delight in quoting Bogart's remark, "All I owe the public is a good performance," neglecting the fact that Bogie could perform brilliantly in interviews, as well as on the screen.

How have these five factors changed reporting of the Hollywood scene?

They have occasioned a more sober approach. This was reflected in a recent survey by a committee of the Associated Press Managing Editors, representing member newspapers. The committee members called for more in-depth profiles and news of the business aspects of show biz. The editors find more interest in Transamerica's merger with United Artists than in Lana Turner's latest marriage.

That doesn't mean that the personality aspects of the film world are to be ignored. The likes of Frank and Mia, Liz and Richard, Marlon, Sophia, Raquel, et al, still make good, vicarious reading.

The veteran of the Hollywood scene views these new developments with the same mixed feelings of that chap whose mother-in-law drove over a cliff in his new Cadillac. There is nostalgia for that golden time when the stars glittered so carelessly bright. But there can be as much enjoyment in covering such subjects as Actors in Politics, The State of the Screen Writer, Last Tycoon J. L. Warner, Garbo at 60, and the Phoenix-like revival of 20th Century-Fox, all of which were recent A.P. series.

It's what happening, as the hippies say, and you'd better get with it or get out.

FCC OK's Banque, Col Deals With Ifs

Washington.

The Federal Communications Commission approved the planned purchase of Columbia dissident shareholders' 17% interest in the company by the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas. Latter already owns a 20% chunk of Columbia Pictures Corp.

Under the purchase plan, which was submitted to the FCC in draft form three weeks ago (because the Col subsid, Screen Gems, has broadcasting licenses), the additional 17% share will be placed in trust and administered, independently, by the U.S. Trust Co. of New York.

The FCC, however, in granting its approval, stipulated certain conditions to which the Banque must agree for final approval. They are: 1) The Banque will not purchase any additional shares of Columbia Pictures stock; 2) It will not enter into any agreement with any other Columbia stockholders regarding the disposition of Col stock; 3) It will report to the FCC all actions and/or change of status regarding its Col holdings each Feb. 1; and 4) The Banque will not assert control by itself, or in concert with any other stockholders, over Columbia Pictures Corp.

YESTERYEAR FEUDS OF SHOW BIZ FADE

(Continued from Page 3)

or would-be merger moves has been the "mystery" factor. It was thick as regards the Baldwin Chemical (Herbert J. Siegel) defeated thrust against Paramount Pictures and thicker yet with respect to who was masterminding the French-Swiss attempted takeover of the Abe Schneider regime at Columbia, which was apparently contained, at least foreseeably.

ABC's position vis-a-vis merger indirectly connects with the 1968 Olympics at Mexico City. That is also a U.S. presidential year. ABC has a \$4,000,000 stake in the Olympics, its price for the rights.

A salient of 1966 was the fall-apart deal between Consolidated Groceries of Chicago (Nate Cummings) and United Artists (Benjamin Krim et al) with Transamerica, an insurance combine of California, later assuming the role of the big fiscal daddy. The Seven Arts deal with Filmways also fell apart only to be succeeded months later by the much-bigger buyout of Jack L. Warner's Warner Bros. shares by the Eliot Hyman combine.

The year 1966 was marked by civil rights riots, "black power" and alleged "white backlash" at the November polls; draftcard burnings, Sunset Strip (Hollywood) beatnik riots; Frisco's topless boom and New York's kayo to topless; the old Met's 87th annual finale (\$200 top tickets and a \$292,000 gross for the grand fade-out) and the new Met's labor and mechanical troubles in Lincoln Center.

Valenti, Reagan, Murphy

Jack Valenti slept better because LBJ was in the White House and, as his first problem as new prez of the Motion Picture Assn. of America, probably slept poorly while mulling an okay for WB's "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" The National Catholic Film Office (nee the Legion of Decency) went along with Valenti and Louis Nizer (latter now special \$200,000-a-year counsel to the MPAA) but later started looking askance at the "For Mature Audiences" classification.

"FMA" became a new intratrade tag. Separately, Michigan Supreme Court affirmed that the Battle Creek Enquirer & News may nix ads as it chooses on "adult" pix. On still another plateau, the N.Y. Times' tabu of Lili St. Cyr's bosom in burlesque advertising became a topic for discussion.

Ronald Reagan made it as the GOP candidate to the gubernatorial mansion in Sacramento, kayoing Edmund G. (Pat) Brown's third-term bid (despite Hollywood IATSE support) and new Nevada Gov. Paul Laxalt will brook "no foolishness" in the state's gaming casinos. Constantly pyramiding official Nevada casinos' figures would make anybody wonder why "skimming" and kindred chicanery was necessary, for the real or allegedly shadowy owners, considering the overall prosperity.

(The FBI's bugging of key gamblers' executive suites made headlines and, by coincidence, death abroad of 49-year-old Virginia Hill, mystery intimate of the late Bugsy Siegel and allied Cosa Nostra, recalled the sensational albeit abortive Kefauver Senate Crime Investigation in 1951.)

Choice of Valenti

In 1966, LBJ's close friend, UA prexy Arthur B. Krim was named finance director of the Democratic party. Both he and UA board chairman Robert S. Benjamin have been close to the White House, under Kennedy and Johnson. Both are said to have figured importantly, along with MCA's Lew Wasserman and Par's Ed Weisl Sr., in selecting Valenti as president of the Motion Picture Assn. of America, a post that has been filled pro tem by exec v.p. Ralph D. Hetzel since Eric Johnston's death in 1963.

The quondam Legion of Decency, now called the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, had already evidenced "less carping" attitudes toward Hollywood product with a "more positive" and "modern" approach. Msgr. Thomas F. Little retired as its longtime executive secretary "to become a parish priest once again." "Liberal" cleric Rev. Patrick J. Sullivan,

Msgr. Little's longtime aide, ultimately succeeded him.

At the farewell industry luncheon given him, the monsignor bragged he "hadn't seen a movie the last four weeks" and summed up his feeling. "I want to die in the Stations of the Cross, instead of looking at Gina Lollobrigida."

'For Mature Audiences'

Some showmen in Europe, with an eye to ultimate U.S. television selloff, expressed themselves not wanting to risk this residual income by making their films too risqué.

A Total Mystery Man

Maintaining his franchise as America's most successfully elusive big money enterpriser Howard Hughes, of Hollywood memory, acquired some \$546,549,171 in cash when selling his 75% interest in Trans World Airlines. Hughes was thought hospitalized for some months in Boston, but that was never elucidated. Later he was occupying the penthouse of a Las Vegas skyscraper, his name linked to many of the urge-to-merge yarns aforementioned, but nobody, but nobody, having the smallest iota of real info on the guy.

One of the interesting sidebars of 1966 was the sorry plight of the long-invincible New York Yankees, not because of, though coincidental with, the club's ownership by the Columbia Broadcasting System. CBS also acquired Allyn & Bacon, Boston textbook house, ditto a \$19,000,000 (11%) stake in Holt, Rinehart & Winston. And CBS was, and may still be, flirting with other kinds of diversification, notably Curtis Publishing.

RCA has acquired a publishing firm, Random House, for \$38,000,000.

The year 1966 was notable for the new attention focused on the Boston banker, Serge Semenenko. Through the decades he has financed nearly all the big distributors, and with an excellent record of no notable losses. He was credited with a role in stopping the Banque de Paris et Pays-Bas from earlier herein.

The changing cast of high echelon officials at the various film companies, including the year-end death of Walt Disney, naturally assumes special significance as regards 1967. Paramount seemingly has responded to the criticism of Siegel and Martin against "dotage" in management in that it is already re-staffed by much younger men, albeit neither Herb nor Ernie are representatives of younger sinew.

Par's 'Young Blood'

Following the Gulf & Western takeover of Paramount, Martin Davis moved up to exec veepee (from assistant to president George Weltner, seen exiting formally in 1967); 36-year-old Robert Evans, quondam 7th Ave. garment manufacturer-turned-actor (he played "Irving Thalberg" in "Man of 1,000 Faces," among other thespic chores) becoming Par production head. Only Dick Zanuck, 32, 20th-Fox production veepee (he was also made a member of the board this year) is younger as a studio boss. G&W topper Charles G. Bluhdorn's "accent on youth" seems the keynote in his takeover of Par. Only Weltner and exec committee chairman Edwin Weisl Sr. are on the G&W board, while Bluhdorn and Derald H. Rutenberg, chairman of the Illinois Iron & Bolt Co. (a G&W affiliate) went on the Par board.

With Evans displacing Howard W. Koch as production chief, George H. (Bud) Ornstein, quondam UA foreign production rep and overseas film packager, took command of the European production operations for Paramount, based in London.

Re Kalmenson

One experienced operator to hold his own, and better his position, is Ben Kalmenson, long the New York man in charge for Warners. Following the sellout of Jack L. Warner's shares to Seven Arts (Warner) became board chairman (new post) and Kalmenson emerged as WB president. Separately, Jack L. is producing another Loewe-Lerner Broadway musical, "Camelot." Whether this will be his swan song as a filmmaker remains to be noted. He is now 76.

Another item of top echelon news was Ray Stark's exit from

Seven Arts. Now an indie film producer, Stark enjoyed the advantage of a success in another medium, Broadway legit, via "Funny Girl," based on the career of his late mother-in-law, Fanny Brice. This vehicle catapulted Barbra Streisand to stardom. Columbia Pics will finance and distribute a screen version of "Funny Girl."

Mobile Manpower

Notable happening of the year was the vamoose of Robert Kintner, and Robert Sarnoff's move upstairs at RCA. At CBS the still-mysterious abrupt exit of Jim Aubrey put John A. Schneider and John T. Reynolds into key roles, but Reynolds has now left CBS to head television at the Paramount studio, the presumed third prong of the new studio setup. There were rumors in 1966 as in practically every year since the Democrats took over the White House that Frank Stanton would move to Government. He has not done so and his status at year's end was again a matter of trade questioning years may or may not bring and interest. Meanwhile the creep-retirement to William S. Paley who took over CBS in 1928 after its early founders founded for lack of capital and know-how. Paley seems to be thinking in terms of longrange planning so nothing like a departure date possesses much probability just now.

Fred Friendly, who resigned in pique over policy as CBS-News president, became Prof. of Journalism at Columbia and advisor on tv to the Ford Foundation. Friendly's CBS contractual settlement (including pension) comes to \$410,000, paid him over a deferred period of years.

That other notable network resignation, Robert E. Kintner, who was slated to become both board chairman and president of NBC when Robert W. Sarnoff "moved upstairs to the 53d floor" of the RCA Bldg., as president of the Radio Corp. of America, is receiving \$58,000 a year for 10 years as part of his contract settlement providing he remains uncompetitive. Kintner is now an important aide to President Johnson in the White House.

With Friendly's unfriendly exit as CBS News prexy, Richard A. Salant got the "acting" and ultimately the official title as his successor.

(Incidentally, the National Press Club pondered in 1966 how much White House pressure figured in CBS' decision not to telecast that historic Congressional subcommittee hearing on Vietnam.)

'Managed News'

LBJ's "managed news" repercussions had its reflex impact at the Black Rock, as the new 6th Ave. (N.Y.) hq of CBS is called—vis-a-vis NBC at 30 Rock and ABC's "Goldenson" Rock" further up 6th Ave. Friendly's resignation

RCA: Electronic Built-In Future

The year 1966 was marked by a sharpened perspective as regards the Radio Corp. of America and its planned development. Electronics is the clue, of course, as befits the great electronics trailblazer. RCA has built-in, ready-to-go methods for education, entertainment, communications, even remote control shopping and computer-managed collections. Brig-Genl. David Sarnoff was widely hailed during the year on reaching 75. (Previous RCA president Frank Folsom continues on the board.)

RCA acquired Random House, for a reported \$38,000,000, as part of the electronics' longrange "computerized education," after a previous dicker for Prentice-Hall fell through. Longtime CBS entertainment staple Bennett Cerf ("What's My Line?") wound up a RCA board member but new RCA prexy Robert W. Sarnoff thought there was no conflict of interest and is permitting Cerf, for the nonce anyway, to continue on the CBS panel show.

'What's Happening To Our Film Biz?'

The above caption is a repeat of a page one streamer's thought after the multiplying number of cases of change, or threatened change, during 1966. The old motion picture trade was losing familiar names, some to retirement, some to the Reaper, some to dispossession. Paramount has a whole new executive echelon; its oldtimers are being inexorably superannuated. Symbolic of the cast changes at the top have been the changes of headquarters. MGM, CBS, ABC are all ensconced on the Avenue of the Americas. The Loew's-owned Americana has practically attained a "family monopoly" on gatherings and conventions of a theatrical, and surely a film, nature.

The links forged between amusement organizations and publishing "empires," and the possibility in 1967 of more of the same all color the question, "What's happening in our picture business?"—meaning the circumstances and personalities that have prevailed, more or less, for 20 or 30 years, though of course there is always a brain drain.

While the boom in the bulk sales of old theatrical feature films to networks and television syndication interests was creating a happy-happy frame of mind both at Manhattan headquarters and Coast studios there were more than a few who chided the industry for short-sighted self-congratulation.

Charles K. Feldman, who spent the year making the not-yet-released Columbia "Casino Royale," deplored quickie deals as "pound foolish," despite rising prices of which the \$2,000,000 paid for Columbia's "Bridge On The River Kwai" was a bellwether.

Sherrill Corwin, head of the merger of the country's two top exhibitor bodies, repeated the warning that bypassing the subsequence and "last-run" theatres for the sake of the home tv payoff was against the ultimate survival of the film industry.

Nearly everyone agreed in 1966 that theatrical features had an inherent audience promotion value which television could never duplicate. This was a continuing debate. Even as many film showmen touted tv spots to sell tickets to new releases just hitting first-run, others argued that the general whoopededoo of big-bang films, involving steady promotion, gala premieres, newspaper copy and newsprint ads accumulated a momentum that paid off even three to five years later when the same entertainment hit the parlors.

Teledrama Renaissance

Like the impact of "Bridge on the River Kwai" (among other top feature films) on television, the click of CBS' televersion of "Death of a Salesman" put the spotlight anew on dramatic fare for the 1967-68 vidseason.

CBS earmarked \$500,000 for teledramas with a \$25,000 fee per script the average.

Tv started eyeing telemusical and teledramatic revivals of the calibre of "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," "Music Man," "Night of the Iguana," to combat the feature film thrust. One indie agent also tied up 32 Eugene O'Neill plays for ultimate televersions.

NBC went even further with a \$112,500 bid for the telepremiere of William Hanley's latest play, "Flash and Blood," which doesn't forend its future Broadway, stock and ultimate film negotiations. In fact Andre Goulet had the Broadway rights but the contracts hadn't been signed. The 112½G guarantee to the dramatist is tantamount to a Broadway run of a play that would run 40 weeks before it could return that much in royalties.

The jury is still out on whether tv's fabulous invalid—teledrama—will make it, at least ratings-wise, vis-a-vis the rest of the programming competition, notably the feature films.

The British networks, old hands at teledrama, openly voiced delight with the U.S. web's new penchant for "video theatre."

As vidseries scanned the globe for new locales the Hollywood guilds expressed fear of television's "runaway" production a la feature films.

Like Otto Preminger's abortive suit to control "emasculatation" of his "Anatomy of a Murder," sold by Columbia Pictures to tv, George Stevens sought to warn NBC-TV on the ad blubs "spoiling" the mood of his film, "A Place In The Sun," sold by Paramount to tv. He lost out legally.

nation as CBS News president was because "Lucy" got the programming nod over the Senate Vietnam hearings (Fulbright subcommittee). This was the hearing at which George Kennan, U.S. Ambassador to Russia under President Truman, and an "expert" on Communism, was to have testified.

With Columbia Records prexy Goddard Lieberson moving up into CBS corporate echelon the electronic, via the diskery, added Rogers Drums Inc., of Ohio, to its Fender Guitar Co. (\$13,000,000 deal) and Electro Music, speaker manufacturers (\$6,000,000). Rogers Drums grosses over \$2,000,000 annually.

Remember, Toll?

There is this to be said about tollvision: It is now theoretically possible since the U.S. Supreme Court has ruled illegal the tricky California "referendum" by which the foes of toll choked it to death in its crib. It was, of course, another NBC ex-president, Sylvester L. (Pat) Weaver, who mounted the pay-see invasion on the west coast. But the losses incident to the defeat and the too-late vindication leave toll very much a dangling possibility of an indefinite sometime.

NBC's radio alumnus Matthew J. (Joe) Culligan after a bumpy time with Curtis magazines was back in radio as president of Mutual network (founded 1935) and he started forthwith to bringing Mutual near dead-centre and away from its reputation as mouthpiece for the "radical right."

And don't forget that 1966 was the year of a new-type scandal in

popularity ratings when a researcher named Rex Spargen stated he could "rig the ratings" and would tell how in a book. Result was litigation when A.C. Nielsen sued. It came to an out-of-court settlement.

Much yak came with the arrival of a Republican mayor, John V. Lindsay, who has undertaken to provide a previously lacking co-operation at City Hall for the film studios and craft unions of Greater New York. In recent years it has been a running battle between disgruntled producers and directors and the claimed rigid work-rules of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees. This climaxed with the scandal over Metro's "Mister Budding," shot in New York, as to which the IA for once accepted some blame. It was not a case of either side having all right or all wrong with it. The craft unions were able to muster evidence that some producers were gifted with con but slow to contract firm commitments as a basis for concessions.

Meanwhile, and separately, there are attempts of some significance to create working studios in Miami (two in operation now), in Texas, in Tennessee and elsewhere.

Community Antenna TV

During 1966 CATV loomed as an important evolution not only from the community antenna developments but as a steppingstone to regional paysee for sports and, eventually, many contend, to ultimate feevee.

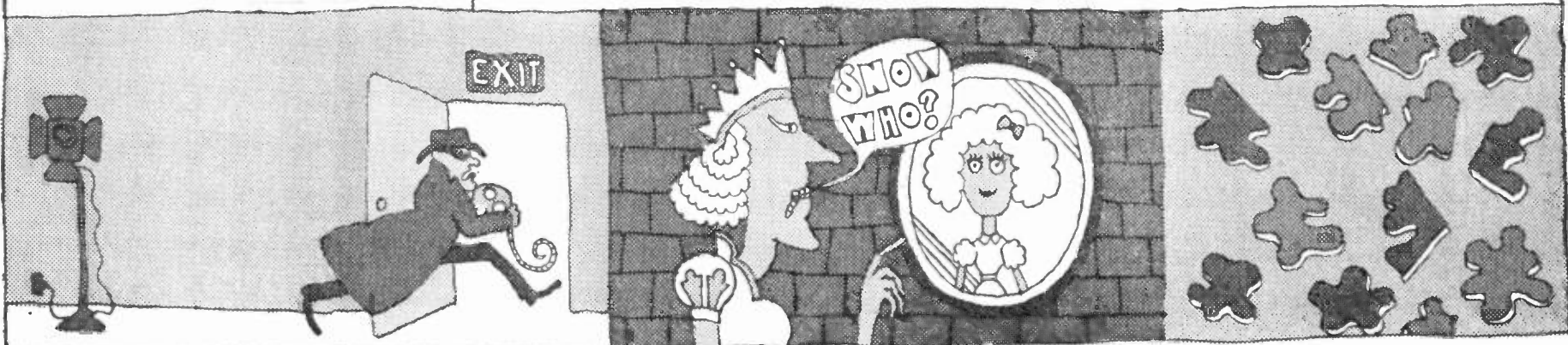
It's on the latter potential that

(Continued on page 52)

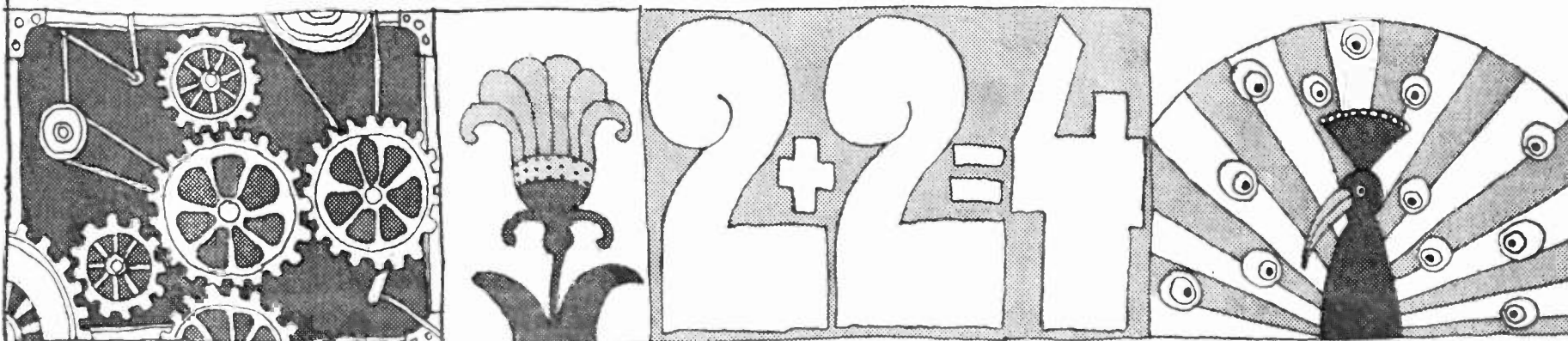
The beauty of the Eastman Color System: every part works best for you.



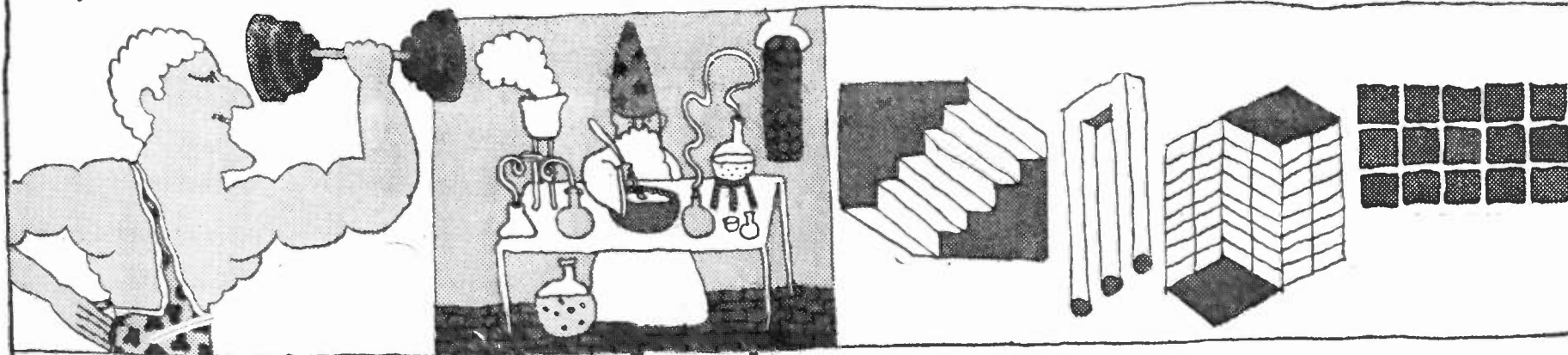
Where do we fit into your production? All along the way, not just while the cameras are rolling. The release prints, after



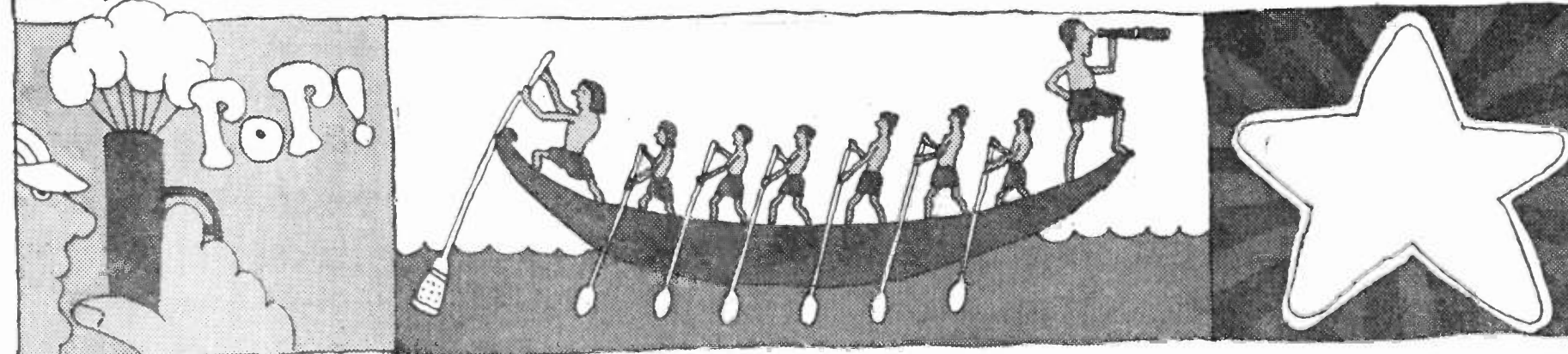
all, may be far removed from your first set; still, they must reflect your original intention. So isn't it important to stick with Eastman right through? Every part of the Eastman



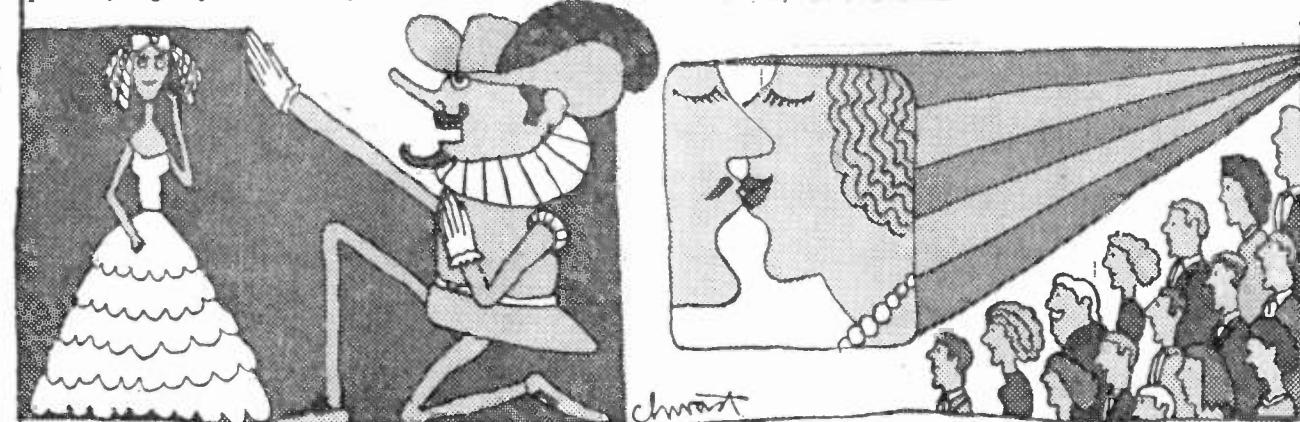
Color System works best for you because all the parts work best together. That's both the beauty and logic of it. Thus, EASTMAN Color Negative (and its special process) works



beautifully with EASTMAN Color Intermediate (and its special process) to produce masters for optical effects. Both go perfectly with EASTMAN Color Print Film (and its special



process) to give you the result you wanted from the very start. Our total effort at Eastman, from research to personal engineering service, is directed toward the best possible



release print. May it speak eloquently for all your effort, eliciting raves from millions of movie-goers and television viewers.

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Kodak
TRADEMARK

MALICIOUS MISCHIEF, ANGLE-SHOOTING, BIGOTRY

(Continued from page 50)

the talent Guilds are in support of United Artists' test suit against Fortnightly Corp., a Pennsy CATV system. Attorney Louis Nizer, himself an author, contends that CATV's harnessing of telecast programs for supplementary fees (the community antenna systems) is an infringement of copyright and the Writers Guild of America et al. support him thereon.

Film Festivals seemed to be spreading, along with other displays of cultural, educational tv and films and the like; VARIETY counted 122 such annual fests all over the map.

Metro's "Doctor Zhivago" and 20th's "Sound of Music" won five Oscars each but the former company added three lesser awards (Shelley Winters, best supporting, "Patch of Blue"; Maurice Jarre's score and Freddie Young's color photography for "Zhivago"). While 20th copped for both the picture and best direction (Robert Wise on "SOM"), the best femme was England's Julie Christie for "Darling" (Anglo-American; Embassy) and Lee Marvin was the best male performance in Harold Hecht-Col's "Cat Ballou."

Hard Ducat Pies

Another salient trait of 1966 was the proliferation of hardticket, or roadshow, films. One of the mop-ups was 20th-Fox's "Sound of Music." As the year came to an end this film was completing, in market after market of only moderate population, some truly astounding longrun engagements (to top the all-time Champions list).

Other reserved seat attractions of the year, and mentioned because there were so many more than an average, were "On Way To Forum," "Hawaii," "The Bible," "A Man For All Seasons" and Metro's "Grand Prix" in Cinema. The trend was so marked that Darryl F. Zanuck took time out to write a special article under his byline for VARIETY, touting the case for roadshows. It certainly made sense to see roadshows as a powerful proof of the resurgence of films as an art form, the more so as the network program schedules were a shambles throughout the autumn period.

'Sound of Music' Boffo

While 20th's celluloid version of "Sound of Music" was setting new longrun records around the globe, London's longest-running legit musical, the same Rodgers & Hammerstein "SOM," is ending its six-year run next week (Jan. 14, 1967) after 2,385 performances.

Film company prognosticates that its "SOM" may top "Gone With The Wind" as the champ film grosser.

"Sound" was also crowding "My Fair Lady" (Col original cast LP), 7,500,000 albums, having gone over the 5,000,000 marker (also a Columbia Records package) with international sales in normally depressed LP markets deemed "extraordinary."

Another Col solid seller is "West Side Story," both the OC Broadway album and the UA soundtrack topping 5,000,000 LPs.

Met Opera Troubles

With opening in September of the Metropolitan Opera House (\$47,000,000), the Lincoln Center of Performing Arts (\$164,000,000) was nearing completion, though the Juilliard Music School is still building. The admission at the Met's premiere was \$250 top, the show itself a dud, "Antony & Cleopatra," over-everythinged by Franco Zeffirelli. (Even the amazingly even-tempered composer was vexed at him.) The first several productions were a stagehand's nightmare, the German girders bending under the Italian over-load (they'll have to be hammered straight next summer).

Certainly Lincoln Center is one of the great theatrical events of 1966, all criticisms to one side. That the Met under-estimated costs and the Center under-provided parking space were almost predictable. As for traffic control a VARIETY reporter dubbed West 65th Street, when cops are at play, "Hell's Gulch."

Met, Philharmonic Hall and the New York State Theatre have had many successful productions but the Vivian Beaumont Repertory Theatre thus far has been

jinxed, one show less auspicious than its predecessor and hope alone sustaining the venture.

Landmarkism

The year was marked by an agitation to Save-The-Old-Met. It has succeeded to the extent of staying the wrecking ball. Scaffolding to the first floor is up but court okay is lacking. The movement was slow in gaining momentum and perhaps too blithely regarded by the Met board. At the finale none of the spokesmen could speak too glowingly of the old place lest what they said be snatched for propaganda against razing. The main argument for the old Met is that New York is singularly devoid of large capacity halls and can ill-afford its loss. Against that the old yellow-brick structure is damned for being decrepit, fire-hazardous and so on.

There was even a Save-the-Ziegfeld agitation but the showplace of the late Billy Rose is going down at this very moment, for \$18,000,000 in hand to his estate. A 50-story Fisher Bros. Bldg. will further complete the modernization of Sixth Avenue.

Billy Rose

The Billy Rose postmortem irony "he's still on a shelf up there in Ferncliff, while his sisters are battling over the will," is the laconic Broadway opinion) sees the showman, with a \$30,000,000 (estimated) estate still unburied because attorneys cannot release the \$125,000 to build the monument they think worthy. Despite \$1,000,000 trust fund to one sister and \$100,000 to another, both have united to upsetting the bulk of the fortune to the Billy Rose Foundation Inc.

Staged Malice

Civil rights tensions were both worse and altered in character during 1966 and necessarily impinged on the amusement and communication media. An International Conference of Radio & TV News Directors met in Chicago and pondered the dangers of "dramatizing" racial protests because of the fear of chain reaction in other communities incident upon reports of clashes and hatred. The showmanship of cameramen was especially deplored. (At a Seminar on Violence conducted the previous year at Brandeis U. the same thesis was prominently developed. Instances were cited of tv camera crews "leading" a march and aggravating the mood.) The point is that when people are invited to indulge in "exhibitionism" before the cameras things can readily get out of hand.

Militant civil rights worker, comedian Dick Gregory, thought he had London pacifist Lord Russell's blessing—and authority—to trek to Hanoi to entertain GI captives, but only got as far as England. The North Vietnam authorities refused him a visa.

Social scientists will no doubt compose learned pieces on the protest techniques of this era. In part they take advantage of modern communications—and especially the tv presence. If cameras and mikes are too available to beatniks, blatherskites and neurotic aggressors wildfire may result. Hence the fears, in which police chiefs join.

It may be part of the psychological climate that one editorial in VARIETY during 1966 dealt with the deliberately cultivated rudeness format of certain late hour "discussion" programs. There was evidence that that outlet was being provided—in the name of entertainment and ratings—for fanatics, bigots and malicious mischief types. What price social responsibility?

The term "Nigger" has long been recognized this side as inviolable but Agatha Christie's whodunit in Britain stuck to "10 Little Niggers," though retitled "Indians" for U.S.

Anti-Semitism (Yet)

Anti-Semitism, although quieted down in recent semesters, had its innings in 1966, most disputatiously in respect to the Bavarian Catholic village of Oberrammergau, whose Passion Play upcoming in 1970 has stirred strong protest from liberals everywhere and has fueled the impression that the Jew-hatred complex is precious still to a lot of Germans, who

learned nothing from the Hitler insanity and the crushing military defeat. Plans to export a preview of the Passion Play, reduced to three hours, involved several English showmen of Jewish blood in embarrassment. The point is that the villagers have steadfastly resisted substitution of their anti-Semitic script by one less offensive. They delight in the offense.

Otherwise there was a good deal of better feeling manifest between various faiths of Judeo-Christian derivation. Scattered echoes to former Nazi collaborator situations were still being heard and the Arab zealots are still banning certain stars (and products) for personal or professional contact with Israel.

Germans protested in their own turn, saying that certain films circulating internationally, many of them of Italian origin, were out-and-out anti-German, not merely anti-Nazi. They called such painful reminders of past sins a "Hun Hate Wave."

Echoes of Bias

Rolf Hochhuth's play, "The Deputy," hitting at Pope Pius XII after many ecclesiastical delays, finally was produced in Brussels and the Theatres des Galeries became the scene of riotous protest followed by stenchballs, a repeat of similar episodes in other cities in prior years.

Israel, which had let down the bars on the German language and a certain amount of German cultural exchange, banned Felicien Marceau's play, "La Bonne Soupe," because the playwright had been imprisoned in his native Belgium as a Nazi collaborator.

France kayoed the "trial" by global intellectuals (Jean-Paul Sartre et al.) of LBJ for "war crimes": eight London theatres were disrupted by the Vietnam Action Group's organized demonstrations; and, in Birmingham, by a British Coordinating Committee.

Ironically, one of the eight theatres targeted in the anti-Vietnam war demonstration was Wyndham's, where Vanessa Redgrave

In 1966, New York Dailies Down to 4

An event of 1966: The N.Y. World Journal Tribune finally saw daylight after setting a new American newspaper strike mark, 135 days, or one more than the 134 in 1964 which blacked-out the Detroit News and Detroit Free Press. Next biggest Gotham press strike was in 1962, 114 days.

N.Y. Post publisher Mrs. Dorothy Schiff's fear that all the combined Hearst-Trib-Scripps-Howard journalistic headlines—the columnists—would or could force her out of business became a court issue and was settled by an unprecedented legal ruling whereby syndicates had to offer the competitive Post its features for open bidding against the WJT.

Meantime the multiple-saddled, combined offspring of the old Herald-Tribune (a.m.), Journal-American and World-Telegram & Sun created multiple feature writers in the new p.m. and Sunday sheet—a sort of Noah's Ark of Journalism, meaning two of everything (sports, fashions, show biz, Broadway columnists, et al.)

The N.Y. World Journal Tribune displaced one a.m. sheet, the historic N.Y. Herald-Tribune (publisher Jock Whitney eventually sold off 45% of the Paris edition of the Trib to the Washington Post) and the p.m. World-Telegram. New WJT is an afternoon daily and, with Mrs. Dorothy Schiff's N.Y. Post, fills the afternoon field. The Times and News (tabloid) are the morning sheets.

While N.Y. constricted to four dailies, the Chattanooga (Tenn.) Post, afternoon offspring of the 97-year-old Chattanooga Times, made its bow this fall. Mrs. Ruth Sulzberger Golden, of the N.Y. Times-Sulzberger-Ochs family, is publisher, as she is of the morning sheet.

Big Bout of 1967: O'Brien Vs Levin

Alongside the prevailing 1966 urge-to-merge has been the not-unrelated popularity with ambitious types of the takeover caper. Paramount beat off two hardy raiders. Columbia has achieved, thus far, a standoff with the Banque de Paris et Pays-Bas, and there now gathers for pitched battle the forces of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's incumbent management led by Robert H. O'Brien and the forces of "we-can-do-it-better" led by Jersey realtor Philip J. Levin.

The Metro case promises to be dramatic. Tradesters will recall that Metro, then under Joe Vogel, held its own against an earlier attack at a takeover caper led by the late Louis B. Mayer and a Canadian investor. The present challenge is possibly more formidable just to the degree that Levin is at the peak of his powers of acumen whereas Mayer may have been on the downside of his effectiveness when he sought "vindication" against his longtime "employers" in Manhattan.

The early raps against O'Brien were without any results for Levin who has now recruited allies and mounted the formal proxy war which requires notification to the Securities & Exchanges Commission, as given.

starred in "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." Miss Redgrave has been to the fore personally criticizing American involvement in Vietnam and was arrested about two years ago as participant in a pro-Castro demonstration. Now that she's starring in Hollywood in "Camelot," she'll probably undergo the usual switch in devotion to the causes.

Recognizing the tourism values of navel maneuvers Cairo decided to give Egyptian bellydancers the go-go but nixed any topless or other nudity variations.

America's own "Visitez U.S.A." tourism pitch was getting mixed reactions in 1966 from visiting concierges (who couldn't dig why no concierges in local hotels) and travel agents (who recognized the price differentials per American standards).

Conversely, the jumbo jets of the immediate future with their 350-500 passenger capacity and concomitant lower fares which would further boost tourism influx, has such resorts as Hawaii—hotels, restaurants, etc.—pondering the problem of coping with such mammoth tourist invasion.

London's "US"—in caps, sans periods, a play on the U.S.—was frankly an anti-U.S. play, with its Vietnam theme, and London also bowed "The Silence of Lee Harvey Oswald." Similar-themed play, "Pity in November," by an Italian dramatist and adapted into Spanish, folded quickly in Madrid where the press has been openly skeptical about Oswald's guilt.

NBC News paid a substantial sum to Balduv Von Shirach, the Nazi war criminal who was released from the Spandau Prison after serving a 25-year prison term, for an exclusive interview, as did Der Spiegel, the West German weekly. Buckingham Palace was not averse to a reported \$300,000 fee from the NBC-TV "tour" of the royal digs.

Anzac Angle

When EMI (Australia) cancelled recording the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, its American Negro conductor, Dean Dixon, long resident in Germany, charged racial bias. He also alleged that the U.S. would not book the Sydney Symphony but John M. Burnett, president of the Aussie EMI, denied Dixon's opinion commenting that "as good as the Sydney Symphony is it cannot compete with the London Philharmonic nor the Boston Symphony." And by world standards, he observed that the Australian group, while good, was not good enough.

Shirley Temple

The former child star, now Mrs. Shirley Temple Black, drew raps from the press of San Francisco when she walked out of the film festival there in protest against the Swedish film, "Night Games." Later she addressed the National Press Club in Washington, declaring she hated censorship but also pornography for profit.

Facelifting Times Square

Where do old hotel props go? With the razing of the Savoy-Plaza, Sheraton East (nee the Ambassador), Park Lane, Madison, Astor, et al., "preview" sales and subsequent auctions saw some of the furnishings going into private homes but, dominantly, things like chairs, bars, chandeliers, etc. find refuge in out-of-town hotels.

The Astor becomes a \$10,000,000 skyscraper which, reportedly, may

be the new world hq of a show biz cartel. And in the periphery of Times Sq. there are a number of new office buildings on planning boards or in actual construction. All of this argues a possible albeit belated rejuvenation of the midtown area which already has seen new construction of hotels, motels and apartment houses on 8th Ave. in the theatrical centre. Even the Dixie Hotel, a very poppiced pad on West 43d St., between Broadway and 8th, may see revitalization via its new 225-seat Bert Wheeler Theatre, housed in the former Plantation Room, quondam nitery-eatery.

Shift of Madison Square Garden into the new Penn Plaza superstructure, in the sky rights above Pennsylvania Railroad station (a la the Pan Am Bldg. atop Grand Central station) is expected to have vicariously fortuitous effect on the fading Hotels New Yorker, Governor Clinton, Statler Hilton (nee the Pennsylvania) and the like. Already some of the sports clubs have made prearrangements to house teams and trainers in the area, maintain permanent dining facilities etc.

Topless

Lou Walters' new show at the Latin Quarter brought back nudes to Broadway, in the Las Vegas manner, so it was perhaps inevitable that Gotham would try for the topless waitress bit, a la Frisco and L.A. In no time, with a frank pitch for notoriety and publicity, the East 54th St. Crystal Room got on the map with a queue at \$5.50 minimum (\$1.50 a drink) followed by a Greenwich Village joint.

In light of Mayor Lindsay's "Fun City" pitch he left it to the cops for legal testing. Summonses were issued for cabaret license infringement and such obtuse other reasons as "poor lighting" and "overcrowding."

Descendants of the notorious Marquis de Sade sued to delete "association of their name with insanity as likely to damage the family reputation" via the "Marat/Sade" play title, and won. Peter Weiss' play at the Theatre Sarah Bernhardt was curtailed from "The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Presented by the Inmates of the Asylum at Charenton Under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade." (The UA filmization which, as a stunt, is utilizing the fulsome title, presumably will have to follow the same curtailment when playing French environs.)

Unpredictable Merrick

David Merrick's feuds with critics had him tilting at the airwaves vis-a-vis NBC's Edwin Newman, demanding "equal time" etc. under the First Amendment. Paradoxically calling the Christian Science Monitor "a tradepaper," Merrick nixed firstnight courtesies for that sheet, and also the Quincy (Mass.) Patriot-Ledger, both of which panned his "Loves of Cass McGuire" during its Boston try-out. At year's end, however, Merrick proved himself a brave man by folding "Breakfast at Tiffany's," during its Broadway previews, despite a \$1,000,000 advance, refusing to "bore" his public and critics by the inept musicalization of Truman Capote's book (later film). Merrick took the blame 100%.

Easing of the Redcoats' invasion (Continued on page 54)

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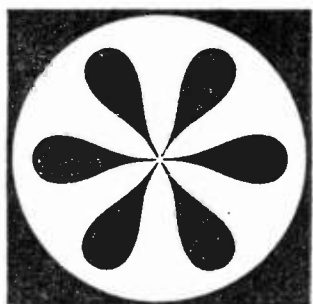
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MANY INDUSTRY ECHELONS RE-STAFFED

(Continued from page 52)

(The Beatles, Rolling Stones), evidences of the comeback of melody ("Lara's Theme" from "Dr. Zhivago"), followed fading of France's ye-ye. It even took its toll with Johnny Halliday—"the French Elvis Presley"—just married to the No. 1 "Ye-Ye Girl," Sylvie Vartan, attempting suicide three times because of professional frustration as his rock 'n' roll fans deserted him.

The "big band" continued its comeback (Benny Goodman) and Guy Lombardo thereafter followed Maurice Chevalier into the reopened Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, N.Y.). The click policy with straight dansapation at New York's Riverboat Room and Rainbow Grill were among the musical highlights.

Staff Sgt. Barry Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets" achieved a Tin Pan Alley dream \$1,000,000 jackpot as it catapulted the Chet Gierlach & Phyllis Fairbanks indie pubbery, Music Music Music Inc., and via the other tunes in the "Beret" LP (RCA Victor), they hit a musical Fort Knox.

Getting It Both Ways

Bob Dylan and The Beatles paved the way for a new vogue of singer-songwriters, getting income from all sides and, when exceptionally prolific and successful, viz., John Lennon and Paul McCartney of The Beatles, also via other artists to "cover" their tunes.

Rolling Stones, The Remains, Sonny & Cher, Dave Clark 5, Beach Boys, Simon & Garfunkel, Roger Miller, Johnny Cash, Donovan, James Brown, Paul Anka, Charles Aznavour, Gilbert Becaud, Charles Trenet, the late Edith Piaf, Neil Sedaka, Carolyn Hester, Barry Mann & Cynthia Weil are others in the r&r and balladeering groups and singles, Yank and international, who have made it big on the ASCAP and BMI performance income as songsmiths as well as performers.

There were the usual freaks such as "Mrs. (Elva) Miller's Greatest Hits" which racked a surprising 200,000 albums for Capitol and got the grandmotherly "world's worst singer" a guest-shot on the Ed Sullivan show. But she nixed the "Cherry Sisters Award."

A "pop art" cover on The Beatles' "Yesterday and Today" album cost Cap some \$200,000 to kill it. Cover was created in England where it caused no stir but customer revulsion parred some of the Dixie deejays' crackdown (and l'heral cracking-up) of Beatles' biscuits following John Lennon's untoward soundoff on religion.

Pot. LSD to Antilove

Yesteryear's rock 'n' roll "leerics" veered this past annum into a new breed of "inside" plugging for dope-and-drink. Disk jockeys, attuned to all nuances, took some of the songs to task for their propagation (to the impressionable kids) of junk, LSD, booze and the like. Conversely, one song, "Kicks," pointed out the fallacy of overly hip "kicks" via drugs and pills or gin, which have been keynoted in some of the deprecated contemporary pops.

NAB also decided to have its deejays screen all pop disks for "dirty" or hidden meaning ("pot," LSD, etc.) or other "leerics" before airing them.

On another song propaganda pitch the United Arab Republic made headlines out of Cairo via "antilove" songs directed at the Egyptian population explosion. One lyric extolled "you have beaten the rabbit in having so many children," subtitled "Put on your brakes so that you don't have trouble in your family."

ASCAP-BMI Rapport

Broadcast Music Inc., founded in 1940 to combat the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers, had long since made "new blood" impact on the charts, particularly via the rock 'n' roll "one record" wonders. But in recent years BMI has matured via sturdier works and music comedy gaining increasing, albeit still grudging, respect from the ASCAP deahards. Latter, in fact, adopted some of the "faster money" payoffs to the newcomer songsmiths, also

of the r&r stripe. But 1966 witnessed a true crossing of party lines as Howard Richmond, for example, one of the new breed of successful BMI publishers, was elected to the ASCAP board.

Indicative of the extent that time has healed is the fact that only seven or eight years ago successful ASCAP publisher Edwin H. (Buddy) Morris, in order to become an ASCAP board member, had to give up his BMI firm.

Further in line with the new thinking—a generation after the initial "Justice to Genius" schism—is the collaboration of BMI's Leslie Bricusse with ASCAPer Henry Mancini, and two BMI publishers joining the National Music Publishers Assn., nee the Music Publishers Protective Assn., long regarded as an unofficial trade association publishers' arm of ASCAP.

Meantime the Society's income increases apace, as witness the peak of \$31,833,426 collections for the first eight months of 1966, topping the previous record comparative take last year by over \$2,000,000. Same is true for BMI.

To cap it all, the U.S. Gov't. in December quashed its antitrust suit versus Broadcast Music Inc. which had since gotten out of the publishing and recording business to function essentially as a performing rights collection agency.

With BMI dominating the indie pops the Society created new formulas for more liberal and quicker payoffs to the upcoming young songsmiths.

NMPA and AGAC

After 49 years as the Music Publishers Protective Assn., a euphemism of late since the MPPA had been formed to "protect" itself (among other things) from payola—now a cynically regarded sometime thing—the trade association changed its handle to the National Music Publishers Assn. Arthur Israel Jr. died later in the year and was succeeded as prez of NMPA by Sal Chiantia of MCA Music. New exec sec is Leonard Feist of the famed music family, now running the show after the demise of Walter G. Douglas, longtime albeit of late not too active chairman of the board.

Some years ago the Songwriters Protective Assn. also changed its tag to AGAC, the American Guild of Composers & Authors. This year AGAC marked its 35th milestone with a double-featured bash at New York's Hotel Plaza and Los Angeles' Bel Air Hotel.

Tape Cartridges

The tape cartridge business for automotive and home use looms as the next biggest boom in recorded music but it is denied that the LP aspect of recording will ever phase out. Rather it is expected that, if anything, recording techniques may be made even more perfect, per RCA Victor topper George R. Marek, due to retire and just succeeded by Norman Racusin.

Also, even before the tape cartridge takes over too dominantly the trade foresees the play-see platter coming to the fore despite the concomitant high royalties and fees for artists for "performing" clearances and the like. Juke films, like France's Scopitone, already have made impact in discotheques etc.

CBS denied that it had a cheap play-see disk and the Japanese, who are not secretive about those things, are said not to have the "good" product the American market would demand. RCA Victor of course has long been experimenting with play-see.

Music biz high finance included Georgie and Eddie Joy selling out their Joy Music, 37 years old, for \$2,000,000 to the ever-expanding Aberbachs (Jean and Julian), after MCA supposedly eyed acquiring the same outfit.

The Mills brothers, who had sold out the firm bearing their name for \$5,000,000 to Richard Rosenthal's Utilities & Industries Ltd., saw Irving Mills back independently in the music business on the Coast while founder-prexy Jack Mills marked his 75th birthday.

FBI "bugging" (allegedly illegally) of Las Vegas executive suites (virtually every top Strip casino-hotel plushery, along with

the downtown casino-hotels, was involved) figured in the gubernatorial campaign. Also "skimming" (10% off the top in the casinos' counting rooms, with allegedly no reportage to authorities for taxation purpose) also made the headlines, as did the alleged Cosa Nostra interest (but vehemently denied) in the new Caesars Palace, Las Vegas, said to cost \$25,000,000 (probably nearer \$15,000,000).

Regardless of skimming etc. the Nevada revenues from the gaming casinos hit new heights per fiscal year reports filed with the Gaming Control Commission in Carson City. The state showed a \$328,000,000 gambling gross for 1965-66, up \$33,000,000, and Clark County alone (Las Vegas) showed \$179,000,000, an increase of \$16,000,000 over 1964-65.

Meantime London's legalized gambling boomed to the degree the local solons were eyeing that source as new taxable income from profits. The West End posheries copied the Las Vegas flying gamblers' junkies; rumors cropped up about Las Vegas mobster incursions; and the British Commonwealth also became concerned over the Nassau gambling control by Americans, with hints of mobsterism. London also copied the "name" front technique with ex-champ Joe Louis and ex-star George Raft fronting two casinos as "hosts," reportedly sans any "piece of the action."

Champ Longrunners

"The Fantasticks" became the longestrunning legit musical champ on or off-Broadway when it passed "My Fair Lady" (2,717 performances) in October and is still running. Rodgers & Hammerstein's "Sound of Music," when it hit the 287th week in November at the Palace, London, became the longest running American musical ever to play the West End. Scheduled to close next week (Jan. 14, 1967) "Sound" will have played 2,381 performances. It passed "My Fair Lady" last Oct. 22 which hit 2,284 performances.

London's alltime champ is still "The Mousetrap" which marked its 14th season Nov. 25 at the Ambassadors with over 5,800 performances.

One of the biggest financial debacles in legit was the \$1,336,574 bankruptcy (assets of \$443,401) of Martin Tahse's Corp. whose touring musicals suddenly found themselves unable to meet current bills. Tahse Corp.'s bus-and-truck tours of shows did well but somehow "Where's Charley?" "Funny Girl" and "On A Clear Day" conked out.

Personalities

(Continued from page 3)

ill, quondam legit turned nitery singer, clicked in her nitery debut.

Beatlemania's "twilight" may be the reason for some of the members going their ways individually, either as songsmiths (John Lennon and Paul McCartney) and histrionically. McCartney's sounding-off on their b.o. potency vis-a-vis the church triggered a wave of anti-Beatlemania manifestations; deejays breaking and/or refusing to play their records henceforth, spotty b.o. on some dates (prices were inordinately high, even for the overly-privileged Yank kids) but the mob-scene hysteria—real or fomented via pressagery—appeared none the less impaired.

It was no laughing matter to ABC when Milton Berle wanted to present himself and other Nielsen losers—Tammy Grimes, Jean Arthur, Red Buttons and Robert Goulet, among others—on a "Exit Laughing" final program for his dropped series. Idea was nixed. Statistics published in this weekly showed 60% of the new video programs flopped.

George Sanders was forced into a nearly \$1,000,000 personal bankruptcy petition because of investment in a spurious Scotland-based building and food processing undertaking. Even though he is among the "taken," some of the dour Scots who lost in the operation have expressed themselves very unkindly against the actor, the unwitting tool of promoters.

William Wyler's b.o. jackpot "How To Steal A Million Dollars" (20th) followed the Academy giving him the Thalberg Award at the 38th annual awards last April. Wyler won Oscars for directing "Mrs. Miniver," "Best Years of Our Lives" and "Ben-Hur."

Gordon McLendon Jr., 19, related to the broadcasting interests in Frisco, Buffalo, Chicago, Houston and Dallas, became the youngest war correspondent covering the Vietnam front.

Duke Ellington at 67 stated that he felt "like he was starting a new career" (with his religious jazz recitals) and ex-Lambs Shepherd Fred Waring marked his 50th anni in music via another sixmonth tour with his Pennsylvanians.

Lucretia Bori, 71, lyric soprano in "the golden age of the Metropolitan Opera," left a \$1,067,645 estate.

Famed Russian composer Aram Khachaturian, now 64, plans making a first-time U.S. tour in '68, Soviet-American cultural relations permitting. They're strained again.

Vet film producer Sol Lesser, at 76, plans a globetrotting production trip on "The World We Live In." for tv.

Violinist Mischa Elman's 59th return to New York's Carnegie Hall figures he'll hit his 5,000th concert recital this year; not sure because he never kept score but impresarios credit him with a new high mark for longevity on the concert platform.

Leonard Bernstein voluntarily knocked himself off the podium as music director of the N.Y. Philharmonic comes 1969 when he'll be 50 but becomes orch's first "conductor emeritus."

Those Tell-Alls

Harry Richman's tell-all of his boudoir athletics in "A Hell of a Life" was topped by Hedy Lamarr's "Ecstasy" which she sought to withdraw after publication. It achieved perhaps the nadir in graphic sexual details. Tony Loder, 19, her son by actor John Loder, championed his mother during that Los Angeles shoplifting mess as a woman troubled by loss of beauty.

Among the overly frank show biz autobiogs, with accent on kiss-and-tell-all, were Lita Grey Chaplin's "My Life With (Charlie) Chaplain," Michael Chaplin's "I Couldn't Smoke the Grass On My Father's Lawn," the latter laundered before being permitted to publish.

"Salacious advertising" more than the subject matter were ascribed as reasons for the U.S. Supreme Court refusing to review pornographer Ralph Ginzburg's five-year prison term and \$28,000 fine, despite a galaxy of literateurs, clergy et al. petitioning for clemency for the publisher of Eros (magazine) and other works.

While assailing the author's longtime friend, A. E. Hotchner's "Papa Hemingway," which the widow sought to restrain unsuccessfully, Mrs. Mary Hemingway finally conceded that the author did commit suicide at their home in Ketchum, Idaho, in 1961, although no inquest was held at time and local Coroner Ray McGoldrick stated at the time that "no one will ever know whether death was a suicide or accident."

Ailing M. Lincoln Schuster earlier in the year sold out his 50% to Leon Shimkin, long regarded as "the third S" in Simon & Schuster, for a reported \$2,000,000.

Brothers Tisch (Loew's) gave \$2,000,000 for a new nine-story School of Commerce Bldg. on the NYU Washington Square campus and the same college was recipient of \$2,000,000 from the president of Simon & Schuster for a new (Leon) Shimkin Hall named for him.

Charles Wolfe, 90-year-old stagehand and thus the oldest member of the Theatrical Protective Union No. 1, has been a stagehand for over 60 years and has yet to see any Broadway show from backstage or any other way. Currently at the Majestic, which houses "Funny Girl," Wolfe says he doesn't even know the name of the leading man.

Russell V. Downing reached the retirement age and James F. Gould, exec veep, succeeded him as president of Radio City Music

Hall. Handout from Gus S. Eysell, president of Rockefeller Center Inc. and himself a former prez of the Hall.

Liza Minnelli and Nancy Sinatra

Judy Garland's professional uncertainties (cancellations and non-appearances for reasons of health and otherwise) matched her legal battling with former husband Sid Luft and end of marriage of eight months (her most recent) to Mark Herron. He is her fourth husband. Daughter Liza Minnelli meantime has been making professional impact on her own, as is true also of Nancy Sinatra, a big dislick on her own, and such other second-generation sprites as Dino (Dean Martin's lad), Desi, (Lucille Ball and Desni Arnaz's) two-thirds of the DD&Billy rock 'n' roll combo. Gary Lewis (Jerry's son) likewise has hit the disk charts and personals with his own r&r group until getting the Army call.

Lucius Beebe left his \$2,000,000 estate to longtime friend and collaborator Charles Clegg but didn't forget T-Bone Towser II, his five-year-old St. Bernard, who is insured fancy fodder via a \$15,000 trust fund.

Brigadier-General Telford Taylor (Ret.), who was chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials, is becoming a songsmith and signed with Music Music Music Inc., the publishing house which clicked with Staff Sgt. Barry Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets." Composer - General Taylor's marches, "50 Stars on A Field of Blue," "Italia Eterna" and "Farewell to the Cavalry," are his first published compositions.

Just before his throat operation Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen (R-Ill.) joined diskery parade with a Capitol album narration of American history from a script by H. Paul Jeffers. He also made the "Hollywood Palace" on ABC-TV.

The Lohengrin Hit Parade

The May-December nuptials hit parade of the year was marked by Frank Sinatra, 51, and Mia Farrow, 21 (her mother, Maureen O'Sullivan, only two or three years the singer's senior, was also erroneously in the headlines in a reverse May-December romance with an Israeli student in his 20s). U.S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, 67, his three previous marriages ended by divorce, married Cathleen Curran Heffernan, 23, and (1) got Congressional criticism and (2) was dropped from the Green Book, Washington's social register. Quondam N.Y. World's Fair prexy Robert Moses, 77, married Mary Grady, his secretary for 30 years; and General Omar Bradley, 73, Bulova board chairman and MGM board member, married tv-filmscripser Kitty Buhler, 44 ("My Three Sons" "Cara Williams Show"). She was working on a film treatment of the five-star general's life and career; her second marriage, his third (previous Mrs. Bradley died last December in Delmar, Calif.).

Romy Schneider in July married German actor - director Harry Mayen-Habenstock in St. Jean-Cap Ferrat (son born to them recently). Zsa Zsa Gabor did it for the fifth time; showgirl Joyce Matthews married a Texan shortly after Billy Rose's death (there was talk they would remarry a third time); Brigitte Bardot, 31, and German industrialist Gunther Sachs von Opel did the nuptials bit in Las Vegas July 14, offed-to-Acapulco for honeymoon (Opel unsuccessfully sought to enjoin a European mag's spread on "Sexy Sachs," on grounds of invasion of privacy, that he's now married, etc., but the court ruled he seemed to delight in his romantic publicity before marriage); Cary Grant became a father of a girl at 62, Mrs. Grant is former actress Dyan Cannon.

Luci & Pat, Lynda & Hamilton Luci Johnson, 19, married Pat Nugent, 23, (who's now studying management at the Austin radio-tv station owned by the President's family interests, while both are continuing studies at the Univ. of Texas), and Lynda Bird Johnson, her older sister, 22, romantically linked with actor George Hamilton, became a part-time career girl as a writer and consultant with McCall's mag at a salary "under \$10,000 a year."

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Tales of a Wayward Inn

Continued from page 4

a week when the newly built, first-rate Manger Hotel (later the Taft) was advertising rooms for \$30 a month, for heaven's sake!

Ah, I saw the reason for this every day working behind the desk. In the Markwell the actor could go across the street and buy a container of coffee and a cinnamon bun and carry it through the lobby to his room. The actor could walk out of the hotel with a bundle of laundry or a suit dangling over his shoulder. Despite the cheaper \$30 at the much better hotel, the actor or actress could not do this at the Manger. It would mean room service and instead of 15c. for a container of coffee and cinnamon bun, it would cost, even in those days, closer to a dollar, including the tip for the bellboy, and no actor could very well carry his bundle through the lobby of the Manger on his way to the Chinese laundry.

Assorted Bonifaces

I fell into the business quite naturally. My family had been associated with hotels for many years.

In 1915, my brother Jacob, with the money he received as dowry from his bride, acquired a lease on the Hotel Jefferson, a 60-room theatrical hotel on the corner of Broadway & 38th St., where, as a boy, I saw such fellows as Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn and Bert Lahr. Later my brother Jacob acquired the Hotel Union Square which he made into the "Algonquin of the Yiddish stage."

Many Yiddish actors stayed there and those who did not have a room, received their mail there. Paul Muni's mother lived at the Union Square for quite a while and strange as it may seem, the Boston Symphony kept coming to this old hotel, out of habit from the days when the Union Square was one of the leading hotels in America.

Specialized Clientele

While the people at the Hotel Markwell, in 1932, were mostly actors, the hotel had an open door. Many found it convenient and inexpensive. It is interesting that individual groups of people involved in a particular line of work, would live at a particular hotel. Thus the burlesque girls would be at the Hotel Peerless and if you were looking for a "carnie" you'd find him at the Cadillac.

The card sharks came to the Markwell. These men had magnificent luggage and they would check out in a body one morning and four hours later on occasion, they would come back with their magnificent luggage and one of them would whisper to me: "The purser says there's no one on board with any real dough, just school-teachers..."

Also among the regulars at the Markwell was Mike-the-Horse, the model for Damon Runyon's, Harry-the-Horse. Mike-the-Horse was the man who, at a moment's notice, could get you anything from a girl to 100 shares of New York Central Preferred, no questions asked. On the police blotter where his name appeared from time to time, he called himself Alfred Leroy. But his real, real name was Joe Abrams, from Coney Island originally.

'Tobacco Road' to Riches

It was interesting to see the success story right in front of your eyes. Jim Barton with a smile and a handshake saying goodbye to move to the better Hotel Forrest as "Tobacco Road" finally seemed to be on its way. The same process with Maude O'Dell, a great performer who died in her dressing-room between the acts of "Tobacco Road." We were all saddened. Later on when I established myself in Charlotte, I discovered that Maude was a North Carolinian from High Point and somehow I felt sad about her all over again.

The Markwell was a great experience for me because I had been a theatre-man all my life. I went to the Yiddish theatre as a boy and later I tried hard not to miss a performance on Broadway of every important play or musical.

As I sit here in Charlotte 30 and 40 years later I think of the great moments in the theatre—Jeanne Eagles standing outside the tent soliciting the Marines with that tinny phonograph inside the tent playing "Wabash Blues"; Jacob P. Adler at his benefit at the Knickerbocker in a scene from "King Lear" with Pauline Lord and Francine Larimore as two of the daughters; Walter Hampden in the duel-

ling scene of "Cyrano"; and Ethel Barrymore, the greatest of all. It may surprise many of the younger people to know that John Barrymore was really one of the greatest actors of the age. I remember his curtain speech after a 10 a.m. performance of "Hamlet," saying someday "Hamlet" would have a long run on Broadway beginning at 8:30 p.m.

And there was the sheer joy of hearing this young girl Ethel Merman marching across the stage, singing "Having a Heat Wave," and later to hear the "Rain in Spain," in that greatest of all musical shows, "My Fair Lady." Amazingly that all-timer Irving Berlin, matched himself with a new song in "Annie Get Your Gun of 1966." Irving saying, "It's wonderful, at the age of 78 to reach up and find that it's still there." And at age 63 you hear yourself saying, "It should happen to me."

I remember Jack Amron, an old hotel man. He owned the Marlborough Hotel during the days my uncle had the Normandie. Jack owned the Hollywood night club on West 48th St. He also helped to finance Jack Dempsey's first restaurant on 8th Ave. and 50th St. The restaurant, despite excellent food, wasn't going to well, and Amron said to me: "Harry, up at the Hollywood I charge them \$6 for lousy food, but I give them lots of nudes, and I run capacity. In Dempsey's I give them a wonderful steak dinner for \$2.50 and I am losing money hand over fist. If we close up just write, 'good food, and no breads spells bankruptcy.'"

I met Frank Fay, another success whom I earlier staked to a dozen long distance telephone calls, and the late Dick Powell, a sort of cold austere man, but a decent one, a straight-from-the-shoulder fellow. He was the master of ceremonies at a Chinese restaurant and then he zoomed to fame and fortune in Hollywood. Sent me a box of cigars every Christmas. Somehow the box always caught up with me and there were years when I wished he had sent me the \$20 those cigars cost.

Lillian Lorraine

And Lillian Lorraine, the "Follies" beauty, and unsuccessful rival of Billie Burke for the affections of the great Ziegfeld himself. Lillian had a drinking problem and, crippled in a fall, she was living with a kindly Negro woman who had been her hairdresser at the "Follies." One night they took Lillian to the Actors Chapel (St. Malachy's Church on West 49th St.) and the priest suggested that actors were generous people and would she please give him a list of the people who might possibly help her. Lillian wrote out the list of names starting with William Randolph Hearst and six or seven others of equal stature, and at the end of the list was my name.

The priest, wise to the ways of the world, said, "There's the only live one in the bunch." I gave her a room, bought her food and to some extent she began to face the world with optimism—and she was as beautiful as ever. She finally moved out, got a settlement from the movie people on the picture "The Great Ziegfeld," but the lawyer got most of it.

The last time I saw Lillian Lorraine I was already at the Mirror and the boy said, "There's a lady outside to see you." I went out and there was this sad woman; a taxi was downstairs and the driver threatened to take her to the police station if he didn't get paid. I went down the elevator with her and the fare was \$7. I asked her where she wanted go, gave the driver \$10 and told him to take her to that address and give her the change. That was the last time I saw or heard of Lillian Lorraine till I read her obituary in one of the Charlotte Sunday papers.

One morning on a tour of inspection of the building walking down from the 10th floor I was on a stairway landing when I heard a famous old vaudeville actress tell her companion something that startled me. They were both waiting for the elevator. There was some plaster loose on the wall (no one could spend any money in those days for repairs). This old vaudevillian was scraping the plaster with her cane and scattering the debris, and I heard her say: "Let those damn Jews fix the place up." I ran downstairs to tell my brother Jacob.

Jacob, a very pious orthodox Jew, was naive about such things, and I finally screamed, "For heaven's sake Jake, this woman hasn't paid any rent for two months..." but Jacob smiled, "Aw, she's a nice old trouser and doesn't mean any harm..."

She doesn't mean any harm. It was 1937 and this is where we came in. Is that not so?

Fiddler's Special

Continued from page 3

At least that's what the network calls it. The star calls it "a break" and the unemployment office calls it "a blessing."

Of course, not all specials fit this pattern. Sometimes a star in a series can also do a special and get away with it, but they have to change their names. Like Gomer Pyle recently did one under the name of Jim Nabors.

Now, I know that it's a mark of prestige to have your own special. But consider the problems of packaging one. The minute the other networks find out you're going to do a special, they have high-level meetings to figure out how to make you end up owing points to Nielsen.

By the time your show gets on the air, they've sandwiched you in between two first-run movies like "The Sound of Music" or "Gone With the Wind."

I could have Pat Brown and Ronald Reagan doing the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" on a special and my own agent would be watching Rhett Butler, even though he already knows who won the Civil War.

With a weekly series, you can build a staff of professional people. With a special, you have to find good people who are temporarily available. This includes producers, directors, writers, musicians, etc. As loyal as he is, Frankie Remley can't keep himself available just waiting for me to do a special. He needs drinking money 52 weeks out of the year. And Don Wilson didn't get that waitline in a soup kitchen.

Once you've built a staff for a series, it's almost impossible to get them back for one-shots. If they're good at their jobs, they're already committed. Fortunately for me, some of them have flexible schedules which allow them to work on my specials.

Frankly, I'd rather see LBJ raise taxes than for me to have to break in a new team of writers. Fortunately, on my last special, out of the kindness of their hearts, my writers gave me the necessary time. I remember distinctly, it was between 10 and 11 on a Saturday morning, and the floor manager at Ohrbach's almost fired them for leaving their stations.

Being committed to a specific set of rehearsal and tape dates also causes you to lose guest stars, because they're booked elsewhere. With a weekly show you can wait and use a Jimmy Stewart or someone else you really want whenever he is available—but not with a special.

After you've gone through all the frustrations of assembling a good staff, booking good guest stars and coming up with an outstanding script that even the sponsor and agency have approved, there are the minor annoyances that go hand in glove with doing a special.

You have to park your car in a space reserved for one of those Tanner Tour buses and stand in the "You Don't Say" no-ticket line because the guard won't let you inside the studio.

Your temporary dressing room invariably looks like it was decorated by the same guy who designed those buildings along Fairfax Avenue, and, if you're lucky, you'll get the same makeup artist who does Phyllis Diller, but you've got to be lucky. My last wardrobe man used to make \$300 a week just for tearing Brando's T-shirts and the script girl's last assignment was on "Goldiggers of 1933."

With all these problems, you're probably wondering why I do specials.

Any time I can get Phyllis Diller, Trini Lopez, the Smothers Bros., Mel Blanc, The Tijuana Strings and the world's 10 most beautiful girls together for one show, I'm going to do a special. Even if they make me stand in the no-ticket line for "The Jack Benny Hour" on NBC.

Paris Liberation Echoes

Continued from page 3

soldier's story" and particularly ear-worthy if the audience is stag.

The portion which comes through to the buffs, or the "in" group (the uniformed lensers and writers of that time) is how much leaning there is on the work of a few military and French resistance cameramen of that period.

The American coverage plan began on a beat-up portable typewriter in a trailer under a tree in the Normandy village of St. Sauveur de Landelin, later revised near Laval. The author was one-time associate editor of News-of-the-Day in New York, then Lt. Col. Bertram Kalisch, now with Gen. Omar Bradley's 12th Army Group Hq. He had 12 separate still and reel detachments to deploy, and could call on one Lt. Col. George Stevens, heading the Supreme Headquarters Special Film Unit. Stevens had the only sound-on-film capability in Europe, represented in two detachments bossed by Capt. Joe Biroc and Major T. Freeland.

The Kalisch memo of instruction picked 12 geographic, interior Paris points to be caught in as great detail as possible with all that would be happening in the foreground. In retrospect, that memo is interesting laid up against "Is Paris Burning?" since it asked special attention for the Arch of Triumph, Notre Dame, Hotel de Ville, Place de la Concorde, Invalides, Chamber of Deputies, Church Madeleine, and Rue de Rivoli (it was on that street across from the Tuilleries and the Louvre that the Hotel Meurice was located, where German Lt. Gen. Dietrich von Choltitz was Hitler's commander of Paris with instructions to destroy it. He used the Meurice as both headquarters and residence).

Heroic Gaston Madru

Inside Paris at the same time was nervy French newsreel cameraman Gaston Madru, who was shooting activities of the resistance at very great risk of his life. Two of the "Is Paris Burning?" top sequences, the resistance firing on the truckload of German soldiers causing it to erupt in flames, and the girl rushing out in the open where German soldiers have fallen under fire to get their rifles, were both shot in their original form by Madru as were many of the barricade scenes.

Kalisch's instructions were tempered somewhat for history, because he had seen the roughness with which the French treated their collaborating citizens, shaving the women's heads, parading them naked in the streets to be spit on. Some of the brothelites had to hold up their skirts, and wear a sign saying: "Now we see what the Germans have seen for four years." Kalisch's memo told his cameramen to avoid "any scenes showing women or old men being thrown into the Seine."

Kalisch took particular delight in looking over the shoulder of Hoffman, Hitler's favorite photographer, who had jockeyed the German dictator along many of the same locales like a trained seal in 1940 when France fell. Of all those shots, none had been carried more widely than the one of Hitler in the Invalides looking down on the Tomb of Napoleon to convey the impression that he was the Teutonic inheritor and would do all the things Napoleon had done and better.

Kalisch placed a Lt. Schmidt on top of the Astoria Hotel to overlook the Arc in that order, and he put a Sgt. Unser on "Brig. Gen. C. De Gaulle" with instructions to "stay on him, stay with him, and if they shoot at him, you keep taking pictures of him—nobody else. He's the only assignment you have."

In the final phases of "Is Paris Burning?" the focus of the audience is on a slim, youngish and straight DeGaulle striding through a sea of people. In the foreground, having just snapped a picture, there's a sergeant inserting the slide in a 4x5 Speed Graphic, before flipping the holder to get ready for the next one. "Is Paris Burning?" does not concern itself with the later DeGaulle entry into Notre Dame, as it was there the assassination attempt was made—and Kalisch's men were on it. It precipitated a big brouhaha, as the French authorities wanted to hold and destroy those photos, not wanting the world to think DeGaulle's triumphal return was opposed in

any way. The pictures, finally sprung, were put in the hands of one Capt. Ernie Deane, who jeoped them out of Paris to the airstrip near Longjumeau where they were put on an Air Force courier plane and flown to London (Deane, never a photog but an important part of this drama, is now a journalism teacher at the Univ. of Arkansas).

And What A 'Film Pack'!

The "film pack," as they might have been called, made their entry from Rambouillet on the heels of, and some with, French Gen. Jacques LeClerc and his 2d French Armored Division (in "Is Paris Burning?" he's played well by Claude Rains; he's played well by Claude

Some of the names, war correspondents and official military cameramen, can't answer any bar or other "happy hour" rollcalls, now, but they included William Mellor, John Hollingsworth Morse; the "terrible twosome" from Life, Robert Landry and Robert Capa; AP's Pete Carroll and Harry Harris, Acme's Andy Lopez, newsreel poolmen New Buddy, Neil Sullivan, and Gaston Madru, Alex Uhl of PM, and Life's Dave Scherman, and a brace of uniformed still and reelmen rostered on Kalisch's order as Lts. Tudor, Bassity, Grossfeld, Englander, Moore, Brezan, Shivers, Potts, and enlisted men called Lovell, Garcia, Sykes, Burns, Law, and Hoover.

Most of these men were heavily laden, not only with camera gear, but film supplies of all kinds, and a lowly Pvt. James Sandeen seemed to drive everybody's "get to" and "get away" car, shuttling fresh plates in and exposed plates and reels out for a hectic four-day period.

The known dead who will never see "Is Paris Burning?" include Madru, Landry, Capa, Buddy, Lt. Charles Rhodes who steered all the First Army photo detachments, Bill Mellor and Col. Wesley Jervey, who headed the European Theatre's Army Photographic Service.

As happy as "Is Paris Burning?" will make out with those who were there, the buffs and the "in" group will shake heads about one thing for sure: There is probably no high ranking officer more revered by all hands than Gen. Omar Bradley (played by Glenn Ford), nor whom will be studied as a casting more than he will. Ford brings him off adequately, but the tech advice (if sought or paid attention to) goofed in the one small thing ex-military hands look for—the identifying shoulder flash. The one they sewed on Ford as commanding general of the 12th Army Group can't be found in any heraldry file in the U.S. Army, and in no way resembles the simple wedge of 12thAG.

When these so simple things happen, the buff always remembers and walks out of the theatre saying, "How would the Warner Bros. shield go down on the opener of a Paramount release. I wonder?" And in his heart, he knows!

Military Remembers

Continued from page 3

peaceful atmosphere in South Vietnam."

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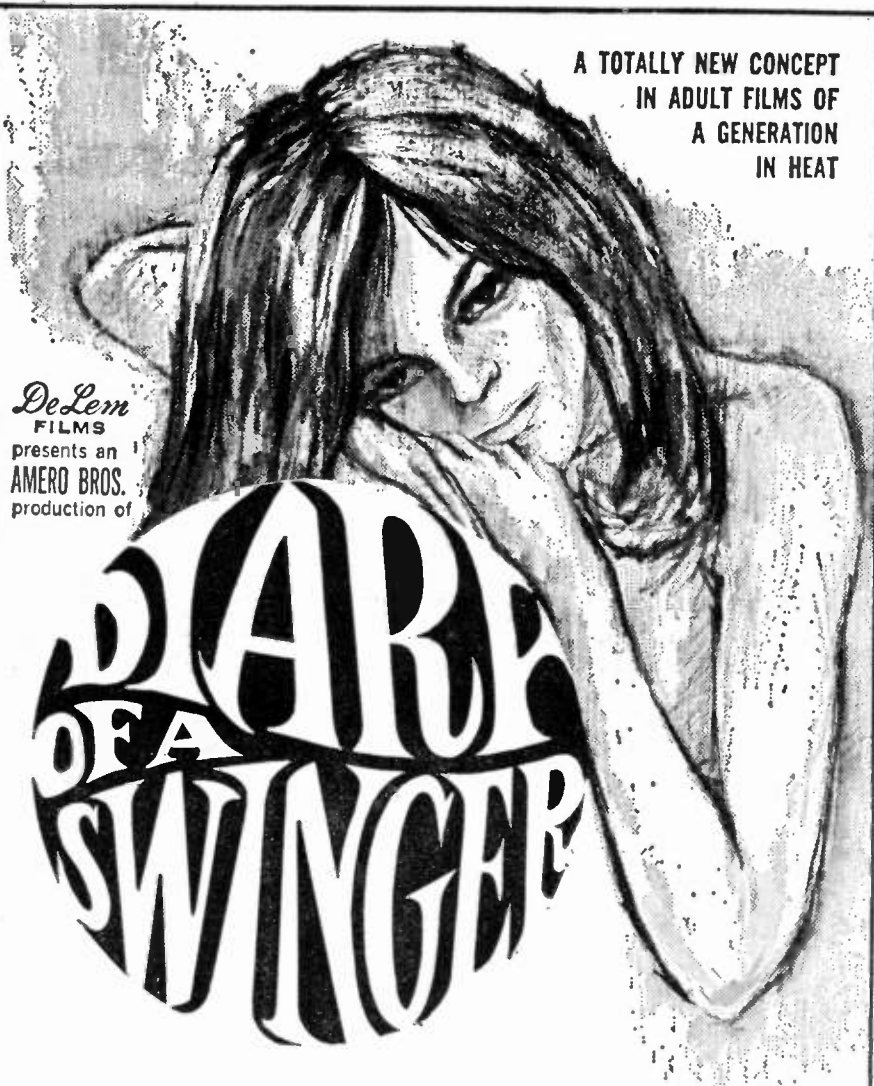
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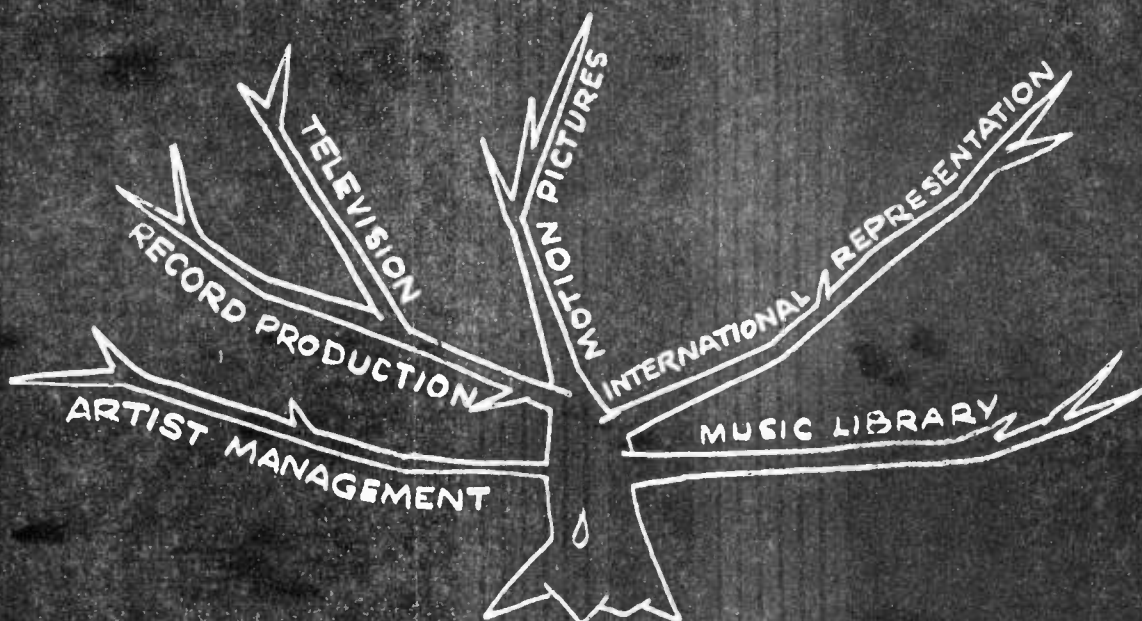
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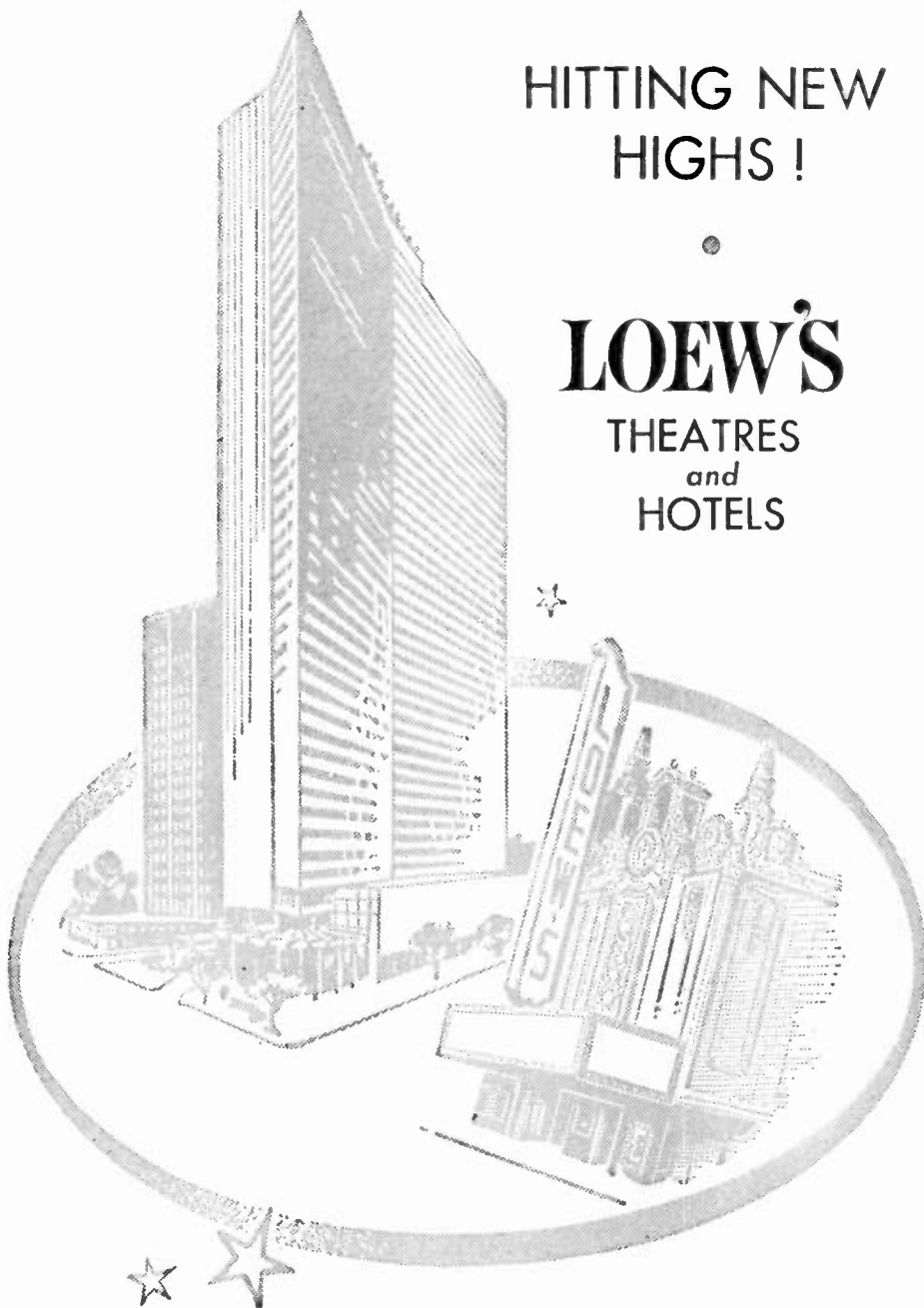
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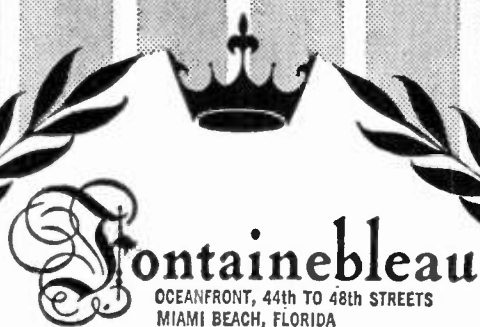
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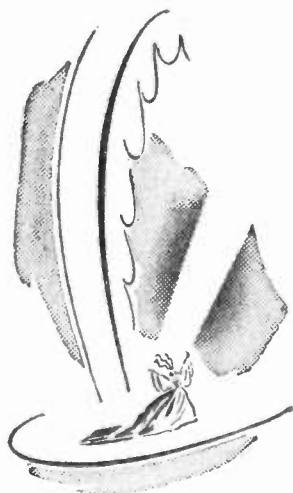
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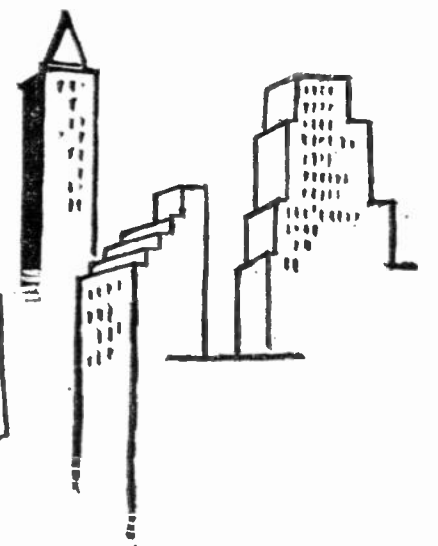
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Walter Winchell

Continued from page 45

forget that every day the world turns over on someone who has just been sitting on top of it."

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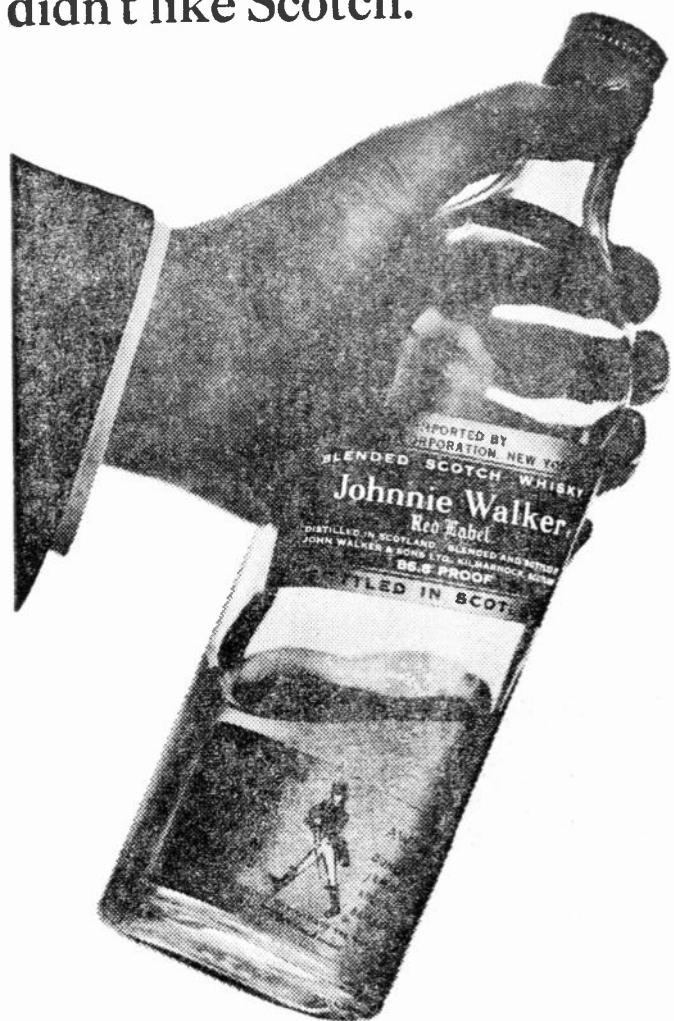
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Argentina's Film Biz

Continued from page 45

ters of the year were "Pimienta" (Pepper), a comedy with Luis Sandrini and Lolita Torres starring, based upon a stage hit by Abel Santa Cruz; "Mi primera novia" (My First Girl Friend), a musical starring Palito Ortega and Evangelina Salazar; "Como te extraño, mi amor" (How I Miss You, My Love), also a musical with another wax star, Leo Dan; "Del brazo y por la calle" (Arm In Arm, Down the Street), a comedy-drama with tv stars Evangelina Salazar and Rodolfo Beban; "Pampa salvaje" (Savage Pampas), an epic filmed by Hugo Fregonese in Spain with a predominantly American

cast, and "Hotel Alojamiento" (Hotel Lodging), a comedy spoofing local sex manners, with a star-studded cast. Another Palito Ortega starrer, "El Rev en Londres" (The King in London), also did well, and several other pix grossed above the levels of previous years.

It is generally agreed that improved b.o. receipts for Argentine pix in the domestic market must be credited to a trend toward the audiences' tastes started back in 1965, when local producers realized that making artistic or (more often) pseudo-artistic efforts with an eye on cash prizes was less rewarding than to hit the b.o. jackpot. Then they hired top tv and wax stars, turned to color and chose light

comedy subjects to lure viewers. This trend is maintained in several pix already produced or else in preparation for next season (starting in March). Many of them are coproductions.

In short, 1966 has been a year of less production but better grosses for Argentine cinema. This only allowed to keep things going, since no investments were made either in studio equipment or in foreign distribution, still the industry's main handicaps.

Some 350 pix were exhibited during 1966, about 10% locally made. American companies, which now also handle a large portion of the best or else the more commercial European product, got about half of the crop, with Fox and UA tops in rentals. Massive booking of local pix gave Argentine producers an estimated 20% of the grosses, and the remainder went to European pix handled by Rank, Artkino and able independent distributors such as Scalella, Gaffet, Cabouli, Vigo and others.

Prosperous TV

Television, too, enjoyed a prosperous year. It is estimated that B.A.'s channels income neared the \$25,000,000 mark, which is roughly the same that the 1,500 film theatres operating in the country grossed during the year.

Larger slices went to Channels 13 and 11, which are reinvesting heavily their earnings in new stu-

dios and equipment. Also a sizable amount went to Channel 9, which has to commit a large part of its take to pay for shares that present management acquired from NBC and other former holders. Ill-managed State-owned Channel 7 still loses undisclosed millions. And a fifth station, nearby La Plata's Channel 2, failed in its attempt to win B.A.'s viewers mainly due to poor reception (seems it lacked money to pay and install the third stage of its transmitting tower).

Shows of every kind and origin are aired. Those produced by own stations dominate ratings with few exceptions, but no less than 30 American series are permanently in schedule ("The Man From U.N.C.L.E.," "Disneyland," "Dick Van Dyke," "Peyton Place," "Fugitive," "Combat," "Gilligan's Island" being among the best rated). Some European shows have started to gain ground in Argentine television and live presentations of international stars (such as Charles Aznavour, Domenico Modugno, the Kessler Twins, Gilbert Becaud and many others) yielded rewarding ratings.

Some 35 stations in other cities are doing solid business and many of them reinvest earnings in enlarging both the premises and equipment; also about 100 closed-circuit stations are operating in small towns. The government reportedly will license 30-35 new

open channels next year, and only after black-and-white tv has covered the entire nation's territory licenses for color tv would they be granted.

Stage, Records

Stage was somewhat less fortunate than tv and films, but even so it maintained the satisfactory attendance levels of 1965. This is very important in a city such as Buenos Aires, where some 40 professional legit houses, 20 semi-professional "off-Corrientes" ones and a large number of weekend independents are in operation, plus many open-air auditoriums during summer. Touring companies mushroomed and grossed better than ever, presumably because the economic situation is healthier in the interior than in B.A.

Although reliable figures are impossible to obtain, it is felt that the recording biz had a rather satisfactory year. Companies no longer enjoy the astronomical sales attained in previous years by juvenile singing idols, partly because many of them went out of fashion and partly because disks' prices soared beyond what young people can pay. But music-lovers still can be counted by millions and keep a steady demand, notwithstanding the deterioration of the purchasing power of Juan Pueblo (Argentina's John Q. Public) caused by both inflation and spiralling cost of living, felt in every corner of the economy.

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New Zealand Word

Continued from page 45

titute to film-going has created an entirely new vista of opportunity and an enhanced emphasis on exploitation. Never before has there been such scope for the "big" picture. "Sound of Music," "My Fair Lady," "Thunderball" and other box office performers have injected new vitality and have given a completely new dimension to the "selling" of motion pictures.

Exhibition in New Zealand is subject to comprehensive licensing regulations, under which the Government has prohibitive drives. However the country is exceptionally well serviced by a completely adequate coverage of "hard tops." These have been well maintained and are right up to date, with the latest wide screen techniques, so that important films can be effectively presented to the maximum enjoyment and comfort of patrons.

Because of the limitations imposed by the licensing regulations, there has been relatively little new theatre construction in recent years. The emphasis has been on the upgrading of existing houses. However, on the 24th of November, Kerridge Odeon opened a new first release cinema in Auckland (the largest population area)—calling it the Westend, with the intention that this should be a prestige for the choicest product forthcoming in 1967 and thereafter.

Being constructed in the same city block as the existing top houses, the St. James and the Odeon, opportunity has been taken to co-ordinate the three theatre complex into an architectural unity comprising the Theatre Centre. It is confidently anticipated that the creation of this Theatre Centre will be an innovation which is enthusiastically received by the public, as representing a step up to the concept which has characterised similar developments in other countries—providing an unsurpassed range of motion picture entertainment for the public with the maximum of convenience and accessibility. The establishment of the Theatre Centre and its proximity to other theatres, has created the nucleus of a Theatreland for the progressive and growing city of Auckland.

While the virtual saturation of the country must entail some years of public immersion in tv, the motion picture business is aggressively alive. Reorganised and revitalised to cope with the challenge of contemporary conditions and fortified in the unprecedented calibre of current film production, we are completely confident in the continuing future of the motion picture as the public's favourite medium of social entertainment.

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Dave Chasen

B'casting: Golden Age To Age of Gold

While Critics Beef About the Quality of Programming, TV and Radio Revenues Continue to Escalate; Little Change Foreseen In Near Future As Long as Profits Continue to Make Broadcasters Wall Street's Darlings

Feature To Series Scorecard

By DAVE KAUFMAN

Hollywood.

Hollywood's vast backlog of motion pictures, accumulated in the 50-plus years since the industry was born, has been a hunting ground for vidpix entrepreneurs seeking to convert one-time films into successful vidseries. But the treasure trove has usually been non-existent, with the successes the exception, not the rule.

Initially, the idea of delving into the backlog was two-fold: The studio owned such a property, so why not utilize it; and it was assumed, such a vehicle had a pre-sold value because of its b.o. click, plus exploitation of the title when it was in theatrical release.

Those premises more often floundered than fulfilled their potential over the years, with some once w.k. theatrical films turning into bombs when transformed into tv series. Conversely, some vintagers not known as b.o. hits made the grade. While there obviously can't be any generalized rule, so to speak, a peek at the record of pix-to-tv series proves beyond any shadow of a doubt that most of them die a quick death.

First, glance at the current network sked of pix-to-tv series, and you'll find "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," "Lassie," "Peyton Place," "The Rounders," "Daktari" (based on Metro's "Clarence, the Cross-Eyed Lion"), "The Virginian," "Shane," "12 O'Clock High," "Tarzan," "Flipper" and "Please Don't Eat the Daisies." Not a bad list, until you take a second look. "Rounders" and "Shane," which premiered last fall, have already been axed, and so has "12 O'Clock."

Henry Fonda, who with Glenn Ford starred in Metro's theatrical film, "Rounders," believes one reason for so many failures of pix-made-into-tv-series is that the telefilmmers simply don't bring into the series the same elements which made the film a success. He is right, of course, and among those elements are certain name stars who were in the features, but which tv can't possibly afford.

Just before the vidseries based on "Going My Way" debuted several years ago, Bing Crosby, who starred in the film hit of the same name, expressed skepticism about the series' chances, saying while its star, Gene Kelly, was a fine performer, the vintage film had been around tv for so many years, viewers would think it was just another unspooling of the picture. He also was doubtful that the quality in the picture could be captured and contained in a series that's on every week. He must have been right, because the series—bought by ABC-TV sans pilot—was axed after one season.

Some Make It

Most successful pix-to-tv series would have to include "The Virginian," "Lassie" and "Dr. Kildare," latter enjoying a healthy four-year run before its demise. But on the whole, there are far more misses than hits in this department, despite the fact some of Hollywood's top pix have been salvaged from the backlogs for tv.

"The Greatest Show on Earth," Cecil B. DeMille's picture which won an Oscar, was transferred to the small screen, axed after one season. Another film hit, "From Here to Eternity," was piloted, and not sold. Still another b.o. smash, "Marty," was piloted, couldn't find a taker. Same is true of "High Noon," "Double Indemnity," "Dial 'M' for Murder," "African Queen," "Three Coins in the Fountain," all b.o. clicks, which couldn't even make it to the small screen.

Take a look at the record of some which sold. "The Thin Man" had a fair run as a series. "The Long, Hot Summer" was guillotined after one season. "Wackiest Ship in the Army," "Legend of Jesse James," "Gidget," "Tammy," "National Velvet," "Father of the Bride," "My Sister Eileen," "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "Mr. Roberts," "No Time for Sergeants," "Bus Stop," lasted for one semester.

"Harry's Girls," based on Metro's "Les Girls," didn't even last that long, bombing out in mid-semester. "Dobie Gillis" broke the pattern of failure, with a fairly healthy run. But "Casablanca," a fine picture, was n.s.g. as a series. "The Farmer's Daughter" had a fair run as a series, but an attempt to sell "Mildred Pierce" as a soaper failed. A pilot was made based on the memorable "Grand Hotel," but it didn't sell. Nor did pilots on "This Gun for Hire," "The Paleface" and "House of Wax."

More Titles

Studios tried to sell networks series based on "Sunset Boulevard," "East of Eden," "Journey to the Center of the Earth," "The Big Country," "Diamond Head," "Boom Town," even "The Chapman Report" was pitched, but none of these got off the runway.

When syndication was far more important years ago, several such series had fair runs in that market, and they included "Blondie," "How to Marry a Millionaire," "Alvin and Bill," "Broken Arrow," "My Friend Flicka" and "The Third Man."

"Rin Tin Tin" didn't last long as a network series, but had a good syndie tour, while "Naked City" had a fairly good web run.

But they don't stop trying, despite this overall record of mediocrity and failure, and it's doubtful if studios and producers will ever give up trying to cash in on those onetime pix.

Nor are the networks allergic to them, despite the lethargic record. Thus it is, that NBC-TV has bought "Maya," based on the King Bros.-MGM film, as a series for next season. ABC-TV has a deal with Metro for a two-hour telefilm based on "Hondo," onetime John Wayne starrer, which will also serve as a pilot for a potential series. And NBC-TV has a pilot deal with Greenway Pro-

By LES BROWN

It's said, by those who suffer the brunt of it, that nobody complains about television these days but the people who watch it. Since nearly everyone seems to be complaining about it nowadays, it should follow that tv is getting a whopping audience. And as a matter of fact, it is.

For all the disappointment in this year's video fare voiced by even the working stiff and widowed old ladies who were never mad at the medium before, rating statistics for the first six weeks of the current season showed sets-in-use up .2 of a point over last year for network primetime. That's 700,000 additional homes per minute for the networks, in spite of the unprecedented failure of the new crop of shows.

Given that, it becomes hard to persuade the pandrums of programming that they might be doing something wrong. The greater tunein is taken as a mandate, and that in large part accounts for the fact that program development for '67-'68 evidently will continue to go the way of banality.

At the same time the new network managements which have been sharply criticized over the past year for a lack of fire, scope and true broadcasting initiative, fail to get the message from their critics. What could possibly be amiss when their ledgers show company earnings soaring to record heights?

The press may scold and the public may beef, but the audience grows larger, the money rolls in as never before and, most of all, Wall Street likes what it sees. So who's going to be brilliant and change anything?

This may not be the tv medium's "Golden Age"—not by a long shot—but it is corporate broadcasting's "Age of Gold." The concentration on cliché programming, the massive elimination of deficit programming (except on a hot news basis), the "tight ship" local station operations, and other measures of dollar conservation have not resulted in a loss of audience but, in fact, in a gain. Stabilizing costs and raising rates is the businessman's dream.

As a business, broadcasting is a gusher. For the first nine months of 1966, CBS profits rose 29% over the same period the year before, and one of the reasons given for the lift was that while national ad revenues were up 10% in the first half of the year, national tv revenues were up 12% and national radio time sales up 13%. ABC Inc. likewise hit a new ninemonth high and will have racked up another record year. As for NBC, it's posting its fifth consecutive record year, producing about one-fourth of the \$2,500,000,000 gross revenues projected by parent RCA for 1966.

Understandably, Wall St. investment houses are currently very bullish about broadcast stocks, and particularly those of the major chains like Capital Cities, Cox Broadcasting, Metromedia, Storer, Taft and Wometco, which tend to have tv and radio properties in some half dozen major markets, with a majority of the vidstations affiliated with one of the three networks.

What primarily appeals to the investment folk is (a) the quasi-monopolistic position of tv stations, hardly threatened yet by the growth of the UHF band, (b) the ability of large city stations to increase their rates as the ratings go up or the urban population expands, (c) the relatively fixed operating expenses of radio and tv stations, which makes pre-tax profit margins in excess of 25% not unusual, (d) the five year record from 1960-65 which shows tv ad revenues growing at a more rapid rate than either the gross national product or total advertising expenditures, and (e) the profit-minded managements always ready to diversify, both in and out of electronic communications, to add to their earning potential.

A recently published investors report by Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co. notes that Capital Cities' per share earnings have grown at a compounded annual rate of 36% during the 1960-65 period and that Taft Broadcasting enjoys pre-tax profit margins of 40%, highest among the broadcast chains.

In a more colloquial illustration of the boom, a group station manager in an off-the-cuff meeting earlier this year was asked to name his station's biggest operating expense. Without hesitation or a hint of humor, he groaned, "Taxes."

Television may be disappointing its loyal consumers and sinking to new lows in the estimation of its critics, but right now it is immensely popular where a commercial medium's popularity counts most—in the marketplace.

And until the Nielsen attendance book begins to show absences in numbers significant enough to depress advertising revenues, no one in television's ruling class is going to be interested in changing the course the medium is taking.

ductions and 20th-Fox TV for a series based on "Laura," once a 20th film.

Part of all this grab-bag is, of course, due to the fact that tv and its creators are running out of ideas, and conversely as they do there appears to be more and more looking back into yesterday, trying to recapture the aura of a one-time theatrical film, with a hit tv series.

One obvious reason for so many abortive attempts in pix-to-tv series is that the tv version—no matter how well done—will have to go without some of those great names of Hollywood's past—stars such as Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Alan Ladd, Humphrey Bogart, Marilyn Monroe—to name just a few who were in pix later transformed into series. Those stars have passed away, and along with them a great deal of the magic of Hollywood. Thus, what is a "Shane" without Ladd, a "Casablanca" or "African Queen" without Bogart, a "Boom Town" without Gable, a "How to Marry a Millionaire" without Monroe?

These stars contributed much to the making of these pix into hits, and without them, it's a tough, long road for the tv producer trying to emulate, even to a small degree, the theatrical film.

'PARKEY PLAN' FOR TV

By PARKE LEVY

Hollywood.

The National Association for Better Broadcasting is seeking to avert the imminent cancellation of a new television series, "The Hero," on the grounds that it has not been given a fair chance. True, the critics were not too kind but in our industry there have been many times when adverse notices have not killed a show. For example more bad things have been said about "Gilligan's Island" than the food in the commissary. "Hillbillies" was a one-joke show, etc., etc.

Obviously the fate of the "Hero" is being determined by the twin monsters of programming—time slot and competition. And so, mindful of this, the other night I was sitting by the fireplace sipping my third LSD frappe when suddenly evolved a method of programming which not only eliminates all unfairness, but conceivably could help the ratings give us a better picture of America's tv tastes.

Could it be done? Yes. Will it be done? No. But it's fun to contemplate, so pull up a chair and listen before the acid wears off.

Quite modestly I call it "Parkey's Plan" and I am sure it will find its niche right in that drawer where they keep the sketches for that long bridge across the Pacific.

Now before we must agree on one thing—that the most important consideration in television is the viewer. This may be the myth of all myths, but unless we accept it let's throw the glasses in the fireplace and start dancing. The network? The sponsor? Certainly they are important and "Parkey's Plan" takes full cognizance of this. But our main concern is the little guy sitting in front of the tube sipping his can of Chateau de Rothschild '59. Is he really getting the kind of shows he wants or is he a victim of "forced feeding," sort of a human goose who must swallow what is offered? Isn't there some way we can help the rating services give us a more comprehensive answer?

Rotation

"Parkey's Plan" in its barest terms is based upon the principle of rotation employed in all major sport schedules, an irrefutable principle which states all competitors must compete with each other to determine the winners. In short, could you possibly know how great Kcufax is if the Dodgers played only the Cubs all season? Or Notre Dame played only Utah?

I think I know what you're going to say and we'll discuss those points. But first things first. Could "Parkey's Plan" actually work? Definitely. Most shows are on film or tape so there would be no insurmountable problem. If necessary shooting dates could be advanced all the way down the line. Let's see how it would work. There are three prime-time hours nightly or 21 hours per week. Breaking this down into half-hour, hour shows, specials and films each network comes up with some 30 items weekly.

Now long before each season started the three networks would give the names of their contemplated shows to an impartial party like Price, Waterhouse, or an industry-appointed official, or my Uncle Sol who can use the money. This party, using a computer or diversifier, would create 30 weekly schedules in which each entry occupied a different time slot against different competition.

What's that you're saying? This would destroy the viewing habit? I was hoping you'd use that word. What makes a habit necessarily good? Drinking, smoking, drugs, picking your navel in public—these are all habits. It doesn't mean they're good. To the contrary habits are usually bad. Especially the television viewing habit. It destroys curiosity and eventually may bring on symptoms of ennui the industry can not ignore.

New Excitement

"Parkey's Plan" would bring a new excitement to television schedules. Viewers could see shows they had never seen before. I know some boys whose wives give them one night out weekly, Tuesday. They play poker. They have never seen Red Skelton. They'd like to. I know a church employee who has never seen "Bonanza." She'd like to. I haven't seen the new "Jackie Gleason Show." It comes on at 7:30 Saturday night, an hour when I'm down in the cellar busy making wine for my dinner guests. The Gleason show's on tape. Why couldn't it be seen some Wednesday when I'm home baby-sitting the parakeet?

And we simply won't buy the notion a viewer will abandon a show just because you move it. Not if he liked it. Would you abandon a pretty dame you liked just because she moved around the block? If so she couldn't have been much to begin with. No, these sacred cows of television, "moving," "lead-ins," "lead outs," are gradually losing their potency. Maybe it's the growing popularity of remote-tuning.

Just think, under the "Parkey Plan," at the end of 13 weeks Mr. Nielsen will know what you think of a show not in terms of two competing shows but in terms of some 24 other shows. Perhaps with a sample this size a true idea of the public's preferences will come through the numbers. The viewer will take on a new importance.

And what about the sponsor? He can't lose. It's the magazine concept all the way through. He pays his money and he gets a crack at being on the good ones and the bad ones. It will average out. Sure the guy sponsoring "Bonanza" right now will vote for the status quo, but what happens when "Bonanza" has run its course and he buys another western, "Show Down in Pomona" and comes up with a rating of six! And he's stuck with it for weeks!

And the networks? They can make nothing but money. And quite possibly silence forever the carping about the boob-tube's programs and ratings. For the public will have spoken, louder and more articulately.

Please wait while I fix myself another frappe.

Talk and Backtalk—New Way Of Life On Local Air

By JACK PITMAN

Broadcasting's talk boom mushroomed—often like noxious air—over the land in the year just ended. The radio-tv open-mike forums multiplied, audiences rallied, and sponsors did likewise. Talk was for the most part cheap, and in almost all instances highly lucrative for a medium increasingly barren of creativity.

For pedants and just plain sensitive observers, the talkers were pretty fair indication of just how kook-ridden U.S. society is. As the year ground along, there were some who felt the nation was in greater danger from ego pollution than air pollution.

As was inevitable, the expressionistic orgy began producing a backlash. West Coast George Putnam drew an FCC reprimand for some soapbox oratory re the California gubernatorial race. And ethnic organizations have mounted assaults on Joe Pyne, Alan Burke and David Susskind.

Solo discoursing and vox pop participation have long been staple features of America's airwaves. And more often than not, as the annals show, the public air has been usurped by private nostrum peddlers, the fringe types of every evangelical sort. The roll-call has included Detroit priest Father Coughlin and, in current vogue, Bible belter Rev. Billy Hargis.

Much of the current ozone gab is tame or strictly from trivia—the telephonic talkbacks devoted to sports q. and a. and general subject matter. This format is perhaps the most rife across the U.S., but it's the controversial stanzas, the group therapy sessions popularized around Los Angeles and its fringes, that have been stirring the fuss and feathers.

If crackpots enjoy a kind of respectability—and easy access to media—it's nowhere more evident than in the southern Cal palmetto country. That respectability may be matched elsewhere—in Dixie or Texas, say—but no region surpasses the Coast nut groves.

California's primary kook forum is provided by Joe Pyne, whose videotapes struck syndication paydirt this past year. His antics, or some highspots of same, are detailed below in an on-the-scene dispatch.

The issue re soapbox radio-tv is not one of opinion, but of fairplay and intelligence. Qualities mightily strained or lacking altogether in most of the talk spectrum.

Forum video's modern era dawned some eight years previous when David Susskind kicked off his "Open End" series. Soon after, the format was successfully carbonized by Chicago's Irv Kupcinet with "At Random." They were perhaps the most erudite samples of conversation video on a regular basis; and both hosts are still at it, though Susskind has since trotted out a new version of his opus.

There's a striking feature re free expression on the air. If you're a woolly pontificator, that's okay, but if you're a staff pro—a news dept. commentator or producer—it's lxnay. Ironically, broadcasters are willing to give anyone but themselves a fair play.

Boston's Kennedy Makes 'Contact' With Far Outs

By Guy Livingston

Boston. Boston's reputation for puritanical provincialism is being challenged by the far out. ESP, UFO's and plain old-fashioned ghosts which lead the discussion parade on Bob Kennedy's "Contact" shows on WBZ-TV.

"Some people might call them 'kooks,'" says Kennedy, who's built a talk show from radio to tv and is pulling a big, big audience in the Hub market.

The far out calls have emerged as No. 1 in viewer and listener interest, says Kennedy, followed by drug addiction, child development, marriage and birth control. In the 18 months he's been doing his 9-10 a.m. weekday "Contact" on tv, and the four years of the same thing for 90 minutes every

weeknight on radio—a whopping 12 and a half hours a week—Kennedy reports the far out has emerged as the "big thing."

Kennedy, who holds a Fordham degree, is a probing researcher and reads some four books and 35 articles a week, says curiosity in the far out is on the upswing. Why?

He believes such things as space walks and lunar snapshots, at one time science fiction, now science fact, have left a void in stretching the imagination. This void is rapidly being filled by mental explorations into psychic phenomena like ESP, UFO's and ghosts.

"We wouldn't get much of an audience for a show on space now, unless we had one of the astronauts," Kennedy comments. "I think the attraction of the far out is the subjective involvement on the part of the audience. The most prevalent questions asked by 'Contact' telephoners are 'Do I have ESP?', 'Can I acquire it?' Then there's the legion who attest to visits by saucers and even the little people."

Though the majority of his audience is serious about the far out, Kennedy has handled some kookie callers. Like the chap who wanted to know where he could get an audio tape of music from the moon. Or the guy who, claiming to be the voice of outer space, sent Kennedy taped comments, complete with echo effect, he said he got from another bird who was monitoring "Contact" on Mars.

At least, Kennedy quips, he is performing a valuable pubservice keeping this lunatic fringe element in front of the tv set or radio and off the street, and out of the barrooms, for a few hours.

Dallas & Ft. Worth Replete With Heat

By Bill Barker

Dallas. This area has been free of actual conversation, or controversial air programs, until Dec. 4, when WBAP-TV, Fort Worth, started the weekly "Joe Pyne Show" at 10:30 p.m. A fortnight earlier, KVIL-AM began running Pyne at 9 a.m. daily and KVIL-AM-FM repeated at 9 p.m. nightly. These, however, allow no backtalk from local listeners and viewers.

Highly popular talker, "Comment," award-winning daily live show on KRLD, 1:15-2:45 p.m., over the years has had bursts of controversy when, at windup of pleasant interview sessions of celebrities by cohosts Dick Wheeler and Wes Wise, guests answer phone calls from listeners—on a delayed basis, since some "terminology" is quickly terminated. Mark Lane, author of "Rush to Judgment," after guesting on "Comment" had a rash of irate phone callers. Also, Penn Jones, Texas weekly editor and author of "Pardon My Grief," had his share of controversial callers.

Gordon McLendon, KLIF prexy-showman, as expected brought in radio gabber Chuck Boyles, who previously had argumentative posts on Kansas City and Oklahoma City airters. From the KLIF midtown studio lobby Boyles started his nightly 10 p.m.-1 a.m. gabfest on Dec. 5. He promptly struck local nerves by blasting teenagers, and got the wanted response.

Two nights later, a gang of teenagers appeared with a petition with 25 names, and calling for more, to "get Chuck Boyles" out of town or off the air. As expected, Boyles had his own petition, calling for his show to remain and then appealed to listeners to drive by the studio, "now, tonight, and sign one or the other petition."

Boyles' arguments with the teenage boys, of course, was on the air, giving the youngsters more opportunity than they deserved, but Boyles is new here and is selling his show the hard way. On Dec. 8 he announced the petitioners were 350 to 135 in his favor and that he would soon have a nightly studio audience to engage in verbal swordplay. Meanwhile, he gabs via phone with listeners, pro and con, and it makes for lively listening.

Southern California,

Nut-Filled Gab-Bag

By Dave Kaufman

Hollywood.

Southern California, once renowned for its oranges, is now a land with probably the largest nut crop in the country. And most of them pop up on the numerous tv gab shows, or on the many, many radio "conversation" programs. Most of the hosts on these gabfests are not known for their taste, and they reach far and wide for guests who will attract attention—and ratings. In this part of the country, however, they don't have to reach too far.

KTTV, the Metromedia outlet, is the leading tv gab station, with talkers on every night of the week, its lineup consisting of Louis Lomax and Joe Pyne, each on twice weekly; Mort Sahl; and, from N. Y., David Susskind and Alan Burke.

Pyne is the best known and the most prosperous, also the most controversial, although his programs are now taped ahead, to avert repetition of an incident such as occurred during the height of the Watts riots here in August, 1965. That was when Pyne, with a Black Muslim-type guest on his show, was talking about the riots, stood up and brandished a gun he pulled from a shoulder holster, suggested strongly it might be a good idea for everybody to go out and buy guns to protect themselves from the rioters. The guest immediately stood up, also pulled out a gun. This incident led to Federal Communications Commission hearings anent license renewal for the station, with it being granted when KTTV promised it would tape ahead, have its lawyers scan the show closely.

Pyne has, on the whole, been more subdued since, although some time ago he did have a guest who was a former writer for the late Sen. Joe McCarthy, a racist who spouted anti-Negro and anti-Semitic poison for nearly an hour. That Pyne took issue with him didn't alter the fact that the hate merchant had all this free time to spread his wares.

Irresponsibility is commonplace among many of these gabbers; where a newspaper or magazine adheres to rigid libel laws to protect individuals, the gabbers seem to have no limitations.

Lomax, for example, considers himself a liberal and one of the more erudite gabbers, and perhaps he is. But still, the other night a guest of the Commie-under-every-bed tinge described Vice President Humphrey as a Communist, and Lomax didn't question or challenge this.

The crackpots never had it so good—when it comes to finding a forum. But very little responsibility appears to be exercised on the part of those staging the shows, whether the guest is a crackpot or not, and if an eyebrow is raised—in print—the usual stet answer is twofold: free speech, you know, you can't curb that, and someone like a hate merchant hangs himself with his words. They have become pat cop-outs, but the gabbers and stations forget there is no unlimited free speech, which is why there are slander and libel laws.

Mort Sahl, the nitery comedian, has turned serious, and modestly proclaims weekly on his show that "we must save America." That's his goal, his fight against "The Establishment," as he calls it. But Sahl has a negative program, with—until recently—two monotonous subjects, putting the rap on femmes every week, and talking at great length about cars, a passion with him.

The past few weeks he has added another subject—he has joined the long list of those who hint there's a conspiracy behind President Kennedy's assassination, and question the validity of the Warren Report. Sahl has had Mark Lane on frequently, often turned the entire program over to him, and while it's interesting up to a point, that point has long passed.

Lomax also has had critics of the Warren Report on but, at the

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'Peyton's' First 6 Years

Hollywood.

Television's only primetime soaper—"Peyton Place"—has mushroomed into a \$25,000,000 venture at 20th-Fox TV, and the end isn't even in sight. Series on ABC-TV has been on for two-and-one-half years, and when its 364th vidfilm is completed in January, almost \$25,000,000 will have been spent on its production.

Figure soars way beyond any other series on for the same period of time for the obvious reason that the show is on twice weekly (and was on thrice weekly last semester). It's had the equivalent thus far of six tv seasons.

Exec producer Paul Monash has said that his series comes in on budget, a statement no other producer of a time series can make, or has made, as far as is known. This means despite the huge outlay for production, 20th-Fox is not the red on the series, an unique position when most vidpix series are operating with deficit financing.

In addition, the studio obviously will strike it rich when the series goes into syndication eventually. Weepee is currently being aired in all major markets abroad.

Producer of the series is Everett Chambers.

Saturday Morning Viewing, A 'Shattering' Experience

By BILL GREELEY

Advice to any adult who might monitor kidvid primetime tv: cover the eyes with a very dark, double-lensed pair of shades and climb into a lead suit. It has got to be much like a closeup view of an H-bomb attack.

Kiddie primetime is Saturday morning where the three networks are investing millions of dollars in a visual and audio experience of shattering proportions. And switching back and forth between the extended animated grind on three channels intensifies that experience.

Out of the mayhem, it is not easy to sort conclusions. But it is reasonably clear that the pell mell of ghosts, monsters, space and prehistoric folk and beasts of every shape and form known and otherwise, often imitates adult tv, sometimes parodies it and sometimes even satirizes the big stuff. There are voice parodies widely ranging from the likes of Cary Grant to the late W. C. Fields. There is sitcom and action-adventure and even a time when the webs lapse to theatrical vaulties presented in showcases reminiscent of the nighttime pix grinds. It is all in livid tint.

There is a certain half-hour across the board where two of the nets reverse traditional roles. On CBS is the new cartoon adventures of "The Lone Ranger"—and Tonto—done in a striking contemporary color animation. But this version of the Ranger is violent action scored with heavy melodramatic music. Same time on ABC is a sitcom cartoon with yelping hillbillies. Clearly one would associate the hillbillies with CBS and the violent action with ABC. NBC in the same half-hour is right in character. It is running a sitcom, "The Jetsons," which is immediately identifiable with that network's nighttime problems with the genre.

Not only "Lone Ranger" but also "Superman" and others in the new CBS lineup which went in this fall are loaded with dark violence. A segment of "Superman" featured a couple of giant green lizards, pursuing a handsome fellow in prehistoric garb such mixes are SOP here) that would spook adult viewers let alone the scapes. There is talk that CBS will modify its approach next fall. It will be done with good reason.

The Vaulties

Then, from the vaults, ABC has "Bugs Bunny" and CBS has "Road Runner," a nutty bird of later vintage. The Bunny classics of slapstick cartooning are attractively presented, especially with an intro which features Bugs and his pal Daffy Duck in a vaude dance and song turn. In a nice kidding bit, they sing about how the roles they'll play will be a snap because they are so old and familiar.

Overall, the cliches of animated slapstick are unlimited. A viewer can see a dozen versions of the plunge-off-the-cliff bit in a couple of hours.

Singularly, quality (quality?) honors must go to ABC's "Beasties." Very sophisticated for the genre and lively with the boys' hit tracks. One seg, for instance, featured a young chick who was being jeered in an art competition

for having painted a representational cat. The boys back her with a rock tune and she turns out some wild abstractions (via paint shot from guns etc.) and gets raves from the beatniks who previously derided her work. Capper, however, is that the judges award her first prize for the rep cat.

On the blurb side, frantic war and superman toy pitches always depress and sometimes shock. But Kool-Aide has a series with an assortment of to's rock dancing—with Bugs Bunny joining in—that's an absolute joy.

Why Not Prizes For Best Critic

By NOEL MEADOW

Pulitzer prizes are awarded for assorted achievements in journalism but not for excellence in one of its areas which so vitally affects our cultural life—criticism.

Critics of stage, screen, music and television collectively confer honors each year for artistic accomplishment within those media, but are accorded in return no formal recognition by any group for individual excellence in the practice of their own craft.

The theatre, cinema, radio and television, and recording industries, do not hesitate to shower themselves with annual awards—Oscars, Emmys, Tonys, et al. in such abundance that a messenger walking into a Hollywood film office or the CBS building in N.Y. will one day be given a silver loving cup for having delivered the best script. The Directors Guild of America does give a "best film critic" award annually and, for some years, gave a tv critics award—Ed.

I advance the proposal that, under suitable auspices, several awards for related forms of film criticism be conferred annually. I specify films rather than theatre not only because the film is my specific area of interest, but because the living theatre is still too limited in geographic scope to be a meaningful nationwide institution. The theatre's advocates may reasonably hold other views.

The motion picture industry, which complains eternally about the critical treatment of its product, should surely be interested in any incentive to a higher level of criticism (not that this would necessarily remove the basic cause of the complaint without a corresponding rise in the quality of the industry's product).

There is no gainsaying the enormous influence of the critics upon the many millions of "fans." As a basis for further thinking, I suggest awards as follows:

(1) The best-written review in a daily newspaper.

(2) The best-written review in a non-special interest publication of national, metropolitan or regional circulation.

(3) A special award, if warranted in any year, for a truly outstanding magazine article, or series

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NEW BLOOD LINE OF PIX & TV

Help Stamp Out Laugh Tracks

By HAL KANTER

Hollywood. Why not a group dedicated to Helping Stamp Out Laugh Tracks? Almost everyone agrees they degrade television even more than most of the television programs do. Apparently, a group of executives somewhere insist the laugh tracks be laid on all comedy shows to tell audiences what's funny and when they should respond. Even some of those executives agree, privately, the laughs are a pain in the ear. But because they're not sure what's funny, they order laughs sprinkled throughout their little comedies. Their big ones, too.

But let's face a fact: old theatrical features are popular on the small screen. Many of those old pictures are comedies. When they played theatres, audiences laughed. There was no laugh track on the original. They are shown on television without laugh tracks. Still, audiences appreciate them in their living rooms. Sometimes they appreciate them more than they did in the theatre, because they can hear all the dialogue in their living rooms—dialogue that sometimes was lost because of audience laughter.

Are not the executives impressed by old movie ratings? Why, then, can't they be impressed by the simple fact that old movie comedies are accepted by viewers without being told what's funny about them?

We did three new comedies on Bob Hope Presents The Chrysler Theatre this season. They were well received. They got respectable ratings, good notices. They did not have laugh tracks.

Thanks for letting our audiences judge for themselves, Chrysler. Thanks, NBC.

Now, what about an industry-wide movement to H.S.O.L.T.? In the long run, shows might have longer runs.

INDUSTRIES NOW IN A FAMILY WAY

By MURRAY HOROWITZ

Television and the motion picture industry now are so interlocked that to think of either of them without relation to the other is old-fashioned, if not backward. The marriage of the two industries has been consummated this year, and their offspring are multiplying.

Offspring Number One: The million dollar movie. That's the next plateau for an average good Hollywood picture of recent vintage sold to tv for networking.

Offspring Number Two: The super-cinematics that mopped up in hard-ticket theatrical runs filtering into tv as specials. Big ones of the "Bridge On the River Kwai" stripe are being marketed at \$5,000,000 per.

Offspring Number Three: Integrated tv and theatrical production and distribution. It's complete now at all the majors as the last holdout, Paramount Pictures, is making the move.

Offspring Number Four: The foster children—those outside firms that came into the picture as intermediaries when the tv and picture industries were hostile camps, and now have not only been incorporated into the families but, in the cases of MCA and Seven Arts, have moved up to head the families.

MCA, for instance. When tv boomed, MCA became a major supplier of programs and then a distributor of motion pictures via the Paramount oldies. It did not have a subsidiary company making features until it acquired Universal. Now it governs that studio's output for both theatres and tv.

In a more dramatic way, the same process is now going on between Seven Arts and Warner Bros. Seven Arts started as a foster child of the motion picture biz, buying pix from the majors to sell to tv. Now Eliot Hyman is buying up the one-third interest of Jack L. Warner.

Insuring the Source

Unlike MCA, Seven Arts was not a big supplier of tv programs other than motion pictures, which now have become the most popular programming on tv. Hyman always said that he would insure his source of supply. Seven Arts went into motion picture production, as a step in that direction, but up until now it never commanded the resources of such a major studio as Warner Bros.

The union has not been beneficial to all segments of the family. Exhibitors have been hurt. Local tv stations, because they cannot command the dollars of (Continued on page 98)

90th Congress Faces Some Hot Broadcast Issues; Legislators Vie For Key Committee Chairmanships

By LARRY MICHIE

Washington.

The 90th Congress, which is about to convene, may spend more time on broadcasting legislation and general problems than any Congress in recent years, primarily because the political climate is right.

President Johnson has won Congressional approval of major segments of his Great Society legislation, so some of the pressure for new social laws will be off. Perhaps even more important, considerable Republican gains in the House last November mean that the more controversial Administration measures probably will be doomed from the start, freeing legislators to concentrate on other chores.

It is virtually certain that broadcasting will get close attention on Capitol Hill, partly because television and radio are so important to the lives of the American voters and partly because of the role broadcasting plays in the political process.

The 89th Congress that ended last October produced a lot of talk but virtually no important legislation. The hottest issue was community antenna television, which was regulated for the first time by the FCC. The House Commerce Committee approved a bill to grant the Commission about the same power it had already assumed, but the bill never got past the House Rules Committee and the Senate never took the measure seriously. The primary function of Congress in that case was to serve as a forum for letting off steam. CATV interests berated the FCC and were in turn attacked by the television interests who wanted to protect their signals, and the net result was minus zero. The same issue will be dead this year, unless revived by fresh developments.

Copyright Action?

A CATV issue that will be very much alive on Capitol Hill this year, however, is the proposed new copyright bill. The legislation passed the House Judiciary Committee last year, and chances are considered fair that it will be shepherded through both House and Senate this year. Part of the copyright revision would include CATV under the fee system by a complicated formula that would exempt some CATV systems from payment, make others fully liable and charge a "reasonable license fee" to others. The CATV section of the bill is one of the most controversial, and different factions may squabble so much that the bill will be delayed another year.

The two areas in which broadcasters can look for the most Congressional activity this year are satellite communications and political broadcasting. Both are highly controversial, and both are newly in the legislative picture as the result of recent developments.

The Ford Foundation last year electrified the industry by proposing a domestic satellite broadcasting system that would service the networks and also serve to underwrite educational television. The Senate Communications Subcommittee headed by Sen. John Pastore promptly scheduled hearings on the subject, during which the networks generally praised the Ford Foundation's motives but questioned the practicality and legality of having the networks, in effect, subsidize the distribution of educational tv. Pastore plans longer and more detailed hearings this year, with the additional guidance of the Carnegie Commission report on ETV that develops various concepts of financing educational broadcasting.

The broad area of controversial programming is also due to be probed by the Pastore subcommittee, which late in 1966 sent out an extended questionnaire to

all radio and television stations asking in great detail about the public affairs and editorial programming aired by outlets. Using the FCC's fairness doctrine—which requires a station to offer to air more than one side of a controversial issue—as a reference point the whole spectrum of the broadcasting of touchy subjects is expected to be aired.

On the House side, at issue will be not the Commission's fairness doctrine but Section 315 of the Communications Act, the so-called equal time law that requires that political candidates be given equal access to the airways. House Commerce Committee Chairman Harley Staggers (D-W. Va.), at the prompting of Speaker John McCormack (D-Mass.), has already revealed that he plans to scrutinize the practice of stations editorially endorsing political candidates. It is a growing trend, and McCormack and Staggers decided to investigate, not coincidentally, at the height of the 1966 Congressional campaign. It may have been just talk, but more likely the probe will be held. What comes out of it will depend in part on how many current Congressmen were opposed by radio and television stations, but it is unlikely that such endorsement will be outlawed. At worst, some stations will be terrified into sticking to bland editorials about the meaning of Thanksgiving or some such trivia. Lending impetus to the hearing, however, is a letter House Judiciary Committee Chairman Emanuel Celler (D-N.Y.) wrote to FCC Chairman Rosel H. Hyde last year, in which he asked that political endorsements be banned by FCC rule.

Seniority Question

All this is predicated on the assumption that Harley Staggers will still be Chairman of the committee, however, and that conceivably might not be the case. In a rare case of party chastisement, Rep. John Bell Williams (D-Miss.) was shorn of his Democratic seniority after he supported the GOP's Barry Goldwater for President in 1964. He was dropped from number two on the Commerce Committee to the very last spot. When Rep. Oren Harris (D-Ark.) resigned the chairmanship last year to become a Federal judge, Staggers was in line for the top job that normally would have fallen to Williams.

Williams wants his seniority back, and although it's an outside chance, he's going to fight for it. Staggers is a very mild and likable Congressman, but not noted as a legislative dynamo, a quality almost mandatory in the head of a major committee. Williams may be able to convince his colleagues that he wouldn't have made the same mistakes as Staggers. Williams is also much more conservative than Staggers, and much of the punch for stripping the Mississippian of his seniority came from liberal Democrats who were defeated last November. In the off chance that Williams would regain control of the Committee, it would be a much different picture.

Another seniority struggle of considerable importance to broadcasters centers on the House Commerce Committee's Communications Subcommittee. There, the strong, conservative Rep. Walter Rogers (D-Tex.) resigned last year.

Two much more liberal men may vie for the job, one of whom, Rep. John Moss (D-Calif.), has been something of a broadcasting gadfly. Moss was number two on the Subcommittee and would like the job, where he could continue to attack broadcasting ratings and other of his radio-tv peevish. Higher up than Moss in full Committee seniority, however, is Rep. Tor-

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Watts Happening In TV?

By STUART SCHULBERG

Washington.

It started with a memo from NBC News vicepresident Don Meaney—a query I have committed to memory not because it is so deathless, but because it is so short: "Would you consider doing something with your brother in Watts?" Would I ever! Only a distaste for nepotism had prevented me from suggesting that NBC News do a special on Budd's Watts Writers Workshop, which was lighting literary candles in the darkness of the Los Angeles ghetto soon after the revolt of 1965.

Unit Manager Arthur White (who is now known as Uncle Art from Beach Street to Central Avenue) and I were on a plane to L.A. while the pencils in New York were scribbling a tentative budget. "The Angry Voices of Watts" subsequently was shot in 10 days with a small, integrated crew for about half the price of the usual news special.

Out of the "Angry Voices" documentary came the most unexpected spin-off of the season—the premiere show of the new "NBC Experiments in Television," which airs Feb. 19. The play is "Losers Weepers," written by Harry Dolan, a Workshop talent who used to earn his living as a janitor down at City Hall. From "Angry Voices," he may be remembered as the optimistic job-seeker who ranged greater Los Angeles by bus on a fruitless and expensive quest for a job he never got. But because of his ability and endurance, Harry Dolan wound up with his own reward—a one-hour drama which we have just finished taping on the wrong side of the Southern Pacific tracks in Watts.

With a filmed documentary and a taped teleplay under my sagging belt, I am now the "world's leading authority" on Watts tv production. No other producer can make that claim—and few, I suppose, would care to. But the satisfactions have been deeper than any I've experienced in tv, including even a few highlights in my life like "David Brinkley's Journal" and the two-part "What Makes Sammy Run?" on the old "Sunday Showcase." For me, Watts was not just a tv location or another remote; it became a total experience, eyeball to eyeball and finally shoulder to shoulder with a Negro community which some consider the most obstreperous in America.

The Nationalists

Last June, when we arrived for our documentary, our chief concern was the Nationalists. The kids were waving their Malcolm X sweatshirts like the skull & crossbones and still seemed ready to send a white man to Davy Jones' Locker for refusing to share the treasure of America. I remember one smoggy afternoon in the Watts Happening Coffee House when a

young ultra relentlessly questioned me about my petty contribution to the Negro cause. Finally he backed me hard against the wall and asked, "Are you scared, Whitey?"

It was a tough question to answer because I was physically frightened, but psychologically rather brave (a common liberal condition, I suspect) and so I managed to say, "I'm not afraid of the people I know—only of the people I don't know." And suddenly Malcolm's angry disciple clutched me in a bear hug and waltzed me around the Coffee House, crying, "You're beautiful, Baby..." His hate had changed to love quicker than you can say Jackie Robinson. To do the trick you didn't need quick reflexes or sleight of hand, but only whatever straight talk you can still salvage from this double-talking age.

Nobody in America can spot insincerity faster than today's Negro. The Nationalists became NBC's best friends during the short, hot summer we spent in Watts. Their "black power" stopped scaring us once we realized it was not a question of physical retaliation—deserved or not—but rather a matter of positive Negritude, a new sense of awareness to fill the limbo into which Whitey pitched the American Negro at the very moment that he freed him. Maybe they should call it "Black Will Power" because I think that better describes what my friends in Watts are trying to achieve.

Different Breed of Cat

At any rate, when we returned in December to tape Harry Dolan's first play, we ran into another breed of cat altogether. These were the Negroes who scorned the term black, still talked of colored people and tried, indeed, to portray themselves as sunburned suburbanites whose daily lives were no different than yours and mine. This time we were harassed by the local middle class, the so-called 10-percenters who regard any portrayal of Negro poverty as a slur on their bourgeois status. They turned out to be much fiercer than the Nationalists, perhaps because—in their eyes at least—they had more to lose than the jive-talking kids off the street.

Now, in trumped-up "protest rallies" and curbstone confrontations, for the first time I ran into virulent anti-Semitism from Chamber of Commerce delegates, the store-front clergy and garden club ladies with flowered hats. Hell hath no fury like a clubwoman scorned—regardless of her color. These "good people," as Mayor Yorty calls them, very nearly brought our project to a standstill with the aid of allies in the Police Dept. and City Hall who had the power to withhold crucial permits we needed "to tell it like

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High-Rated 'Fame' Taps Lofty TvQ

"Fame Is the Name of the Game." scored high in the qualitative TvQ audience measurement, paralleling the quantitative ratings. The made-for-tv Universal feature scored a healthy 41 TvQ ("liked the program") score in TvQ's December report, third highest of the 11 Saturday Movies measured so far this season by the service.

"Fame" also scored mightily in the national Nielsen's.

The Home Testing Institute drew the following conclusion, on the basis of the TvQ "Fame" score:

"The story outline, publicity and stars were evidently attractive enough to pull in a substantial audience for this reversal of the usual theatre first, home screen second, movie release procedure. Now the experiment has an additional factor that should be quite helpful for future sampling of these 'premieres'—the fact that those who tried it liked it even better than the usual movie fare."

VARIETY



"VARIETY is the mother of enjoyment."

VIVIAN GREY, Book I, Chapter IV, Benjamin Disraeli



"VARIETY's the very spice of life."

THE TASK Book II, THE TIMEPIECE, Line 606, William Cowper



*"Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in VARIETY we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree."*

WINDSOR FOREST, Line 13, Alexander Pope



*"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite VARIETY."*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, ACT II, Sc. 2 Line, 243, William Shakespeare



"No pleasure endures unseasoned by VARIETY."

MAXIM 460, Publilius Syrus

WEDNESDAY



*"Where's he that died o' Wednesday?
What place on earth hath he?"*

FALSTAFF'S SONG, Stanza 1, Edmund Clarence Stedman



"Wednesday's child is full of woe."

MOTHER GOOSE



*"Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt
goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-
chamber, at the round table
by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday..."*

KING HENRY IV, Part II, Act 1, Sc. 3, Line 96, William Shakespeare



*"And if I loved you Wednesday,
Well, what is that to you?
I do not love you Thursday—
So much is true."*

THURSDAY, Stanza 1, Edna St. Vincent Millay

SOURCE: Bartlett's Familiar Quotations

THIS IS NBC YEAR!  *The Full Color Network*

What is a Jackie Gleason?

A Jackie Gleason is 300 pounds of Brooklyn that lives uptown. You can usually find one next to a pretty girl. But if it's not there, just turn right at Sammy Spear and straight on till Toots Shor's. It prefers a green climate covered with pictures of the Presidents, signed by the U.S. Treasurer. It's hard to find a Jackie Gleason. Most people will tell you to turn on any television set and wait for it to appear. But the ones who really know this remarkable creature have a method all their own. They will tell you to wait until a child laughs and you'll hear him. When you clutch your sides roaring at noble humanity falling on its face, you'll get a glimpse of him. And when the rain has stopped falling on all the losers, and the sun hits a puddle on a tenement stoop, and makes your eyes glisten, you can be damn sure he's around. And if you still can't find a Jackie Gleason, there is one more place where he's bound to be. He thinks it's a big secret, but the whole world knows where he hides. His natural habitat is the human heart.

YOUNG & RUBICAM

For the Bristol-Myers Co., co-sponsors of the Jackie Gleason Show

RADIO TURNS ON NEWS JUICE

TV Swells British Exchequer

London. Nearly half of the annual \$225,000,000 paid by advertisers to commercial tv stations finds its way to the national exchequer via ad levy, corporation tax or income tax, says the Independent Television Authority in its 1965-66 annual report and accounts.

Notwithstanding pleas from the Authority, which had figured it prudent to stockpile some of its surplus coin in order to finance technical development of the commercial web, it has been directed by the government, nonetheless, to pay \$7,560,000 from its \$9,866,956 net surplus into the Exchequer. Over a period of six years, the ITA has contributed \$13,537,671 from its surplus to the national purse. Also paying a profits tax of \$5,633,600 for the year to March 31, 1966, total government benefit from ITA stood at well over \$13,000,000.

Sum is in addition to the \$59,321,522 forked out by the commercial stations in "additional payments" which are collected by the Authority but which go directly to the State, unlike transmitter rentals which are retained by the ITA and which, in the year covered, amounted to \$23,465,898.

Authority's operating expenses and charge for depreciation rose from \$8,705,474 to \$9,429,804 in 1965-66. The surplus before tax was \$15,506,156, i.e., \$4,043,936 up on the previous year. Surplus after decreased tax was \$9,872,556 which was added to \$649,331 brought forward.

Do Those TV Commercial People Really Exist?

By PAUL MOLLOY

(Columnist, Chicago Sun-Times)

Chicago.

Those people you see in the television commercials these days—do they really exist? Where are they? Does anybody know them?

I refer to the strange people who populate the sponsor's message. Are they for real?

I wonder if wives really meet their husbands at the door when they return from work and shriek: "Honey! I've just discovered the most effective new cleanser!" And I wonder if the husbands really put down their briefcase or lunchpail and dance over to the sink to watch the action. Are there such people?

My stomach's been turning over almost nightly as I watch those odd women who make a career of sniffing their friends and suggesting they switch deodorants. I mean—do women actually tell one another they can't attend that party tonight because they've got heebiejeebies in the armpits? I recall one touching scene in a lockerroom where a golfer offers his deodorant to a pal who considers himself an incurable stinker. Good grief, I wouldn't let my son use my deodorant. Nor would I us his.

One biddy who bothers me is the one who carries her husband's suits to the cleaners and tells a complete stranger at the counter: "I don't know what I'll do about my husband's dandruff." And all the while she's flicking the nasty specks off his clothes. If I had dandruff and my wife told strangers about it, I'd be writing this from Reno.

Surely you've seen the clothesline scene where one woman tells a neighbor her clothes (the neighbor's) aren't coming off whitey-white-white, and why doesn't she use this detergent? In my circle I venture that if one woman criticized another's washing, she'd be rewarded with a bundle of soggy linen right in the mouth. Splat!

Another routine that grates me is that bit in the supermarket when two women bump carts in the aisle. One peeks into the other's groceries and exclaims something like: "Goodness, are you still using that brand of soup (or juice or whatever)? Haven't you heard of this brand?"

I saw one recently wherein a woman accosted a male shopper pushing his cart and actually chided him for bringing home the "wrong" bathroom tissue.

And how do the accosted react? They practically kiss Old Snooper's hand and utter the equivalent of: "Bless you, you darling, for introducing me to this new improved whatever-it-is."

If I were shopping and some woman started pawing my groceries



Paul Molloy

or inquiring about bathroom tissue, I would:

1—Immediately run her down with my cart.
2—Have her arrested for disorderly conduct.

3—Start a whispering campaign about her mental stability.

Still, perhaps we shouldn't complain too much because the acting in these things is something to behold. Fewer sponsors now hire a salesman to tell you about their product. The vogue is to build an abbreviated melodrama around the product—a sort of instant theatre—and clamp a grabber on your purse and heart at the same time. If they had awards for such dramatic fare, I suppose the headache people would run away with most of the trophies.

Surely you recall that magnificent scene where the father returns from work to find the kids' wagons and bikes in the driveway. After much shouting and waving of arms he prepares to kick the child beneath the chin when his wife runs out with a tablet or fizz thing. In seconds the father realizes what a beast he's been and, headache gone, serenity returns to the home.

(I tried that bit once. Screamed and shrieked, took a tablet, and felt so bad about scaring the kids I offered to take them for a spin around the block. Backing out of the driveway—*krunchhhhh!!!* Demolished \$218 worth of bikes, wagons, buggies and a cartor containing four white mice).

Does She or Doesn't She?

Another role with meat in it is that of the middle aged wife whose husband ignores her on the dance floor until she starts tinting the gray out of her hair. After that—wow! Dinner at smart clubs twice a week and twisting into dawn.

(A lady I know who used to sit home forlornly night after night was inspired by this performance. She gave herself a tint job and now she's living it up in the gay spots nightly. Her husband, though, he stays home and does the dishes).

And how about the fop who offers the strange lady in a plane one of his cigarets, and winds up with her over candlelight and wine? My insurance agent tried that once on a flight to Denver. Got 60 days as a masher.

But the dramas I used to enjoy most were the ones based on cases of mistaken identity which have left the screen. I tell you, these had suspense to warm the heart of any student of the stage. Who can forget the cigaret blurb wherein one man says to another: "Oh, I see you're a tuck-pointer?" And the other replies: "No, I'm an atomic fission physicist. I tuck-point as a hobby on weekends. Indeed, you might call me a weekend tuck-pointing atomic fission physicist."

Man, that's acting. It was the sort of emotional give-and-take that would glue me to my chair. When it was over and they'd resume with the rest of the program, then I'd leave for that glass of water.

ALL WEBS PROVIDE BETTER SERVICE

By STEVE KNOLL

Even without the special incentive provided by a hawkish FCC chairman, the four radio networks in 1966 broadcast an impressive quantity of news and public affairs programs.

Their record equalled and in some cases exceeded that of past years, highlighting the evolution of network radio from the mass entertainment medium of the '30s and '40s to the depth news medium of the '50s and '60s.

Significantly, only a portion of the networks' total output consisted of five and 10-minute capsule summaries and features. The remainder comprised documentaries, "instant specials" and regularly scheduled programs of 15, 25 and 55 minute length.

Activity rose to a peak at the network news shops toward Election Day, when three major stories occurred at nearly the same time. These were the President's trip to Asia, the flight of Gemini 12, and the election itself.

An analysis of network logs shows all four networks heavily committed to news. It is impossible to single out any one as more committed than the others but there are differences in the webs' relative willingness to broadcast special programs when called for.

Breakdown By Network

In the aggregate, NBC broadcast more space coverage than any other radio network. In addition to providing large chunks of continuous coverage during important phases of the Gemini missions, NBC aired two- or one-minute reports twice each hour during the remainder of each flight.

However, when trouble developed during Gemini Eight in March, forcing a premature end to the flight, NBC's continuous coverage began at 9:05 p.m., while CBS and ABC suspended regular programming before 7:30.

ABC Radio still appears to be the most prolific network in terms of special programming. For example, at year's end ABC aired four specials recapping news highlights of 1966. In 1965, ABC broadcast eight year-enders ranging from "The Civil Rights Year" to "The Year in Space and Science." By contrast, CBS Radio carried no year-end specials in 1965, and this year simulcast CBS-TV's correspondents roundtable. NBC Radio also aired NBC-TV's wrap-up this year.

While ABC Radio, as a matter of policy, does not simulcast any

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Pioneer Efforts of British B'casters Are Finally Paying Off Now as They Make the U.S. Scene In a Big Way

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

Not all pioneers are rugged. Sometimes they are smooth, suave and even confident. But they need to have a rugged determination, a will to succeed and the ability to switch on an aggressive mood when desirable.

Any or all of these qualities are to be found in the handful of men who have pioneered the British vidfilm industry to the point at which it has finally accomplished its main goal. In 1966 the big breakthrough to the American market was achieved; 1967 will be the crucial and critical year, the year in which the scorecards will be out and the profit and loss account published.

That the "Redcoats" have arrived is an undisputed fact—and they are all tinted up for the occasion, in bright, lively and hopeful hues. What remains to be seen is how great their welcome will be and how long they may be urged to stay. Not that there is much doubt in the minds of these British pioneers. Their confidence has been backed by investments running into many millions of dollars and they are determined to see that it comes back to the home country with a handsome return.

The story of the vidfilm pioneers in many ways runs parallel to the motion picture producers who struggled for years to reconquer the United States. That was a long, slow and laborious uphill fight, which began way back in the mid-1930s and took almost two decades to accomplish. Nowadays it is commonplace for Yank distributors to shop for British pictures; the telefilm producers are hopeful that before too long they will be in the same enviable position.

Making the Grade

Who are these men who are backing their confidence and determination with so much hard cash? One name that must come before all others, of course, is Lew Grade, managing director of ATV. For many years he was a loner, pitching his strength against the might of the U.S. networks and the American vidfilm shops, determined to win through at all costs.

Grade's pioneering knew no limits. His company laid down several million dollars on the line to have its own distribution arm, thereby reversing the more familiar trend of the Yanks opening shop in Britain. Soon his acquisition of Independent Television Corp. became a profitable investment. However,

any distribution company can only continue to thrive if it has the guarantee of a steady stream of saleable celluloid flowing into its exchanges.

Having overcome the distribution hurdle, Grade was immediately faced with the next development, i.e., insuring that the right product would be forthcoming. Over the years there was the inevitable element of trial and error, some disappointments and some successes, until he achieved his major breakthrough. This year each of the three major U.S. webs will be giving peak time to Grade's British programs. And that's an achievement of a magnitude rarely accomplished by the U.S. networks in Britain.

This monumental breakthrough has not only helped Grade but has also eased the way for his friends and competitors in the United Kingdom. He has created a market and a climate for British tv series in the United States as the result of great expense and considerable personal effort and, in opening the doors for others, he has also helped his own organization.

Simple as ABC

Another major development in the British breakthrough into the States was the substantial sale by ABC-TV of its successful "Avengers" series, originally made in monochrome and now due to go out in color. Like Grade, ABC has tasted the fruits of success—and liked the sweet smell! As a result it has put down \$10,000,000 in hard cash to back a new production company which will concentrate its main attack on making further encroachments into U.S. territory. Howard Thomas, who has helmed the British ABC since its inception more than a decade back, has, perhaps, tried more cautiously than Grade, but has got through in the end.

Not all recent British achievements have been on film. At Rediffusion, for example, they have had substantial conquests with tape color programs. In the last summer its "Hippodrome" series achieved the rare distinction of topping the U.S. national ratings and, more recently it has secured both prestige and financial success with its top drama projects which are being made in association with David Susskind's Talent Associates.

Rediffusion's John McMillan, who had a long spell as the networks' program chieftain before being elevated to the stations' general manager, has long set his sights on the vast American territory and, like Thomas, chose to play a waiting game. There had been earlier successes and moments of glory, but it was not until the network made a representation deal with a major U.S. agency that it launched its serious offensive. In a relatively short period this has paid off in spades.

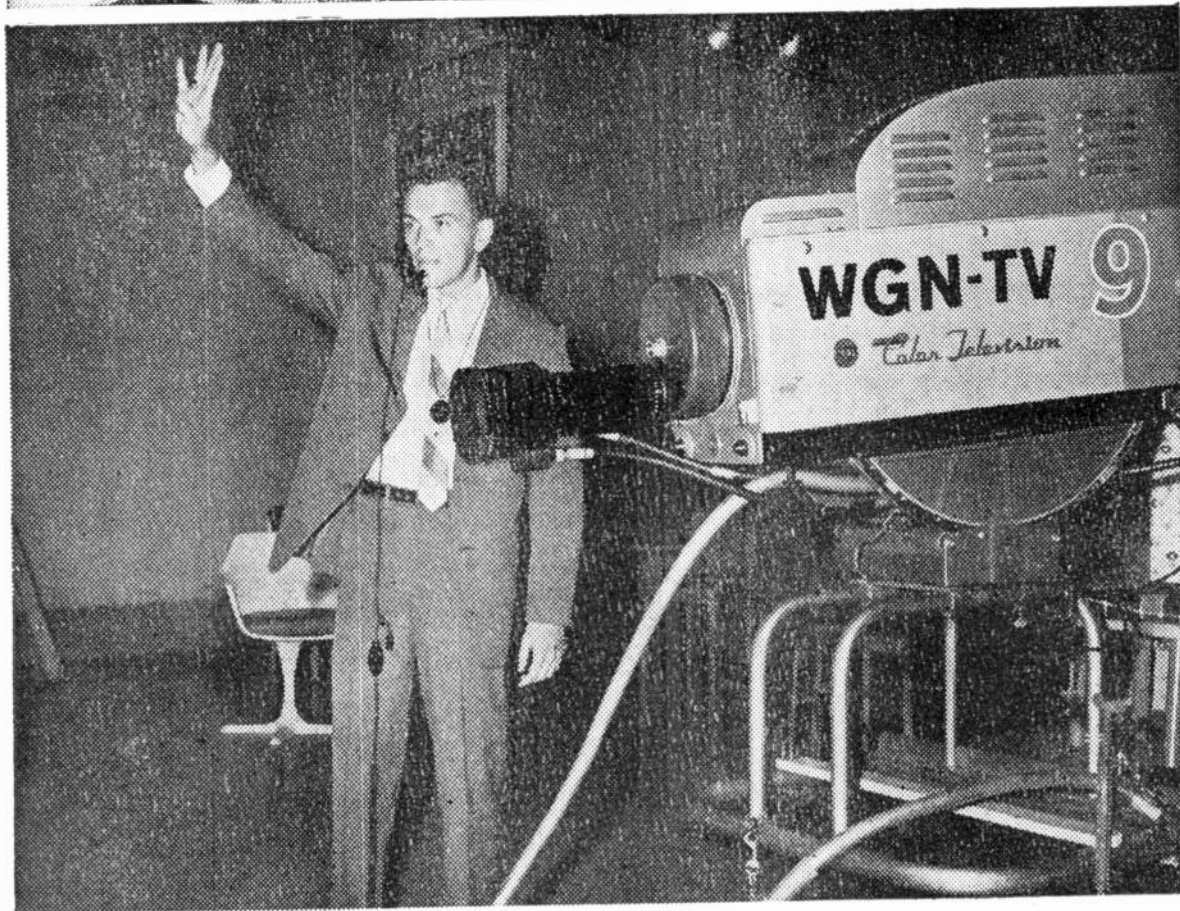
Surprisingly, most unadventurous major in the U.S. stakes appears to be Granda TV network. Like the other companies it has had its U.S. successes, and a substantial number of individual program sales, particularly to the educational networks. But it has had nothing to match, for example, ATV's "Secret Agent" or ABC's "Avengers", and in spite of the fact that both Sidney and Cecil Bernstein, Granada's chairman and managing director, have their roots in the motion picture industry, they have fought shy of vidfilm investment on a major scale. They now have a new tape project ready to go in the New Year, in partnership with an American outfit, an international quiz show called "Bon Voyage," but that will be a standard coproduction, to be made in association with Don Reid, and its eventual Stateside presentation is more or less taken for granted.

The initiative of the British ma-

(Continued on page 93)



Talk, talk, talk... on WOR daily 12:15 to 1 p.m. and still TALKING! Ed and Pegen Fitzgerald may well be the performers who ORIGINATED making with the conversation for the benefit of eavesdroppers!



Today's interns, Tomorrow's pros

Where does the exciting, challenging broadcasting industry find today's workers and today's learners who will be tomorrow's professionals?

WGN Continental's answer is the WGN Programs for Professional Broadcast Education. They are—

First, the Pierre Andre Memorial Scholarship Program offering selected university students three months' on-the-job training as part of their regular college curriculum. Students are paid for their work and receive twelve hours' university credit. Since it was initiated in 1963, there have been thirty-three Pierre Andre interns.

Second, the WGN Program offering part-time jobs to full-time high school and university students, who fill a variety of positions ranging from clerks to ushers.

This phase involves an average of twenty students per year.

Third, the WGN Program providing students with summer vacation jobs. An average of twelve students are assisted in this program every year. During the past three years, 129 full-time students attending 25 Midwest educational institutions have participated in the WGN job/training programs.

The WGN Programs provide professional on-the-job training, encouragement, and financial help as a preparation for the student's future and ours.

Eight of these student participants have become full-time WGN employees.

Developing new talent for the industry is another group service of WGN Continental.

WGN CONTINENTAL BROADCASTING COMPANY

Serving Chicago: WGN Radio, WGN-Television and WGN Continental Productions Company/Duluth: KDAL Radio and KDAL Television/Denver: KWGN Television/Michigan: WGN Televents, community antenna television
New York and Chicago: WGN Continental Sales Company.

RUNNIN' CHARACTER WHO TRIPS

NOBODY WATCHES TV

(Well, Maybe 550 People ... No More)

By MANNIE MANHEIM

Hollywood. Okay, if you don't believe me, consider these facts, some of which are lifted verbatim from U.S. Dept. of Commerce's population projection and some I cooked up myself.

We're talking about primetime only. Not daytime stuff. And I repeat, practically no one watches the little squawkboxes and here's my proof:

During interviews on the David Susskind think-tank program, touselhaired Sen. Bobby Kennedy revealed to Susskind that he didn't find anything worth watching on tv. He was followed by author Truman Capote who announced that he didn't even own a set.

So there are two people out of the 195,000,000 who admittedly are not interested in the network's primetime offerings.

Now we eliminate as potential nighttime customers 25,000,000 kids from the under-5 age group. Tote up what we have to this point and the amount will be 25,000,002, which includes Bobby Kennedy and Truman Capote. Now add the name of Hugh Downs who is required to rise at 3:30 a.m. and you know he's been sleeping instead of viewing.

Strike off another age group—the 5-to-9ers who should be in their beds—that eliminates another 23,000,000. The kids from 10 to 14 total up to 20,000,000 and those who are not vandalizing their schoolhouses are undoubtedly expected to do their homework or be out of the parlors by 9 p.m. and into their bedcells.

There are about 15,100,000 youths ages 15-19 and many of them are busy with extra-curricular activities such as stoning the police, setting fire to buses and sitting in the middle of the Sunset Strip protesting something or other. Included in this age group are the highschool girls who are busy ironing their hair, playing records, phoning, hamburgering and composing protest songs. Non-tv potentials up to here: about 83,000,000 of the population.

It's fair, I think, to assume that at least 10,000,000 members of the population are occupied in various forms of lovemaking which requires no assistance from the network primetimers. That brings the total to 93,000,003, including Kennedy, Capote and Hugh Downs—and oh yes, I recently read that composer Johnny Mercer takes to his boxspring and mattress very early in the evening and composer Harold Arlen is an early-to-bedder. So they ain't watching!

Other Dropouts

And how about all the people in jail? And asylums? And the ailing in hospitals? And the religious groups opposed to any form of entertainment? And the Skid Row groups, Bowerly unfortunates, panhandlers and let's not neglect the muggers, kidnapers, holdup men, killers, juvenile delinquents and other criminals who work at night. You just know they aren't sitting on their holsters watching "Petticoat Junction." Put all that gang together and my population projection suggests another 7,000,000. Total is now 100,000,000 (over one-half the population) and that includes Arlen, Mercer, Downs, Capote and Kennedy.

And I haven't even touched upon the farmers, fishmongers, all-night disk jockeys, the idiots who phone all-night disk jockeys, bartenders, waiters, chefs, busboys, nurses, doctors, cabdrivers, druggists, Kewpie-doll bakers, topless dancers, strippers and the military.

And then there are those spending their primetime painting picket signs, arranging for marches on army bases, Minute Men, Kluxers mending their sheets. Junkies, psychodelics, alcoholics, active prostitutes, polltakers and pop and op artists, guys who are preparing to go into the night to rattle the trashcans and we have another 5,000,000 who aren't mending their sets. That's 105,000,005,

and the way this thing is going, I fear that there'll be more people not watching than there are people—but that's the way the figures bounce in the projection racket.

Shades of Eddie Peabody

I read some place that over 13,000,000 guitars were sold during the past few years—so I've got to exclude at least half of that group, or, 6,500,000. Guitar players are not about to forsake their instruments to watch "Rat Patrol."

Actors in stage plays are not watching, neither are bagel bakers when they're baking (a night business). Pilots of planes and their crews have no tv while in transit. People dining out, attending the movies, theatres, cocktail parties, dinners, ballet, opera, cotillions, concerts, discotheques, riding subways, trains, buses and other forms of transit—lump that bunch together and we have another 15,000,000 which brings the total of nonviewers to 126.5 million. Startling, isn't it? And that doesn't include the Kennedys, Capote, Downs, Mercer or Arlen. Multiply those guys by a million and quickly we have another 5,000,000 and we get rid of Kennedy, Capote, Downs, Mercer and Arlen and our projection reveals a figure of 131.5 million.

Cops, Robbers and Others

Now let's add the police and firemen on duty, the Las Vegas contingent of gamblers, pitmen, stickmen, strippers and all the followers of Hugh Hefner who are bunnying through the night hours. And then there are all the good people who mop the office buildings, streetcleaners, tv performers who say, "I never watch myself on the screen," night truckdrivers, people playing bridge and Scrabble, newspapermen and women, circus performers, night merchants, gas-station people, doormen, the girl who works with Hugh Downs—Barbara Walters. That's another 10,000,000. Total—136.5 million.

Allow that there are 25,000,000 people who don't have tv sets and we have a new total of 161.5 million.

Allow that there are 25,000,000 people who don't have tv sets and we have a new total of 161.5 million.

From my own findings, I can almost safely estimate that there are approximately 35,000,000 viewers who turn on their tv sets and within a period of an hour are fast asleep. Those who own color sets, I am told, doze off quicker than people who have black & white. I heard Jerry Lester, the comic, say in a radio interview that color tv was better than a sleeping pill as he fell into a snooze as soon as he turned on his set.

And there we have 35,000,000 added to 161.5 million and that's about enough proof that the population is not doing its duty to the networks, sponsors, producers, writers and others who dream up the stuff that eventually trickles into the speaking box.

There must be an allowance made for the 1,100 pollsters who have Nielsen rating gadgets attached to their sets. In my judgment, about one half of them manage to stay awake and they are the good people who provide the vicepresidents of the networks with the information upon which they determine the type of programming that, according to my survey, no one sees.

Sullivan to RKO

Andrew Sullivan has been time salesman for motion picture advertising for all RKO General o&o radio and tv stations. He replaces Terry Turner, recently retired.

Sullivan will concentrate on the sale of broadcasting time for motion picture advertisement. He accepted the new position after resigning as exploitation manager for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

RUE VIDEO BIAS VS. 'ANTHOLOGY'

By EUGENE BURR

Hollywood.

For a lot of years now, "anthology" has been a dirty word in television. Any projected show that lacked at least one running character

was treated by television "showmen" as though it were a form of leprosy. Shows with four or five running characters, with continuing plot gimmicks or even with specifically continuing plots have been the white-haired wunderkind of the webs. Some of them, being good shows, made the grade; some, not being good shows, didn't.

But whether an anthology idea was good or bad, the mere whisper of the word sent the boys into screaming meemies. This despite the fact that the Bob Hope and Walt Disney shows, presenting honestly constructed stories based on mass-audience appeal, continued to do pretty well. Plus the additional fact that four of the most successful programs of the past few years are, though evidently unsuspected by the people who bought and presented them, anthologies.

They are, of course, the prime-time feature-film shows. It's easy to say that they've been successful because they offer big names in proven properties, with production values beyond the reach of the comparative "penury" of television. Of course. But they have balancing drawbacks, including the fact that they're all of them second-hand, having been exposed nationally in theatres.

The point is that most of them have been, by the somewhat loose standards of television, good shows—with beginnings, middles and ends, with a minimum of determinedly artistic gobbledegook, and with a direct aim at mass appeal. And being single-story, or "anthology" didn't hurt them. There are signs now that the lesson is being heeded.

Bias Unjustified

The bias against anthologies is based on a couple of arguments that are brilliantly egregious. The first is that, other things being equal, a running character brings an added value, a better chance for success, because viewers who

(Continued on page 104)



Eugene Burr

Chicago's WTTW & WFLD Have To Substitute Ingenuity for Dollars

By MORRY ROTH

Chicago.

Just as the "underground" motion pictures picked up the filmic "action" when the Hollywood film mills became enamored of the big epics, so has the new Chi video "underground" begun to prick at viewer interest with an array of bold programming. Unable to compete with the big, established tv stations on a buck-for-buck basis, WTTW, the Chi teachvee station, and WFLD, the Red Quinlan-helmed UHFer, are substituting audacity for budgets, pluck for personnel and spunk for spending.

For that selective viewer with a penchant for adventure on the dial, the teleteach station and the burgeoning UHFer are on the frontier of video valor, daring and high spirits in the Windy City. While it may be a bit unfair to lump the two stations, they both share a penchant for taking a chance on programming that is reminiscent of the "Golden Age" of Windy City tv a decade and a half ago. Ultimate commercial success may spoil WFLD's taste for temerity, and the grand designs for ETV may mute WTTW's style, but for now the program directors of the two swinging stations are thriving on bravado.

In November, for instance, WFLD viewers could have seen two 25-minute prime time shows given over to the troupe of the Second City cabaret theatre. In one, Dick Schaal, Severn Darden, Bob Dishy and Paul Sills did a completely improvised show based on audience suggestions at Sills' Game Theatre in Chicago. It had its share of rough edges and explaining it at times tested the savvy of host Richard Christiansen, but it had about it a rough vitality seldom seen nowadays on the tube.

Cohesive Framework

The same station programs its only films on Sunday evenings, one series called "They Don't Make Movies Like This Any More" and the other called "Films With a Mind of Their Own." Both are hosted by Christiansen, cultural editor of the co-owned Chicago Daily News. The first airs mostly the "kitsch" pictures of the 30's with comments on style by the Christiansens. The second deals with old films, but presented in a cohesive framework provided by the host and put together with filmic historical relevance. Quinlan has been kidded for dressing up the inexpensive films in fancy

cultural trappings, but the net result is something not often seen on the other stations.

In sports, WFLD can't compete with the big web and league games, but it has taken its chances with high school and college football, basketball, wrestling, swimming, track and even polo. It is this same station which flouts some of tv's most cherished news traditions by poking its cameras into the city room of the co-owned Sun-Times and Daily News to get the expertise of the print men and women on the happenings of the day.

With less dough, WTTW program director Ed Morris has had to be even more nervy than WFLD's Cliff Braun. Biggest coup for the ETVer has been the conversion of its local director's showcase series, "Facet," into an underwritten package known as "Chicago Festival." The series picked up two Chi "Emmy" awards in 1965-66 for a blues piano special with oldtime jazz man Art Hodes and a one-man show with local actor Ken Sheldon's dramatization of Don Marquis' "arch and mehitabel." Backed by local praise of producer Jack Sommers' work on the series, Morris proceeded to "sell" Illinois Bell Telephone on supporting the out-of-pocket costs for performers, musicians, sets and incidentals for a full year of programming.

When international celebrity-poet Robert Graves was in town recently, WTTW snared him for his only Chicago appearance on the air—now being turned into a national special on NET. An original half-hour musical dance drama "Requiem For A Slave" was commissioned and shown on Nov. 1 and was snapped up by NET for its spring schedule within two weeks. All local talent, mostly amateur, under the guidance of local composer J. Mark Quinn and professional choreographer Gus Giordano, made up the cast. Last May the ETVer concluded a six month search for new drama for production with the award of five \$1,000 prizes (supplied by a local foundation) to be produced over the next two seasons.

Book Showcase

Another WTTW creation, local author interview program, "Book Beat," with Chicago Tribune Book Editor Robert Cromie as interlocutor, got started as a modest program less than three years ago. Now seen in 48 cities, the series is in demand by publishers who want to sell their writers' wares. Most recently, the station began an audience participation program, "Soapbox," complete with local attorney Ralph Brown as devil's advocate. The series has tackled such controversial topics as abortion, civil rights, black power, lakefront encroachment and politics with such vigor that public opponents actually shy away from facing the crossfire from antagonists and audience buffs alike. The program may have to fight to stay on the air because of unwillingness of public officials to face the music. When the recent "cultural" survey of Chicago was released, only WTTW devoted an hour to discussing the issues raised by the controversial document.

Attempts to entice viewers to some of the better things of life not just by its small adventures, but with outstanding acquisitions for which "underwriting" can be found. In the current season schedule, the ETVer just completed a second run of the three "Roman plays" of Shakespeare with BBC thespians. The series was acquired last season and also was underwritten and promoted by Illinois Bell. In addition, the station has used its own funds to rent the BBC World War I epic, "The Great War" and to acquire 26 from the "Play of the Week" series.



BEN GRAUER

NBC

RADIO

TV





GEORGE A. ELBER
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

THOMAS J. McDERMOTT
PRESIDENT

France Is Dead! Long Live France!

By DAVID SCHOENBRUN

An old French saying, repeated so often that it has taken on the aura of an eternal verity, holds that the more things change the more they stay the same. It is true enough to so many aspects of life that it seems to be the truth itself. Ever since Vercingetorix, chief of the Arverni tribe of the Gauls, rallied his people to resistance against the invading hordes of General Caesar 2,000 years ago, France has fought recurring wars of resistance against foreign forces bent on conquest.

Not only in war but in peace the same pattern of changeless change weaves itself throughout French history. In the past two centuries of changing regimes, from the Bourbons to the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate, the Napoleonic Empire, the restoration of the monarchy, the Second Republic, the second Napoleonic Empire, the Third Republic, the Fourth and the Fifth, France changed constitutions constantly. There are more than 100 draft constitutions in the French archives. One bookseller on the Seine files constitutions under the category of periodic literature. And yet, despite all these dramatic changes, there was little if any change in the nature of the basic powers that ruled France: the middle-class merchants, the landed gentry, the financiers, with the spiritual and intellectual collaboration of the Church, the Army and the University. Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!

And yet things were changing, changing dynamically both inside France and, more importantly, in the world outside France, a fact that the egocentric French did not perceive until very recently. Their self-centeredness grew out of and reinforced a protectionism behind which merchants, farmers and middlemen grew richer in a country that was in a slow, steady decline in almost every domain. France, one of the most populous countries in Europe in the mid-eighteenth century, stood still while Germany and Britain grew rapidly and Russia and America exploded in population. Although population did not change in France, things did not stay the same, for others were not standing still.

Despite its decline relative to its neighbors, France still lived on memories of past glories plus intermittent flashes of power, in imperial conquests in Africa and Asia, that kept the myths and illusions fresh. Of all the grand illusions, "victory" in World War I was the most costly. The terrible blood tax paid for that most pyrrhic of triumphs could not be afforded by a country with a stagnant growth rate. The French made good their valiant vow at Verdun — the Germans did not pass — but France, herself, would never again pass or even reach the peak of valor and of power attained at Verdun. It is no exaggeration to say that France — a certain France — died at Verdun even though the dazzling illusions of victory blinded the French and even their allies into thinking that France was still a mighty power.

End of the Role

The balance of world power and the world preeminence of Europe came to an end in 1945. Not only had historic France died, so had traditional England and Germany and Italy. They died in terms of their role in world affairs and also in the nature of their societies. Astride the world stood two new super-powers, Russia and America. In the wings, awaiting its turn to step into the spotlight to challenge the colossi, was China. Now one can say that the more things change the more they change. The world has not yet seen, nor will for generations, all of the consequences of these convulsive changes of mid-20th century history.

Almost everyone in the world realized that things had changed and accepted the inevitability of adjusting to the changes, everyone that is except the French. The British set free India, but the French attempted the reconquest of Indochina. Disastrously, humiliatedly defeated in Indochina, the French, seemingly bent on nation-

al suicide, fought hopelessly on, to hold their colonies in North Africa. They lost them, one by one: Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria. Never had a country writhed through death agonies so long and painfully as the French, from Verdun to Dienbienphu to Algiers.

One Frenchman knew that things had changed. Ironically he was the one least willing to admit it. But Charles de Gaulle, a master prestidigitator and illusionist, is fundamentally a realist. Although he kept on proclaiming the grandeur of France, demanding for his nation a seat among the mighty and a voice in world affairs far greater than the power of France could merit, he acted in full knowledge of reality and not of the myths he fabricated to dazzle the world. A militarist, he set about breaking the political power of the French Army and making it obedient to the state. A royalist, he created a fifth Republic. An imperialist, he liquidated the French Empire, bringing to an end not only the black series of colonial wars, but setting free almost all of the overseas possessions of France except for a scattering of ancient territories and island outposts.

Charles de Gaulle brought to the French the first period of political stability that they have known in this century and the first long period of peace in the past 25 years. The French have paid a price for the Pax Gaullica, notably a national submission to the will of one man, a truly galling price for the fiercely individualistic, proud people of France. But they paid it.

Paid the Price

The French paid the price of Gaullism grudgingly and with much characteristic grumbling. On Dec. 5, 1965, voting for the first time in direct elections for a President, with universal suffrage, only 43.5% of the electorate voted for de Gaulle. Another 34% voted for the candidate of the left, Francois Mitterand, supported by the Socialist and Communist parties. A surprising 15.8% voted for a relative newcomer to national politics, Jean Lecanuet, a Catholic Democrat, who was mainly responsible for attracting away enough Gaullist voters to prevent the General from getting the required majority vote. But, in a runoff between de Gaulle and Mitterand on Dec. 19, Charles de Gaulle was re-elected to another seven-year term. He won 55% of the votes on the run-off, a very respectable majority for anyone but a de Gaulle, for he is not a mere politician running for office. De Gaulle runs as a Saviour, not as a President. His failure on the first round and small majority on the runoff signalled the advent of another change in the offing in France. The end of the era of Charles de Gaulle is now in view.

De Gaulle will be 77 this year, and 82 when his second term ends, assuming that he will neither resign nor die before term-end, assumptions that are being seriously questioned. In anticipation of a future without de Gaulle, the French are beginning to reorganize and galvanize for a new, more flexible society based on a more equitable play of political forces in a new France.

Charles de Gaulle has not created a new France to take the place of the France that died. He is too much in love with the princess of the fairy tale, the Madonna of the frescoes, as he described the France of his youthful dreams. But he has given his princess an honorable, Christian burial and enshrined his Madonna in the Pantheon of French history. And, most importantly, Charles de Gaulle has given his fellow Frenchmen a chance to make their own new France in the future, after de Gaulle. Although a certain France did die, the chances for a rebirth were kept alive by de Gaulle.

Now the French are preparing to take their own fate into their hands again as responsible citizens rather than as subjects on an autocrat. There will not be a return to the fragmentations and falling governments of the past. The evidence is overwhelming that the French people do not want and will not tolerate a return to the chaotic past.

The politicians know that the price of any future anarchy will be a dictatorship. They are thus grouping themselves into large movements instead of multiple small parties. De Gaulle's own party, the UNR, is in fact a loose coalition of men, ranging from left to right, much as the Democratic Party in the U.S. groups under one standard northern liberals and southern conservatives. The Communist Party remains what it was, although a much tamer, less revolutionary communism. The Socialists and Radicals and other left-of-center splinters have grouped together in a new, large coalition called the Federation of the Left, headed by Francois Mitterand. The Christian Democrats, clusters of peasants and independents and other center and right-of-center factions have also regrouped themselves under a new larger umbrella, the Democratic Center, headed by Jean Lecanuet. Thus there are now four major groups in place of more than 12 parties a decade ago.

Similar concentrations of power and efforts have been going on in the economic and social enterprises of France. Thousands of small businesses have gone bankrupt or have been bought up by bigger, more efficient units. Gross national product has increased in a decade from \$45 billion to \$92 billion. Industrial production has increased by more than 40%. Agriculture has increased its output by 34%, while reducing the number of people engaged in agriculture by 2,000,000, a remarkable achievement. France has half the total farmland of the Common Market and has profited greatly by the opportunities it offered. Pensions have been increased by more than 70%. Wages have risen beyond prices. In short, there has been steady progress in every domain.

France's ally, America, has not had the opportunity to enjoy fully French recovery, mainly because of strained relations with General de Gaulle. And yet French economic recovery, political stability and the readiness to assume responsibility for national defense are all goals that the U.S. sought to help the French attain. However irritating de Gaulle's obstructionist policies may be, they should not make us forget what progress has been made and how successful American programs in Europe have been since the grim days of 1947 when the threat of the Red Army loomed over a weak, divided Europe.

If a certain France of the past has died to be replaced by a new France, erecting a healthier new society and seeking a new world role, perhaps it is time for Americans to accept this fact and to seek new relationships and new joint goals. One day de Gaulle will be gone, a day not far distant, for which we ought to be preparing now, by addressing ourselves to the new leaders who are already emerging in the shadow of de Gaulle's last years. In his sense, above all, there is a special meaning to the old royal salute: France is dead, Long live France!



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Color TV—B&W Plus 4 Times The Trouble

By JULIUS BARNATHAN

(ABC Vice President in charge of Broadcast Operations and Engineering)

For color television set owners, this has been the season to beat all previous tv season. Nearly 100 percent of all nighttime programming — as well as many daytime shows — is being telecast in full color. In addition, the price of color sets has continued to decrease — so much so, in fact, that several manufacturers have already introduced 25-inch sets retailing for less than \$500.

What the average viewer won't realize as he enjoys the new season's color shows, however, is that to present programs in color requires a far more involved and technically intricate process than would telecasting the identical program in black & white.

There are really three levels on which color TV may be discussed — in terms of its physics, or the technical level; in terms of its psycho-physics, or the different ways in which different people see the same colors; and in terms of aesthetics, or how pleasing different color processes are to the human eye.

To begin with, to televise in color demands as much as 100% more lighting. More light means you wind up generating more heat. And more heat means you'd better provide more air conditioning, unless you want your actors to suffocate.

When you talk about a color camera, you're really talking about the equivalent of three black and white cameras. A red-sensitive camera; a green-sensitive one; and a blue-sensitive one. The outputs of these three cameras — or tubes — are integrated electronically inside every color camera. While the average black & white tv camera costs about \$20,000, good color cameras are in the \$70-90,000 range!

Not only are color cameras more expensive, they're also a great deal more complicated electronically. Since you're dealing with three images — red, green and blue — you run into the problem of how to align them properly. The trick is to get all three color images directly on top of one another, and in order to do this, a fourth tube is sometimes added to provide an outline image which can then be "colored in" in much the same way that children shade in the outlines in a coloring book. Four times as many tubes in the color camera means four times as many chances for electronic trouble, of course.

One of the greatest color problems we encounter is the fact that color is a very personal thing. No

two people see the same colors in exactly the same way. What looks fine to one person in the studio, doesn't look just right to another. And to a third person it's totally wrong! We try and get around this by using just one set of eyes to adjust all the monitor sets in the studio. In a typical tv studio, there might be a half dozen or more color monitors to adjust.

In addition, there is the troublesome problem of colors looking one way on the studio set, but looking quite differently on-the-air. As a result, we have to design color studio sets for electronic eyes, not human eyes. In black and white this never really mattered very much.

Selectivity

Another factor particularly important in color televising is the camera's selectivity. If a producer looks into a studio at a girl in a red dress standing against a white wall, it all might appear very nice. His eyes take in the total image. But the color camera, when it focuses on the girl, only takes into account a small portion of that white wall. That pretty dress may be "too red" to be used on the show. These problems can usually be solved if producers and directors remember to keep their eyes on the monitors, and not in the studios. In black and white television, such problems were rarely encountered.

As for camera size, the smallest transistorized color camera is as big as the largest old-fashioned black and white tube camera. Color cameras are smaller through the use of transistors, but we've run into some unexpected headaches in the process. You know it when television tubes are about to burn out, they start to fade slowly. But transistors don't fade or give you any kind of warning. They just conk out — whether you're in the middle of taping a show or not.

When color goes out of the studio, its problems also multiply. For one thing, our old black and white mobile vans aren't big enough to handle color. Since color cameras, lights, cables, recorders and generators are all bigger than their black and white counterparts, they won't fit in the same size trailers. And when you remember that ABC used 17 color cameras to handle an outdoor event such as the U.S. Open Golf Championship, we're talking about many studios-on-wheels!

All in all, color tv involves a great deal more electronics than black and white telecasting. But few people are aware of the medium's electronics. All most people know is that today's color shows make tv viewing a lot more enjoyable.

ALL 4 RADIO WEBS COMMISSION STUDY

The four radio networks together have commissioned a study to measure the cumulative and quarter-hour size of the national radio audience.

Project, with ABC, CBS and Mutual joining in, is planned as a methodological expansion of the experimental work done by NBC on the Cumulative Radio Audience Method (CRAM). To be known as Radio's All-Dimension Audience Research (RADAR), the study will consist of two separate surveys done concurrently among persons selected from the same sample frame. The study is designed to have 1,200 sample points dispersed through 400 different primary sampling units.

Data will be reported in terms of individuals instead of households, covering 11 demographic categories by sex and age but including a special category, teenagers (12 to 17), who will be reported irrespective of sex.

Field work will be done during the first quarter of '67 with reports due no later than the end of summer. Brand Rating Research Corp. will conduct the study.

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BBC's 22 TV Hits

London. Measure of BBC-TV's improving rating strength, taken by TAM over the month of November, shows the Corporation as a close second to the commercial net in the top 51 shows list which starts programs in nine different categories.

Collectively, the commercial majors—ABC, ATV, Granada-TV and Rediffusion-TV—laid claim to 29 of the most-viewed shows while BBC-1 accounted for 22. As a single entity, BBC far outstripped any particular indie in the popularity stakes.

Closest individual competitor to BBC's 22 hit show challenge was ATV which, via its seven day operation, had 13 shows in this particular TAM listing. Granada-TV followed with seven which could be counted among the top five in their respective categories, Rediffusion had six and ABC-TV, a weekend only operator, had three.

Most highly viewed show of the month was ATV's "Secombe And Friends," a vaude spectacular which secured an audience in 9,450,000 homes. Program naturally topped the variety shows for the month and represented ATV's only No. 1 show in any category. BBC and Granada-TV held three first places apiece, while Rediffusion had two and ABC-TV, none.

Granada's "Coronation Street" was most-viewed dramatic series, its "All Our Yesterdays" the top current affairs/documentary feature and "Cinema" the premier Arts show. BBC's No. 1 shows were "Illustrated Weekly Hudd" (comedy), "Daktari" (children) and "Songs of Praise" (religion).

Rediffusion's "Blackmail" production "The Lone Rider" was first among the month's single plays and "Double Your Money" topped the quiz show category for the station.

In addition to "Daktari" which plays on BBC, two other Yank shows aired by BBC-1 made the lists. They were "The Monroes" and "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." which came fifth and ninth respectively in the dramatic series top 10.

Swafford On the Attack

WCBS General Manager Sounds Off on Section 315 And Unfairness of 'Fairness Doctrine'

An attack on the "quagmire of contradictions" and legal confusion surrounding the FCC's "Fairness Doctrine" and Section 315 was delivered recently by Thomas J. Swafford, veep-general manager of WCBS Radio. Speaking before the New York Rotary Club, Swafford responded to recent attacks by Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.) and Rep. Harley Staggers (D., V. Va.) on the right of broadcasters to support political candidates.

Noting that since 1909, 20 New York City newspapers have died, three since 1963, Swafford asserted that the need for broadcast editorials has grown in order to fill this "growing editorial vacuum." He added that "the right to editorialize on issues is inseparable from the right to editorialize in behalf of candidates."

Swafford said, "It comes down to the fact that it's the elected officials who translate into action the consensus that exists on public issues... The right to editorialize, once established, is not divisible and cannot be diluted." He criticized the "double standard" under which newspaper and magazine editorializing is never criticized, pointing to the fact that while all five Gotham newspapers supported Rockefeller for reelection, "Mr. Celler was mute."

Swafford stated that magazines and newspapers which endorse candidates "enjoy the privileged sanctuary of the use of second class mail—a very real subsidy—to use the mails that are run for and by the very same public whose airwaves are suddenly quite sacrosanct." While in the print media the unendorsed candidate may be denied a forum for rebuttal, in broadcasting he has the "opportunity to reply, telling his own story, using in effect the same type size, and enjoying the same prominence as the original editorial."

Swafford said the 90th Congress will have an opportunity "to clear up the thicket of contradictions and restrictions which confront the conscientious broadcaster when campaign time comes around." Noting that "the Fairness Doctrine, while it may get a little fuzzy at times, is something broadcasters have lived with for years," Swafford went on to level the brunt of his criticism at Section 315.

He cited similar-sounding instances, even though in one case opposition candidates must be offered equal time while in another there is no such requirement. Swafford pointed out that if the Presidential message kicking off the United Fund drive were broadcasting during a campaign, the opposing candidate would be entitled to equal time, during which "he could talk about anything that might strike his fancy."

Recalling that some stations have responded to the 315 dilemma by declaring "A plaque on everybody's house. We won't broadcast

any candidates," Swafford observed that these stations have received letters from the FCC saying in effect, "explain in detail on what basis you determined not to offer time to any qualified candidates."

Swafford stated that during the past campaign, WCBS refused to give airtime to the Socialist Worker's Party candidate for Governor, Judith White, even though her name appeared on the ballot. Station's reason was that, since she did not meet New York State age and residency requirements, she could not serve if elected. Swafford said "the FCC did not choose to give a clear-cut ruling on whether Miss White was a 'legally qualified candidate,' despite its past position that a candidate is legally qualified when he is eligible to serve if elected."

Swafford said broadcasters "have earned the right to be freed from the shackles and vagaries of 315." He said its restrictions and restraints "work only to the detriment of the public itself."

Pioneer Efforts

Continued from page 87

jors is more substantial than it would appear at first glance. Firstly, they are making a large investment in color with the foreknowledge that their chances of transmitting a tint service are extremely remote. Secondly, they are being clobbered by direct and indirect taxation to the point at which the chairman of one major web commented recently that there was "virtually nothing left to nationalize." On top of that, the Government has banned all cigarette advertising, which costs each of the four majors alone close to \$3-million a year, and the Monopolies Commission recommendation to restrict detergent advertising will also hurt to a sizable extent. And plus all this is the inevitable uncertainty which prevails periodically when the licenses of program companies are up for renewal, and this is something to be faced in the immediate future.

Taking into account the current British economic crisis, which has hit industry all around, the television entrepreneurs have suffered one blow after another, yet their resilience has not, apparently, been affected. In such a climate, in which everything seems to be riding them, it takes not just conventional courage, but real guts to embark on the substantial investments involved in making extensive programs which can only pay their way on the strength of an American success. Lew Grade has staked more than his personal reputation in such programs as "Man In a Suitcase," "The Baron," "The Saint" and "Secret Agent," but he and his British colleagues are the rugged men with the will to succeed.



MEL BLANC

Howard-Wyndham To Make Bid For Scot TV Station

Glasgow.

The powerful and show-biz-conscious theatrical firm of Howard & Wyndham Limited, which controls leading theatres in Scotland and the North of England, is likely to bid for the contract to operate commercial television in Central Scotland in 1969.

According to Peter Donald, managing-director, the firm is planning to bid for the contract. "If Scotland is going, we will go for it," he said.

The contract of the present operators, Scottish Television Ltd., expires July 29, 1969. It was awarded at the end of 1963. The Lord (Roy) Thomson-controlled firm started commercial tv in Central Scotland in September 1957. Board was re-constituted three years ago on award of the second term of contract, and shares were offered to the public.

Other companies are likely to bid, also, for the Central Scotland contract.

Since Lord Thomson, the Canadian newspaper tycoon, took charge of tv here, there has been constant public criticism of the quality of many of his locally-produced programs. The local newspapers, which have their own advertising interests, have constantly sniped at offerings like local light entertainment, lunch-time magazines, and sports series.

The present Head of Programs, Francis Essex, hired at a top yearly fee, has worked energetically to infuse new local interest since taking over in March 1965, but has been criticized on basis of not giving the station a genuine Scot-based flavor. Station has had its ups and downs in personnel problems, and has recently worked overtime to clear itself of early changes of parsimony in allotting budgets.



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TV's Global Future Awaits Those Who Take the Opportunity Today

By DONALD COYLE
(President, ABC International)

The term "communications revolution" has been used so many times and has become so familiar that it has ceased to communicate meaning, much less excitement. Yet there is a revolution in process and it is one of the most important in human history.

This century may be remembered for the unleashing of atomic power, for the first penetration of the space barrier, and for the beginning of live, instantaneous universal communication between nations by television. The dimensions of the "communications revolution" are so huge that its landscape is impossible to map at this time. A new technology has emerged, and that technology will be applied. When and how it will be used is the question, not if it will be used. And the when and how depend on the actions taken by broadcasters, advertisers and the swelling global tv audience.

The vision of broadcasters in creating new formats to match tv's space-age, in developing new kinds of programs of news and entertainment is one factor. The alertness of global advertisers to the enormous possibilities of centrally controlled world wide promotions is another. And the third factor is pressure from viewers everywhere to reap the maximum rewards implicit in the very existence of a truly international television system.

If the broadcasters are passive and "wait and see," if the advertisers are cautious and decide to "let George go out on a limb," if the viewers do not learn what their tv sets can mean to them in the new world and lobby for the best, then a boxful of miracles will gather dust at a time when better communications are vital not only to progress but to survival. Science should always feel pressured by human need. But today, scientists working in tele-communications are sitting in their laboratories waiting to be asked for the fantastic hardware they have produced and can produce. This is not because the needs do not exist. It is because they are not being met head-on.

Breakthroughs

Space-age television has seen pioneering breakthroughs. All of us have witnessed major news events sent live over thousands of miles. We have seen sports events as they occurred on the other side of the world. Kraft Foods sponsored a closed circuit sales meeting by satellite. Max Factor sponsored, in Japan, the first telecast sent by the Lani Bird satellite across the Pacific, and met with enormous success. The pioneers

exist, as they must, and their pioneering actions have earned rewards. But after the pioneers show the way, it is up to the rest of us to consolidate their gains, to learn from their experience, to use the extraordinary experience as the basis for day-to-day accomplishment.

In the closing months of 1966, ABC International, on behalf of the Worldvision television stations in 26 nations who are our associates, sponsored a presentation entitled "The Known And The New." This presentation outlined the landscape of television in the world today... a world with 200,000,000 tv sets in more than 100 nations, with more than two-thirds of the nations allowing some form of commercial tv system... a world where the set-count is growing by upward of 1,000,000 new sets each month, with no end in sight. One fact which emerged from our voyage was that in many places the most basic facts of space-age television are unknown. Our audiences were surprised to learn of the imminence of a world satellite system, of the relatively low cost of ground station installation and operation which would bring a nation into participation in this system, of the ways in which satellites cannot only transmit but store programs, feed out separate language tracks, and perform other gymnastics that are not only "amazing"—but available, or soon to be available.

Global Campaigns

Advertisers in many places were barely aware that right now the facilities and relationships exist to allow them to buy a 10 second spot or an hour-long series in one world market or around the world through a central source, that for the first time an international company can develop a global campaign with television as its hub with excellent efficiency and minimum complication.

Action is based on decision and decision is based on awareness. In space-age television we are holding the future in our hands right now, today. It is a future which can prove to be bountiful not only for the viewers everywhere, but for international commerce. Commercial television on a global scale will do the same things it has done in the U.S. — the monies generated will help pay for better and more divorce programs and the stimulus to trade will help uplift economies the world over. But the future of television, like all futures, must be earned, and aggressively sought.

If there is anything which can be justly called a sin of leadership it is the sin of lost opportunity, of lethargic action. The full implications of the communications revolution must be explored and its miracles used today. Just as "ignorance of the law" is no excuse, ignorance of the possibilities before us will be no excuse for failure to discipline and harness the vast communications power which has only recently come into the world and which has already taken us over the threshold of the future.

Ulster-TV Down \$64,400 In Profit for Sixmonth

London.

As major stations have experienced before it, regional indie Ulster-TV declined in profits for the half year to July, 1966, with pretax earnings falling from \$484,400 to \$420,000. Profit for the full year—to April, 1967—is likely to be somewhat less than the previous 12 months.

In the first quarter of the year, income was only 2% higher and profit \$84,000 lower, while second quarter profit was up by 12% and \$19,600—difference mainly due to the fact that for the first quarter of 1965 cigger advertising revenue was taken while owing to government decree, cig ads were out in the second quarter.

Net revenue hiked from \$1,719,200 to \$1,828,400 for the six-month and total income was 7% higher at \$1,890,000, against \$1,766,800. Interim dividend is 15% (last year 23% for tax reasons).

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Big Discovery By TV Editor Turned Novelist—It's Sex

By WILLIAM WOOLFOLK

(The author of the following educational essay was long editor of the television series, "The Defenders," but has lately twice assumed the role of novelist. After months and months of grueling research on the United States Supreme Court and its customs he wrote, and Doubleday publisher, "Opinion Of The Court." Thereupon Woolfolk discovered that it was not his Justice-Hero that people reacted to but rather the idea that a Supreme Court member had or could have a sex life.—Ed.)

For some time now I've been writing under a misapprehension. I thought people read novels to find out how the world goes, or understand themselves and their fellow mortals better, or just to pass the time.

I was wrong. People read novels to find out what's new in the world of sex.

This discovery came to me recently after the publication of my latest novel. It is spherically labeled "Opinion Of The Court," with a dignified jacket and a ponderous blurb. I had every reason to think that people who read it (21,000 so far) would do so because they were interested in the subject or the characters. Not so. Apparently the only subject of interest of anybody are the more lurid passages and the only thing that interests them about the characters is the state of their fictional sex lives.

When I got the first letter from one of my readers, I tremblingly opened the flap and learned that "as if movies and television aren't bad enough, showing all that sex, sex, sex, your hero or whatever you want to call him keeps going to bed with women, one of whom isn't even his wife! A fine way for a man to act!"

Limited Range

I would have liked to reply that nature being what it is, there is a very limited repertoire of actions in which a man can engage with the opposite sex and that it may be unfortunate but is often true that men engage in this fine way of acting with women not legally bound to them in matrimony. I mean, men do act this way in real life, honey, and not only in novels.

But I wrote the lady a letter in which I tried seriously to defend to the best of my ability, motion pictures, television, sex, my novel, the Supreme Court, and me. In approximately that order.

This lady was only the first of many who obviously read the novel, not as a story of people and events nor as an inside view at how the Supreme Court operates, but as a manual of sex behaviour. There was one man in quite understandable distress who told me that his wife didn't like him in bed anymore. He confided he had tried everything, at least everything he knew, to reverse this deplorable situation. Nothing seemed to avail him. What should he do? He added in a P.S. that he was sixty-seven and his wife was nineteen and said he was writing to me because in my book the hero is older than the mistress and obviously he knew what to do about it.

I send him a lighthearted reply, the contents of which are lost to me because I didn't keep a carbon.

Advise To Cuckolds

The tempo of letter writing picked up but the basic melody remained the same. A man wrote in high dudgeon and low detail of what it had been like the other evening when he walked in and found his wife in another man's arms—not even in the living room. He said he would be interested in my opinion of how he should behave from now on because his wife was pretty angry with him or breaking in unannounced and said she wouldn't sleep with him anymore. I referred him to Dear Abby. I also sent Dear Abby the problem of the lady who told me rankly that she was madly in love with Paul Lincoln Lowe, although she did not want sex any-



RUTH BUZZI

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more but only companionship. Since Paul Lincoln Lowe is the hero of my book he is certainly capable of offering only companionship, if that, because his physical powers along with the rest of him are entirely fictional.

Without A License

The tone of the letters took a rather confidential turn when a lady wrote that she had very long and difficult periods and was afraid this was affecting her attitude toward sex. What did I think? She pointed out, reasonably, that I ought to know because neither of the women in my book had this problem. What did they do when their time came? Now it is perhaps true that I ought to know what they did, but that detail about Eleanor Lowe and Katherine Prescott (the women in the book) failed to show up in my character outlines. It is my fault, and I was manly enough to tell her so.

The letters kept coming, and increasing in number. I learned that I had, without any other credentials than having written a novel, become an authority on sex. One correspondent asked what was the difference between the bedroom behavior of a 60-year old man and a twenty-six year old man? I told him that the difference is, to the best of my knowledge, considerable.

Frigidity In Men

Someone else wrote to ask (enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope which looked suspiciously like a plain brown wrapper) what I knew about the problem of frigidity in men. How did I cope with it? I don't recall trumpeting my problems in this area—even in the novel—so I couldn't help at all. I sent him back his plain brown wrapper with an apologetic note for having, as it were, let him down.

One regular group of correspondents can be classified as amateur analysts. A woman probed my psyche to report that the reason I had written a novel about an older man in love with a younger woman was that I had a shameful and secret desire to assault a younger woman myself. I could have pointed out that if a man had such a shameful and secret desire the last place in the world he would go to conceal it would be into the pages of a book, which is not exactly like telling it to the daisies. But I didn't. After all, she's probably right. Heh-heh.

Another lady, more sympathetic, was kind enough to say that having read my book she now knew what it was I wanted and was prepared to give it to me. She appended her address and telephone number. I have had it plasticized, framed and hung over my bed.

And How Are You?

The last group of letter writers (why do letters never get censored? That must be why they're so popular a means of communication) are those who ask personal questions—not about what it is like to be a writer, or how I work or where I get my plots—but about my own sex life. A frequent question is: what is my frequency? I frequently refuse to answer. I also do not tell the curious multitude whether I fall promptly to sleep afterward, or whether I cheat on my wife, or whether my wife cheats on me. I am coy about my experience with miscegenation, which several let-

Mexico to Have TV Tint in Time For '68 Olympics

By KATHERINE de la FOSSE

Mexico City.

Mexico expects to have a compatible color system in practical operation during 1967. This should be adequately tested, and in full operation prior to the 1968 Olympics. Sporting activities have been checked out again in the late October 1966 "Little Olympics."

During the "Little Olympics" video here provided "adequate coverage" of the games. But snafus showed up in most other areas of organization, which saw a shakeup in the Olympic committee high command. Press and tv coverage from around the world for the "Little Olympics" was extensive. Main purpose was an analytical critique of what still needed to be done, and what should be changed. Evidently changes will be effected in all departments. Housing, transportation, and facilities are still being organized. But with satellite and microwave transmission, ABC technicians telecasting in color with Telesistema on a co-operative basis the 67 games and the 68 Olympics should have excellent coverage.

It should be recalled that Mexico has a color tv system devised by inventor-engineer Guillermo Gonzalez Camarena, who was killed in a car crash in the spring of 1965. His system, however, was not compatible with the RCA system without special adaptors. Previously he had developed a color mixing system used by CBS some years ago. Olympics coverage and the importation of color video-tapes is forcing the Gonzalez-Camarena system into obsolescence.

In October Mexico joined the COMSAT system, the 54th country to do so. Plans for launching its own satellite are going ahead. This was previously reported in VARIETY.

Telesistema, the Mexican privately owned tv network is continuing to expand. Latest station to join the web is in Coatzacoalcos, Veracruz. Outlet expands coverage of southeastern gulf coast of Mexico. Mexico rates number 10 among the more than 90 tv nations, with an expanding net and extensive daily program coverage on the pattern of entertainment, news, sports, specials, and spectaculars.

Yank Hit Parade

Lion's share of prime time programming is the top filmed tv shows from the U.S. as well as some on tape. Leading off are such U.S. entertainments as the "Dean Martin Show," "The Man From Uncle," "The Fugitive," "The Loner," "The Dick Van Dyke Show," "The Addams Family," "Munsters," "McHale's Navy," "Combat." Re-runs of established U.S. hits, Mexican and U.S. films are standard fare. Still about 174

ter writers are convinced I must have had since such a case is dealt with in the pages of "Opinion Of The Court." And I simply ignore the letters which inquire whether I have ever committed sodomy or rape, which are also dealt with as cases in the book.

Letters are still coming in, and I am doing what I can, with so little qualification, to wear the outsized mantle of the late Dr. Kinsey. But I think I should now warn all letter writers that I am one of those who did not discover until he was forty-two that he was at his peak of physical prowess when he was eighteen. Dr. Kinsey assured me of this, and it was a bitter blow because when I was eighteen I couldn't even get a girl to go to the movies. Nothing happened at all. My peak passed unnoticed.

I would also like to put everyone on warning that my next book is about an architect. I'm quite aware that there is a certain phallic significance in high building towers but that is not the reason I am writing the novel. Honest, it ain't.



RALPH CAMARGO

ANNOUNCER-ACTOR-NARRATOR

Billie's Registry—PLaza 2-7676

hours per week are devoted to taped and live events—sports, visiting dignitaries, specials, educational programs, bull fights and other spectaculars, and the staple of Mexican tv—the soap opera which vies with the comedy-musical-variety show for a top spot among ratings.

ABC, CBS, and NBC are all affiliated with channels in the Telesistema net. More and more Yankee know-how is influencing the Mexican technical picture. In addition to the Olympic coverage, other remote crews from the States have heavily influenced Mexican telecasting methods.

In November and December CBS began importing guest stars for special shots in variety-musical shows taped especially for the UHF Spanish language outlets in Los Angeles, San Antonio, and the New York area. Bulk of shows is in Spanish. Direction of these shows is by Marc Corey.

Thus far no one has successfully challenged the monopoly of Telesistema in the field of commercial television in Mexico. One hears rumors that such wealthy financiers as Espinos Yglesias and Carlos Trouyet are to invade the field. These have been largely discounted. Alarcon, a former distributor of feature films has made a move in publishing with "El Heraldito." Supposition is that he is using this as a stepping stone to obtain a tv channel and move into that lucrative field.

Currently a threat to the monopoly is posed by Pancho Aguirre, who has a network of 15 stations ready for airing. Currently he has six radio stations in operation. Two reasons for his not obtaining a franchise are given. One is that he is not politically powerful enough to break into tv here. Another is that his money began piling up in frolicsome border operations, and that this is keeping him out of the more sensitive area of tv.

Monterrey's channel 6 is still in operation and challenging the Azcarraga-O'Farrill combine. A period of watchful waiting should last through 1967.

Outlook for 1967 a continued long boom in Mexican tv in all areas.

SCHAEFER ACQUIRES RIGHTS TO NEW BOOK

Producer-director George Schaefer has acquired screen and tv rights to Madeleine L'Engle's most recent novel, "The Lover Letters," published by Farrer, Straus & Giroux.

Schaefer for many years has been producer of the Hallmark "Hall of Fame" tv shows. He also has directed and coproduced plays on Broadway.

Madeleine L'Engle also will write the screen adaptation of "The Lover Letters," which will be filmed in Europe.

KHTV on 'Firing Line'

William F. Buckley Jr.'s weekly "Firing Line" has added KHTV, Houston, to its syndie lineup.

The hour discussion show is produced by RKO General Productions and is now shown in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Miami, Denver, Phoenix, Syracuse, Hartford, Charlotte, Shreveport, Athens, Ft. Wayne and Sacramento.

Comm'l Policy For Dutch TV Stirs Agency Protests

Amsterdam.

The newly-introduced broadcasting of tv commercials in the Netherlands, was ushered in amid a storm of protests from the advertising agencies. Target of their ire was the Stichting Ether Reclame (STER), government-established agency which handles all rate-setting, time allocation, advertising contract and market research.

One of the most bitter complaints was that the experts attached to STER drew up the regulations governing the administration of tv commercials without consulting the agencies. In fact, some agencies accused STER of adopting a basically inimical attitude to advertising as such.

The tariffs vary between \$1,167 and \$4,527 per minute, and the agents complain that the rates are in effect higher than those charged to advertisers on the two German tv networks. "We are being encouraged to take our business to foreign stations" complained one angrily.

There is also a sharp sting in the conditions of payment. STER insists that payment for time must be made at least 14 days before the advertisement is screened (all ads on Dutch tv are in the form of spots). This is a requirement that is particularly irksome to European agents, some of whom take up to three or four months to pay up accounts with print media.

Another condition that is causing resentment is that ad contracts must be cancelled three full months before screening to avoid a financial penalty. A sliding scale of penalties has been drawn up, and agencies point out angrily that in many cases it would be easily possible to resell the time to another client.

STER also has the right to decide for how long a particular spot should be used, a claim which agents see as direct interference with their own marketing policies. They foresee occasions when STER may oblige them to pull an ad which is hitting the market, and substitute another which may prove less effective.

In the final analysis, however, agencies have apparently decided to toe the line, because of the known pulling power of tv. Time for 1967 is in fact four times oversubscribed, with the peak times, around the news bulletins, five times over the top. Only 95 minutes per week is available for advertising, and time will be apportioned according to a special "key". Under the system, small advertisers will be favored slightly in comparison to the bigger ones.

An Aquatic TV Spec As Tourism Pepper-Upper For Greek Govt. Export

London.

What was initially conceived as a special for tv, with perhaps the bonus of a repeat on an annual basis, an aquatic Olympiad, geared to powered craft and related sports, has seemingly been adopted and even blossomed into a major export attraction in the mind of the Greek government.

According to Albert Z. Freedman, ex-Screen Gems, who had the special role of devising European productions for the American company, the embryo idea of a powerboat Olympics so enchanted the Greek tourist authorities that the idea is now developing into a mammoth hook for the visitors' dollar.

Notion, taken to the Greeks by the Yank scripper, has been escalated to an event of summer-length proportions. Items such as a fashion show, aquatics, spectaculars, etc., have been added to the feats of skill and endurance as a showcase of world talents on and in the water.

Freedman says sponsors are coming in and that the whole shebang is scheduled to start next summer. Says also that an American web is interested in picking up a special from the proceedings.

Happy New WQXR

Now there are two different WQXR's
classical FM/lighter AM

WQXR Radio in New York, 96.3 FM and 1560 AM. The Radio Stations of The New York Times. Represented nationally by BCG.

After Awhile You Learn to Censor Your Own Gags

By MILT JOSEFSBERG

Hollywood.

Once, while rewriting a scene in a "Lucy" show, I needed a laugh line explaining why Lucy's temporary sales job in a large store was switched from one department to another. I came up with a line where the floorwalker explained her dismissal, "In the Book Department you committed your biggest boner. You never should have sold a copy of 'How to be a Jewish Mother' to a nun." While I thought the joke was funny, I knew it would never be done on any show because it might offend some viewers. I, therefore, deleted it.

No one told me to cut the line. I acted as my own censor. Although I analyzed the joke carefully and believed there was nothing offensive about it, I knew that if it were done it might draw critical comments from Catholics and Jews. I am not an authority on either religion (although I do wear a mezzuzeh and St. Christopher's medal) but rather than risk reprisals, I eliminated the line.

During the years I've been scripting, I've had very few serious scraps with censors because I, like most writers, realize that a deluge of mail complaining about questionable taste, always boomerangs at the scripter. Because of this, many a big boff has been deleted from a broadcast: instead of delighting those who dug it, I remember once, on a Jack Benny radio show, we had a scene where Benny was walking along the street, when he heard the happy barking and panting of a puppy (played by Mel Blanc). Jack began to pet the pup and make friends with him. Finally he said, "Nice doggy, give me your paw. Give me your paw . . . No, no, your front one." We let the line stay in the script for our first rehearsal. The cast broke up and then, because we knew it might offend some fans, we cut it. Amazingly enough, the censor did not ask us to remove the gag. Either it slipped by him, or he didn't think it was bad taste, or he had a dog who shakes hands with his rear paws!

Since the beginning of broadcasting, writers have tried to slip in a sly one. One that I remember was a gem and I believe it was authored by Jack Douglas on the Jimmy Durante-Garry Moore Radio Show. It was done at the time when Jane Russell first came to prominence. (Now, there's a line that could be censored!) In the script the gag looked innocent enough. Durante said, "I had a date with Jane Russell." Then there was the stage direction, "Timpani." Then Garry asked, "Jane Russell?" And again the stage direction, "Timpani." Jane Russell's name was repeated several times and each time it was followed by the stage direction, "Timpani."

When the show went on the air, Durante said, "I had a date with Jane Russell," and then we heard the "boom boom" of the timpani. Everytime the name Jane Russell was mentioned it was immediately followed by the big "boom boom" of the timpani. It was hilarious, and frankly, I don't think it made us an immoral nation.

Out of the Mouths of Babies

Some of the best humor on the air is the innocently-mouthed lines by the kids on Art Linkletter's show, which would be immediately censored if done by adults. He's a master showman and, on his programs, kids do say the darnedest things. Once he asked a group of five-year-olds, "How did your parents meet," and one little girl answered, "At college. They were roommates." On another show Linkletter asked a group of tots, "What do your parents do for fun?" One little lad broke up the program by saying, "Search me, they always lock the door."

The Bob Hope Show once had the biggest boff in broadcasting history. During a sketch about the Navy, Bob insulted Vera Vague, who indignantly said, "I don't have to take this. I'm going to the head of the Navy and report you." Bob's



JOE TEMPLETON

Newsman, ABC Radio & Television in Chicago.
ABC Radio Network News Weekdays 10:55 E.S.T.
Anchorman 5:30 P.M. and 10:00 P.M. News.
WBKB-TV, Channel 7 Chicago.

topper was something like, "Oh yes, I keep forgetting, you're Admiral Dewey's girl friend." It doesn't sound like much of a gag, and frankly it isn't. However, this show was done at the San Diego Navy Base. It was the first time Bob had ever broadcast before sailors. When Vera Vague read the line, "I'm going to the head of the Navy," she didn't get past the word "head"—3,000 screaming sailors cut her off with a shriek that scared her and Bob. Hope, ever the showman, got her to repeat her feed line by saying, "What did you say?" And again Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) said, "I'm going to the head of . . ." and again 3,000 sailors let out the loudest laugh I've ever heard. They tried it two more times and then skipped over to the blackout of the sketch. It was only after the show was over that we discovered what "head" meant in navalese. (Incidentally, the NBC censor became aware of its meaning too. Acutely aware of it, three weeks later he insisted that Frances Langford change the song she was scheduled to sing. He didn't want to take a chance on a tune titled, "You Go to My Head.")

Of course broadcasting has changed since those days when they wouldn't permit usage of words like "heck" and "damn" because they were corruptions of "hell" and "dam." I know things have changed because the other night I was watching Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show," and someone on the program sneezed. Johnny turned to the sneezer and said, "You better drink some prune juice. Prune juice may not cure your cold, but it will sure make you think twice before you sneeze." I howled along with the studio audience. Since the censors didn't snip this out, I sometimes wonder just what is said on those occasions when the sound is blipped out for the West Coast! (Aside to Mr. Carson: I'm not complaining or censoring. I got a big laugh out of the prune juice line, and I believe that anyone old enough to stay up to watch the "Tonight Show" won't immediately become immoral because of the prune juice joke.)

The Original Tabu

I think the first of the 10 Commandments of the broadcasting business is, "Thou Shalt Not Mention a Rival Network!" The late, great Fred Allen once got aggravated at the NBC network nabobs when they censored a line in which he referred to CBS. On top of this they cut another line in which he made an oblique allusion to Hades. It was shortly after this that Fred said in an interview, "NBC denies the existence of CBS and Hell—not necessarily in that order!"

I wonder what Allen would have thought had he been around to watch the Late Late Show some weeks ago when the feature was "The F.B.I. Story." In one scene Jimmy Stewart is listening to his radio, when an announcer's voice cuts in saying, "We interrupt this program to bring you the following bulletin from the NBC news room." Oh yes, the picture was being shown on CBS.

In these days of filmed television, we have to be doubly careful. The programs are shown in foreign countries and simple gestures and words have dirty mean-

Canada Acts To Eclipse Yankee Border Stations

Toronto.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corp. joined forces this season with United Program Purchase Ltd., a buying group for its nine o & o's, 28 affils and two private outlets in pioneering a double exposure concept geared to keep Canadian viewers away from U.S. border stations. If it works, it could very well set a trend for every Canadian tv station in markets where U.S. reception comes in loud and clear.

Taking Toronto as a prime example, the double exposure treatment works this way. The same U.S. series is shown twice a week on a Toronto station, first on the CBC's English language flagship CBLT-TV, then later in the week on Toronto private station CH-CH-TV. Both airings are on a pre-release basis to the U.S. playing. Then the same show is seen still later in the week on one of the three U.S. web outlets in nearby Buffalo Toronto market.

That means six of 25 U.S. shows are given triple exposure in the market which is rightly considered the largest and the wealthiest in Canada. Those six are: "Girl From U.N.C.L.E.," "Rat Patrol," "Tarzan," all newcomers this season, and returnees, "Walt Disney," "Man From U.N.C.L.E.," and "Flipper." The 19 that get double exposure—that is being run on one of the Canadian stations and one of the U.S. web outlets are: "The Monroes," "Time Tunnel," "Daktari," "Run, Buddy, Run," "The Hero," "It's About Time," "Green Hornet," "The Rounders," "Green Acres," "Get Smart," "My Three Sons," "Petticoat Junction," "Hogan's Heroes," "Lost In Space," "Hilligan's Island," "Laredo," "Beverly Hillbillies," and "Candid Camera."

In all cases, the Canadian outlet gets pre-release priority because the U.S. webs realize the Canadian border stations have to compete for the advertising dollar and for the viewer who might spend most of his time watching the U.S. webs.

"Duplication is the object of this exercise," commented UPP chief AL Bruner who is also CHCH-TV program director. "Toronto is the most fragmented market in all of Canada, even more fragmented than Vancouver and Montreal, and the market can well stand at least two playings of the same show a week," he said.

"We frankly hope that the third playing of the show on the U.S. station, particularly in Toronto, gets the lowest Canadian audience viewership," he said. "It is a definite tactic with a definite purpose in mind—to drive the U.S. border station into the third spot,

ings in other lands. You can't say "bum" or "bloody" in any show going to England. Kissing scenes are taboo in Japan. Joining the thumb and forefinger in a circle to signify that all is well has a risqué meaning in another foreign country.

Complications often arise when an English word has another meaning in a different language. Some years ago, Don Wilson did a commercial for the detergent "Trend." His last line was "So ladies, rush down to your grocers and get 'Trend.'" When this commercial was broadcast in New York City, it resulted in mass hysteria. How were the sponsors to know that "Trend" is also a Jewish word with sexual connotation? (It's a shame that the commercial was discontinued. I don't know if it helped business much, but it sure helped the grocers.)

This is no brickbat at censors. I would no more advocate the abolishment of censors than I'd suggest having B. S. Pully teach English at college. I believe that any broadcast that consistently offends good taste would soon find itself low man on the ratings poll. If the viewers are offended by a tv program they have a simple and effective recourse. It was well summed up in Fred Allen's famous line: "I have no sympathy for anyone too lazy to turn a dial."



The
JOE FRANKLIN
Program
WOR and WOR-TV

the lowest for a particular show. It happened in radio 10 years ago and it can happen in tv right now," he said.

No Sponsor Lack

Neither the Canadian stations nor the U.S. affils have found any trouble securing sponsors for the shows being triple or double exposed. Many of the CBC affils or o & o's provide the only television reception in some Canadian centres so the issue of triple or double exposure doesn't exist. But for the big markets near the U.S.-Canada border constant playing is the name of the game.

In early discussions with UPP, the CBC rejected a suggestion of blacking out the major border stations allowing only a single or even double U.S. show airing. Without major markets, no show in Canada can hope to do well either financially or with viewers in the ratings.

For several years now, the CBC has run situation series made in the U. S. on a pre-release basis and have confronted viewers with double exposure in border markets. The same practice is used by CTV, Canada's indie web. The double exposure, with the CBC and CTV getting pre-releases, applies to some specials too such as "Brigadoon," the Carol Burnett show and several segments of ABC-TV's "Stage '67" series. Pre-release can mean as much as three weeks, three days or even an hour.

"Our markets are the most penetrated by U.S. programs and we have to stand our ground the best way possible," he said. If it works, the concept can lead to more of the same for the '67-'68 season.

90th Congress

Continued from page 83

bet Macdonald (D-Mass.), who very well may grab the subcommittee chairmanship away from Moss.

Smoke Out Attitudes

With Harris and Rogers, a conservative duo that ruled broadcasting matters in the House with iron hands, both out to pasture, the situation is very much in flux, with attitudes still forming. The pressures of broadcasting issues this session should force Congress to reveal its legislative stance toward radio-tv, and whatever attitudes prevail may dominate for years.

The House Small Business Subcommittee and the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee can also be expected to make their presences felt this year, with Rep. John Dingell (D-Mich.) and Sen. Philip Hart (D-Mich.) again swinging for the little guy against the possibilities of big advertisers dominating television and squeezing out the small local merchant.

In all, it should be a very active year, with far more broadcasting legislative activity than was evident in the 89th Congress.

WTIC Ups Bob Steele

Hartford, Conn.

Bob Steele, a broadcast personality here for 30 years on WTIC and best-known for his sportscasting, has been named chief announcer by the station.

He'll supervise the 16-man announcing staff of WTIC-TV-AM-FM. Steele will continue his morning radio program but will give up his nighttime sports shows on tv and radio to George Ehrlich.

Vine St. Lament: Time to Update Old TV Practices

By JACK HELLMAN

Hollywood.

Should specialists be called in to reshape what to many is a "Bill of Wrongs?" You can get Las Vegas odds that nothing will be done, not this year or next, but it goes to show what's in the minds of a lot of guys.

Since VARIETY's last anni edition the laments and wails of the town's foremost suppliers, have been loud and long mostly the losers, whose pilots flickered faintly and died out. Most of the suggested changes are what conservatives would call "wild-eyed" and "bordering on fantasy." Nonetheless, it may open the gates to new thinking. Television has gone through fewer changes in its just short of two decades than any other art form. Occasionally a cycle might spin out and a new one roll in, or the FCC may impose new ground rules, but as an entertainment entity, it just slogs along hopeful that the right numbers spew out of Nielsen's computers.

Let's check off some of the archaic practices and take note of the Utopian ideas that nestle in the gray patches of the creators who have despaired of the status quo. If some of them sound like rocks in the skull excuse it on the grounds that there may be among us latter day disciples of Euclid, Edison, Einstein and a host of other prophets not beginning with E who saw coming what others were blinded to.

So, set up the barricades, here comes the assault on the "Establishment":

Why not a lottery to give the small advertiser a chance at the wheel?

Tv is a public conveyance; don't reserve the best seats for the aristocrats.

Don't fire the show. Fire the guy who bought it.

Market the shows in March so everyone has a fair chance to examine the goods.

Don't schedule comedy against comedy and drama against drama.

Don't load up the breaks with commercials. Scatter them and hold them down to 30 seconds.

Devise a new system of rating shows.

Schedule the informational documentaries early in the evening so the young people can see them.

Use the summer months for grooming new talent instead of reruns.

Give every show six months to prove itself.

Time brings many changes but the ruling society in tv has withstood every effort to amend the status quo. Taking little notice of the same diet and voracious appetite of the world's largest audience, the stand-pats can't bring themselves to believe that the creative bin has been exhausted. Say the master minds at the controls, "we've never had it so good, why rock the boat?" But the viewers are getting restive and taking their pleasure elsewhere. Color has been a saving grace of sorts, but what after the novelty wears thin? To be sure, there are the satellites but that's mostly hardware and like computers can't think up new ideas to hold captive the greatest buying public of advertised merchandise the world has ever known.

Just drop it into the suggestion box.

Sale of KKAR, Pomona

Washington.

The FCC last week approved the sale of radio KKAR, Pomona, Calif., from Intrastate Broadcasters Inc. to West Coast Communications Inc. for \$160,000.

The buying firm is owned by Leonard Walk and Armand Kovitz. Walk has interests in WAMO-AM-FM, Pittsburgh; WILD, Boston; WUFO, Amherst, N.Y.; and WOA in Miami. Intrastate is primarily owned by Harriscope, which also owns KBAK in Bakersfield and radio KLFM in Long Beach, both Calif., as well as stations in Wyoming and Montana. Harriscope is owned by Burt I. Harris, Irving B. Harris and Donald P. Nathanson.

CATV's Growing Impact, From Low Budget Production To 'Smasheroo'

By IRVING B. KAHN
(President, Teleprompter)

Watching the development of community antenna television has been like the happy experience of seeing a low budget production take off to become what my favorite show business publication calls a Smasheroo!

Fifteen, 10, even five years ago, community antenna television (CATV) was virtually unknown. Today, although hardly a giant, it has attracted the attention, not always benevolent, of the National Association of Broadcasters, A.T.&T. and many of the largest and most affluent corporations in the land, both in and out of the entertainment field.

The Federal Communications Commission, Congress and the courts, while all seem to feel it merits their attention, are handling CATV like a real hot potato.

In short, the signs and portents are clear: CATV is destined to be a significant force in the "revolution" that is taking place in the world of electronic entertainment and communications.

Just what, then, is this CATV?

Simply defined, it is a method of picking up—or originating—television signals at a central point and distributing them by coaxial cable to the individual tv sets in a surrounding "community." At present, this designation is geographic, but in a larger sense it can refer to communities of interest or endeavor as well.

For in its most basic form, CATV provides a superior tv reception service—clearer, interference-free pictures, and more channels to choose from. But the CATV system of the future, given a sensible regulatory and legalistic climate in which to develop and spared the partisan ministrations of Bell Telephone and other vested interests, has the capability to do much more. For example, it can:

Free portions of the broadcast spectrum for other purposes by shifting to cable much of the television entertainment now carried over the air.

Provide additional programming of a local or special interest nature for audiences too small or too fragmented to be served by conventional tv stations.

Turn the tv set into a home communications centre, instead of the vastly under-utilized medium it is today, by providing a means for electronic transmission of newspapers, books and "mail"; armchair shopping, and all sorts of data transmissions.

Some of this admittedly sounds pretty far out, but it is not nearly so remote as might be supposed, and by no means is it pure "pie in the sky." Just such home communications possibilities have been envisioned by such tough-minded, practical men—to name only a few at random—as David Sarnoff, Dr. J. R. Pierce, the noted Bell Labs scientist, and Stanford Smith, general manager of the American Newspaper Publishers Assn.

Low Budget To Hit

This is what I mean when I make the analogy of the low-budget picture becoming a hit.

Unlike most of the innovations that have shaped the technological, sociological and economic history of our nation, CATV did not begin in the cities and creep out to the countryside. Instead, it originated, more or less by accident, in small towns with picturesque names like Astoria, Ore.; Lansford, Pa.; Cut Bank, Mont.; Silver City, N. Mex., and Horseheads, N.Y.

After a relatively slow start, it mushroomed in growth and now increasingly is gaining a toe-hold in major cities. To use another metaphor, after 16 years on the road, this particular show finally hit Broadway. Well, Upper Broadway, anyway. (Would you believe Inwood?)

Last June, Teleprompter and its CATV partner, Hughes Aircraft, initiated cable tv service in the Inwood section of Manhattan and since then, under terms of a city-granted authority, have spread out to other parts of Manhattan, including the Gracie Square area.

Subsequently, too, Sterling Information Services has begun to supply CATV to residents of the

southern part of the island. And out on the opposite coast, Teleprompter and Hughes have three additional systems under construction in Los Angeles. CATV, in other words, is now in the nation's two largest—and most sophisticated—tv markets, as well as a great many of the other largest markets.

In fact, recent statistics indicate that there are fewer than 100 communities of more than 2,500 population in the entire United States that do not have CATV systems already operating, franchises granted or applications under consideration!

Since CATV is both a voluntary service and one that requires the payment of a fee, the clue to its spread obviously is public demand. Nearly two years ago, I predicted to a group of stock brokers and security analysts that within the next decade 85% of all the tv households in America would be "on the cable." At the time, I must admit I felt pretty lonely out there on the limb. But as the succeeding months have passed, I find that I have more and more company. CATV, the low budget baby from the sticks, is getting that fat and sassy look that goes with success.

The 3d Degree, Kiddy Style

By GEORGE NICHOLAS
(Director of Community Relations, WCBS-TV)

It was the Friday before the Friday before Christmas and here I was in the heart of New York trying to find a cab to take me out to Little Neck. It can be tough at any hour, but it was 8:30 in the morning and no cabbie wanted to join me on my jaunt to Public School No. 187. Finally, one game soul gave in and, reluctantly, away we went. On the way, I was planning to collect my thoughts because I had quite an unusual appointment to keep.

The principal of the school had written to the station early this fall and requested a member of the WCBS-TV management team come out and talk at a morning assembly for 300 fifth and sixth graders. It has been my experience to talk to junior and senior high school students, but the elementary school level was another story. Now, here I was in the cab trying to think together a presentation about television these youngsters might understand and even enjoy. But, the driver kept on harping about his misfortune to pick me up, so I just gave up on my plans to plan a presentation and listened to him. It was the easy way out because I was getting a little uneasy about spending an hour with an auditorium filled with 10 and 11-year olds.

The bell rang and before too long I was standing on stage staring out at the group. The first thing that flashed through my mind was whether they would tune me in. They all looked so small as they squirmed around in their seats. My first decision was to get them into the act and fast. After a brief opening, I asked if anyone could tell me the difference between a commercial television station and an educational television station. Hands shot up all over the place. The question was too easy. They all seemed to know that the educational television station had no commercials. You could tell by the way they all nodded their heads as a boy confidently gave the answer. In fact, he even gave the channel number of the local educational station. This was a "fast" crowd so that is just the way I moved.

In answer to the kind of programs being broadcast, I found out television presents "comedy," "football," "adventure," "science fiction," "documentary," "western," "James Bond-type," "classics," "news," "cartoons," "movies," "talks," "spy shows," "variety," "Lassie," "soap operas," "games," "sports," "church," "President Johnson," "astronauts," "the World Series," and "dance shows." If I

let them all answer, I'm sure we'd have 300 different kinds. Next up, we tackled commercials, on-the-air promotions and community service announcements. They knew what that was all about so I moved on, covering the various departments of a station and how each operated. Along the way, I tossed the students a question here and a question there. Always, there was someone with a ready answer. If there was a wrong answer, the poor student was met with a chorus of "no" from his classmates.

Finally, I opened up and let them start the questioning. The first asked, "Last night on the news I saw that Mr. Disney died. Does this mean we won't be able to see Mr. Disney's shows any more?" That jarred me. Where were the questions I was expecting? Question about the stars and what they did and so on. And, to top it all off, these kids looked younger than 10 and 11 to me. The next question came from a little girl who asked, "Yesterday afternoon, after school, I was watching a 'Tarzan' movie when a man from New Jersey came on to talk about a trial (Coppolino) during the best part. When they got back to the movie they skipped the best part. Please tell me why they did that."

A boy then asked, "If a Dodger hits the baseball in Los Angeles while I'm here watching it on television, does he hit it exactly the same time I see it?" The next question was, "Are they pre-recording all the programs now?" Before I knew it the assembly was over and the students were all applauding. I should have been applauding. They had easily nabbed an "A" in television. When someone says these kids today know all about tv because they are growing up with it, you better believe it. They're all eyes and all ears!

NHK's 'Stick 'Em Ups'

The Japan Broadcasting Corp. (NHK) has received permission from the Postal and Telecommunications Ministry to issue NHK listener's stickers for car radios in the same manner as for household and other radios.

NHK estimates that there are 2,980,000 autos in Japan equipped with radios, but that only 7.2% of them carry the NHK sticker on their windshield. The fee for listening to NHK, the government network, is 14c per month.

ABPC'S LATEST YEN

Studying Closed-Circuit TV Commercially in Britain

London.

The giant Associated British Picture Corp., which owns ABC-TV and a major theatre circuit, is taking a long and hard look at the possibilities of presenting closed-circuit television on a commercial basis.

ABC-TV's chief promo exec Barry Wynne has been researching for the past few months the whys and wherefores of a big CCTV operation. Corporation's interest follows success of bigscreen CCTV venture by Viewport Ltd., which bids for rights to sporting events and hire theatres to show them.

ATV Network now also has a CCTV arm in World Wide Sports Ltd.

Taft's H-B Takeover

Cincinnati.

Deal whereby Taft Broadcasting acquires the Hanna-Barbera animation operation 100% was formally completed here last week when both parties inked the merger pact. A Taft statement said the H-B entity will continue to run set under cofounders (in '57) Bill Hanna and Joe Barbera.

As earlier reported, Taft acquired H-B for approximately \$12,000,000, including 60,000 shares of Taft commonstock issued out of treasury.

Radio Turns On News Juice

Continued from page 87

ABC-TV programs, many of CBS Radio's specials in early 1966 were off the television network feed. That situation changed at CBS as the year progressed.

By fall, the CBS Radio news department, under the new Joe Dembo administration, was churning out specials and documentaries at a record rate. Thus, while CBS Radio devoted no special programs to the Honolulu conference in February, the October Manila conference and related Presidential Asian journey was the subject of six CBS Radio specials.

Documentary Comeback

Documentaries in the traditional sense made a comeback on ABC, NBC and CBS. NBC led in reviving the hourlong documentary form.

NBC began the year with a series of irregularly scheduled 55-minute documentaries including "The Vietnam War: Year of Escalation," "Halfway to the Moon" and "April: The Suicide Month." By October, these programs had acquired an umbrella title and had blossomed into a monthly series, "Second Sunday."

At CBS, Dembo inaugurated the "Debriefing" series in which returning foreign correspondents are interviewed by their fellow newsmen about their experiences overseas. Some CBS Radio specials broached controversial subjects, such as lethal military accidents in Vietnam. Dembo shifted the emphasis at CBS Radio away from the actuality and the frivolous feature item. One special, "The China Watchers," was a study of the men who study China. A year earlier, that kind of programming simply was not "in" at CBS Radio. Dembo discontinued network telephone call-up shows.

Starting in September of 1966, ABC Radio broadcast a weekly documentary series entitled "The Eagle and the Bear: A Chronicle of the Cold War." Beginning with the link-up at the E. be, the 13 half-hours spanned two decades in an attempt to draw a colorful, actuality-filled picture of the post-war world.

While judgments of quality are subjective, quantity is an easier criterion by which to measure the radio networks. By this standard, ABC continued to lead the competition. The network's news topper, veepee Tom O'Brien, heads up an operation with a budget in the vicinity of \$5,000,000. Throughout most of the year, ABC maintained its record of being "most-est." However, there were specific instances in which ABC was outstripped by its competitors. NBC-TV's "tonnage" space coverage was mirrored by NBC Radio. Likewise, just as ABC Radio in 1965 passed up live coverage of the Churchill funeral, in 1966 it bypassed the Luci Johnson wedding (providing post-event recaps in both cases). CBS, NBC and Mutual covered the wedding live.

Yet ABC was the only web with two weekly series on the Vietnam war—"Vietnam Update" and "Vietnam Analysis." Mutual was the only network which could boast the talents of seven commentators, each with his own regular program. On Sunday evenings, ABC broadcast a string of 10- and 15-minute commentary shows featuring such luminaries as Quincy Howe, Bill Downs, Louis Rukeyser, Malcolm Browne and Alex Dreier.

Negative Side

On the negative side, only one radio network carried a regularly scheduled daily newscast longer than 15 minutes. Affiliate resistance has kept the radio webs from making the jump to 30 minutes which their tv brethren have recently achieved. The exception is Mutual, which broadcasts "The World Today" for 25 minutes each evening, and follows it with a nightly 25-minute interview program, "Capital Assignment."

In addition to what was fed for live broadcast, network lines also served stations with abundant closed circuit actuality material. At NBC, these took the form of "Hot Line" reports, 1,650 hours of which were broadcast between Jan. 1 and Nov. 30. Mutual's closed circuit feed included tapes of GIs in Vietnam greeting the home folks—and the local Mutual

affiliate. CBS remained the only network to stay aloof from closed circuit news feeds. CBS also retained its distinction of being the only web with 10 minutes of news on the hour. (Mutual airs two five-minute newscasts each hour, and NBC expanded in November from five to five-and-one-half minutes.)

Network radio did not get into the business of full-time news solely out of noble motives. Rather, it had reached the point where it couldn't really do much else. Be that as it may, the results speak for themselves—and speak rather proudly. The '30s may have been the golden age of radio entertainment, but the '60s are undoubtedly the golden age of radio news.

New Blood Line

Continued from page 83

the tv networks, also have been hit. The big, more recent pix, now are being telecast by the networks, and the "Late Shows" across the land have to rely on the leftovers and repeats.

The tv dollars dangled before the eyes of the motion picture producer affect his output. What sort of picture should be made and for what market? On the one hand, his competitive senses, as well as experience, tell him the public will not leave their tv sets in large enough numbers for the same type of pic they can see on tv. The Production Code has been liberalized to give the producer more leeway in treating adult themes, not often found on tv. However, this same motion picture will be offered to tv, and its dollar potential on the home tv set will depend on its acceptability for family viewing.

Difference In Standards

Right now, this is a center of a storm. Very girgerly Jack Valenti, prez of the Motion Picture Assn. of America, is exploring ways to meet these currents of change. There have been a number of suggestions made. One is that a network, instead of starting its features at 9 p.m., should start the film at 10 or 10:30 p.m., if the film has an unusually adult theme. The theory behind that is that the kids should be off to bed by that time, and winding up the film at midnight or 12:30 a.m. isn't inconsiderate of adults. People return from the theatre at that hour.

Another suggestion is that the producer should shoot two versions, one for motion picture theatres and the other for tv. In that way he could maintain his artistic standards, feed the need for maturity of motion picture theatres, and still meet the family code of tv. Today's acceptability standards in tv, incidentally, are quite liberal, but pictures such as "Dear John" are too racy for the 9 p.m. network family hour.

Dollar Potential From TV

Then, there are those pix now being made specifically for tv. Since last month's fantastic rating success of "Fame Is the Name of the Game," a pic made for telecasting first by NBC-TV, excitement has been engendered about the potential in that field. These pix supposedly will be sold theatrically abroad after their tv exposure, and even shown in U.S. motion picture theatres, if at all saleable. "Doomsday Flight," the second pic made for tv telecast last month, also did fantastically well in the Nielsens.

What is the dollar potential from tv of a good Hollywood pic that has its theatrical exhibition first? An estimated high of \$1,750,000, the figure representing four network runs and subsequent sale to local tv stations. The estimate is predicated on a \$1,000,000 price tag for first and second tv runs, \$500,000 for third and fourth runs, and \$250,000 in syndication. To date, the high average was struck by Metro in its deal with CBS-TV. In that deal, Metro received more than \$800,000 per pic for first and second runs, and about \$400,000 for some choice pix, to be telecast as third and fourth runs. Prices, though, are continuing to escalate.

Peter Jennings with the News

A full thirty-minute briefing on world events from ABC News. Now in color every weeknight.  ABC Television Network



It's Not Weenies They're Buying, It's the Song

By RANDY VAN HORNE

(Musical director for commercials)

Ad agencies, in behalf of their clients, spend upward of \$200,000,000 each year just for the musical portions of radio and tv commercials. And, to my way of thinking, it's the best \$200,000,000 the agencies could spend.

As much as I wrack my brain I can think of only one voice-only commercial (the Lucky Strike auctioneer's chant) that has stuck in my mind from 10-15-20 years ago. But I can clearly remember dozens of musical commercials such as the Singin' Sam "Barbasol" chant, Pepsi-Cola's 12-full-ounces pitch, and the Wheaties "best - breakfast - food - in - the - land" song, to name just a few, from as far back as 20 years ago.

Music has memorability. No one has to sing the lyrics to the Winston commercial, yet you know it's for Winston the minute you hear the music; the same holds true for Marlboro's; the same holds true (again) for Pepsi-Cola's, Wrigley's, Schlitz's, etc., etc.

Now, I'm not knocking the spoken word. Without words most commercials would have no meaning. But the words together with the right music—either as a jingle, or with the music accompanying an announcer's voice—are much more memorable.

Yet, you'd be surprised—as I have so often been—at how many advertising agency executives tend to slough off the musical portions of their commercials.

To such gentlemen I can only point out this fact: Music makes people "feel"—and most people buy with their emotions more than with their minds. I contend that in the case of—let's say—a beer or a cigaret commercial, there's actually very little difference in the competing products. The difference is very often in the music. And that difference can mean millions of dollars in sales.

Now, I know there are a lot of commercials without music—which means to me there are a lot of commercials lacking in an important dimension. Properly done music not only punctuates the message, it also reaches the subconscious mind.

Statistics indicate that up to 90% of all advertising does not reach the subconscious mind, and studies have shown that it is the subconscious that motivates people to do a lot of things—including buying products. Music, if properly composed and arranged, is memorable, and is frequently what makes the potential buyer remember the product's name. An advertiser has a much better chance of having a commercial that sells if that commercial has the right music.

When a kid asks for Oscar Mayer weenies, he's not buying weenies, he's buying a song.

What's the best way to handle music in commercials? The answer is simple—keep it simple! A musical commercial should never try to make six or seven sales points. One or two will do it—and even then, they need not be specific sales points. A jingle should create an image about a product, and let the name of the product come through loud and clear. If there are too many selling points in a jingle the music will be awkward, and anything but memorable. Need I add that too many selling points in a commercial will cause the listener to yawn.

In short, when properly used, music in a commercial can:

- 1) Create an image (that you'll be sexier, stronger, more beautiful, etc.)
- 2) Create a mood (happy, sad, etc.)
- 3) Create an atmosphere (Hawaii, China, the great outdoors, etc.)
- 4) Sugar-coat a hard-sell.
- 5) Increase memorability and identity of product.
- And most importantly —
- 6) Sell the product.
- Strike up the band!

Local Talk and Backtalk—New Way of Life

Continued from page 82

same time, has a guest such as an attorney with the Warren Commission, to give its side of the case, which makes for balanced programming—a rarity on the talkathons.

But back to Sahl, he knocks those on the right, left and in the middle, singles out the "liberals" for attack, and especially those he calls "Jewish liberals." He echoes the same line in his KLAC show, and recently a caller sharply asked him why he was putting the rap on Jews in such a snide way, same as have some Negroes who are allegedly anti-Semitic. Sahl defended himself, saying while it was true those Negroes were anti-Semitic, he wasn't, that he wants the Jew to "regain" his identity. They're "assimilated," and that's bad, he whines. On his tv show, a regular is Bob Kaufman, a writer, who also has singled out the Jewish people for attacks on similar grounds.

Tom Duggan, a gabber at various channels here for years and now on KTLA with a two-hour program Sundays, has mellowed considerably, is not like the controversial figure he was. Duggan has a sense of humor, something most of his colleagues lack.

Most phenomenal success story of the talking stations is KLAC, which switched to round-the-clock talk shows last February, has since vaulted from 14th in the ratings to first. KLAC gabbers are Pyne, Sahl, Ray Brien, Al Loman, Roger Barkley, Joel Spivak, Roy Elwell and Gil Henry weekdays (and nights), joined weekends by John J. Anthony and Jim Mills.

Bob Harris, head of advertising-sales-promo-publicity for the ozoner, classifies Pyne and Brien as "on the right," and Sahl and Spivak "on the left," with Loman, Barkley and Elwell in the middle. Some, such as Anthony, don't get into politics, the vet Anthony still helping people with their problems.

Spivak has a running attack against the John Birch Society, which flourishes here, and the JBS in turn attacks him, even advising members in their literature about him, and to be sure and call him to blast him. During last November's election campaign, a lot of those calling in on the two-way radio conversation station were plumping for candidates for both parties, and here the station tries to achieve a balance. Station has a delayed 5-minute tape to protect it from libelous matter.

Harris says most of the kooks who call in seem to call on the Pyne and Brien airings. KLAC is virtually sold out, sponsors following the ratings, reports Harris. They're standing in line for the Pyne and Elwell programs.

KABC Radio, which started it all, has a conversation panel, and KNX has gabber, but KLAC in radio and KTTV in tv lead the gab field in L.A.

A Calm Chicago Vs. Windy Cities L.A., N.Y.

By Morry Roth

Chicago. The Windy City is an oasis of calm discussion in the current torrent of angry air that has swept the nation's tv and radio talk shows. The browbeating, bullying, ragging and blustering that has characterized the "discussions" shows on the coasts has yet to infect Chi broadcasting.

It's the general opinion of the Chi talksters that the viewers and listeners want to be informed and not yelled at. As a letter-writer penned to one talk show after a noisy session: "I didn't invite you into my livingroom to raise hell. My friends do that, and I expect better of you."

Two factors are usually given as the reason for the lack of on-air fulmination in Chi. First, the producers of the Windy City talk shows consider the broadcast beligerence in Los Angeles and New York to be byproducts of a greater number of stations in those markets and a subsequent desperation for attention and ratings. Secondly, according to local broadcasters, "there are fewer kooks in Chicago"—Los Angeles is w.k. as a renegade refuge and New York is a city with a "constant

headache." That's the way the Windy City traders see it.

"We are interested in developing information on our show," says Paul Frumkin, producer of WBKB-TV's "Kup's Show," which is hosted by Chi Sun-Times columnist Irv Kupcinet. "On our type of show we try and get a confrontation from both sides, but if we can't, then Kup takes the other side in a rational manner. When we do have arguments on the show, they are from deeply held convictions and not just to be cantankerous."

Two of the most widely discussed of the Kup shows were on relatively calm subjects—a 1956 segment on "the future of man" with Sir Charles Darwin and Sir Julian Huxley, and a recent one with Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson on their book "Human Sexual Response".

Dan O'Connell, producer of "At Random," which airs against "Kup's Show" on WBBM-TV late Saturday nights, says that the level of the show is result of the style of the host, in this case WBBM-TV news director John Madigan.

"We try to get people who are really expert in their field," O'Connell says, "because we find that knowledgeable people are not abusive. Frankly, really prominent guests don't want to go on a show on which they will be baited. The abusive shows attract abusive guests, and that's just not our style."

Personal style is also key to the approach of Norman Ross's "Off The Cuff" show late Sunday nights on WBKB-TV. "Norman feels that he can probe without needling," says producer David McElroy. "He doesn't berate people in his newspaper column or on the air, and—as a matter of fact—that's not his personal life style. He's interested in bringing out information, not making points."

Len Schlosser, program director of WBBM Radio, a CBS o&o and mostly talk station, describes the station's late-evening Jerry Williams show as follows: "A talk show can be controversial, but it must be responsible. Irresponsibility rubs off on the station and becomes a vicious circle. We picked Jerry Williams because we felt that he was responsible to a mature audience and because he dealt in issues and not personalities."

Popoffers Irregular At Cincy Stations

By Joe Kollink

Cincinnati. Popoff programs are scant and irregularly spotted on Cincy radio and video stations as Joe Pynes sessions are building followers for the Scripps-Howard WCPO-TV.

Several outlets, among them the Taft WKRC-TV and L. B. Wilson WCKY Radio, invite answers to their editorials for taping and filming which are broadcast in spots, mostly late at night.

The November election pegged an area interest high for political fireworks, mainly a series of debates on WCKY by Congressional candidates Robert Taft Jr. and freshman incumbent John J. Gilligan, after Taft refused a clash with his opponent on time offered by Avco's WLW-T. The WCKY airings had coverage by political writers for numerous big city dailies. On the eve of election, Gilligan bought time on WKRC-TV to answer questions from voters.

Panel shows have been presented by several stations over a long stretch, notably the WLW-Radio "World Front" Sunday series which began on Pearl Harbor Day in 1941. WCPO-TV has a Sunday 6:30 p.m. "Impact" panel show with staffer Harry Hopkins as moderator and local civic, business and labor leaders participating.

WKRC's evening half-hour "Party Line" session, with Dan Young conducting, usually has a guest from varied fields who answers questions of listeners.

WCKY, which originates Reds baseball on a four-state web for Wiedemann Beer, has time allowance for fans to shoot questions on sports to the station-miker.

Missing for long are such participation baseball programs as "Fans In The Stands" on WSAI,

by Dick Bray the announcer. In this era the fans hear instead from the home or visiting players before game time.

Pitt's Sextet of Gabbers Vary Formats Effectively

By Lenny Litman

Pittsburgh.

Callers are the only heavies in Pittsburgh's six radio and tv phone shows. Ed King started talking to the listening audience from the upstairs room of the Carousel night club in 1950 and he has always been a nice, folksy guy and has kept this tradition alive with his wife, Wendy, on KDKA's "Party Line," now in its 15th year. King is now on KDKA-TV with a Saturday afternoon version of "Contact" which is a very mild outing with King letting his guest answer questions and performing more than as a phone operator, except to exchange innocuous pleasantries during the program. On radio, he tosses out puzzles to the audience, answers questions and never gets into any controversy.

However, on the radio side of KDKA, there is a very dynamic former newspaper man, Mike Levine, who has built "Contact" into one of the top rated radio shows in the city and at 8 p.m., too. Levine picks good guests and speaks for the listeners who are given every liberty short of raw profanity in their interrogation of the guest. There is often a three way fight on the show but Levine tries to stay with the caller whom, he says, "the listener identifies himself with." Levine rarely interrupts the guest except when he feels the guest is avoiding a question that is constantly being raised. Then he asks if the guest wants to answer that question after which he drops the matter. He says that he found that the only poor guests he gets are the celebrities, especially film stars. "They have nothing important to say," he told VARIETY, "because my listeners don't want to know what new movie the star is going to make or what his professional plans are. My people want to know something about the world they live in."

Merle Pollis is on WJAS, and was the first to have invited guests to answer questions. King never has guests and it is a one way conversation. You never hear the caller. Pollis is a gentleman, a former newspaperman who tries to get a good story out of the guest where he can. He avoids issues the guest do not want to discuss and protects the guest where he can. He probably has the highest night time rating on the station.

The most controversial phone figure in the city is Al Julius, news director of KQV. Julius goes it alone for two hours on Sunday night and is boss of the air at that time. He takes all calls himself, answers them all in a very knowledgeable manner and gets a lot of mileage out of good guests with prodding and cleverly worded questions. He often gets bigots on the line and lets them go way out before he cuts them dead with a few sharp lines and then angrily dismisses them. Julius knows no sacred cows, but his attacks are always in good taste and he defends important civic contributions. Julius is a top news man and it was his in-depth exploration of Pittsburgh narcotic addicts that won him a flock of awards last year.

Ron Jaye is on WIIC-TV in the morning and his show, "Hot Line," is excellently done and always in good taste. He also protects the guests, but not too gentle is his once a week guest, Win Fanning, tv editor of the Pittsburgh Post Gazette. Fanning will rap any show he feels is not up to standard and does it whether it is on WIIC-TV or on another station. Fanning is also a frequent guest with Mike Levine and he has become a professional fielder of tough questions in his field.

Those who listen to the N. Y. and L. A. controversial tv and radio spielers do not feel they are giving their audience much of a show. They point to the low ratings, of all the inside info dished out and how feelings are unnecessarily hurt just to get a momentary impact.

Swiss Learn Hard Way How to Beat France's Inroads

By JOHN TAYLOR

Geneva.

French-language television in Switzerland faces a new challenge—the rapidly spreading coverage by the French-beamed second network.

Broadcast by the ORTF, the national French radio and tv organization, the second network's programs are now being sprayed across Swiss territory from a powerful new transmitter recently installed by whirlybird on a near-5,000-foot peak overlooking Lake Geneva.

That means that Swiss viewers in the region now have opportunity of tuning in two French networks any time they find their interest flagging in the home product. The 20-kilowatt relay is planned to come into full operation after tests this month, and the move is interpreted by some quarters as another step in the French campaign to maintain their cultural influence among French-speaking Swiss.

For Swiss planners, it is a deep challenge after a long, hard drag to persuade home audiences to stay with the national channel. Helped by annual injection of around \$6,000,000 from the 1953 introduction of limited commercial time, Swiss tv has come a considerable distance from the moment of shock in 1964 when research units found that 80% of the nation were flicking the knob to foreign stations, where available.

In the French-speaking region in particular, success in winning back home viewers has been marked, and can be traced to flexible, more varied programming, longer hours of transmission, and not a little to the deployment in strategic timeslots of U.S. and British-made serials and series of acknowledged quality.

50 Hours a Week

To match the challenge of the new French network, Geneva planners have again extended their scope of programming to a total of 50 hours a week, with special emphasis on the weekend. Sunday transmissions now vary from 11 to 13 hours in length, and overall there are signs of close study of French, German and British techniques. Thus, Saturday night is now winning recognition as a peak viewing time, and one of the opening attractions will be the British series, "The Avengers." Arguing that Friday night is late night for the normally early rising Swiss, it has been strengthened by the regular screening of a full-length film, plus a late evening play.

Similarly, on Sunday at noon the Swiss introduce a new program, "Open Table," which is a straight borrowing of the German First Network "Fruehschoppen." It consists of a televised debate on topical subjects by leading personalities in the scientific, political, economic, etc., fields.

The general trend is a reflection of complaints that Swiss tv takes itself too seriously. There are fewer heavily cultural offerings, more light variety, more news features. Notable is the close contact that is being maintained with the cinema. Programming is to include regularly scheduled visits by camera crews to film sets in France, Italy and Britain.

It may be observed that, against this background of change, one factor remains immutable—the reliance on series of largely American origin to fill the nightly gap of 35 minutes between the first and second news programs and advertising spots. Despite the fact that \$30,000,000 of new studios are being planned, it will be some years before Switzerland achieves her goal of maximum home production. This applies also to the German-language net, and is a reflection of the general situation among the small television nations of Europe. The competitive pressure to extend hours of programming will tend to increase demand for U.S. product for the next few years at least.



**MGM
TELEVISION**

**THE TOTAL
PROGRAMMING
COMPANY**

NEW YORK/CHICAGO/CULVER CITY/ATLANTA/TORONTO

Alexander Woollcott Script, '40: Ruth Gordon's 25th Anni

(The radio script reproduced below was exhumed from his files by publicist Reuben Rabinowitch and passed along as a historic document, rendered the more memorable since Ruth Gordon celebrated her 50th Anniversary in the theatre in December 1965. Rabinowitch comments that the program was recorded in New York, but done over WBBM in Chicago at the Selwyn Theatre. After the second act of the play, a big radio was set up on stage, all the actors assembled and the program was piped in. Somerset Maugham was in the audience. — Ed.)

ANNOUNCER: (Bell) Hear ye! (Bell) Hear ye! (Bell) Hear ye! Alexander Woollcott—the Town Crier.

WOOLLCOTT: This is Woollcott speaking. This is the Town Crier coming to Chicago by parcel post—I do hope they haven't classified me as third class mail—coming to Chicago to celebrate an anniversary, to speak in memory of something that happened 25 years ago tonight. Something I saw happen with my own eyes on the night of Dec. 21, 1915.

Twenty-five years ago. Do you know how long ago that was? Well, that's easy enough to say, but to get a real sense of that distance in time calls for a little more effort. Perhaps we will come nearer the mark if we stop for a minute and try to recall just what was going on then and what has happened since. Where were you 25 years ago—in your prime or in your pram? More specifically, I wonder how many of you now listening to me would be ready with an answer if you were called to the witness stand and the district attorney were to ask, "Where were you on the night of Dec. 21, 1915?" Could you answer that question? It so happens that I could. I know where I was on the evening of that long ago December. I had a seat on the aisle at the Empire Theatre in New York. I had gone to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

At that time my years on this earth had been 27 and ever since my college days I had been toiling as an ink-stained wretch on the staff of the N.Y. Times. Nearly two years before, that great newspaper, to the unflattering surprise and considerable annoyance of the theatrical managers, had made me its dramatic critic. In fact some of the managers were so intensely annoyed that in 1915 one group was excluding me from their theatres, throwing me out at every first night with stubborn regularity. Besides considering me a viper, they unkindly pointed out that I didn't know anything. It dawned on me now that they had something there. Indeed, when I try now to recall what I was like in those days I am chiefly impressed with the extraordinary number of things I didn't know.

To give you a rough idea, let me mention a few of them—the things I didn't know. In 1915, I'd never seen a cement-road nor a tomato-juice cocktail nor an electric icebox nor a radio nor a one-piece bathing-suit nor a dial-telephone nor a lipstick. I'd never heard of microphone nor a loud-speaker nor an inhibition nor a complex nor a tabloid nor a vitamin nor a G-Man nor a jitterbug. I'd never heard of mah-jongg nor midget golf nor contract bridge nor cellophane. I'd never heard of a Soviet nor a Nazi nor a Fascist and I did not know there was such a person in all the world as Adolf Hitler. Well, this was the ignoramus whom the N.Y. Times employed as its dramatic critic and here he was, 25 years ago this very evening, going off buckety-buckety to the Empire Theatre to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

"Peter Pan," how much more vividly I remember it than many a play I saw last season. I can still recall that breathless moment when Peter flew in through the high nursery window, still hear the clash of cutlasses in his mighty fight with Captain Hook. Captain Hook! Do you remember that somewhat different pirate? Across the years I can see him moping on his quarterdeck, hear him muttering to himself: "I should be feeling deery but a *qik*, a spirit broods over me, threatening to envelope me like a folding umbrella." Above all I remember and shall remember while I live, the last glimpse of Peter himself as he waved goodbye from his house in the tree-tops—he waved goodbye to you and to me, waved goodbye, perhaps, to

a gentle world that soon—so soon, so soon—might be no more.

At that time Maude Adams had a greater hold on the affections of the American playgoers than any other actress. But she had been playing "Peter Pan" off and on for 10 years and the mere fact that she was bringing it back to Broadway the week before Christmas didn't strike the older members of the death watch as an event worthy of their attention. But I was a new broom with no inclination to rest in the corner. Therefore mine was, I think, the only account of the revival, except for routine notices, which were printed in New York next day. Being a devotee of all of Barrie's plays, I had hoped to write a Peter Panegyric but it was not so easy to find pleasant things to say about that revival. I remember dimly suspecting that, with one shining exception, the actresses engaged by Miss Adams to play the lost children had been chosen because at some time in the past they had gone to school with her mother. I even intimated as much next morning in the Times. "But," I said, "Ruth Gordon was ever so gay as Nibs."

In my mail on the following day was a rapturous letter, my enjoyment of which was slightly dimmed. I must confess, by the fact that it was addressed to Mr. Roger Woollcott. It was signed Ruth Gordon and from it I learned that that performance of Nibs which so delighted me had been her first on any stage.

Down she had come from Wollaston, Mass., to attend dramatic school and look for a job. In the daytime she would make the endless rounds of the manager's offices, in the evening she would lug home volumes of Shakespeare from the public library and, before the mirror in her room at a theatrical boarding house, would try herself out as Juliet and Lady Macbeth. Then came the news that Miss Adams was recruiting a cast for "Peter Pan" and next the overwhelming moment when she was sent for. Her first night on any stage. This was excitement enough. But a notice in the paper next day! Why, she had thought of notices as something that would come—if ever—only years later. She had not dreamed she would get one her very first try as an actress. Wherefore, in her letter to "Roger Woollcott," she ventured to predict that whatever the years might bring, whatever part she might act in other plays in other seasons, no words in print would ever seem so magical to her as "Ruth Gordon was ever so gay as Nibs."

Well, the Ruth Gordon who made her first appearance on the stage 25 years ago tonight is now heading her own company in Chicago in the comedy called "Here Today." And I wish with all my heart that I were, too. I don't mean heading my own company. I mean, I wish I were here today. Then my evening would present no problem. I would be going off to the Selwyn Theatre—buckety, buckety—to see Ruth Gordon—Ruth Gordon, as ever was.

You may ask me how I remember all this—how, after attending more than 3,000 first nights in theatres all the way from Moscow and Berlin to Tokyo and Peking—I should be able to recall that minor episode of a faroff December? How do I happen to know that the celebrated Ruth Gordon here today was the ambitious kid who wrote so rapturously to "Roger Woollcott" long ago? Well, I'll tell you. It's all because I have the manual dexterity of a hippopotamus. I can do nothing with these old hands. I'd rather be horse-whipped than change a shoelace. I'd rather be shot than change a type-writer ribbon. Whenever I am faced with the disaster of having to change one I yell for help. But

one day—it was New Year's Eve in 1926—the ribbon broke when I was marooned in my apartment and no help within ear-shot. Copy would be due down at the office before midnight. Apprehensively I got out the old repair kit which had not been molested by me in a dozen years. It proved difficult to take the top off. Something had got wedged under the lid. This turned out to be a letter, which, from among the mess of papers always on my desk, must have got caught up and stuck there years before. I inspected it out of idle curiosity. It was addressed to "Roger Woollcott." This gave me a twinge. The letter was dated Dec. 22, 1915, and signed Ruth Gordon—Ruth Gordon who by this time was among the foremost of our actresses and who in that very season was giving an enchanting performance in "Saturday's Children."

Next day—Jan. 1, 1927—I telephoned her, asking if I might pay a New Year's call and promising to bring her something that would start her New Year with a smile. I was wrong about that. She took the letter from my hand, read it with a puzzled and dawning recognition, saw all the ghosts of her first struggles come thronging about her and fooled me by bursting into tears.

Bless me, that was nearly 15 years ago. Since then—since "Saturday's Children"—Ruth Gordon, like Mrs. Fiske before her, has become something of a cult. There be those here and in England—I might name the great Charles Laughton as one, for example, and your own Lloyd Lewis, as another, and your occasional Thornton Wilder, as a third—who think there is no actress in the English-speaking world quite so fascinating as Ruth Gordon. To this cult I myself belong.

From the likes of us she has had extraordinary tributes. London rang with praise of her when she gave her dazzling performance in "The Country Wife" at the Old Vic, to my mind the most richly comic performance I have ever seen given by any actress in any country at any time in any play.

Then I seem to recall that there was considerable critical ecstasy by all and sundry when she toured as Nora in "A Doll's House," and some appropriate dancing in the streets after her two movie performances last year. She was the Mrs. Lincoln in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and the Mrs. Ehrlich in "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet." Mrs. Lincoln and Frau Ehrlich—wives of great men all remind us—no, I guess I'd better not go on with that. Anyway, for real ringing hosannahs in the press I give you the piece Lloyd Lewis wrote for the Chicago Daily News, when first he saw Ruth Gordon do "Here Today" in the east. Indeed, when I think of all this I could wish that I might hang around the stage-door of the Selwyn Theatre tonight to ask her a question as she comes out. Does she still remember when she was pretty pleased with a single sentence? "Ruth Gordon was ever so gay as Nibs."

Now I still have time to clean up some odds and ends of unfinished business. It goes against the grain with me to assemble an audience without recommending so much as a single book. Out of my browsing among the new titles I come up with one suggestion. The new novel by the woman who is, I suppose, the foremost American writer, Willa Cather. Her latest work, a story of Virginia just before the Civil War, is called "Sapphira and the Slave Girl." I've already read it twice. You might do worse—and I probably will.

Then there is the matter of 1944. 1915 is all very well but what about 1944? I mean who shall succeed Franklin Roosevelt in the White House.

The other day Sinclair Lewis, as he passed through Chicago, gave out an interview in which he nominated President Hutchins of the Univ. of Chicago. I want to make a comment on that nomination. I second it.

All of which is respectfully submitted as a Christmas card. This broadcast is intended to carry season's greetings—to Ruth Gordon from "Roger Woollcott." And since this is the Christmas season, let me windup by quoting one of my betters. I shall close this broadcast by repeating the shortest and best after-dinner speech of which there is any record. It consists of five words. These are the five. "God bless us every one."

Visnews' Global Vistas

By RONALD WALDMAN
(Managing Director, Visnews)

London.

It's the loudspeaker system in our London headquarters that seems to impress visitors first. The flat, matter-of-fact voice, could give a useful lesson in world geography. "Shipment from Amman" it says—or Salisbury, Saigon, Abidjan, Santiago, Moscow, Delhi, New York, Dakar, Athens, Toronto, Sydney, Nicosia, Nairobi, Djakarta, Washington, Wellington, Budapest, (you name it)—is now in the traffic department."

The "shipment" is a package of newsfilm. In two hours, it will be processed, edited, scripted and, accompanied by all the necessary customs documentation, about 110 prints (if it is a top news story) will be on their way to tv stations all over the world. That same traffic department which first receives the film must know about every aircraft flying on every scheduled service anywhere in the world because it is also responsible for sending these prints to tv organizations in (currently) 68 countries—every day.

In 10 short years, Visnews has become a world-straddling enterprise. Those countries include, as just a few examples, the U.S., the U.S.S.R., West Germany, East Germany, Japan, China, France, Rhodesia, Bulgaria, Spain, India, Ethiopia, Argentina, Ghana, Chile, Congo, etc.

Visnews was formed in 1957 and is jointly owned by six organizations—the British Broadcasting Corporation, the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., the Corp., the Rank Organisation, the Australian Broadcasting Commission, the New Zealand Broadcasting Corp., and Reuters.

Visnews' policy is to provide for tv stations with a comprehensive, impartial and unbiased daily coverage of world news. This could not be done unless our political impartiality and freedom from bias were not accepted as a fact by all subscribing countries.

There's a difference between news and history. The difference is probably about 24 hours—often much less. We have to cover the world's news and distribute it—

fast—out of three main headquarters—London, Singapore and New York, where the close association with the NEC News has been a successful part of our short history. From these three key points, the coverage of the world's news is controlled.

Not one of the Visnews subscribers ever receives all the available film—no tv newscast in the world is long enough for that, but the editorial staff is able to cull a daily supply keyed to the requirements and interests of individual stations.

Financial Policy

The six shareholders have said that the reason for the establishment of the company was not one of commercial gain. All income over total expenditure is plowed back into the operation in order to improve and extend the service still further and this has led to a most gratifying upward spiral.

Electronic distribution of tv news must inevitably replace the old-fashioned method of using jet aircraft. Already, Eurovision circuits are used to distribute to subscribers in Europe; also the Atlantic and Pacific satellites are utilized. Everyone in tv knows that there is almost no limit to this development, but it is required for news far more than for any other tv activity.

Our film laboratories are being re-equipped for a move into full-color operation. The only regret is that the newsfilm library (with film dating back to 1896) is forever doomed to be a monochrome museum—unless somebody can invent a way of putting back into, say, the coronation of Tsar Nicholas II, the color that was subtracted by a 19th-century cameraman's equipment.

Every tv news editor wants—and has a right to want—a better service than we or anybody else can currently give him. His responsibilities differ from ours in only one major way, he has to satisfy the growing demand for information in only his own country. Our problem is exactly 68 times greater than his.

You Can't Have It Both Ways

By ANNE BLAIR

(Triangle Stations—Washington Correspondent)

Washington.

At the end of the usual 27-hour day, I wonder why anyone chooses broadcasting as a way of life. There are easier ways to make a living and many pay better but, once you're hooked on printer's ink or electronic impulses, you're probably incurable.

Women should need no coaxing to seek jobs in a field as natural to us as questioning, poking, listening and speaking our minds. The small difference between the gossip and the reporter in us is some training and discipline.

The basic tools of the trade can surely be handled every bit as capably by women as by men, and perhaps the first part of the training should be a school course in equal opportunities. Custom and preference too long have relegated women's talent to specialized so-called "woman's angle" areas. Hail to Pauline Frederick of NBC, to Ellen Wadley who produces "Face The Nation," to Ann Corrick of Westinghouse, to Charlotte Moulton of UPI, the ladies who've broken the stereotype mold. What's more, what editors often innocently label a "woman's angle" turns out to be sharp political reporting. In Washington circles, the governmental savvy of many women reporters and broadcasters is duly respected, from the White House on down.

The very first ingredient has to be curiosity, and most women have it. Next, a degree in journalism opens many doors. But behind any degree (and you'd better have at least one) there must be a solid scientific or liberal arts education. The ability to speak and write the English language with more than ordinary facility is still an essential, but today it's wiser to have a second and even third language.

The professional communicator, as opposed to the technician, has something to say and knows how

to say it, the skills being present in equal amounts.

In our expanding communications field, it is clearly possible for a trained woman to find a variety of ways to sell her skills, regardless of where she lives or what her husband's job is, provided she really wants to pursue her profession. Marriage and children are no obstacle.

One of the Boys

What helps keep those stereotypes alive is the desire of so many women to be one of the boys on the job and at the payroll window, and to be one of the girls when it's time to pick up a check. We who compete with male colleagues cannot expect privileges of the fair sex when the mad deadline rush for the phone starts. Many men resent our competing, but many more anger at our attempt to have the best of both possible worlds.

Finally, there's an X factor. As Elizabeth Carpenter, press secretary to the First Lady, recently put it, "If you don't care, don't clutter up the studios and city rooms, 'cause you aren't 'with it'." It's very 'in' to care about the world. We can care without taking sides, and that's the trick.

BILL BURRUD'S P.M. SLOTS

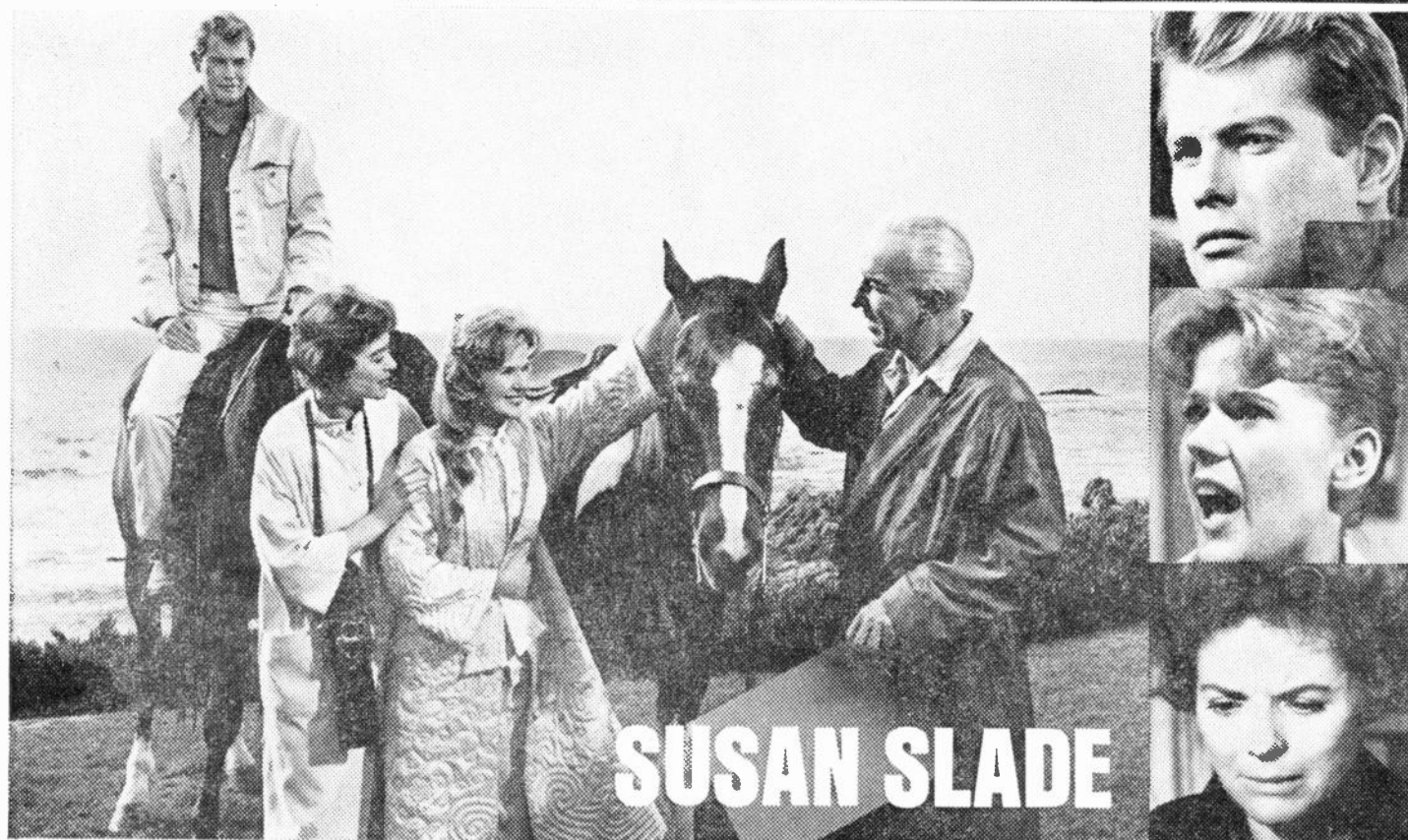
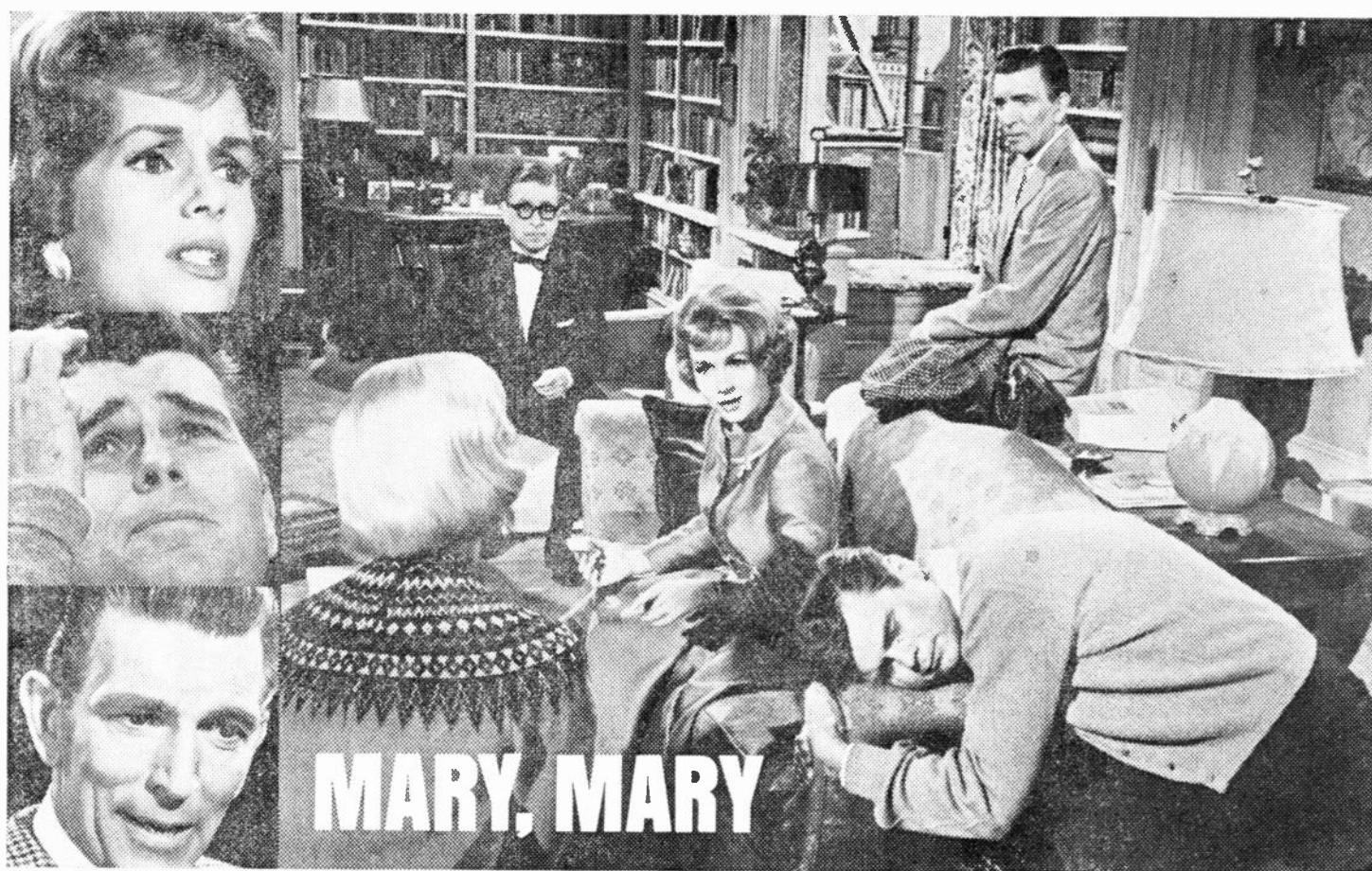
Many stations are using Bill Burrud's travel adventure programs as early or late evening strips, according to distributor Teledynamics.

Tony Azzato, exec v.p. of Teledynamics, reports the sales of 130 half hours to WAST, Albany, N.Y., where they are billed as "Wanderlust" and aired in the 7 to 7:30 p.m. period. WTTV, Indianapolis, purchased 273 half hours, and is using them in the 6:30 to 7 p.m. slot. KPLR-TV, St. Louis, made a similar move, while KTRK-TV, Houston, built an hour evening show with Burrud travelog product.

Debbie Reynolds

Barry Nelson

Michael Rennie



Troy Donahue

Connie Stevens

Dorothy McGuire

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How To Cut A Guy, Or Writing With Tape

By CARROLL CARROLL

Toward the end of 1946, Columbia Pictures hired me to do an hour radio special to plug "The Jolson Story." Georgie Jessel was the emcee. Who else?

Al was no longer a young man when he made the soundtrack for Larry Parks to sync to. And what with one thing and another neither Al nor Larry appeared on the radio show. Just Jessel and the soundtrack.

During rehearsal, Georgie and I talked about how good, rich and full Jolie's voice sounded on the track.

"From now on all recording's gonna sound good like that," Georgie said. "You know how Jolie did this? Every morning about 11 o'clock he showed up on a sound stage, took off his coat"—and now Georgie was acting it out—hung it on a chair; loosened his collar, and began to record "Climb upon my knee" then he put on his coat and went to Hillcrest. The next day he came back and sang "Sonny boy." It takes a long time to sing a song that way and it's not the way Jolie used to do it on the stage of the Winter Garden. But it's the new way and with this tape we got now my Uncle Morris could make a song sound good."

Twenty years later all recording is done on tape in multiple takes and with overdubbing although Georgie's Uncle Morris has yet to have a hit. Current pop music simply couldn't be recorded any other way; nor could serious works be recorded so perfectly. What it is possible to do with music it is even easier to do with words.

A good cutter, with a season of tapes from any soap opera, could put together a conversation between its star and anyone he cared to record, and come up with something so incriminating it could convict the star of any crime in the book... if tape were admissible as evidence.

In 1964 I put together "The Chase & Sanborn 100th Anniversary Radio Show Starring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy." (The length of the name got the client so much publicity we have increased it each year.) It was an hour long history of radio's famous old Chase & Sanborn Coffee Hour, featuring highlights from the 10 years of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy's stewardship. The whole thing was held together by some new material which Edgar and Charlie recorded specially.

Emergencies

It was my first go at this sort of radio anthologizing and I soon discovered that I hadn't written and recorded enough special stuff to meet all the emergencies that arose. The hangup was that Bergen had gone to Europe and Charlie wouldn't answer the phone. So one whole line of dialog had to be created from single words, taken out of context. At this writing, two years later, I can't remember or identify that line. And I defy anyone else to pick out the line that no one ever said.

The success of The 100th Anniversary Show brought on the Second Annual 100th Anniversary Show. This time it was called, "The Chase & Sanborn 101st Anniversary Radio Show, Starring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Presents Fred Allen." To get anything like the necessary variety and use all the stars desirable for marquee strength, the job was to cut a number of comedy spots to their essential three or four minutes of prime laughs without destroying the basic humor (or the delicate plot structure) of the routines. On this second time around experience dictated using the one available recording session with Bergen to establish a library of words, phrases and thoughts large enough to meet all sorts of emergencies as well as supply the intros needed to hold the scintillating Fred Allen material together as professionally as Allen would have liked it.

For 1966 "The Chase & Sanborn 102d Anniversary Radio Show starring Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy Honors the 40th Anniversary of NBC grew from an

hour to an hour and a half. And a lot of new discoveries were made about the delicate nuances of meaning and inflection that can be achieved by rearranging existing recorded words and pieces of sound.

Charlie!

Introducing the Churchillian cadences of young King Edward VIII's Abdication Speech, Charlie made a little joke about a reigning monarch proving he had sense enough to come in out of the reign. The expected laugh followed. The trouble then was that the sadly wistful voice of Edward following the laugh created an emotionally incongruent and untidy sequence of sounds.

Clearly the joke should be cut if the historic speech was to be saved. But since the show was essentially a comedy show, not an historical document, another solution had to be found. It was. The joke remained. The laugh remained. But following it Bergen says one word lifted from another part of the pre-recorded material. The word is, "Charlie!" spoken very sharply. The effect achieved is that of a rude little boy being rebuked. The King's speech followed with grace and, perhaps, added impact.

A new dimension was added to the 1966 anthology by making today talk to yesterday. For example, in the recording of Graham MacNamee calling the Baer-Carnera championship fight there was a long hesitation as MacNamee, momentarily confused by his own excitement, apparently couldn't think of the champion's name. As he hesitated, fumbling for it, Charlie speaking in a prompter's whisper, interjects the word—"Baer! Baer!"—as if from ringside. MacNamee then said, "Baer," seeming to have taken the cue.

In the Groucho Marx spot Groucho asks a 16-year-old high-school boy if he's married. Charlie makes a comment on the times with the interpolation "He would be today."

As the introduction to Bob Hope doing a routine originally short-waved from Tinian, during World War II, Charlie says, "Hope landed on one South Pacific Island to entertain the Marines, 12 hours before the Marines landed." Over the laugh that follows, comes a typical Hope line which Bob recorded especially for the show. He says, "So that's why they were shooting at me! I thought it was the jokes."

Various Sources

The Kraft Music Hall spot with Bing Crosby and Bob Burns came from several different sources. The Goodman & Jane Ace spot got its "Ladies and Gentlemen, Easy Aces" and theme music from one source, the spot itself from a second, and Goodie saying "isn't that awful?" from a third.

Most of the material for all three Anniversary Shows was culled from piles of fragile old 16-inch glass recordings that had to be trucked from a warehouse in Brooklyn to 30 Rockefeller Plaza before they could be heard, evaluated and then transferred to tape for final editing. These recordings are heavy and easily scratched. Every year the quality, as well as the amount of material available for the future, decays. Due to careless handling in transportation, bruising, cracking and shattering, something is lost in almost every move.

Why all this stuff hasn't been transferred to slow running, four channel tape is hard to understand. Whatever the cost, it could easily be amortized over a few years of reduced storage and cartage expenses. A whole roomful of the records could be stored in a closet. Instead of trucking, it could be handled by a man on a motorcycle without fear of spillage or breakage. And unreplaceable material would be saved for whenever such "trivia" is needed to complete a picture of the past.

This most recent Chase and Sanborn/NBC job took our three-man team, working about four hours a night, selecting, editing and cutting material, the equivalent of 30 eight-hour days per man.

This does not include the time I put in writing special material nor the hours it took to locate, talk or write to artists or their

heirs and get clearances to use the voices we used. Everybody heard gave his permission and was paid.

From all this it is easy to understand why when this one was over I said what I said at the end of the other two, "Never again!" And it's equally understandable why the answer to anyone who says, "Wouldn't it be a great idea to do one of those shows every week?" has got to be a good sock in the jaw.

So. Africa, Sans TV, Makes Stars Of Radio Talent

Capetown.

As So. Africa is one of the few countries in the world without television it is also one of the very few countries with a big time radio network on the scale that most countries think or in terms of tv. The country itself is covered from North to South, East to West, and Coast to Coast, with networks of FM, AM, and short-wave transmitters all coming under the aegis of the So. African Broadcasting Corp. which has the monopoly on all broadcasting activities in the Republic.

As practically everyone in the country listens to the radio, the services span a very wide field of which Springbok Radio is the most popular. This is the commercial service which functions on lines similar to the tv networks in the States, with programs sponsored by individual clients, while certain channels are set aside for spot announcements by small advertisers.

Springbok caters to the masses, hence most of the music currently is top 40, but the peak time evening periods between 7:30 and 10 are occupied by dramas, quizzes, panel-games, and comedies, which have proved to have the biggest drawing power.

Afrikaans Service

There is an Afrikaans non-commercial service which caters especially for the Afrikaans-speaking people and an English language non-commercial service. Other programs cater to the Africans (Negroes) who have their own special FM which broadcasts in up to 12 different African dialects.

Until recently So. Africa did not have a powerful short wave operation beamed to overseas countries. This has now been rectified and the new Radio South Africa is on the air on short waves for 24 hours a day, beaming programs and news to all countries of the world in many different languages.

Due to the predominance of the radio, the people who work in it become household names. Prominent personalities who are known by almost every listener in the Republic are Douglas Laws, Bob Courtney, Victor Mackeson, Bill Prince, Beatrice Reed, and Neville Dawson.

Since the remuneration for the radio artist is small he must be prepared to work not only as a performer, but also as a writer. An artist who wants to live by radio alone must appear in at least eight or nine programs per week and be prepared to write the scripts for most of them.

WKLO, Louisville, Sues Fired DeeJay Douglas

Louisville.

Louisville WKLO radio, operated by Mid-American Broadcasting Corp., has filed a Circuit Court lawsuit asking that one of its former disk jockeys, Britisher Ken Douglas, be prohibited from airing in the Louisville area for six months.

Station claims that Douglas, who effects a Beatlestyle hairdo, violated an agreement by doing his air stint for WINN radio too soon after WKLO had released him. Suit also asks a judgment of \$49,832, which sum WKLO claims it spent "in developing and promoting Douglas as an individual radio personality and artists."

Also named defendant was Kentucky Central Broadcasting Co., which operates WINN radio.

WKLO claimed it fired Douglas effective Nov. 8 for refusing to accept a change of time for his show. It said that Douglas then started airing over WINN about two weeks later.

Runnin' Character Who Trips

Continued from page 89

like the character will come back to watch him again and again. Sure—if they like him. But suppose they don't. They'll stay away from him with equal enthusiasm. The show he's on can do the best stories on the air, but it won't matter much because no one will know it except the producer.

A series of strong, single, unrelated plots can swing with the punch. They're far more adaptable and flexible. An anthology enterprise that's off course can be straightened out more easily and more effectively. Witness the weird gyrations of various running-character shows in their unsuccessful efforts to ward off incipient extinction.

The other repeated argument against each-to-itself story is simply that very few anthologies have been successful in recent years. Even if it were true, this would be a bit like saying that, because very few grey horses have won the Kentucky Derby recently, you'd better not enter a grey horse.

Writing, Not Format

Even considering only anthologies that have failed, the argument's a good example of prevalent protective misdirection on the part of program-buyers. The unsuccessful anthologies didn't fail because they were single-story; they failed because they were badly written, badly designed for a mass audience.

Back during the heyday of television, 1948 to 1958, say when Studio One, Philco Playhouse and the rest were on the air and Hubbell Robinson was way uptown, television was a rigidly restricted medium. Set-ownership was confined to the top 25% of American income-earners; it hadn't dribbled below what's politely known as the upper middleclass. Many viewers were determinedly receptive to substance though tinged with the "cultural" touch.

Now—and for the past 10 years or so—all that's been changed. Set-ownership has seeped down to the lowest income brackets, and has created a mass audience vaster than any ever before known. The old classy clientele has been swamped in the flood. The new average viewers need, say, the consumer franchise architects, a mass-appealing hook and nothing complicated cerebrally.

Changing Audience

It's amazing how few program-buyers have managed to realize this basic and obvious change in their own business. Anthologies that failed in recent years were all aimed at the self-conscious upper-middleclass audience that's been submerged.

Not that signposts have been lacking. Feature-film programs have been successful because feature-filmmakers have had their sights set on a mass audience for years. Older anthologies that did have mass appeal—the Loretta Young show, for instance—continued to be successful even in daytime re-runs.

There are some high-rated television shows that you and I, from our sacrosanct ivory towers, may deplore; but if you look at most of them with eyes unblinded by a sense of superiority, you'll find them straightforward, fast-moving buffooneries, so professionally conceived and produced that they score direct hits on nerve-centers of folk-humor and folk-excitement. They satisfy tastes that are hearty and human and commendable, even though you and I may not happen to share them.

A few high-rated shows, of course, have nothing whatsoever to recommend them. They achieve brief popularity through novelty or sensation; but you'll find that they don't hold it very long. The mass public gets on to them quickly. If you don't believe it, take a look at the ratings.

As for the great mass of television shows, most of them are admittedly something less than laudable; but most of them also have pretty low ratings. This would indicate that they avoid excellence not because they pander to the taste of the rabble (which they don't, as indicated by the ratings) but because they fail to. Increasingly it seems evident that, though mass-audience appeal may not include self-conscious excursions into cutie-pie gimmickry or ego-mired Art, it demands a good story, properly told and satisfactorily rounded out, involving real

people with whom the customers can identify. And the more skillfully such a story is told and presented, the better they'll like it.

It's a demand of which neither the mass audience nor the people who satisfy it need be ashamed.

It goes for all shows, anthologies as well as serials. And it's good to know that the supreme arbiters of American taste, the program-buyers, are beginning to realize that fact.

Walt's New in TV?

Continued from page 83

it is," on location, behind the palm tree curtain.

I'll never forget one implausible morning in the hearing room of the Board of Public Works where, in the process of considering our street-closing application, seven stupefied city engineers were exposed to a hectic debate on the nature of the Negro movement today. But we finally got that permit, along with the Police permit and the Housing & Safety permit and the Health Dept. permit and, above all, the NBC permit to continue this delayed experiment in interracial television.

Success From Start

Those middleclass hecklers notwithstanding, the experiment was really a success from the start. White technicians who considered Watts north of the demarcation line soon felt as much at home there as they did in Burbank or Beverly Hills. Negro cast and (mainly) white crew, uptown pros and downtown hopefuls, merged into one happy if hard-working family. Our three Negro NABET engineers were a constant reminder to the kids who gathered at 92d and Maie Ave. that "Yes, I can." Even the IATSE members started wearing buttons which proclaimed, "It's Now, Baby," the battle cry of the American ghetto.

The little American flag which hung in our improvised school room (we had four juveniles to cope with) never shone more brightly in the dawn's early light.

In this euphoria of mutual understanding, we even began to forgive that prosperous minority in Watts which had tried so misguidedly to wreck our enterprise. Why should they assume that our intentions were honest when television in general had given the Negro so little comfort in the past?

So eventually the day came when tape was rolling and director Lamont Johnson was putting our all-Negro cast through their paces and our Nationalist pals were coping with the sidewalk superintendents who continued to bait us from the sidelines.

Then suddenly four L.A. County Sheriff's Deputies drew up in squad cars and headed toward the set on the run. It just so happened that we were rehearsing a scene in which our heroine was being bundled into an ambulance on the side street we had finally managed to close off. "Where's the shooting?" the sergeant wanted to know. And then they saw the big color cameras and realized what kind of shooting was going on here. They were still grinning when our prop man—the company comedian—ran over and said, "Look, we didn't order you guys till Thursday. And besides I don't like your uniforms—they don't look authentic." The cops laughed. The cast and crew laughed. And the Nationalists stopped arguing with the middle class long enough to laugh a little too. At that moment I began to believe that we would somehow complete "Losers Weepers." And maybe with it complete my tv education in Watts. In fact, looking back on the past six months, I wish Harry Dolan had called his play "Finders Keepers."

Off-Web Thomas Skein Notches First Sales

CBS Films' new off-web syndication package, the Danny Thomas "Make Room for Daddy" sitcoms, has been sold in three major markets.

RKO General has bought the show for WOR-TV, New York, and KHJ-TV, Los Angeles, and it's also been sold to WBAL-TV, Baltimore. Package consists of 195 half hours.

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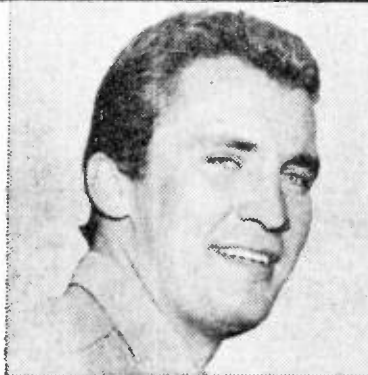
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New Season Marked by 'Sameness'

Although 13 of this season's 34 new shows have already had their premieres or previews, the networks' official premiere week begins Sunday.

If there's a trend in the type of programming this year, it can be described in one word

—sameness. A lot of number of hours in eight major variety, adventure, comedy, shows, movies, and news subject matter much from last

WE INTERRUPT THIS

CRITICISM FOR THE FOLLOWING
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

TV Level Too Low, Psychologist Feels

While Olen Ernest, Wichita State University child psychology instructor and a staff member of Wichita Guidance Center, feels that TV has some values for the slow learning child, he quickly points out that:

TV owes a debt to society. Especially to the middle class child. The general level of TV shows is pitched at the 5th grade level.

While stations have economics and ratings uppermost in their minds, I think they can afford to devote a couple hours a week in prime time to more sophisticated programming.

ERNEST TOUCHED on something that has been uppermost in many complaints of TV. A recent article in Variety pointed out that "The three U.S. TV networks shunning virtually anything but 'candy shows' for children will be operating weekend cartoon carnivals next season. The animated series have replaced other types of children's programming, as if more substantial shows belonged to another era."

The same article reminds that the National Association of Broadcasters Code under the title "Responsibility Toward Children" says in part: "The education of children involves giving them a sense of the world at large. The broadcaster should afford opportunities for cultural growth as well as for wholesome entertainment."

THE NATIONAL Association for Better Radio and Television termed the 1965 viewing season as "the least inspiring of any during the past 15 years."

Ernest says he thinks "TV has lost its ability to cope with the American public, not the other way around. It still appeals to the majority and the masses and forgets the people who want better programming."

If the local station will not take it upon itself to provide good programming, it must be taken up by an educational television station. The type

of station vast need

HE CONT. TV is suffering creative to the class and no older, bright the middle sh, the way first written

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If the program

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Mrs. John

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pen to her friends

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that when she's

per "It is a wonderful

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She and Mrs. Helen May

field, (president of the Wichita Council of Elementary School Parents) however,

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LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXAMINER

Friday, Sept. 16, 1966



TOM 'DUGGAN'

Signs of Greatness

Ten years ago I watched a man walk along one of the narrow streets of the Paramount Motion Picture Studios. He had some sort of a dressing gown draped over his shoulders and, in the tradition of fighters, a towel wrapped around his neck.

He was not alone. There might have been as many as six or eight people with him. Yet he seemed to walk alone. He finally turned and entered a huge sound stage where a picture in which he starred was being filmed.

His entourage followed him and so did I. My memory serves me poorly. The other people including myself, the witness, are shadows. I can only remember him walking down that street and turning into that building.

The Champion

I cannot explain my feelings of awe and excitement during this period. Perhaps some of you prizefight followers will understand when I say I was watching the Heavyweight Champion of the World enter the arena.

The man's name was Clark Gable.

A few night's ago in another place and in another form I saw the same scene. A man walked down the aisle of a theater and stepped onto the stage. He was still the Champion! His name this time was Jimmy Durante.

You may find it strange, and find me strange, to know I think I saw the same man on these two occasions. I did. The face, the form, the setting, differed but the quality was unchanged. There is a spirit in such men whose presence makes them one.

Beyond them you can see an Edwin Booth rising above his brother's terrible tragedy to continue in the heart of his audience and his country. A John Barrymore at the height of his glamour and ability. A George M. Cohan bowing to the footlights with his closing lines . . . "My mother thanks you. My father thanks you. . ."

A Strong Show

Jimmy Durante's new revue at the Carousel Theater in Covina, Calif. was fascinating, entertaining and uproariously funny.

I like this "theater in the round" when a man like

Durante is on the stage. It seems to bring you closer to him.

He had a strong show. It featured his sidekick, Eddie Jackson, and a junior sidekick, Sonny King.

The Lennon Sisters starred, and so did Peter Lawford. The chorus girls were pretty of face and shapely of figure. The girls were also amazingly good dancers . . . Though dancing when you look like that isn't exactly necessary.

If I were an entertainer I would starve to death before I would work on the same bill with Durante. The Lennon Sisters are pretty girls and sing like angels. Lawford was surprisingly good in a singing skit with the chorus. Yet the Lennon Sisters and Peter, and the chorus girls, and Eddie, and Sonny, could probably have cordially killed the Star before the evening was over.

When he was off stage the audience waited for him to come back on. When he was on stage, it couldn't look at anyone else.

I don't know whether Jimmy told any new jokes or any good jokes. I know I laughed anytime he wanted me to laugh. When he

sang I was completely happy.

Do you know, after all these years, I consider his "Ink a Dinka Do" an altogether lovely song. I am going to find out who composed that melody. The man was a genius.

A Must See!

Don't miss a chance to see Durante. He is not an entertainer, or a comedian, any longer. He is a treasure.

In the years ahead others like him will develop and mature. Some are even now passing through the crucible. But of him we are sure.

Did you ever watch The Flag on a windy day? How graceful and lovely it looks as it waits between gusts. Then comes the quick wind and it snaps into full array. Durante has that snap when he walks to the center of the stage.

I wonder if he noticed the light handclapping when he walked to his dressing room. If he had turned he would have known why. The audience was standing, watching him walk up the aisle. The applause was in their hearts.

(See and hear Tom Duggan every Sunday night at 8 o'clock on KTLA, Channel 5.)

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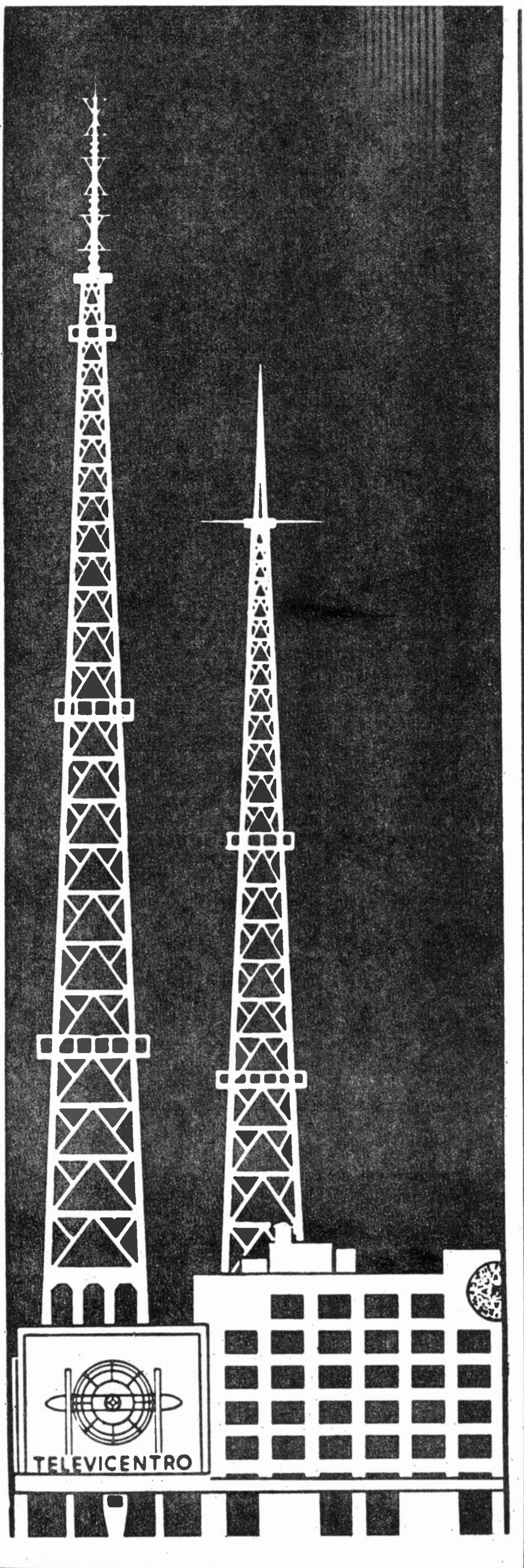
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Telesistema exports Mexico-produced programs to Central and South America and to affiliates in Los Angeles, California (Channel 34) and San Antonio, Texas (Channel 41). Throughout Latin America, Mexican programs have earned enviable popularity competing with film products. In Mexico, local shows maintain 8 of the top 10 popularity positions in rating polls conducted continually.

Today, Mexican viewers select from local productions and fifty American programs, dubbed into Spanish. Remote controls from five units cover every important event in the country, such as boxing, baseball, bullfights, soccer, basketball, tennis and important government activities. As many as six remote controls are handled on an average Sunday. News, produced independently, informs the nation of world events through films and major wire services received daily by the 3 leading newspapers which produce TV news programs. Cultural and educational programming is offered in prime time. Children's shows form a major part of Channel 5's daily programming.



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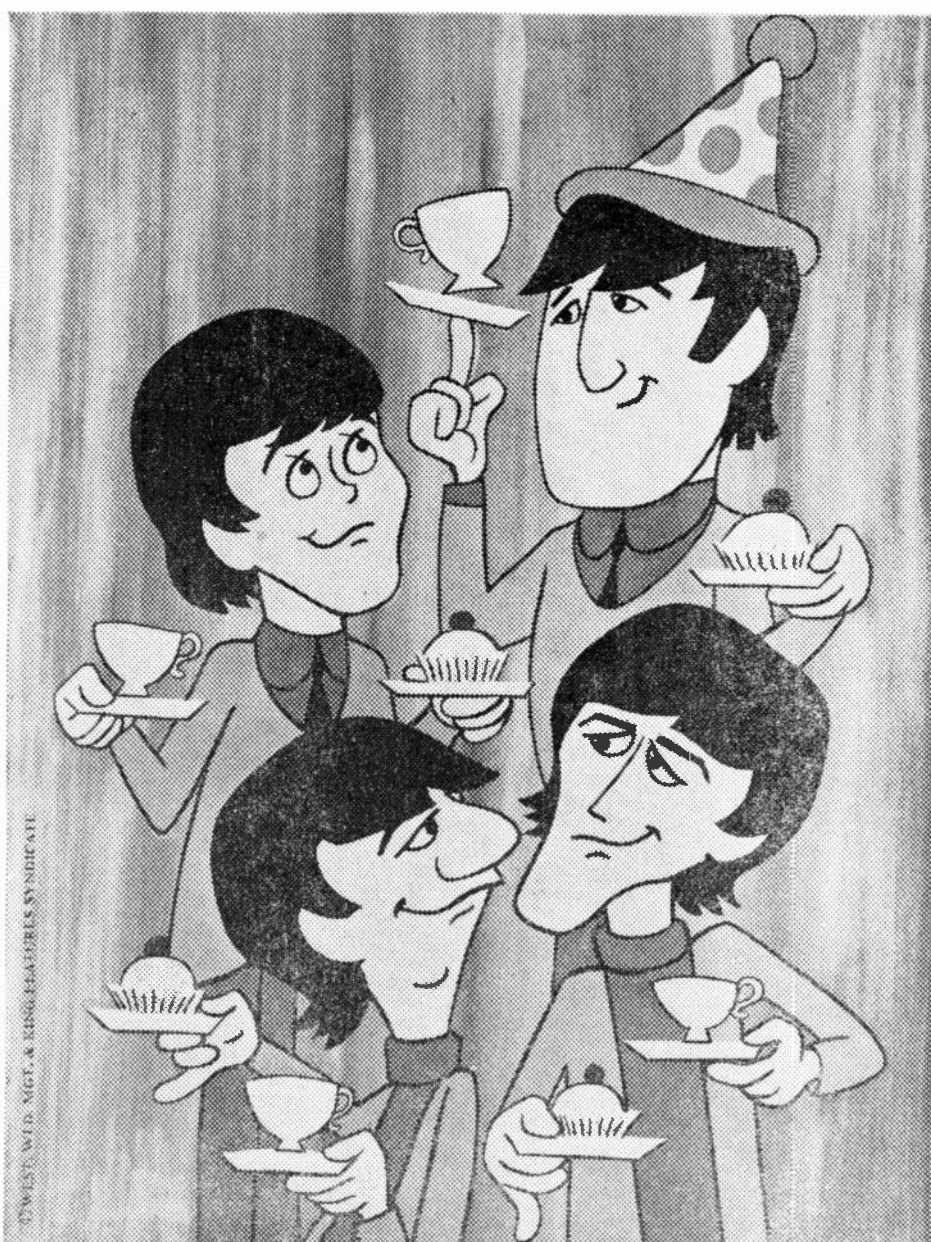
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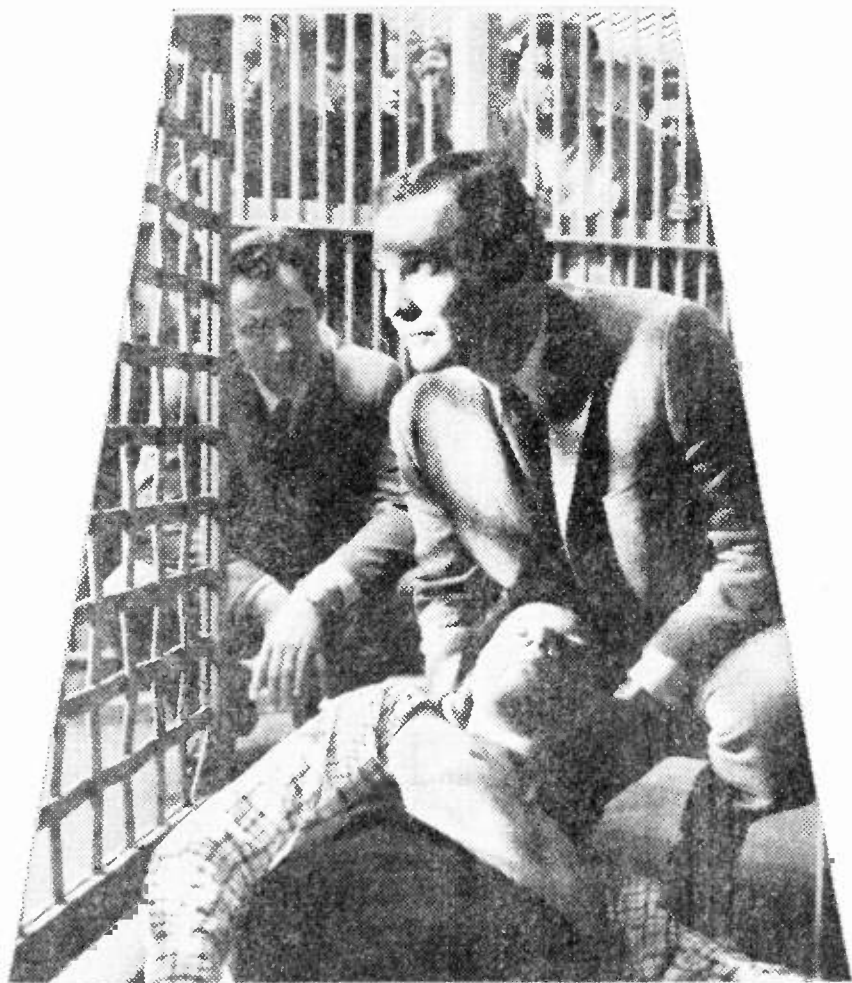
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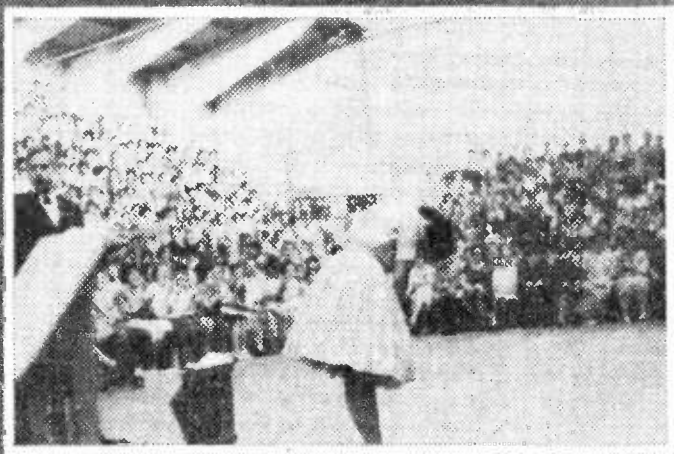
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New drama productions this season included plays by Pinter, Shaw, Maugham and a film by John Le Carré. Rediffusion stars included James Mason, Hugh Griffith, Roy Dotrice, Eileen Atkins, Maggie Smith and Michael Craig.

For comment and entertainment, David Frost hosts a thrice weekly series, *The Frost Programme*. Amongst co-productions with Talent Associates are the *Glass Menagerie* starring Shirley Booth (recently shown on CBS Playhouse), *The Human Voice* starring Ingrid Bergman (to be shown on ABC Stage 67) and *Dial M for Murder*. These productions will be seen in the USA in colour.

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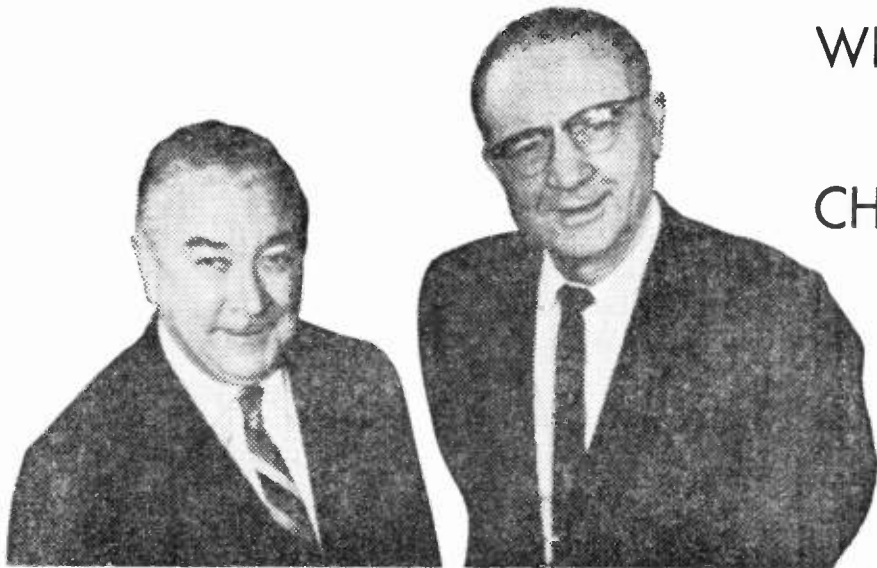
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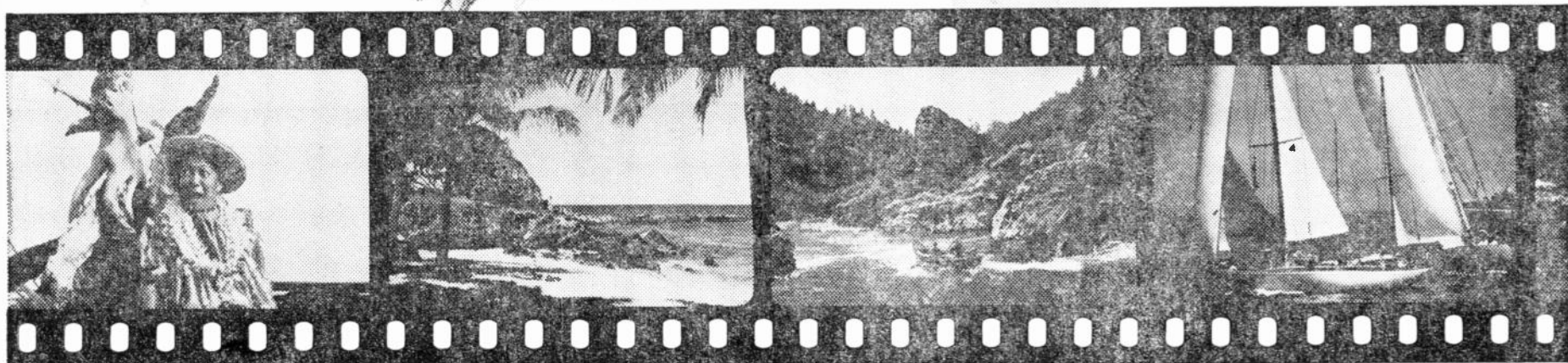
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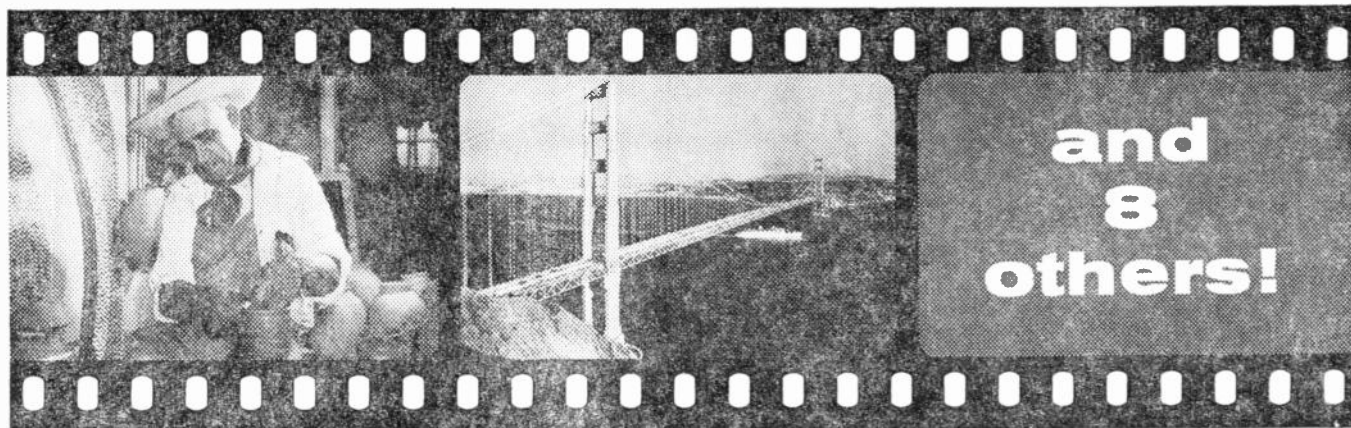
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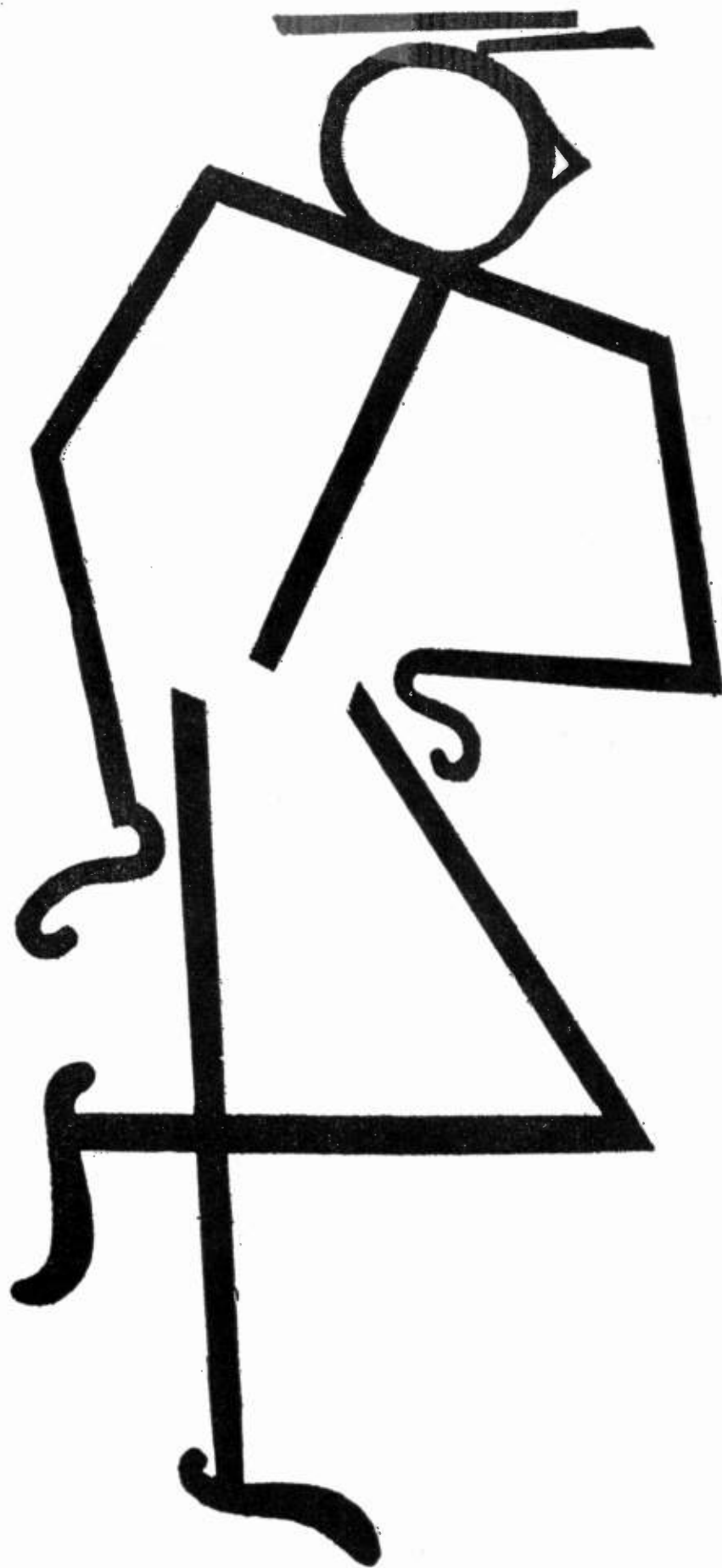
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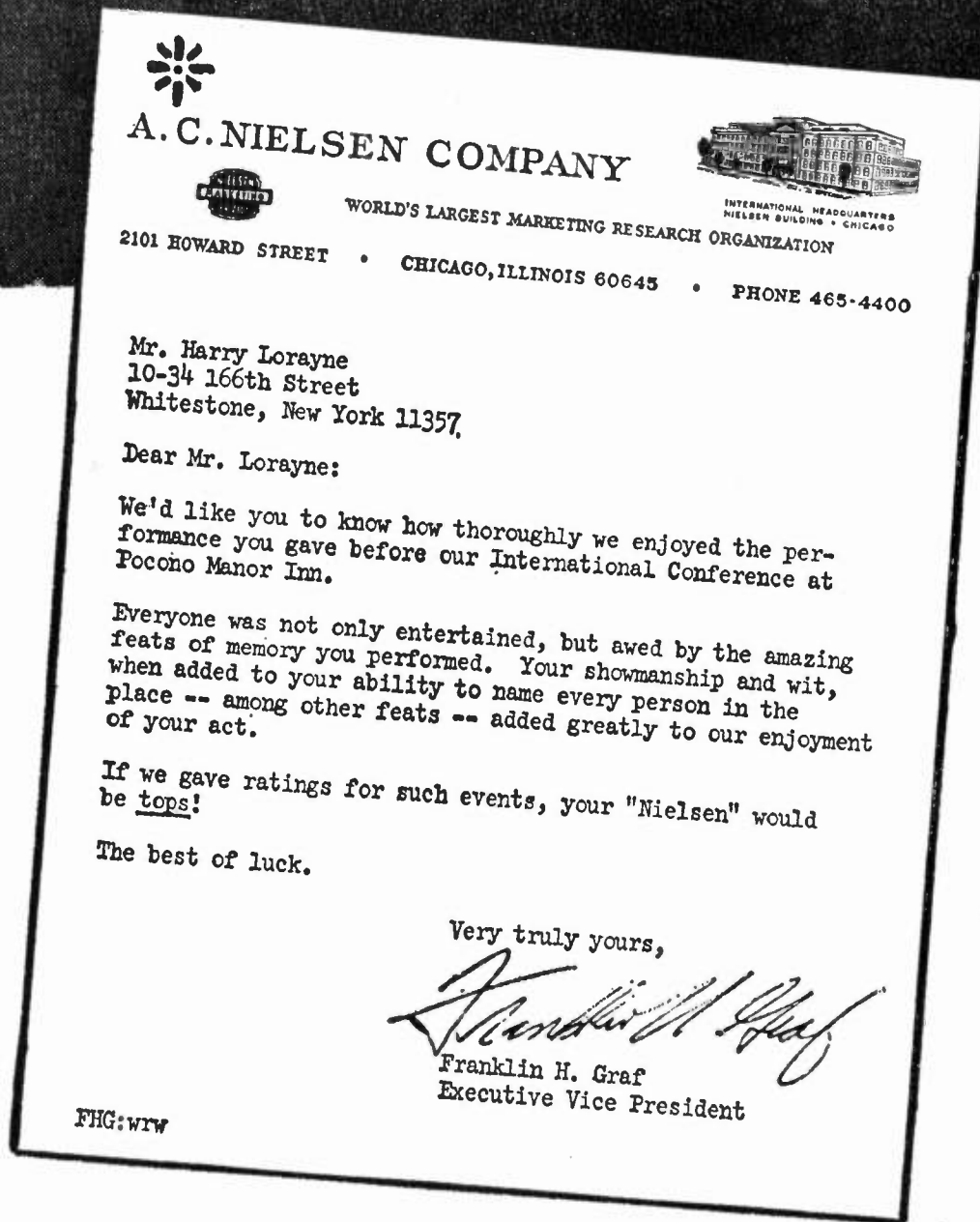
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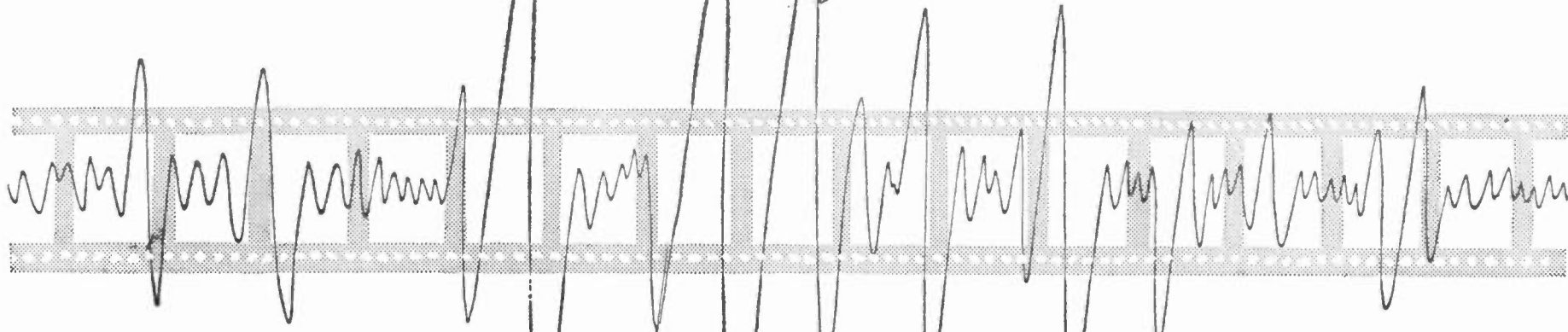


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Why Not Prize For Critic

Continued from page 82

of articles—or a book—dealing with the film arts.

The prizes and accompanying emblems of recognition would depend upon the generosity of the donors, but probably \$1,000 should be a maximum cash prize. That sum has a quiet dignity, without being pretentious; if it were more, its cash value might overshadow its significance.

The most appropriate sponsor would be an organization of non-professional film devotees interested in elevating the standards of that art but unhappily there is none of significant standing (and means). (How about the Pulitzer Prizes, which have long overlooked film but might acknowledge its

critics?—Ed.) I can see no practical alternative but industry sponsorship.

The meaning of the awards would therefore depend entirely upon the character of the selections jury. It would have to be composed entirely of non-industry people who are conspicuously qualified for the special task. It should lean as heavily as possible upon former critics of entertainment arts and of journalism, if they are available, notably such figures as Brooks Atkinson, the former New York Times drama critic, Louis M. Lyons, retired curator of the Nieman Fellowships in journalism at Harvard, Norman Cousins, Howard Taubman and Marya Mannes.

Ingrid's Daughter Joins KGO Staff

San Francisco.

Ingrid Bergman's daughter, Pia Lindstrom, is joining the news staff of ABC-owned KGO-TV here as a general assignment reporter.

Femme has had video exposure via the station's daytime "A.M." show and recently did a similar chore for the ABC o&o in Chicago. She's also guested with the "What's My Line?" panel via CBS-TV.

San Antonio — Gary Allyn, disk jockey and announcer on KONO here has been promoted to post of program director for the outlet. He replaces Don Couser who has moved into the station's sales department.

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Corruption Eruption in Austria

By EMIL MAASS

Vienna.

This has been a year of scandals in Austria. Governmental corruption in the form bribes, kickbacks and financial finagling has been in the news all year, particularly regarding the construction industry, albeit show biz hasn't been spared its share of taint.

It's been disclosed that millions of dollars in tax coin have been squandered on bribes for high-ranking State officials, in return for their placing orders in the building trades. The State Auditing Office has also complained to the government about the fat expense accounts of some managers of state-subsidized legit houses. The watchdog bureau also rapped accounting practices at the Wien-Film studios. No branch of government that handles money has avoided investigation.

Show biz, whatever its share of guilt for the chicanery, has been hurt by the disclosures. Nightclub and theatre operators bemoan a dip in expense-account business cued by the auditors' charges of hanky-panky in that realm. The owners of "winegarden" restaurants complain that no one is buying the traditional Yule gifts for officialdom—bottles of a popular wine called "Heuriger."

One waggish composer has written an opus titled "Angina Pectoris Divertimento" as a "tribute" to the epidemic of corruption. Title refers to an outbreak of heart attacks among government officials arrested for wheeling-and-dealing.

RUMANIAN AMUSEMENTS

Bucharest Pleasant But Not Dynamic — Films Do Well — TV Seldom Hurtful — No Satire Or Jazz — Legit Hits Jammed—A Certain 'French' Atmosphere

By GENE MOSKOWITZ

Bucharest.

Bucharest, capital of the former Kingdom of Rumania, has over 1,300,000 people of the 17,000,000 in the whole nation. It is a wide, good looking city without the old quarters and ancient charms of other Danubian and Mittel-Europa cities. It is brisk, bustling with 11 legities, an opera house, 50 film theatres, a few niteries and plenty of restaurants that have music and singers. Show biz reflects the Communist regime and is nationalized, even though profits are welcome and incentives extended to participants.

It seems that till the turn-of-the-century most Rumanian structures were built of wood. Hence few survive. Old days are expressed in beautiful churches. Bucharest has wide boulevards like Paris, a mixture of Viennese, Czech and Magyar "overdecorated" architecture, plus some modern. It is an airy city that defies easy classification.

Rumania has balked at being used "agriculturally" in the Russo and Eastern Bloc economic scheme, had insisted upon industrialization. Politically it has flirted with Red China as well as Moscow.

Visible still are French pre-war cultural influences. French is still widely spoken and there is something of a skeptical attitude that may explain why conversation is outspoken (but rarely echoed on film soundtracks or other forms of amusement expression). Paradoxes a la Francaise: all alien films supposedly have to pass a special selection committee made up of government people and film reps but some releases can be brought in for fests, or film fairs without this committees' consent.

Entertainment is primarily a seller's mart and under the government. Yet must pay its way. Most feature films draw top attendance. Some play to as many as 1,000,000 admissions. Less popular films limp in with perhaps 300,000 or less, which is floppo.

Cheap entrance fees help and most legities are hard to get into. Any hit is tighter than a Broadway success.

Rumanians go for the generally commercial product which pleases the West. There are no "arty" houses or audiences. Quite new here are (a) film museum and (b) film clubs.

Faves from America have been "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (MG), "The Night of the Iguana" (UA) and "Summer and Smoke" (Par).

Rumania could not get "West Side Story." Yank indie about miscegenation, "One Potato, Two Potato," was bought and did quite alright. Attempts to get "Seven Days in May" fizzled out. But Rumanians seem content with the big scale epics, oaters, comedies, actioners and dramas.

There has been a decided attempt to lure Yank filmmakers here for coproductions for prestige, hard currency and for getting help in developing more technical knowhow. So far, vague. France is the busiest coproducer here. Di Laurentiis made overtures in 1966 respecting John Huston's "Water-

loo." D. Mandric, who heads the film studios here, talked with Paramount reps on a possible coproduction and Kirk Douglas.

Rumania has no developed star system but there is "clamor" for glamour. Jean Marais, French star and popular here, was mobbed for autographs like anywhere also while Sidney Chaplin's red MG spellbound local gawkers.

While Rumanians seem candid with foreigners, there is practically no satirical cabaret as in other Eastern Bloc countries, only fragmentary experimental theatre. Rare is the treatment of any current living problems on film, most dealing with the war and Communistic theology.

There is one nitery, The Melody, that has a show with production numbers and acts which might be tagged a provincial Lido. Costs about \$2 to see it, with one drink. There are singers in many of the better restaurants and a fine meal can be had from \$2 to \$5. Hotels are reasonable at about \$9 a day.

Television is about six years old with 500,000 sets, supported by license fees. It has not appreciably hurt films. However a British vidpic "The Saint" did cramp boxoffice, and not just cinematic.

Apparently there are no jazz clubs here as in other Eastern capitals though bands at restaurants can play old and New Yank songs. One encounters twist and frug. Bucharest is not exactly a swinging town but is active, has good food and okay accommodations.

Netherlands In, Drop to 36-Mil

Amsterdam.

Until 1956 everything was reasonably rosy in the Dutch cinema world. That year the number of cinemagoers reached a peak, but since then it has diminished by nearly half. The Dutch Cinema League has watched the decline, but could do nothing beyond lament television.

1965	36,390,000
1964	38,705,000
1963	43,100,000
1961	50,985,000
1960	69,940,000
1955	66,025,000
1953	63,655,000

Ice Star Marika Kilius Gliding Back to Films

Frankfurt.

World ice skating champ Marika Kilius, who gave up her cinema and ice show career for marriage, is returning to German films. The Frankfurt femme, whose initial picture "The Great Cure" earned \$1,000,000 and was the first Austrian film to win the German "Golden Screen" award, is making a sequel titled "The Great Luck."

Her partner again will be her figure-skating championship partner, Hans-Juergen Baumbler, who has been making films and disks as a singer.

Others, Not Usually Danes Themselves, Call Copenhagen A Fun Capital

By J. R. KEITH KELLER

Copenhagen.

Some call Stockholm the Venice of the North. Some call Copenhagen the Paris of the North. Well, Sweden's capital has its beautiful waterways all right, but in Copenhagen the "Parisian" fun has certainly quieted down considerably of late.

Still, we have overheard the publicity director of London's Savoy Hotel, Lewis Moskin, recommend Copenhagen over Paris to visiting Americans, and when asked what particular delights he was referring to, he right away ticked off the names of about 20 bars operating around the clock in downtown Copenhagen — and operating to the sound of music and plenty of feminine laughter.

The Copenhagen businessman who wants to take foreign guests to elegant restaurants-cum-entertainment has, however, practically nowhere to go these days—especially in the winter season when the admitted marvels of Tivoli Park are closed down.

City of 1,500,000

Of regular supperclubs with entertainment other than a subdued combo, and Italian-styled bourgeois-beat group or a lone pianist, Copenhagen, a city of 1,500,000 inhabitants, has only three or four, and of these only the Valencia and the Lorry book acts of just a reasonable international standing. During summer time, the Kystens Perle north of Copenhagen books major singing stars but sticks to bands during winter.

Unless the businessman wants to take his guests to the aforementioned all-night bars or to the roughly romantic Nyhavn where sailors of all nations lay solid foundations for week-long hangovers and where policemen, as an exception to all other streets in Copenhagen, always patrol in pairs, he must take refuge in one of the city's many fine restaurants.

How fine are these restaurants? Well, only a few live up to anything like Parisian standards. The small Coque d'Or does, and so does the Maritime, the Botanique, the a Porta and the Krog's Seafood Restaurant. Several hotel restaurants also boast a truly magnificent cuisine: The Palace, The Royal, d'Angleterre, The Hafnia, The Oesterport and The Cosmopolite.

For lunch, such small places as The Tokanten, The Galathea (mostly the younger crowd), Husmann's Kaelder, The Cheval Blanc, Oscar Davidson's (with plausibly the world's longest menu of open sandwiches), Karen Kik, Cafe Gylden and Allegade 10 are all worth a try, especially if you are ready to eat food of local flavor, which is much heavier than the French.

Discotheques

Copenhagen has only three discotheque clubs (and they are really private clubs) but for more subdued dancing in elegant surroundings, The Ambassadeur stands pretty much alone. For boisterous dancing with the beat-set, there is the Caroussel, The Hit House and The Star Club.

All in all, you cannot say that the restaurant business in Denmark is thriving. Two notable reasons: (1.) Danes love to entertain at home, and (2.) beer, liquor and wines are taxed way beyond justice save for the treasury department's.

Visiting Swedes still keep flocking to join the restaurant non-fun in Copenhagen though Stockholm has plenty of much more elegant restaurants and far more sophisticated supper-clubs. Why? A truly modest Dane would admit the main reason to be that everything in Sweden closes down at 1 a.m. before it gets a chance to warm up while the Danish restaurateurs are allowed to build up the mood as long as customers hold out.

As far as film theatres go, Copenhagen is one of the deadest in Europe. There are only 52 houses and this includes art theatres, re-run houses and suburban cinemas. This condition (film grosses remain good nevertheless) is due solely to the outdated license system that gives cinemas' management to old

party faithfuls rather than to the enterprisers of show business.

When Denmark's Social-Democratic government stepped down last fall, Secretary of Cultural Affairs had party support for an abolition of the license system, and any new Government, regardless, is sure to take some kind of amendment to a vote in the Folketinget during 1967.

But until a new law is passed, Danes as well as their foreign guests, particularly the tourists, will have little chance of seeing recent releases in Copenhagen but plenty of chance to catch up on the ones they neglected to catch in 1938 or 1948. A few Copenhagen cinema managers, notably The Imperial's Joergen Nielsen, The Alexandra's Thorvald Larsen, The Carlton's Ove Brusendorff, and The Camera's joint-leaders, Peter Refn and Knud Hauge, work hard at getting the best of the new international crop of films for early Danish preems—even when they might do what most of their license-favored colleagues do—just sit back and wait for the prices to drop and meanwhile give "Gone With The Wind" still another sure-fire re-run.

Language Barrier

Copenhagen live stage is hamstrung—as far as getting foreign guests inside—by the language barrier. But legitimate theatre business is bad in Copenhagen, anyway. A few off-Broadway-like houses take chances on the more advanced dramatic fare, but they often suffer heavy losses.

The Royal Ballet with such internationally acclaimed performers as Henning Kronstam, Niels Kehlet, Flemming Flindt (the present ballet master), Anna Laerkesen and Kirsten Simone remains a major attraction. Voices like Willy Hartmann's, Bonna Sonberg's and Lone Koppel's make the Royal Opera of Copenhagen well worth a visit, even by the fastidious.

Lively Longhair

The concert scene in Copenhagen is really lively. The Wilhelm Hansen agency, run by sisters Lone and Hanne Wilhelm Hansen, handles some of the world's biggest talents in the classical field. The agency recently brought Joan Sutherland to Copenhagen where she performed in three major works during the yearly Italian Opera Festival at the Falkoner Centret, a combined stage and concert hall that has presented Marcel Marceau and Maria Callas. The Falkoner Centret is run by Ingvar Blicher-Hansen, a flamboyant al means to bring top-rated talent.

Concert Halls, Yes!

Good concert halls are one of the real advantages Copenhagen holds over Stockholm. Copenhagen's Kastrup Airport being closer to the heart of Europe than Stockholm's Arlanda is another. Also, Danish television and radio always seem ready to add economically to the advantages of a star to stop over in Copenhagen.

Engstroem & Soedring and Mr. Goesta Schwarck are big importers of classical music's bigger and minor stars to Denmark, while The Scandinavian Booking Agency (Scandinavia's largest of its kind) and Bendix Music handle the pop scene which is bellowing lustily both in Copenhagen and in cities throughout the country.

The Scandinavian Booking Agency (SBA) scored a coup two years ago by bringing The Beatles to Copenhagen when the group was at the height of its fame. The agency has in the 1966-67 season handled concerts with Bob Dylan, Donovan, The Kinks, The Rolling Stones, Duke Ellington and Ella Fitzgerald, Erroll Garner, The Beach Boys, Granz' Jazz At The Philharmonic, Ravi Shankar, Ray Charles, Earl Hines and the Chancos Paris Festival, featuring Mouloudji and Nicole Louvier.

The Tivoli Concert Hall, the Falkoner Centret, The Odd Fellow Palais are all concert halls of acoustic and visual appeal to stars of any order. Copenhagen also has the huge, 6,000-seat K. B. Hall, a tomb for good acoustics but a

Paradise for the ye-ye crowd. Good performers can win through even here, though, and in this, the K. B. Hall resembles Chicago's Soldiers' Field.

A/S Teatermusik, an agency run jointly by Richard Stangerup and Yngve Oestergaard, has for three years successfully brought George Wein's International Jazz Festival to Copenhagen. This firm handled Holiday On Ice for 15 years, but H.O.I. now deals directly with the huge Forum exhibition hall management where its yearly show in Copenhagen usually is held over for close to two weeks.

Is Copenhagen really the fun capital of the North? Copenhageners are inclined to hibernate through the winter when their Tivoli is closed (and while the Tivoli Variety Hall's manager Eigil Swan is roaming the world to lasso in the really staggering big game of showbiz for his respected summer season), but the foreign guest would probably have to spend a couple of weeks in the Danish metropolis before he felt inclined to pass on.

Scotland Takes Slow Road For New 'Vaudeville'

By GORDON IRVING

Glasgow.

Vaude may be dying-out in the music-halls of Scotland, once the seed-bed of Sir Harry Lauder and Will Wyffe. But show business insiders see the live light-entertainment shows coming back slowly in new settings of lounge-bars, hotel cabaret floors and neighborhood hostleries.

It is a slow transition, still in the formative stage, with many errors being committed. Many of the clubs are too much on an amateur basis, with promoters intent on acts for small coin. Semi-professional talent makes do. Professionals have not yet fought the menace of poor fees and mediocre production.

Hotel cabaret is starting to catch on at last, although Scotland's outmoded drink laws, which forbid patrons to drink after 11 p.m. nightly, remain a major snag. Many hotels are launching into the entertainment game by operating Saturday night dinner-dances and supper-dances, with cabaret acts for variety.

Of the vaudeuries, only the Glasgow Metropole (operated by Scot comedian Jimmy Logan and his family), the Glasgow Pavilion and the Theatre Royal, Dundee, remain. The last-mentioned is fighting hard to survive in a once vaude-conscious city where, as in so many other centres, the customers prefer their entertainment at home, via the tv screen.

The Glasgow Pavilion flourishes with its annual summer layout, headed by the earthy comedian Lex McLean, and the Glasgow Metropole scores with its all-tartan winter revue, headed by comedienne Gracie Clark. The Metropole will, in 1967, aim at reviving old-time Victorian-age music-hall.

The Alhambra Theatre, Glasgow, plushy Howard & Wyndham house, keeps up the highest standards with its May-to-October revues, titled "Five Past Eight." These are lavish and costly shows, staged by Dick Hurren, and using artistes of international calibre, including American acts for specialties. A recent trend here has been to headline English comedians instead of local Scot funny-men.

Threat to closure of live theatres has been considerable, with Howard & Wyndham announcing that they have been losing coin. A special effort has been obvious in bringing out leading London plays and musicals to the King's Theatre, Glasgow, which is rumored as a likely base for Glasgow's new civic theatre. A plan for a giant Culture Center for Glasgow is still in the works.

Frye Fries But Israeli Actress (A Neo-Ph.D.) Has 'Last Word'

By MEYER LEVIN

Tel Aviv. Talking back is an Israeli art, which anyone who has made even the shortest visit here will have encountered. The "last word" mentality goes all the way from the tourist guide to the Knesset (Parliament) member. But the art is developed to a high point in an area where discipline is supposed to rule—the theatre. To my astonishment, I found it also working at full strength in an institution where discipline does rule—the army. Let me hasten to say that my little sample was not garnered from the army in the field, but only the army in the theatre. The Israeli actor is a master of the final retort, in uniform or in costume.

This season, Israel's brand new Soldier's Theatre, organized by director Peter Frye for the Educational Wing of the Armed Forces, undertook the production of my dramatization of "The Diary of Anne Frank," a version which had never been produced—but that is another story. A long running battle, including court interludes, it will be remembered, has gone on for a decade in the United States over this subject, and the standing joke now is that I had to get the Israeli army behind me to win my point, and prove the play stage-worthy.

But this involved some internal skirmishes. Part of the last word between Israeli soldier-actors and the director. Sample: the director has been trying to get an actress to unfold a tablecloth. No Actors Studio-type psychologizing is required, only a simple bit of stage business.

After 15 minutes of discussion as to how the tablecloth shall be unfolded, and whether it is really she who ought to unfold it, the weary director says, "Look, just do as I say. Unfold the tablecloth. We've exhausted the subject."

Actress: Perhaps you have exhausted the subject from your side but I still have something to say—

Director (even more wearily): All right, this is a democracy, even in the Army Theatre. Say it.

The actress repeats everything she has said before.

Director: Now, have you said everything you have to say on the subject? Will you permit me to make a decision?

Actress: Why do you pick on me?

Director: Look, please, I beg you, we have only a limited amount of time—

Actress: You want us to understand what we are doing. Well, I am only trying to understand it—

Director: I've explained. It is a simple bit of stage business. No deep motivation is required. Now, just do it.

Actress: I am not stupid.

Director: Who even suggested you were stupid? I wish you were! Look, everywhere else in the world, if a director tells an actor how to do something, the actor is grateful. He does it. He says "Thank you, Sir" and does it!

The entire cast hangs on this point of the battle, fascinated.

Actress (last word): Perhaps everywhere else in the world the director says "Please."

The director turns away, facing the wall, to conceal ultimate exasperation, tears of rage, admiration-in-spite-of-himself. Finally he turns back. He has lost. He dare not even make it sarcastic. "Please unfold the tablecloth," he says. She does, beautifully.

That's only an average trivial exchange. The real battle comes with another actress, on the night of the dress rehearsal. This is not an ordinary dress rehearsal with its myriad last-minute problems of props and light-cues. In Israel, every occasion is special. The special part of this occasion is the presence of the brass. For another side-battle has been going on, in the army itself, over the theatre project. Why do we have to go into show business? The brass is divided on the subject and tonight the doubters must be convinced.

Due to a little disturbance on the Syrian border, they arrive an hour late.

That means the dress rehearsal will extend after midnight. Now, another actress has already given notice that she must go home at 11:30 at the latest. This girl is no longer in the army, but she has remained in the cast. Meanwhile she has arranged to take her examinations at the Tel Aviv University for her degree in Philosophy. Tomorrow morning, she says, she has a crucial exam, and she must get a good night's sleep.

Finally, with the Syrian border quieted, and the brass in their seats, the rehearsal begins. All goes amazingly well. There are even a few critics present for an unofficial preliminary peep and after the first act, they declare the army has done something great.

There is an entire younger generation that doesn't understand what happened to the Jews in Europe, and this play will teach them. It is to tour highschools as well as army camps. Even the opposition brass now allows it to be assumed that the whole project was their own idea. Frye is glowing.

But at the end of the second act, the philosophy-exam actress starts to change into her own clothes. It is 11:30. The stage manager reminds her there is another act. "I said I was leaving at 11:20 and I have to leave." The stage manager comes running out to the lobby and whispers to Frye who is cheerily explaining to a Colonel his future plans for the Soldier's Theatre. "But she can't go! There's another act!"

"She's going!"

Desperately, Frye excuses himself. He grabs hold of the liaison officer for the theatrical project. "Go tell her she has to stay." The officer, a paratroop Major, runs backstage, and in a moment returns, pale. "She says she told you in advance and that's that."

"Tell her it's an army order!"

"I can't give her an order. She's out of the army."

Meanwhile the Colonel has caught on. Frye asks if the order, or request, can be made in his name? He gives permission. The liaison officer runs back to the actress, who has one of the key roles.

In a moment she appears in her street clothes, on the way out. We stop her in the aisle. "How can you? This is the theatre! People just don't do such things in the theatre! It's a question of 40 minutes!"

"It's my final exam," she says. And leave she does.

Well, fortunately, the big brass is making a big speech to the press. He goes on for quite a while, then notices it is late, who knows what the Syrians may be up to at dawn, and decides that two acts were enough to convince him to give the project the fullest support.

The third act is called off.

The next night the actress happily tells everyone she passed her exam! When the play opens she is a great hit. Where but in Israel!

ATHENS ADMISSIONS GIVEN BY NATIONS

Athens.

Yankee-made features continue to predominate in the capital city of Athens, going by available data at the end of March, 1966. Here's the lineup, parenthetic figure is number of features in circulation, followed by the ticket sale for the country.

U.S.	(159)	3,630,625
Greece	(82)	2,175,636
France	(45)	933,803
Italy	(37)	573,911
Britain	(25)	373,306
Russia	(14)	228,633
Germany	(15)	157,802
Sweden	(4)	145,015
Others	(18)	228,470

Ben-Ari Igal Series

London.

Ben-Ari, a 27-year-old Israeli producer, is to start filming the Igal Series, three short documentaries which he devised with Anthony Greville-Bell and which the latter scripted.

The three films are being made in cooperation with Little King and Partners, and the titles are "Nuisance Value," "The Happy Wanderer" and "The Columbus Gang." All will be directed by Terry Bishop.

Ben-Ari, who has directed plays in Israel and studied at the Habima Theatre studios, has also trained at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

No Contest Race; U.S. Tops Swiss Film B.O. in '66

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

Put 1966 down as a banner year for Yank distributors in Switzerland. Not only did American films grab the lion's share of this year's playing time on Swiss screens, with grosses to match, but some of the European product figuring among 1966's above-par grossers was either American-backed or handled by U.S. distributors.

During the first six months of 1966, six out of the 10 top-grossing films came from the U.S., whilst a seventh, "Viva Maria," though substantially French, was backed and released world-wide by United Artists. Same company had "Thunderball," a smash grosser here, as well as "What's New Pussycat?" which, surprisingly, did well here despite original skepticism that it might be considered "too American" by the staid Swiss.

"Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines" (20th) and "Lady L" (MGM) were also among the boxoffice winners, whilst the secret agent cycle, a hot b.o. commodity here, was repped by such items as "The Silencers" (Col), "Our Man Flint" (20th) and, later in the year, Italy's "Seven Golden Men" and "Modesty Blaise," also from Fox. None of them, however, came near the amazing coin racked up by the James Bond opus.

The fall-winter season started out with a bang via the Swiss premiere, a gala charity affair, of Metro's "Doctor Zhivago" at the Le Plaza in Geneva, Sept. 7. In its first few weeks already, it broke all records, surpassing even Metro's own all-time winner "Ben-Hur." Judging by its boxoffice stamina and staying power in initial dates, the David Lean film looks to become one of the top grossers in Swiss film annals. Controversy triggered the financial success of the Gualtiero-Jacopetti film, "Africa Addio," in Zurich and Basle where protest actions, demonstrations and generally thumbs-down reviews did not prevent it from doing SRO business.

The pairing of such boxoffice names as Audrey Hepburn-Peter O'Toole and Sophia Loren-Gregory Peck was responsible for such clicks as "How To Steal A Million" (20th Fox) and "Arabesque" (Universal), whilst piled-on star power may also be the key factor in "Battle of the Bulge" (WB) and the UNESCO-sponsored "Poppy Is Also A Flower," although the latter showed signs of tapering off due to mixed word-of-mouth and ditto reviews.

"Sound of Music," 20th's all-time top grosser, was quite uneven here, being just fair in such key cities as Zurich, Basle and Lausanne but considerably better in Berne and Geneva. In the latter city, it even registered an over five months' longrun although only in small houses. "Music," as disclosed from Munich during 1966, was caught in the Germans' sensitivity to reminders of Nazis.—(Ed.)

Swiss film production was at an alltime low in 1966, with only two entries, both coproductions with Germany and/or France. Both films, "Der Erst stellt fest" ("The Doctor's Diagnosis") and "Un Milliard dans un Billard" ("A Billion in a Billiard Table"), did reasonably well, however. 1967 looks to show an improvement on the local production scene, with two-to-three Swiss entries expected to be ready for release by early January.

English-Language Films Made In Spain

1960

"King of Kings" (MGM): Samuel Bronston produced and Nicholas Ray directed from Philip Yordan's screenplay. Jeffrey Hunter as Christ. Siobhan McKenna, Hurd Hatfield, Robert Ryan, Ron Randall, Viveca Lindfors and many others. Biblical marked Bronston's take-over of Chamartin Studios as a base for years of blockbuster production.

"El Cid" (AA): Another big Bronston production went before cameras in Nov. Charlton Heston-Sophia Loren vehicle was in filming almost six months under Anthony Mann's direction. Interiors filled stage space at Chamartin, Sevilla and CEA Studios. This was subsequently Bronston's best world grosser.

"Revolt of the Slaves" (UA): Spain, Italy and Germany grouped in one of the early three-way European coproductions. Stars Rhonda Fleming and Jeffries Lang. UA financed.

"The Singer Not the Song" (Rank): John Mills, Dirk Bogarde and Mylene Demongeot filmed exteriors only along the Malaga Coast.

1961

"Lawrence of Arabia" (Col): David Lean came out of the Jordan Desert to resume shooting the bulk of the Sam Spiegel production in Seville and the Almeria province, where many of the spectacular action sequences were filmed.

"The Happy Thieves" (UA): First of the Richard Condon novels adapted for the James Hill production starring Rita Hayworth, Rex Harrison, Alida Valli and Virgilio Teixeira entirely in and around Madrid. First instance of foreign film processing in Spanish labs.

"Billy Budd" (AA): Peter Ustinov directed and coproduced with Ronnie Lubin. Robert Ryan, Terence Stamp (in title role) and Melvyn Douglas starred on the high seas offshore Alicante.

"H.M.S. Defiant" (Col): British producer Lord Brabourne remodeled the "Billy Budd" frigates built for "John Paul Jones" and filmed the Alec Guinness-Dirk Bogarde starrer in deep Mediterranean waters.

"Mysterious Island" (Col): Producer Charles Schnee starred Michael Craig and Joan Greenwood in Ray Harryhausen's Dynamation.

"Jason and the Argonauts" (Col): Charles Schnee and Ray Harryhausen again mixed live action and animation. Todd Armstrong and Nancy Novak star.

"The Magic Fountain": Fernando Lamas took over the helm for this U.S.-Spanish coproduction and co-starred in it with Esther Williams.

1962

"55 Days at Peking" (AA): Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, David Niven and thousands of extras filled the huge Peking set outside Madrid in another Samuel Bronston epic that took months and millions to film. Nick Ray directed with an assist from Andrew Marton.

"Son of Captain Blood": Harry Joe Brown assigned Argentine director Tullio Demichelli to handle debut of Sean Flynn in a swash-buckler remake. Yakima Canutt supervised action unit.

"Savage Guns" (MGM): First full-length western in Spain stars Richard Basehart, Alex Nicol, Don Taylor and Paquita Rico. A U.S.-Spanish coproduction.

"The Running Man" (Col): Carol Reed directed Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick and Alan Bates on exteriors from Malaga to Gibraltar.

"Act of Mercy" (WB): Malaga Coast was again picked to background the David Niven-Leslie Caron starrer for director Anthony Asquith. A Concorde-Cavalcade coproduction.

"Woman of Straw" (UA): Off-shore and onshore locations in Majorca. Stars Gina Lollobrigida, Sean Connery and Ralph Richardson.

"The Castilian" (WB): A Sidney Pink costumer of Old Castile with a cast topped by Espartaco Santoni, Cesar Romero, Brod Craw-

1963

ford and Frankie Avalon (as a troubador).

"Fall of the Roman Empire" (Par): Anthony Mann in an out-sized epic for Samuel Bronston. Sophia Loren tops cast with Stephen Boyd, Alec Guinness, James Mason, Christopher Plummer, Anthony Quayle, John Ireland, Mel Ferrer and Omar Sharif.

"Circus World" (Par): Frank Capra yielded to Henry Hathaway who jumped off in Barcelona with John Wayne, Rita Hayworth and Claudia Cardinale. Complete Althoff Circus was just one item in the Bronston budget.

"The Thin Red Line" (AA): Phil Yordan's Security Pictures and director Andrew Marton set the James Jones story of World War II Pacific warfare in Castile with Keir Dullea and Jack Warden topping the cast. Interiors at Bronston Studios.

"The Ceremony" (UA): Laurence Harvey produced and directed himself in starring role. John Ireland had to helicopter between "Roman Empire" and "Ceremony" for weeks on end. Tangier prison reproduced on Seville sound stages.

"Gunfighters of Casa Grande" (MGM): Roy Rowland directed the Lester Welch coproduced western (with Tecisa of Spain). Alex Nicol, Jorge Mistral and Steve Rowland head the cast.

1964

"Pleasure Seekers" (20th-Fox): Jean Negulesco filmed exteriors in Madrid and down south near Malaga with a young cast headed by Ann-Margret, Carol Lynley, Pamela Tiffin, Anthony Franciosa and Gardner McKay. Exteriors only; interiors at Fox Studios, Hollywood.

"Truth About Spring" (U): Former Bronston associate Alan Brown won his producer spurs with this seagoing adventure comedy filmed with Hayley Mills, John Mills and Charles MacArthur along the Costa Brava.

"Masquerade" (U): Cliff Robertson, Jack Hawkins and Marisa Mell came to Alicante for exteriors only and director moved back to London studios after the six-week location schedule.

"Crack in the World" (Par): A Security sci-fi feature starring Dana Andrews, Janette Scott and Kieron Moore under Andrew Marton's direction. Interiors at CEA Studios.

"White Savage" (AA): A low-budget Security South Seas comedy filmed with Janette Scott and Kieron Moore on a plantation estate outside Madrid. Gregg Tallas directed.

"Joaquin Murieta" (WB): Jose Vicens's Pro Artis Films footed a \$300,000 bill to produce solo when a U.S. partner dropped out. George Sherman directed a cast topped by Jeff Hunter and Arthur Kennedy.

"Son of a Gunfighter" (MGM): Another Lester Welch coproduced western starring Russ Tamblyn under Paul Landress' direction.

"El Greco" (20th-Fox): Locations only in historic Toledo. Interiors and other exteriors in Italy. Mel Ferrer plays the title role with Rosanna Schiaffino. An Italian-French coproduction packaged by Ferrer.

"The Hill" (MGM): Ken Hyman and director Sidney Lumet filmed major part of shooting schedule on exterior in Almeria. Star is Sean Connery.

"Finger on the Trigger": A Sidney Pink western starring Rory Calhoun. Filmed mainly on location in Almeria.

"Player Pianos": An English-language French-Spanish coproduction starring Melina Mercouri, James Mason and Hardy Kruger under the direction of Juan Antonio Bardem in the Costa Brava resort town of Cadaques.

"For a Handful of Dollars": First of the Clint Eastwood hit caters directed by Sergio Leone. The exteriors are Spanish.

1965

"Doctor Zhivago" (MGM): David Lean prominently drum-majored the biggest year of U.S. and English-language filmmaking to date in Spain. The Carlo Ponti production was nine months in filming

(Continued on page 168)

West Berlin: 1966

By HANS HOEHN

Best native pic....."Der Junge Toerless"
 Best foreign pic....."Un homme, une femme" (French)
 Most remarkable native songstress.....Hildegard Knef (Neff)
 Most remarkable foreign songstress.....Esther Ofarim (Israel)
 Most remarkable foreign pop singer.....Frank Sinatra
 Most remarkable native pop singer.....Peter Beil
 Best actor here.....Curt Bois (several plays)
 Best actress.....Heli Finkenzeller (in a Noel Coward comedy)
 Best local beat group.....The Lords
 Best foreign beat group.....The Who (of England)
 Best native tv actress.....Nicole Heesters (in Brecht's "Sezuan")
 Best native tv actor.....Klaus Schwarzkopf (in "I Was Selumiel")
 Best opera singer.....Fritz Wunderlich (who died, at 36, in Sept.)
 Most sympathetic conductor.....George Solti
 Most cheered conductor.....Herbert von Karajan
 Best ice show.....Viennese Ice Revue
 Most imaginative nightclub operator.....Rolf S. Eden
 Best jazz presentation.....
 The (four) Jazz Days here, under Joachim E. Behrendt
 Best radio station.....AFN-Berlin
 Most popular tv programs.....soccer games during the World Cup in England
 Funniest visitor.....Milton Berle

MADRID MINUS MANANA

By HANK WERBA

Madrid. The age of progress has radically changed the face of Spain during the past decade. In its wake came the transformation of Madrid from a slightly larger than provincial city to a booming metropolis stretching farther and farther into the Castilian plains. Madrid is fast losing its "tomorrow is another day" insouciance and coming to grips with the nerve-racking offshoots of the electronic era.

To most non-Spaniards, something of the soul of Spain is being sacrificed to the impressive progress evident on all sides. But a nation in the throes of a double-time economic surge can hardly be criticized if its inhabitants regretfully turn their shoulders on siestas, terrace talk, and slow-shuffle living to contest energetically for wealth.

Madrid has doubled in size since 1956 and so has its population. Entire areas are filled with semi-skyscraper apartment buildings of recent vintage which add a bright new look to one of the youngest cities in Spain. Madrid was only a village in the 16th century when Philip II decided to transfer the throne seat from Toledo to the banks of the Manzanares.

A city, once placidly filled with promenades and greenery, is quickly shedding its tree-lined sidewalks and streetwalks to meet a traffic onslaught that has its citizens protesting indignantly from every public forum. Municipal authorities are pondering overhead traffic levels and wholesale clearance of monuments, squares, and historic circles to make way for more than half a million vehicles now choking the thoroughfares of the Spanish capital city. When the Sierra winds die down, the first signs of fume-filled smog clouds the Castellana.

Another cloud is the rapidly rising cost of living. Like the recoil of a spring suddenly released, wages and prices—frozen for years—spiraled as government authorities loosened their grip on the national economy and set a drastic course of bettering living standards. For those who recall the menus of yesteryear at their favorite eateries, the comparison with prices today is somewhat alarming. La Nota has, since 1956, at least doubled, and in many cases tripled. This is equally true all along the tourist and entertainment front.

Theatre admissions, once 75c to \$1 top, are now up to a \$1.85 and occasionally go as high as \$2.50 (for "The Man From La Mancha"). Madrid cinema tabs, however, have only risen about 15% with outer limit of \$1.35.

Surprisingly enough hotel construction has not kept pace with the building boom. The only sizable addition being the Luz Palacio, owned by a Spanish consortium of real estate interests. Hilton is building new hotels in Marbella and Barcelona and it is reported quietly preparing to break ground in Madrid.

The trend in nighteries closely follows the effects of modernization. A bouncy young generation has provided an audience big enough to encourage the appearance of specialized youth boites. Recent prohibition of public dance-

ing for youngsters under 18 will hinder, but not stop the trend.

Flamenco, too, is building bigger and better temples. Corral de la Moreria and El Duende were favorites of the aficionados 10 years ago and beloved by tourists today. Two others, Torre Bermejas and Los Canasteros, opened during the past few years and now rank with their predecessors. A \$2.50 entrance minimum predominates. For \$5 a head and up it is possible to dine late in style at the Corral and Torre Bermejas and sip a digestif through the continuous group and solo performances until the 4:30 a.m. closing hour.

Madrid will continue to be a film production center for Hollywood and international producers. There is a growing tendency to bewail sharply rising costs but final comparison figures with neighboring countries and Hollywood generally show an edge still for Spain.

Young Directors Disappoint B.A. As 2d Pix Fail

Buenos Aires.

Encouraged by Leopoldo Torre Nilsson's 1957 "La Casa del Angel" (The End of Innocence) and subsequent work, a crop of new filmmakers emerged as from 1958 and played a key role in Argentine production until 1962. Along with dozens of less gifted young colleagues, Rodolfo Kuhn, Lautaro Murua, David Kohon, Jose Martinez Suarez and Ricardo Alventosa did their promising appearance. Unfortunately, most of them rated below expectations on second try. They adhered to contemporary trends but, generally speaking, they failed to capture the Argentine reality, from simple mannerisms and patterns of behavior up to social and psychological conflicts.

Thus the new generation output, although winning several awards at international events, didn't get audience response at home. It later lost the backing that it initially had from prominent foreign critics.

As the prestige of the young faded, production turned to standard commercial lines to lure back audiences. Several comedies and musicals attained that end last year and the new output is following same path. A number of co-productions (with U.S., France and Britain) seem headed toward other genres such as drama, suspense, spectacle and sex (this department always having Liberated Leblanc and Luis Solli as top attractions). Neither the action cater nor the suspenseing have been tried, probably due to both insufficient know-how and budget limitations.

Meanwhile, Kuhn had an interesting comeback with "El Otro Gomez" and Leonardo Favre artistically scored with his first epic, "Cronica de un nino solo," thus renewing hopes for creative film work in the country. Torre Nilsson is currently lensing abroad.

More Manhattan & Paris Recall

By ROBERT BARAL

Quick access to telephone numbers is a must for the pressagent, socialite or grocer. Two choice lists unearthed here, one of New



Robert Baral

York — the other from Paris, provide an excellent chart for show biz fads and fancies. They span the years 1915-1930 mostly.

Dine and dance is the big sell on both lists, which are pre-discotheque. Whoever had them handy certainly got around—he knew New York and Paris.

First the New York listing. It starts off with the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, credited as the daddy of all super-midnight haunts. It was above 42d St. atop the New Amsterdam Theatre and seated around 300. It was an aerial retreat created by Florenz Ziegfeld Jr., decorated by Josef Urban and sparked with the most beautiful girls in the world—the Ziegfeld Girls. It opened in 1915.

A sliding stage, glass balconies, wooden hammers, pogo races, fishing contests (many of these stunts crop up in the Lido in Paris today, also other niteries) were all a part of this operation. Then after the show the girls came over to the tables and asked you to dance. Everything was chummy and tony. The telephone rang a lot here—the place was jammed until Prohibition came along.

Reisenweber's near Columbus Circle was the Cheekah of the day. New York got its first taste of Dixieland jazz here. Sophie Tucker also worked overtime with her lusty songs.

Palais Royal That Was

Moving farther down into midtown Times Square, the Palais Royal was located where the Latin Quarter is today. John Murray Anderson, a former ballroom dancer, produced miniature revues here which eventually expanded into the "Greenwich Village Follies" in Sheridan Square. These were not the usual Broadway honky tonk floorshows, they were replete with furs and frills and considered classy. This was in 1917.

When Prohibition stalked in, the speakeasies sprouted. The Parody, where Clayton Jackson & Durante held forth, recalls this whoopee era at its brassiest. The Silver Slipper, where Van & Schenck were very popular, did much the same thing, only with a little more room.

Harlem came into vogue then—the Cotton Club, Connie's Inn, Club Alabam, all made history with their plantation revues. New York moved uptown around 135th St. to catch Florence Mills. Cab Calloway, Adelaide Hall, Eubie Blake, Noble Sissle, Miller & Lyles, Bessie Smith, Ethel Waters, Louis Armstrong, Gladys Bentley, Bojangles, among many other vibrant talents. George Gershwin wrote "Sweet and Low Down" to complement the Harlem night life. Some wag pinned it all down to "Papa, Mama, Baby, Daddy, Down in Tennessee." All of these places had private numbers too, but they aren't included. Police grapevine needed privacy to pass raids were frequent and the word along.

Europe beckoned—and Florence Mills went under the C. B. Cochran management in London in a revue, "Dover Street to Dixie." She was a sensation. Josephine Baker, a glowing choline in "Shuffle Along," went to Paris and introduced the Charleston in "Revue Negre." She graduated to the Folies-Bergere and turned the lobby into a Parisian kinko fair. During intermission, she autographed programs, passed out candy and shook everyone's hand. By now her hair was lacquered and the Parisian designers were having a field day with her outfits. Sometimes on stage she wore less than required. After the show, the bistros took over and breakfast in Montmartre was the last stop.

the svelte ballroom teams ran the show. Maurice & Walton were first on the scene, followed by the Vernon (Irene) Castles. None of these dancers ever took a formal lesson—they mastered a step and made it their own. They were born dancers, a rare category today.

Tango Rage, 1912

Paris started the tango rage around 1912. It was imported from South America and given a Parisian wink. A Brazilian dancer named Duque was the first to win attention with this languorous dance. The maxixe and fado came next and were the forerunners of the rhumba and samba. It was Maurice who really spearheaded the tango on both sides of the Atlantic. The waltz just disappeared.

Maxim's in Paris was the plushy spot for years. This is where those femmes fatale, Cleo de Merode, Liane de Pougy, La Belle Otero and Emilienne d'Alencon sported their jewels, egrets, monocles, furs and lovers. They were the Zsa Zsa Gabor of La Belle Epoque. It was just before World War I when Maurice stepped out.

Contrary to popular belief, Maurice (Mouvet) was not born in Europe. He was of Belgian descent, and was born on West 20th St. in the Old Chelsea area of New York. His family moved to Europe when he was a teenager, first to London and then to Paris. When he was 14 he obtained work as a page at the Automobile Club, closely to Maxim's and the Nouveau Cirque. He heard the dance music from the sidewalk, managed to peek in and saw the dancing. This fascinated him and he started polishing his own steps. When he was 15 years old he was paid 50c. a night to dance at the Nouveau Cirque. In 1910 he discovered the Apache.

This roughhouse routine straight from the Parisian dives had a definite story line. A cigaret, a push and then the hairpulling started. Parisian bon ton loved it, maybe for the Freudian undercurrents, and it caught on in the music halls and cabarets. Maurice made it sexier—he used the Apache as an opener, then returned for the tango.

Maurice came to New York before World War I and appeared in several musicals with his first partner, Madelaine D'Arville. After a time she left him and Joan Sawyer was selected as his next partner. She didn't last long as she left the stage for marriage. It was Ziegfeld who introduced Florence Walton to Maurice. She became his first stellar partner and soon the team of Maurice & Walton was established. He had his own supper club also, Chez Maurice close to the theatre district. Maurice & Walton appeared regularly in London, Paris and New York—they danced before royalty, received fancy gifts, and were dined and wined in the best houses when they weren't dancing themselves. They were the first big international dancing stars.

Maurice & Walton were married for nine years. His ensuing partners were all lovelies: Leonora Hughes, Barbara Bennett and Eleanor Ambrose, his last wife. He died in 1927. Florence Walton lives in New York mostly with trips to Paris and Venice where she maintains residences.

Vernon & Irene Castle

As the tango wore on The Castles loomed next on the ballroom scene with the foxtrot. This was in 1914. Vernon and Irene Castle had run off and got married very young and gone to Paris. This is where they started dancing for their supper. Shrewd publicity of the time skyrocketed their youthful appeal.

On returning to New York, one class magazine ran a fullpage picture of them on deck—the caption read: "...steaming up the Hudson, past Castle Garden at the Battery and Castle Point in Hoboken, both named in their honor (sic), the Castles have come home." No editor today would accept that blurb. Castle Garden was Jenny Lind's stomping ground downtown, and Castle Point was the rural manse of the Stevens family, which is now the site of Stevens Institute. Elizabeth Mar-

bury, an astute business woman, steered them through the Broadway whirl. Their appearance in "Watch Your Step" with Irving Berlin's ragtime songs and Irene Castle's chiffons from Lucille (clept Lady Duff-Gordon) made them a smash hit. Fashionwise Irene Castle is rated a genius.

Also individually, Maurice and Irene Castle are identified as the greatest ballroom dancers in the spotlight. They never danced together—their personalities would have clashed. They set a glossy pattern for polished dancing which has never been topped.

After them came the deluge—Moss & Fontana, Gomez & Winona, the DeMarcos, Cortez & Peggy, Clifton Webb & Mary Hay, George Murphy (now U.S. Senator, Calif.-R.) & Julie Johnson, and many more. The late "Belvedere" of the cinema is the same Clifton Webb, of course. No hotel or club could open without an ace dance team signed for a few weeks. These dance acts acquired followings which assured managements of sellout business.

Russki Influence

Scanning the Paris list again, it is evident the boite intime flourished after World War I. Le Boeuf Sur le Toit was made famous by the patronage of Jean Cocteau and his circle. The Russian influence crept in with a certain phony aura and set a new vogue. Dora Stroeva, a sad-eyed Russian of severe cut, strummed her guitar at Chez Fysher. Irving Berlin on a scouting trip to Paris caught her act, and signed her for his "Music Box Revue" in New York. Bricktop, a spirited vocalist from the States, was a draw at Florence's. This spot was really a breakfast haunt after a night on the town.

Elsa Maxwell, her party days just beginning, joined with Edward Molyneux, the fashion creator, and opened Les Aracias night club. She imported Clifton Webb to dance with Jenny Dolly (she wore a cape of fresh gardenias every night to feature their dance, suitably called "Fragrance D'Amour"). The next Maxwell-Molyneux venture was called Le Jardin de Ma Soeur. It practically revolutionized the first cafe society clique in Paris. The publicity gimmick here was snob appeal. Josephine Baker was the opening night attraction. Both clubs lost money though.

The French flair for al fresco dining made much of flowers and trees. If they couldn't get the real verdure to grow they had decorators paint them on in trompe l'oeil. Even today the Ritz puts electric fans behind the bushes to create a soft summer breeze.

New York's favorite sylvan dine-and-dance was the Central Park Casino near 72d Street. Beautifully styled and decorated by Josef Urban it was the posh rendezvous for the elite up to and through the early '30s: Ethel Merman sang there, Eddy Duchin played, Leo Reisman played, Morton Downey sang, and Mayor James J. Walker had his own special table reserved nightly for his guest, Betty Compton. A. J. Drexl Biddle Jr. was chairman of the board. Many claim this setting of trees and New York skyline beats anything operating today. The city fathers, headed by Robert Moses, didn't like the idea though and ordered the place shuttered. It is a playground for kiddies now.

This was the era of the big name bands and all the hotels presented them. Benny Goodman, Glen Gray, Ben Bernie, Buddy Rogers, Emil Coleman, the Dorseys started swinging and reservations were hard to handle. Ballroom teams were now dated and so far this form of entertainment has not returned.

The discotheques dancing leans more toward jungle rites than anything else. The Stork Club has disappeared, El Morocco continues to be swank, the Four Seasons does just that, changes the decor with the seasons, and the Rainbow Room tops the RCA Bldg. Any direct dine & dance appeal, in the fashionable sense, is sublimated. The dial system has completely replaced the old telephones.

Barcelona Legit Totals Three Stars

Juan Capri Acts in Catalan, the Local Language—Seaport's Great Zest Remains Cinema—Cabarets Hit By Law Against Minors, May Crimp Biz and Musical Employment—Liceo Opera One of Best in Europe

By JOAQUINA CABALLOL

Barcelona.

It is sad having to admit that the legit stage in Barcelona, a city of over 2,000,000 inhabitants, barely stays alive. It has not disappeared altogether due no doubt to a miracle but the brave companies which now and again arrive from Madrid for a short engagement earn no profits and seemingly come here for prestige and nothing else.

Barcelona can boast of a very good legit actor called Juan Capri who acts only in Catalan (the local language), and being so good fills the house every time he appears. His great success last season was "Mossen Ventura" a play relating a period of the life of a priest who after many years comes across the woman he had loved but on being disappointed by her, he became a priest. This play lasted several months in the Romea Theatre. This year Capri has another success in "El doctor imaginari." All plays in which Capri acts have a comic look on life and a moral.

Another case of another actor's success is Paco Martinez Soria. He acts in Spanish plays only and is also a comedian. Alberto Closas, an actor of some international renown, acted for a season in Paris in French. Closas is of a more dramatic mold. Apart from these three actors no one seems to care much in Barcelona about "the legitimate."

Not Question of Money

The lack of legit theatre audiences cannot be blamed on the price of admission tickets as when there is some show that Barcelona people fancy they pay whatever is asked.

After 49 years of absence from Spain of any kind of authentically Russian entertainment, the Moiseyev Dance Co. of Moscow came in 1966 on an exchange deal with a Russian troupe going to Moscow. First performance by Moiseyev was a gala at the Liceo Opera House where prices ranged from a low of \$4, very high for Spain (house was capacity 3,000). Thereafter Russians moved to the Palacio de Deportes and tickets were \$2-3 with a capacity 7,500. They gave 10 performances and the house sold out every night.

Films Dominant

It continues true that films are the big regular amusement of Barcelona. There are 29 first-run houses, 56 second-run and three Cinerama installations. American production occupies the first place in playing time. Barcelona film fans talk pictures a lot, are knowledgeable about stars, directors and even producers.

Night Clubs

Cabarets of varying sizes and quality also do fairly well here. This is a cosmopolitan seaport and a very alert commercial centre so there are always a lot of businessmen visiting.

Lately a law has been put into action which was issued some years ago, which forbids all youngsters below 18 to attend cabaret locales. This law has created panic among the youngsters, not to say the proprietors and musicians. It is supposed that about 700 dance music combos exist in Spain.

Opera

Opera is important in Barcelona. Every year from early November through February, depending on Lent, the Liceo is in repertory. Only recently has Madrid reopened its long closed opera house. So Barcelona alone represented Spain in lyric drama.

Success of the Liceo lies in it being a private concern and that the greater part of the audience takes a season ticket. There remains always a busy "black market" in such tickets.

The season 1966-67 consists of 52 performances with 17 different operas. Among the singers are the following names: Victoria de

los Angeles, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Monteserrat Caballe, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ivan Petrov, Ivo Vinco, Jaime Aragall and Manuel Ausensi.

Concerts

Palacio de la Musica for concerts and longhair music has no definite season nor continuity of performances. But starting in November every Sunday afternoon there is a concert and if something very exceptional, at night one day in the week. Palacio was expressly built for concerts and is the home of the "Orfeo Catala" choral institution. It can seat 2,500 persons.

Jets Put New Zealand Into Modern Era, Local Show Biz Growing Up

By D. G. DUBBELT

Auckland, N.Z.

Until recently New Zealand was the remotest of the remote areas but the jets are bringing in a new stream of people, of whom one was the President of the United States. Whether this will gradually erase N.Z.'s reputation for being Hicksville's furthest-outpost remains to be established.

Many shows and artists have come this way and, in a few cases, conquered. Notable successes include the Danish-Dutch folk duo Nina and Frederik and English jazzman Acker Bilk and his band. These appeared under the Kerridge-Odeon banner, the cinema-chain, tourist and hotel corporation which is, along with the New Zealand Broadcasting Corporation, the country's largest importer of entertainment. A major OK presentation during the year was the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, which appeared in Auckland and Wellington.

There were few pop music tours, but the Rolling Stones made a second visit, as did P. J. Proby. New Zealand Broadcasting Corp., which is modelled on Britain's BBC and controls all radio and video, brought in the Israeli Symphony Orchestra and a number of soloists including Moura Lympany and Rita Streich.

Pirate Radio

Big showbiz headlines were created by efforts of group of young men to establish an independent radio station on a ship moored outside the three-mile limits in Auckland's Hauraki Gulf. Much money went into equipping a boat but the Government refused to grant it a certificate of seaworthiness and police arrested all hands when they attempted to sail from their wharf berthage. The action drew much criticism, many accusing the Government of protecting its own monopoly. All this blew up within weeks of a general election. Outcry forced the Minister of Broadcasting to admit that there was much public support for second radio and tv facilities. Would-be "pirates" are out on bail and attempting to beat the "seaworthiness" technicality.

Meanwhile, The Flickers

Despite some shutdowns in the face of tv competition, exhibition managed to rack up new records. Clamor at the Auckland opening of United Artists' "Thunderball" surpassed all previous Bond panics, with block-long queues girdling Auckland's St. James Theatre. The film played nine weeks, hotly in a city of only 500,000.

Other touted blockbusters performed according to plan, with 20th-Fox's "The Sound of Music" setting a New Zealand record of over a year in two cities. Warners' (1) "My Fair Lady," and (2) "The Great Race" and Fox's "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines" were among those going over the six-month run mark. Indicative of the upbeat filmic

BARI CONVICTS 24 IN 'LA CUREE' 'OBSCENITY'

Bari.

The Italian coproducer of Roger Vadim's "La Curree" (The Kill), the Italian distributor and 22 cinema managers were found guilty last week by a Bari magistrate for importing and circulating an obscene film.

Action against Vadim associate Mario Sarago, Panta distrib chief Ugo Santalucia and 22 exhibs, sparked by a filmgoer protest in Rome, took on graver implications when the Bari attorney general successfully pressed charges with the local magistrate, who found five "obscene" sequences in the Jane Fonda starrer.

Italian censors had cleared "Curree" prior to distribution, but penal code contains the seed of future prosecution if a single citizen-spectator objects to police authorities. Prior to the Bari hearing, the film was legally seized in Novarra and then pulled from screens wherever out in release.

Coproducer, distrib and the theatre managers were ordered to stand trial in Bari, where film adaptation of the 19th century Zola novel had its Italian premiere.

scene is the fact that the Kerridge-Odeon group opened a new 700-seater on Auckland's main-line Queen Street. The cinema becomes part of a Theatre Centre that includes its sister-house, the Odeon and the large St. James; latter can now be more easily released for the live shows for which it was designed.

Censorship

In his annual round-up chief censor Douglas MacIntosh reports that fewer films came up for classification and that over 80% of the cuts made were on the grounds of violence and sex. Scissors snipped 56 times to remove or edit scenes of horror, as against the previous year's 28 excisions.

Feature films banned entirely included "The Sadist," "Raiders From Beneath The Sea," "The Shame Of Patty Smith," "Une Femme Mariee" and "Die, Die, My Darling."

Originally banned, "The Sandpiper," "The Knack" and "Repulsion" were admitted after the distributors submitted them to the Appeal Board.

After months of litigation, during which the case went right up to the Supreme Court, the film, "The Collector," was finally cleared for exhibition. Haggle started when Film Appeal Board, to whom distributors had contested a cut made by censor Douglas McIntosh, took the unusual course of banning the entire film. Supreme Court upheld the Appeal Board, but in early December, Court of Appeal found in favor of distributors, saying that Appeal Board had overstepped its jurisdiction. No film in recent years has been involved in so much legal hassle, and resultant publicity (though original McIntosh cuts will presumably stand) should be a boxoffice boost.

Made One Feature

The year saw the production of one feature film in New Zealand, a pop musical called "Don't Let It Get You," which was sharply directed and lensed by John O'Shea and Tony Williams, the team responsible for "Runaway." The film's star, Maori singer Howard Morrison, New Zealand's most successful entertainer in the light field, helped to back the venture, with O'Shea and others.

Export Item: Pop Singers

For a small country, New Zealand has developed quite an export market in pop entertainers, most of whom cut their microphone teeth on local stages and then light out across the Tasman Sea to Sydney, Australia. They do surprisingly well there, and artists such as Sandy Edmonds, Dinah Lee and Howard Morrison spend most of their time abroad. Some go even farther. One of the best of the home-grown crop, a mop-haired singer and lyricist named Ray Columbus, has infiltrated the States and is boring from within in the San Francisco area.

Johannesburg Turns 80 But Present Generation Knows Not Schlesinger

By EVELYN LEVISON

Johannesburg.

Johannesburg is 80 years old, a dusty mining town that sprang up overnight in gold-enriched earth but now a modern metropolis, and show business is Big Business here.

Younger set flocking to the playhouses and film situations hardly know the name I. W. Schlesinger. If it rings a bell at all, it is as the father of millionaire financier socialite John Schlesinger, whose luxury yacht, recently built in Capetown, sailed in 1966 to take him and his Italian bride on a honeymoon cruise. Yet for close on half a century I. W. Schlesinger was the giant of South African show biz.

When he arrived here from the U.S.A. his line was insurance. He founded the African Life, still a powerful assurance company, and it was largely due to the success of this enterprise that he became involved in films.

In 1913 the National Bank of South Africa was worried. Unless something drastic was done it stood to lose nearly \$250,000 advanced to film exhibitors with plenty of energy but little business know-how. Schlesinger was called in for advice. He undertook to try and establish some kind of amalgamation, and so eventually came into being the African Films Trust. Soon it controlled a circuit of more than 50 situations. And its strength increased.

At the time when MGM and 20th Century-Fox decided to build their own houses in South Africa, all leading cinemas were part of the Schlesinger Organization.

Enters Production

His stake in motion picture exhibition led I. W., as he was known throughout the country, into film production. About three miles northeast of the centre of the city in the early years of the century lay a pleasant and popular picnic spot known as Cook's Farm. Schlesinger bought this property and on it built film studios and a block of apartments in which he lived until his death in 1949. Here also he laid out the Transvall Automobile Club, which in those days was what its name suggests—a select country club for the wealthy young bloods who could drive out in their horseless carriages to spend a day in the open air.

Today this is all part of the suburb of Killarney. There is a fine golf course (Gary Player was once professional here) but the clubhouse, swimming pool, tennis courts and squash courts are now surrounded by massive apartment buildings.

Killarney Film Studios remains, and in tattered old albums is laid out the early silents whose interior shots were photographed with in this mellow old stone building with its ivy-covered walls. Starring in some of these old films was a beautiful actress named Mabel May, who became Mrs. Schlesinger.

A boast of Killarney is that the weekly newsreel it produces is second oldest in the world. Today, with the original building an office block, new sound stages and laboratories having been added, Killarney Film Studios is controlled by 20th Century-Fox.

'Live' Shows

For many years almost every professional "live" show was a Schlesinger production. African Theatres Ltd. (later African Consolidated Theatres Ltd.) had a monopoly in every field. They imported virtuosi of the concert platform like Dame Clara Butt, Mark Hambourg, Jon Kubelik, John McCormick, Joseph Szigeti, Artur Schnabel, Benno Moiseiwitsch, Lauritz Melchior, Tito Schuba, Claudio Arrau, Mischa Elman, Victoria de los Angeles.

For ballet fans there was Pavlova, Markova and Dolin, the Ballet de Monte Carlo.

Schlesinger imported London legit celebrities like Irene Vanbrugh, Leon M. Lion, Owen Nares, Dennis Neilson Terry, Sybil Thorndike, Lewis Casson, Athene Seyler, Nicholas Henren, Edith Evans, Angela Baddeley, Seymour Hicks,

Olga Lindo, Gwen Efrangcon-Davies, Marda Vanne, and the Old Vic Company with Paul Rogers, Irene Worth and Douglas Campbell in leading roles.

Austro-Germanic Ducat Scalping

By HAZEL GUILD

Frankfurt.

"Of course I managed to land two tickets to a performance of the Wagner Music Festival in Bayreuth," a German businessman remarked proudly recently. Said he, "I sent my request with a postmark on exactly the date the festival authorities announced as the opening for ticket sale—not one day early or one day late. The early requests are thrown out, I understand. And if you're a day late—the scalpers have gotten all the cards."

In addition, the fellow admitted, he's a member of the Society of Friends of Bayreuth, the group which contributes the thousands of dollars necessary to make up the deficit of the annual Wagnerian music do. But even being a card-carrying and heavy paying member didn't give him an edge in the ticket race.

Bayreuth, the Salzburg Summer Music Festival, the concert appearances of those two favorites of the swoon sisters, conductor Herbert von Karajan with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and The Beatles, have all helped the scalpers here.

Complaints are mounting. Fest authorities and concert managers promise vaguely to "do something about it." Don't count on it! Recently, a furious attorney from Cologne, who was turned down in his attempt to buy two less expensive cards for the von Karajan concert during the Salzburg event, swore out a warrant against unknown persons—charging that black marketers are grabbing up masses of the lower-priced and middle-priced ducats, and passing them off via the luxury hotels at prices up to 20 times the face value.

Even though the festival authorities and the concert managers claim that the tickets are sold validly through authorized sources, it's apparent that plenty of them are turning up via the scalpers.

Usually the tickets for an exceptionally popular event go on sale at a precise hour of the day here. People line up outside the house hours in advance. And there is likewise a precise postmarked date which validates letters requesting tickets.

The difficulty of coping with the demand must be granted. One of the officials of Salzburg explained recently that only about half of the tickets go on sale through the Fest Hall. The other half are earmarked for specific organizations, music schools, universities, for officials, and some (very few) for the press.

Even major travel agencies in the key cities in Europe and in America are limited to between 10 and 20 admissions per performance.

On the "target date"—last year it was Dec. 15—the official ticket office of the Salzburg Fest received 7,500 letters properly postmarked, each asking for from 10 to 15 admissions, but these requests could not be completely filled. For the 1,700 members of the Society of Friends of the Salzburg Festival (who are also asked to ante up to pay for the fest's deficits) about 1,400 admissions were reserved.

Even von Karajan, gets only 14—and he pays for them.

Nonetheless, just about any guest who reserves at a luxury hotel in Salzburg or one of the less-luxury hotels which are all that Bayreuth offers, stands an excellent chance of getting the tickets through the hotel porter—and more especially so if he is staying in a suite, rather than a simple single room, and will pay at least ten times the stated card price.

Batsheva de Rothschild Dancers Seen Hatching Israel National Ballet

By TRUDY GOTH

Tel Aviv.

Batsheva de Rothschild, uniting her two predominant interests in life, Israel and modern dance, created, less than two years ago, what may become the National Ballet of Israel. Already it shows unusually high artistic qualities on stage and in the pit. Its 14 members are all first rate dancers, mostly Martha Graham-trained, native-born Israeli. Two soloists of Martha Graham's Co. in New York have been on loan to the Batsheva Co. The technical staff consists of 11, the company's rehearsal studios cover over 1,500 square feet. One has a fully equipped stage with latest lighting facilities.

Company made its debut in December 1964 in Tel Aviv to uniformly enthusiastic reviews. But the first year was mainly a preparatory one and the company gave only 40 performances in town. In the second year it toured Israel giving over 70 performances, building reputation. Venturing outside Israel last summer troupe appeared for a week on the island of Cyprus before an enthusiastic audience. A first trip abroad is planned for the 1967-68 season.

Heretofore no really professional dance group has existed in Israel. Dancers who came from Europe or the U.S.A. opened schools and trained a younger generation of dancers, who in turn became teachers, finding no stages to dance on. Artistic dance was regarded (in Batsheva de Rothschild's own words) "as the backward orphan of the arts." Many a talented dancer left Israel to seek his or her fortunes abroad.

But a Rothschild had taken up the challenge: "I believe in filling holes and I created the Batsheva Dance Company because there was a need for it." Martha Graham became the artistic advisor and allowed the use of some of her best works to give the company an auspicious start. But how create a competent troupe and a professional repertory? Auditions were held, of the six dancers signed, two young "kibbutz" (agricultural settlement) members had been spotted by Miss Graham despite their obvious inexperience. Today, 22 months later, these two are the mainstays of the company. Teachers were sent from New York to work with the group and at the same time six other Israeli dancers, then on U.S.A. scholarships, began to work on a repertory approved by Miss Graham. All dancers had a tough daily working schedule for nine months: in October 1964 the group from the States reached Israel and the final process of integration and polish was undertaken. Two months later it had become apparent that at long last Israel had a dance company worthy of its name. These were Israeli dancers with excellent technical standards giving performances comparable to international productions. Costumes, and the few but tasteful props were flawless as was the orchestra (later put on sound-track for touring purposes), presenting music conducted by Gary Bertini whose Chamber Ensemble is already well known for having done Giam-Carlo Menotti's "Medium" with much success. The company makes a point of stimulating contemporary music—all works performed by living composers such as Ernest Krenk, Hector Villa-Lobos, Carlos Surinach and of course Israelis like Paul Ben Haim, Noam Sherif, Odon Partos and Mordecai Seter.

Though some of these first rate dancers have been around for a number of years, like Rina Schoenfeld and Rena Gluck, they have perhaps never danced so well as presently, being now members of an organization which bears the stamp of true professionalism. Galya Gat is a newcomer who is already outstanding and Moshe Efrati, Ehud Ben-David and Ahuva Anbari are making rapid progress with the help of the two soloists from Graham's company, Linda Hodes and Robert Cohan.

The group owes much to Martha Graham. Her "spirit" dominates the company—but nothing could have provided better proof of this artist's faith in this venture than to pass on a number of her creations to the dancers of the new

group instead of confining her help to "artistic advice." Nevertheless now the company faces the problem of finding other valuable choreographers to enlarge as well as vary the repertory and it must as well create an audience on whom certain demands as far as intelligence, progressive thinking, tolerance for unconventional music and the like, can be made.

The professional management of the company is carried on with the same first rate quality and absence of press agency which characterizes all Rothschild enterprises—be they financial, charitable or cultural.

Edinburgh Fest Enriched By Its Informal 'Fringe'

Edinburgh.

Very intelligently the city festival organizers and establishment voices in this lovely town have not put obstacles in the way of young performers or organizations who want to exploit the overflow of tourists who come here every fall at Festival time. Performances in churches, school auditoriums, Y's or any odd cellar, or converted barn result. All such performances are part of the "Festival Fringe Society," which publishes a bulletin, and provides club rooms at YMCA where youthful performers and visitors meet, relax, eat or just talk. Each morning at 11 a.m. (coffee breaktime) there is a "celebrity talk" by such speakers as Peter Hall, Laurence Harvey, Peter Brook.

Fringe Society started eight years ago to act as a link between the various groups and audiences. Since then it has grown in size until now the "Fringe" itself is a complete international Festival Offering. The society and its members are not subsidized—but they survive on the support given from press, radio, tv, hotel proprietors and shopkeepers. None dictates policy regarding choice of program. Many startling changes in Edinburgh's artistic life may be attributed indirectly to the influence of the "Fringe."

Six years ago there was only one commercial art gallery open throughout the year, now there are dozens. Boutiques have been burgeoning, discotheques are springing up and folk singers pouring in—and the official Festival does not ignore the Fringe any more. The reason for this may be the fact that Edinburgh is one of the last remaining European cities that possesses all the amenities of a capital—not as yet fully "Americanized" as many others are—without reducing its inhabitants to insect life.

Most exciting company on 1966 Festival's "Fringe" was undoubtedly the one from the U. of Southern California's drama department. It drew attention not by tedious publicity stunts about disputes with the Lord Chamberlain but by sheer enthusiasm and "professionalism." Equipped and organized with the precision and (seemingly) the material of a combat battalion, a plane load of 44 young actors invaded Edinburgh as the first American group to participate in the Scottish Drama Festival. They offered mime, recitation, ballet, comedy and full length dramas from roughly midday to midnight. They brought to Pollock Hall (U. of Edinburgh's auditorium) 15 plays and an explosive amount of zip and formidable professionalism. If their material is at times uneven, their confidence is magnificent and the flexibility of staging and presentation was outstanding.

Under the direction of John E. Blankenchip and William C. White members of the University's Drama faculty the group presented nearly 70 performers during the three weeks of the Festival. Rehearsing for two weeks prior to their opening at Pollock Hall, the students spent one week in London attending current theatrical showings. Everyone paid expenses.

CAFES TROUBLED, ALSO NIGERIA

Republic Whose Political Stability Remains in Question, and Whose Fate Could Influence Rest of Africa, Contrives to Keep A Sprightly Nocturnal Divertissement

By ROGER BOWER

Lagos, Nigeria.

Of all the West African cities, Lagos, capital of the Federal Republic of Nigeria, and its immediate environs enjoy a night life that swings every night. You can swing in any key to fit your purse and desires.

The current crisis in this colorful country, on the solution of which hangs the future of Nigeria and, perhaps, for that matter, Africa, has cut down some of the hijinks. Nevertheless a visitor wouldn't be aware of that. He wouldn't know that under the former civilian regime the joy juice flowed like two cents plain and that merry making was a way of life. All he would know now is that every joint is jumping and the whole town is rocking. (Or is the new word, swinging?)

About every Nigerian puts the nosebag on at home in the evenings so there are just a handful of eateries worthy of the name — The Quo Vadis on the 24th floor of the Western Building overlooking the harbor has a fetching decor with low lights and high prices. This is an Italian restaurant run by an Indian from India. The food is very acceptable. At Antoine's "continental cuisine," the ad says. Again good, reasonably priced, but they don't say what continent; The Tam Tam presents atmosphere, a small bar and a limited menu. They do a pretty fair business. Must be those small tables and dim lights; The Regent serves Lebanese food at fair prices. If you place your order 24 hours ahead, you get the works and delicious; but the outstanding eatery is the Cathay. Chinese food as good as any place in the world, complete with chop sticks. Y I have to ask for "Western" utensils. This is one place that gets a good play from Nigerians and they have, to a man, mastered the chop sticks.

Even Justice Charles Dadi Onyema, recently elected to the International Court of the Hague, sits his judicial presence at the table and transfers the goodies from platter to gullet with chop sticks. The proprietor and his wife are suave, sophisticated Orientals who've built their business to the point of having two places with the rope up in both most nights.

African & 'European'

The night clubs are roughly divided between "European" (this means "white") and African. The "European" draws a good many Nigerians and the African many "Europeans." The former have largely become dine and dance spots. The oldest, and for many years, the most popular is the Bagatelle. It has been a discotheque since it opened 8 or 9 years ago. The decor is good with a balcony overlooking the harbor. Of all the expat joints, this one draws an international crowd reminiscent of those old B-plus pictures in the tropics. With one exception. This crowd is neither the International Set nor the mysterious Old Coasters who used to intrigue and traffic in stolen gems or smuggled arms. No, this bunch is the medium sized executives (called senior service men) of every nationality. Back in their native haunts they must lead a humdrum existence, in humdrum towns, in ditto jobs.

But in Lagos, in what is considered the top nitery, they suddenly blossom into their version of the "in set." Gay and loud. The best show in town is watching this assortment trying to Rock 'n' roll or twist. It's a sort of prancing. The impression is that some one gave them all a gigantic prod. The Arab boniface shrewdly contributes to the atmosphere with a couple of bar keeps who came direct from Central Casting.

Indian Dine-Dance

The best of the rest are the Maharani, an Indian dine and dance (open for lunch with those authentic dishes from sub-continent). It has a show and features a Nigerian dance band and entertainers. This was formerly Maxim's which bravely and futilely tried to

introduce live entertainers. It went broke along with La Luna Rosa and a couple of others that were before their time; The El Morocco in Apapa with a good combination for really dancing. The proprietors tried bringing in "name" talent under an arrangement with a London flesh peddler, but has slipped back to the belly dancer. The Federal Palace opened a room-fairly good dance music and practitioners of the art of giving as much exposure of the navel as possible to every table. La Ronde on Ikorodu Road, same as Federal Palace and Le Paon Rouge (sic in Yoruba, unlike French, Ne and She are interchangeable) ditto, except that this trap is so small that some enterprising ad man could sell the navel space for subliminal advertising. You're that close.

The Dolls

There is generally a supporting cast to these grinders, but they could 'phone in their contribution. The draw is the tantalizing epidermis culture. The UN ought to set up a committee to go into the plight of these dolls. The case histories would keep the ladies of the welfare organizations in action for years. I don't think anybody realizes that none of them was once under a princess in rank. Their luscious bottoms were used to nothing but silk from specially bred silk worms and rested only on pillows stuffed with the finest down. To a gal they were waited on hand and fan by never under six or seven servants. One was married to an English nobleman. I guess he didn't appreciate the arts she was taught by her tutor. They have all had bad marriages equal to any in those old romantic novels. One thing led to another and here they are keeping body and pocket-book together doing the only thing they know.

Recently one of those "princesses" tried cutting her wrists. Her story was that she was "depressed". Trouble was her story was full of hints of longing for the old life of ease in the palace (or was it palaces) and marriage to one of those nobles who sought her hand. Pressed for details and facts she gave an old fashioned soulful sigh. VARIETY's observer came to the conclusion that her depression was caused by a falling off of business. When the newshawks with their Brownies came around to record the story for posterity, the pictures they printed showed the princess in her working cloth holding her wrists. Business picked up immediately.

Dance The High Life

The indigenous clubs are the most fun. The big dance here is the High Life. It has a tricky beat and a basic step to which can be added endless variations and along about three or four in the morning when the drums really get hot, inhibitions are submerged and things get interesting. The dancing catches the mood of the drummers and every muscle gets a play. By the time the dawn comes up (when they say dancing 'til dawn they mean it) all are in a frenzy.

The leading clubs are the Caban Bamboo, owned and operated by Bobby Benson, the doyen of musicians. Many of the leading orchestra leaders here started as sidemen in his band. Benson is a versatile musician and has plenty of personality. The Club Afrique, proprietor Prince Mike Ogun; The Kakadu; The Central Hotel; The West End Coliseum and two notorious joints. In these last two the beaded bag swingers (that dates me) ply their trade. You can also get your nose punched and your wallet pinched. Leave early and be sure there's a cop handy to see you safely to your car and get going.

The High Life bands with the best reputation and draw are, in addition to Benson, Dr. Victor Olaiya (he got an honorary doctorate in Germany); E. C. Arinze (he tries some fox trots, quick

steps and waltzes during the early evening); Roy Chicago; Fela Ransome Kuti and His Koola Lobitos; "Cardinal" Rex Lawson, a new combo coming on strong; and Moses Olaiya (also essays musical drama).

High Life is also played by the Juju Bands, the favorite of this correspondent. A Juju band has one musical instrument with up to 12 or 15 drums. The drums have a harmony of their own and usually have a counter beat. When they get going and the beat picks up—wow!

Dairo and Blue Spots

The most famous is I. K. Dairo and his Blue Spots. The Queen made Dairo a Member of British Empire, so He's entitled to have M.B.E. after his name and he uses it. Coming up and crowding him are Dele Ojo, Kehinde Ige, F. A. Jimmy West, Tunde Nightingale and Fatai Rollingdollar.

Almost all of the bands feature the Talking Drum. The language here are tonal and these boys really can make the drum talk. The Juju bands usually carry "praise singers." These lads extol the virtues of some prominent or well known man in the audience. This should be good for at least a one pound note and if they have a real big fish, to save his reputation, he practically has to fork up a "fiver."

Host Into Debt

But the real night life is not to be found in any of the clubs. That's to be found in the 20 to 50 parties that go on just about every night. The size and scope depends upon the size of the bankroll and a great many Nigerians go into hock to throw them. These fun loving people throw a party for just about anything. The principal reasons are "wakings" (like the Irish), weddings, naming ceremonies, baptisms, birthdays, anniversaries of the death of relatives, etc.

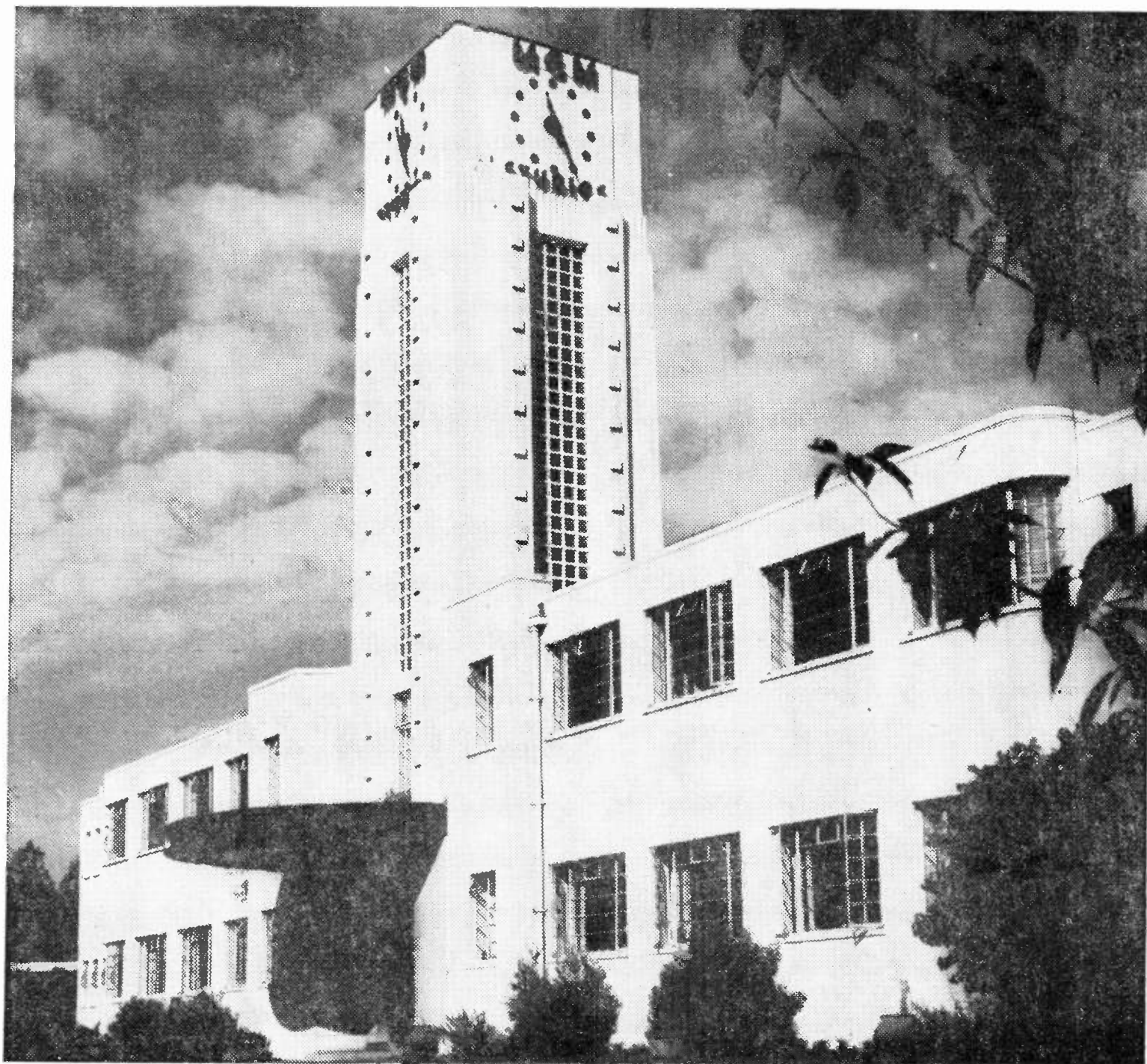
Hundreds will be invited and they frequently overflow out into the street. In fact often they are held in the street. Food and drink abounds, the band (or bands) play on and on until dawn. There is none so poor that he can't afford some kind of party. We attended one with 300 or 400 of Nigeria's leaders in the arts, the professions, the government and business. The host had a big "compound." In addition to dancing, he had a vaudeville show going on in one spot and films in another with a lavish spread of delicious goodies and plenty of liquid to wash it down. Another served only champagne. Bachelor parties here are given by the fiancée and a couple of her girl friends and the parties heat up in the early hours of the morning.

One of the musts at anniversaries is Aso Ebi. This is pronounced Ashoebi as if it were one word. It is a sort of uniform all the female relatives wear and it keeps a lot of husbands broke. The hostess goes down to the market and selects cloth for the wrapper, for the buba (blouse) and head tie. She usually buys it from some Arab, and selects the best. She has enough for all the relatives. She then sells it to all the gals making a profit on the deal. This profit helps defray the cost of the wing-ding.

You don't dance until "the celebrants" officially open the floor. The party really opens when the host, or the Chairman, or the Chief, opens a bottle of booze and pours some on the ground for his ancestors, then we are underway. As each fresh bottle is opened some is poured for the ancestors. To correct the impression you may get that these are drunken brawls be it noted that more soft drinks and beer is consumed than the hard stuff (known as hot drinks) and Nigerians rarely get drunk at these gatherings. They eat lots of spiced food which apparently acts as a blotter.

On a good night you can get invitations to from two to five parties and you'll really swing the sun into orbit the next morn.

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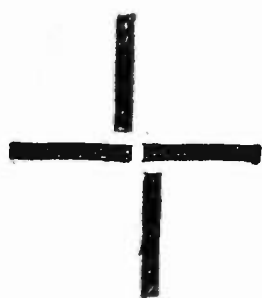
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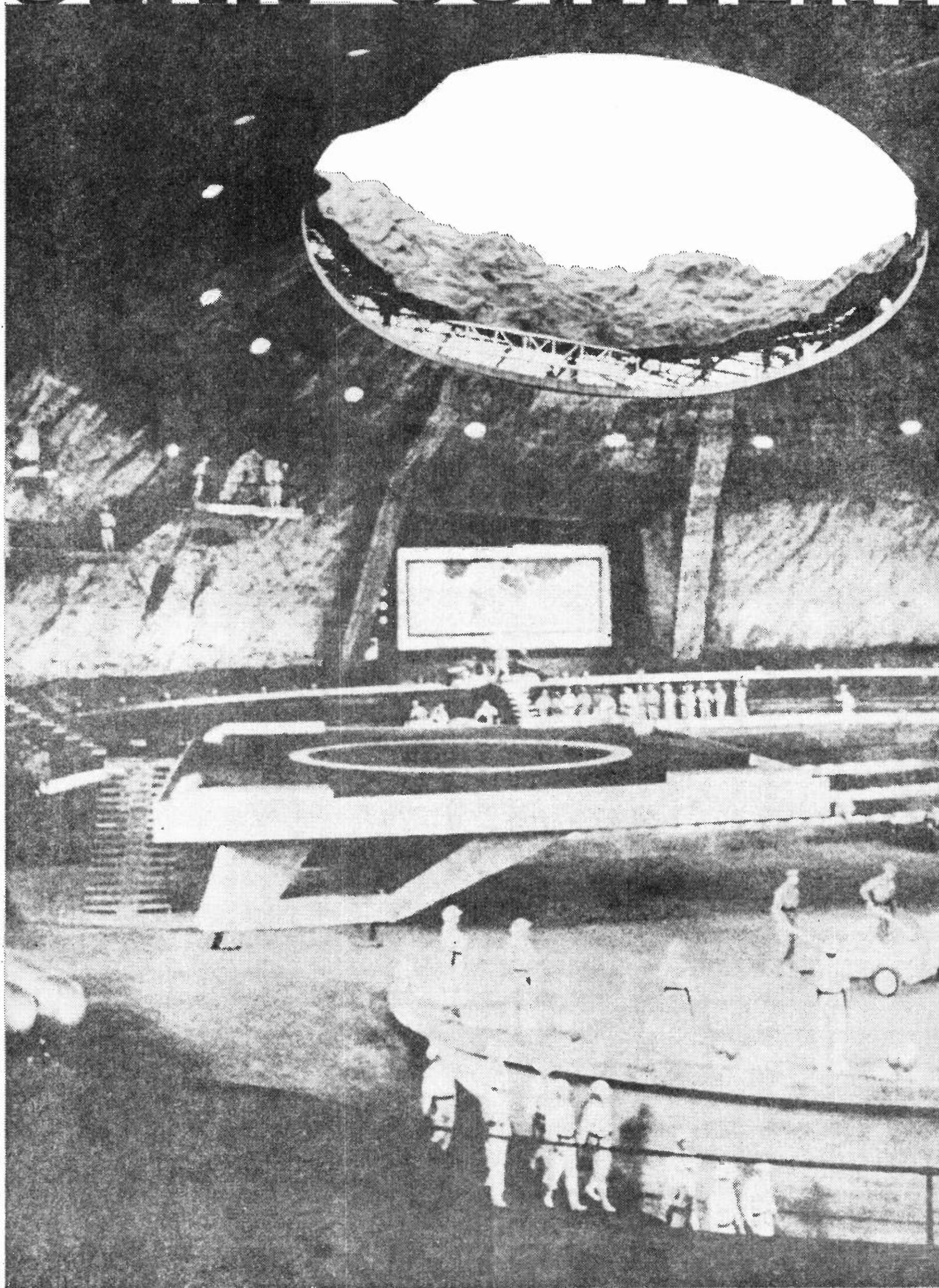
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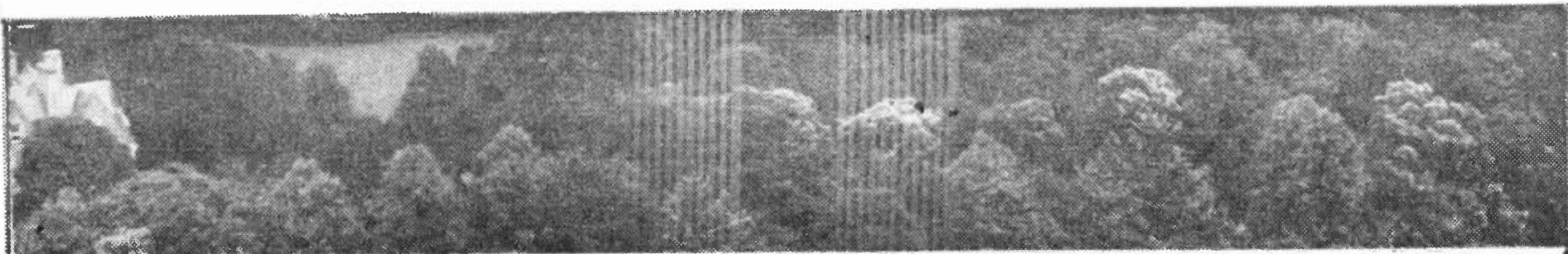
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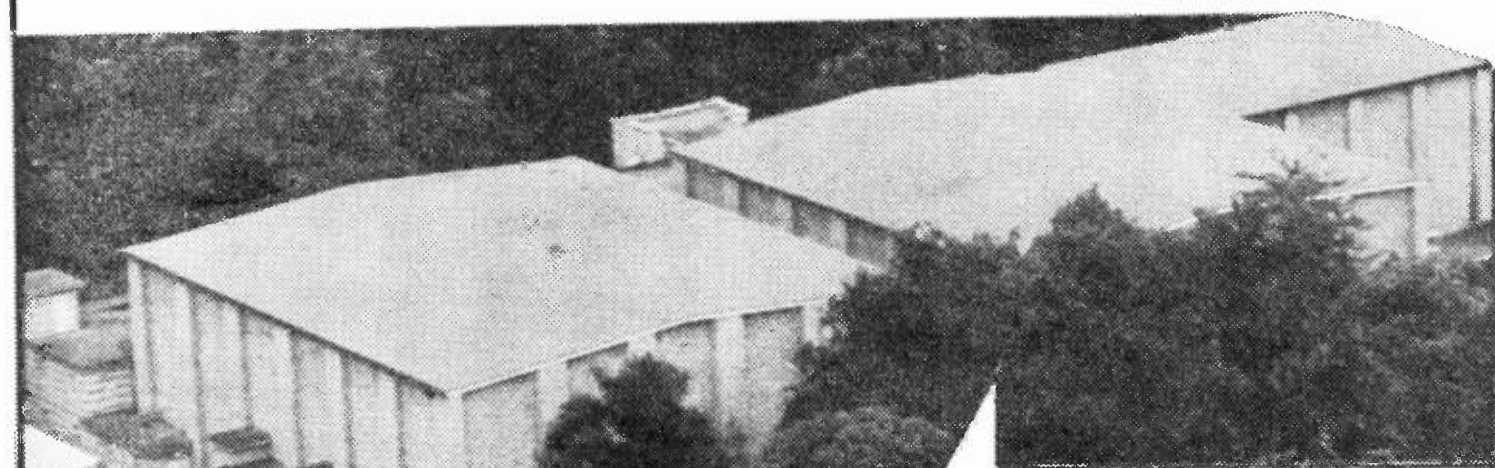
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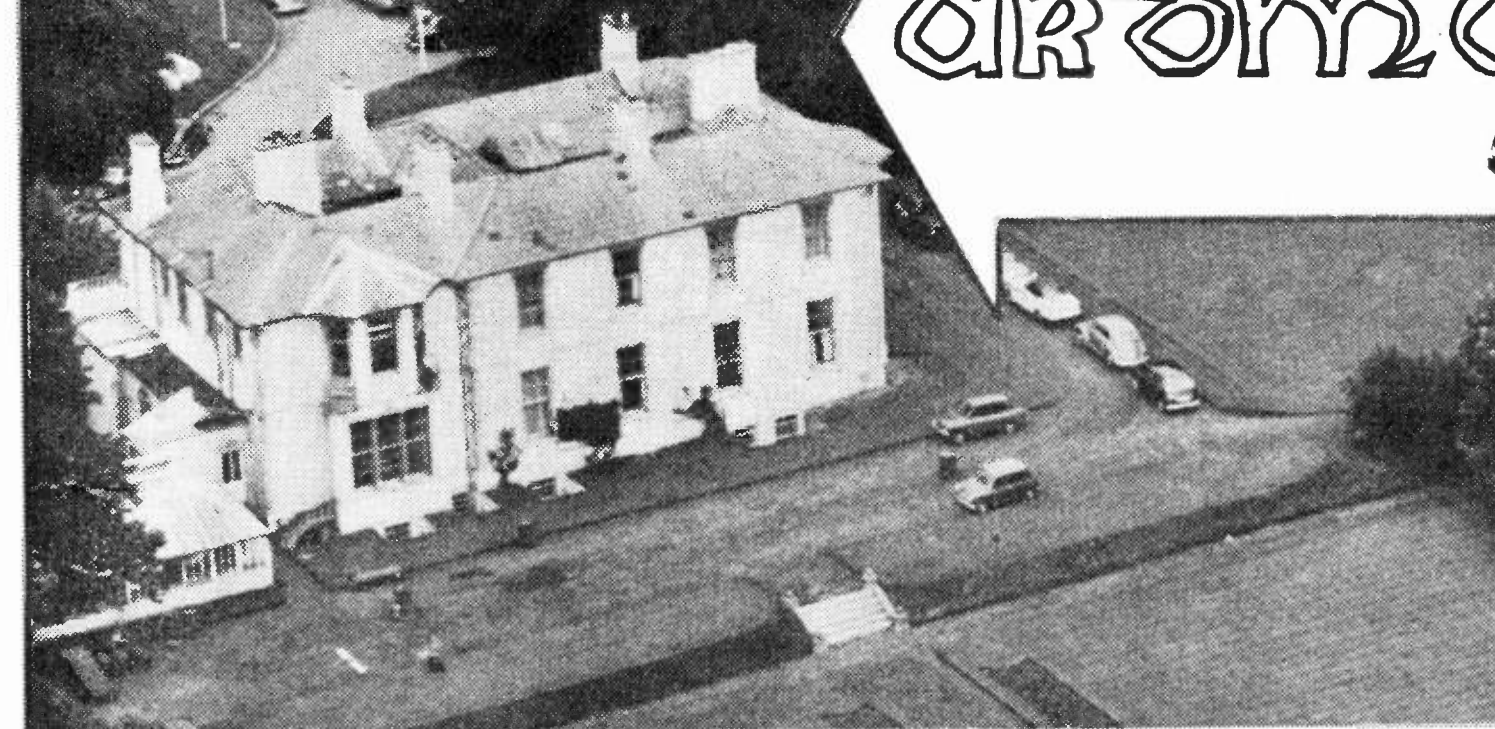
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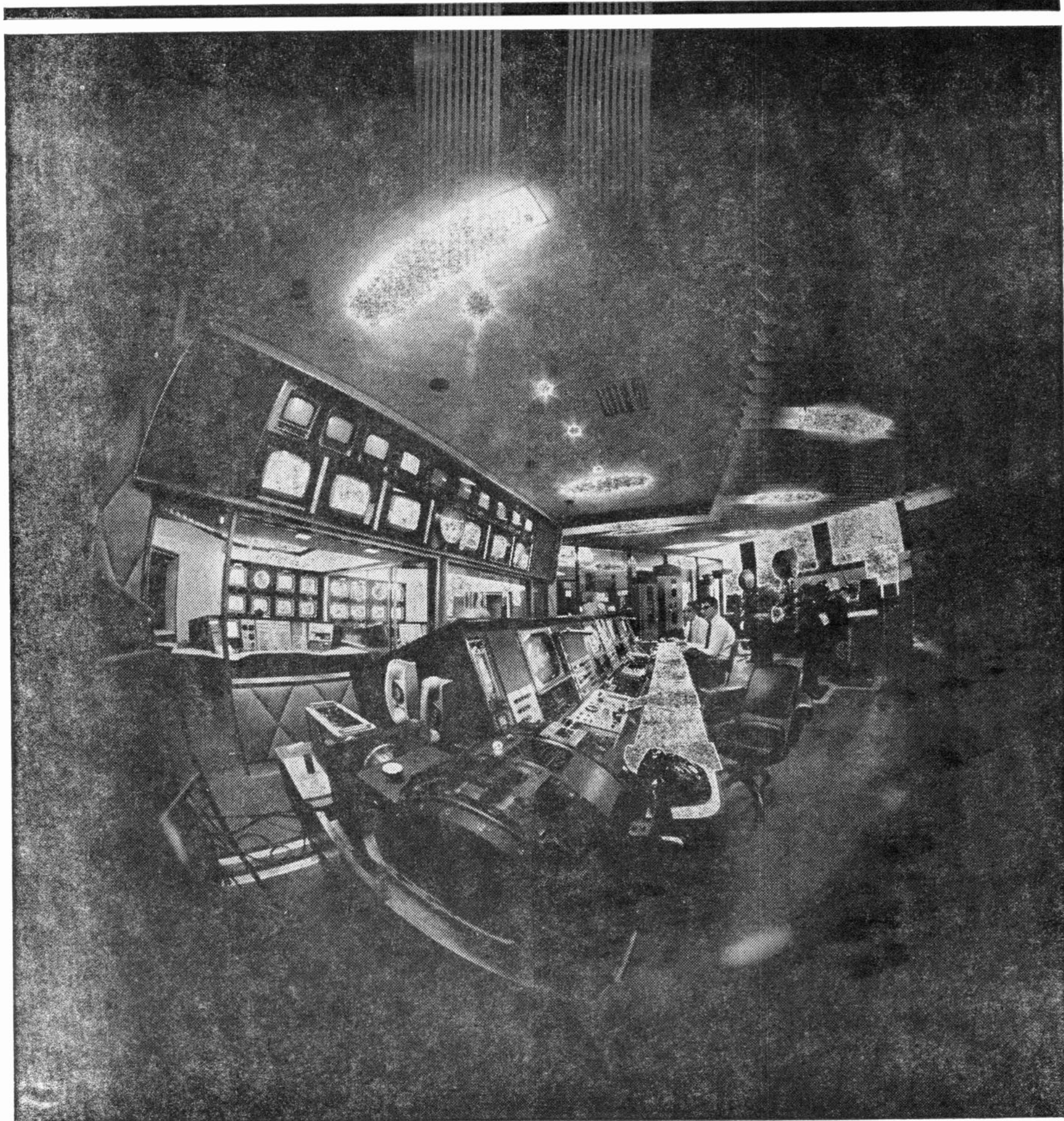
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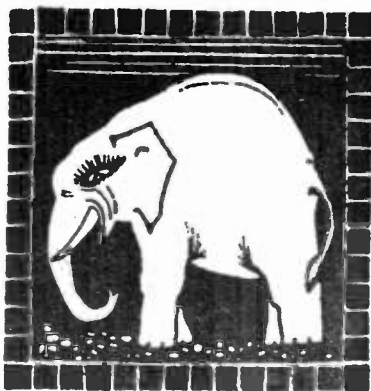
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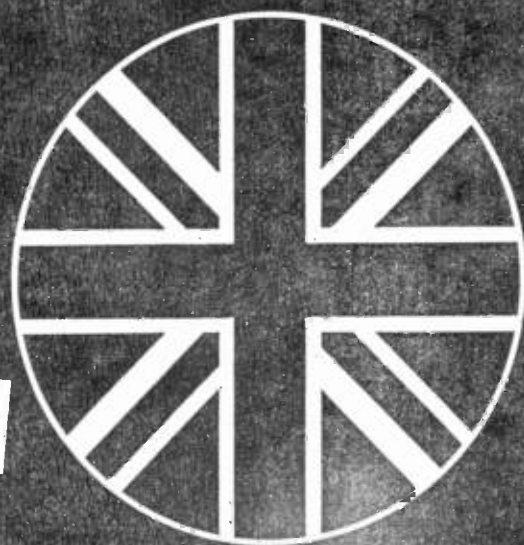
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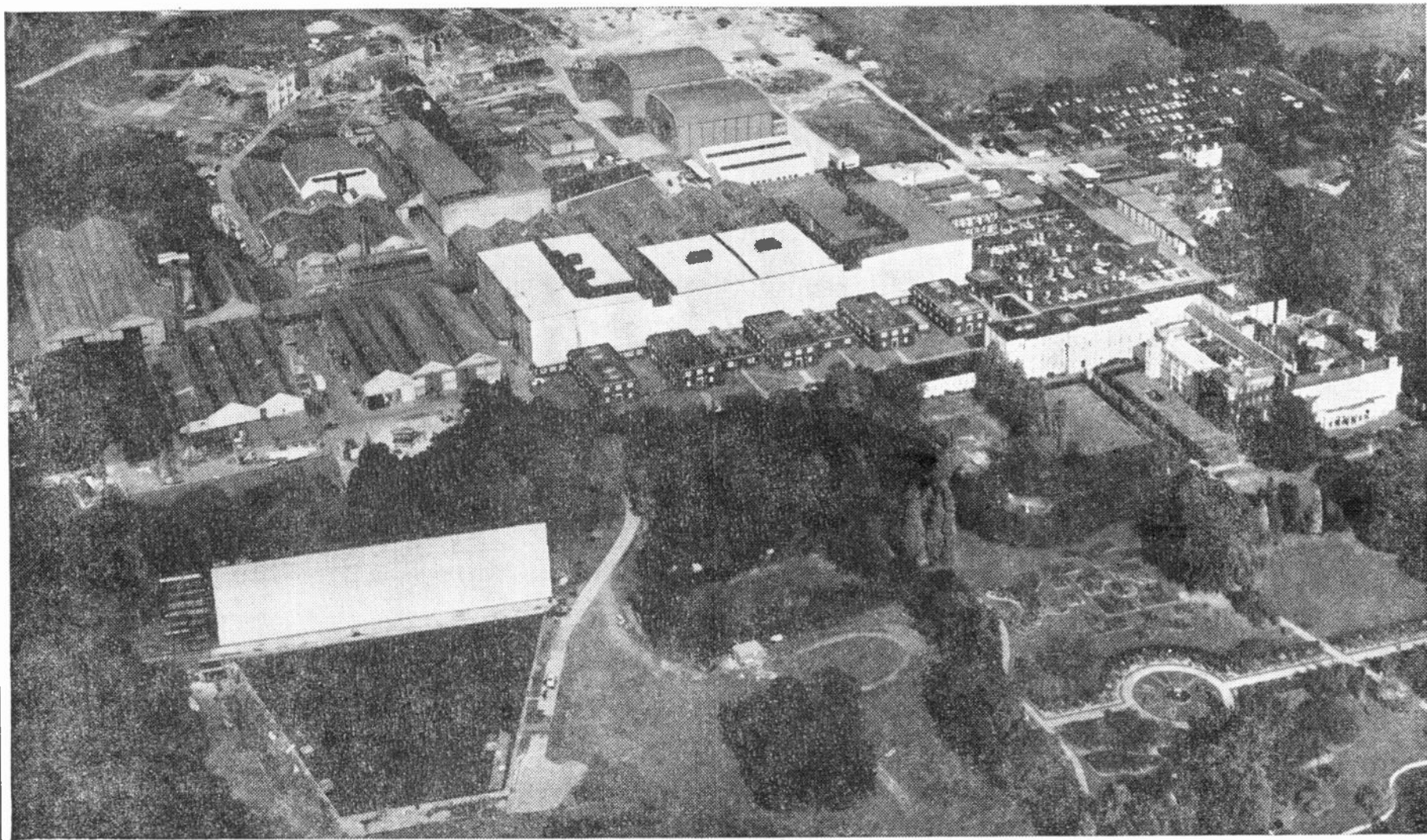
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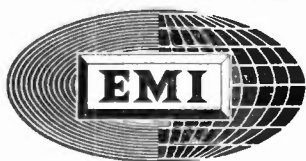
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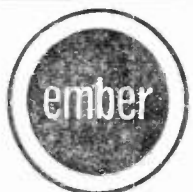
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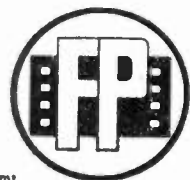
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English-Language Films

Continued from page 138

on a lofty MGM budget that paid for construction of a huge Moscow Street set outside Madrid, as well as for an impressive roster of stars. Interiors at CEA Studios.

"Battle of the Bulge" (WB): Ken Annakin directed the World War II saga of Bastogne in Castile with generous logistical cooperation from the Spanish government. Starring for the producer triumvirate Milton Sperling-Phil Yor-

dan-Sidney Harmon are Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Robert Ryan, Dana Andrews, Telly Savalas and Ty Hardin. Interiors at Seville Studios.

"The Lost Command" ("The Centurions" originally) (Col): Mark Robson produced and directed on Indo-Chinese and Algerian exteriors located in Malaga and Almeria. Stars are Anthony Quinn, Claudia Cardinale, Alain Delon,

George Segal and Maurice Ronet. Interiors at Roma Studios.

"Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (UA): Richard Lester and funnymen Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Buster Keaton, Jack Gilford and Michael Crawford romped in the realism of Roman back streets in the Mel Frank production. Interiors at Bronston Studios.

"10:30 P.M. Summer" (UA): Jules Dassin coproduced with Anatole Litvak and directed Melina Mercouri, Romy Schneider and Peter Finch in adapting Marguerite Duras' hit French novel to the screen. Interiors at Roma Studios.

"Chimes at Midnight": Orson Welles was practically a one-man above-the-line sharpshooter as coproducer, writer, director, production designer and star. He filmed on many Renaissance landmarks in many parts of Spain with Keith Baxter, John Gielgud, Jeanne Moreau, Margaret Rutherford and Marina Vlady. Interiors filmed in a suburban warehouse.

"Savage Pampas": Jaime Prades produced this Argentine western in a link with Argentine and U.S.A. Cast is topped by Robert Taylor, Ron Randell, Marc Lawrence, Rosenda Monteros and Ty Hardin under Hugo Fregonese who filmed in MSC 70. Filmed entirely in Castile and on Bronston sound stages.

"A Place Named Glory": An English-language western director Sheldon Reynolds filmed in Barcelona with star Lex Barker. A Spanish-German coproduction also

starring Pierre Brice and Marianne Koch.

"Paranoia": Marcello Mastroianni and Pamela Tiffin in for brief exteriors in Granada. A Carlo Ponti production for Joe Levine.

"Outlaw of Red River": George Montgomery took to the foothills and highlands of the Navacerrada Mts. for this Maury Dexter oater.

"Million Years B.C." (20th-Fox): Producer Michael Carreras spent a month on exteriors in the Canary Islands with stars Raquel Welch and John Richardson, director Don Chaffee and a British quota filming unit. Dynamator Ray Harryhausen took care of the prehistoric mammals.

"The Texican" (Col): John Champion and Bruce Balaban signed Audie Murphy and Brod Crawford to star in this Barcelona-made western under the direction of Hollywood vet Leslie Selander.

"Kid Rodelo" (Par): Don Murray, Janet Leigh and Brod Crawford traveled west to Alicante to film Richard Carlson's western for producer Jack Lamont.

COPRODUCE IN TURKEY

Ursa, Como, Top Films
Roll 'Don't Steal The Treasure'

Actor Larry Ward, currently in the "Dakotas" teleseries and Fox's unreleased "Hombre," has signed with the three coproducers of "Non Sta Bene Rubare Il Tesre" (Don't Steal The Treasure) with shooting of the multi-nation film to start today (Wed.) in Turkey, followed by locations in Rome and Paris.

Producers are Ursa Films (Rome), Como Films (Paris) and Top Films (Monaco), with screenplay of the comedy adventure by Francesio Melizin and Morio Di Nardo based on a story by Victor Kohaas. Distribution in Europe will be by Lux Films with U.S. and Latin-American release still to be set.

Italo TV Director Sets Politico's Escape From Il Duce as His 1st Pic

Rome.

A young tv director will embark on his first theatrical feature next spring with a story brimming with historical and political tangents of the recent past.

Silverio Blasi, now preparing telefilmed novel, "Caravaggio," for RAI-TV, said last week he has Jean Gabin and Gian Maria Volonte "practically cast" for what he calls the adventure of socialist leader Filippo Turati's escape from Italy to France during the early years of Mussolini's power seizure.

Blasi and Roberto Mazzucco co-authored treatment and script with the help of Senator Ferruccio Parri (who maneuvered Turati's flight with Carlo Rosselli in 1926), Senator Sandro Pertini and Ferando Santi. All three were active members of the party at the time.

Present-day government figures like President Giuseppe Saragat and vice-Prime Minister Pietro Nenni will be mentioned but not shown. Though Mussolini is in effect the heavy, he will not appear on screen either.

Film's title, "Non Mollare" (Do Not Yield), is taken from name of clandestine paper Carlo Rosselli and Pietro Nenni founded in 1926 as one of the first signs of resistance to Il Duce.

MEX PRODS. REELECT FUENTES

Mexico City.

Fernando de Fuentes II, son of veteran producer Fernando de Fuentes, last week was unanimously reelected president of Mexico's Assn. of Motion Picture Producers.

Reelected v.p.'s were Francisco del Villar, Felipe Mier Jr., Alfredo Ripstein, and Emilio Gomez Muriel. Juan Bruguera was named treasurer.

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NEW GENERATION OF HIT-MAKERS

Present Creators Decline to Tie Selves to Single Label—New Reproduction Devices Continue A Factor in Pop Music—Big Companies Prepare for New Battles—British Beatlemania Subsides Somewhat in a Business of Constant Thrust Toward the New and Novel

By HERM SCHOENFELD

As the epidemic of British rocking combos, known generically as Beatlemania, receded somewhat during 1966, the independent disk producer emerged as the key element in the contemporary pop music scene.

Although a phenomenon of many years' standing, the indie disk producer really came into his own last year when everybody in the disk biz, from the mightiest label to the lowliest, rushed to make deals with the various creative entrepreneurs who have been grinding out the hits. The freewheeling producers, who almost unanimously refuse to be pinned down to exclusive deals with any single label, pack as much weight today as the old artists & repertoire chiefs, such as Mitch Miller did in his Columbia heyday 15 or so years ago.

Koppelman & Rubin, Bob Crewe, Madera & White, Lee Hazlewood, Snuff Garrett, Boyce & Hart, Kama Sutra, et al, have become the new hit makers. If an established artist finds his impact sagging or a major diskery finds its sales lagging, the prescription nowadays is to find a hot indie producer to provide a new sound overlay.

These producers represent a new generation of pop music creators and a new style of doing business. Being young themselves, these indies have had direct access to the flock of youthful combos, such as The Lovin' Spoonful, Paul Revere & The Raiders, The Byrds, The Mitch Ryder & Detroit Wheels, The Critters, The Happenings, the Electric Prunes, and other oddly named groups which have sprung up armed with electric guitars and electronic organs. The indie producers not only supervise the recordings sessions, but frequently own a piece of the talent and a hefty share of the publishing rights.

Indie Formula

The success of the indie formula has been systematized into big operations by such labels as Motown and A&M. Motown, headed by Berry Gordy Jr., has fashioned a small empire in Detroit out of his distinctive rhythm and blues stylings with such artists as The Supremes, Stevie Wonder, Martha & The Vandellas, The Temptations, and others. Once again, Motown, and its various subsid labels, controls both the talent and the writers, cleaning up in both directions.

A&M Records, the Coast-based firm headed by Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss, have cut a tremendous swathe through the music biz with their Tijuana Brass sound. Once again, it was an indie concept of setting up an instrumental combo with a fresh sound and marketing it on platters. In this case, Alpert & Moss decided to do-it-themselves all the way, with subsequent payoffs not only in spectacular disk sales but in live concert dates by Alpert's own group. The take was big enough to permit Alpert & Moss to buy up the old Charles Chaplin studios on the Coast in a multi-million deal.

New High Commands

New directions in the pop business symbolized last year with the revamp of the high commands at the industry's two giants Columbia & RCA Victor. At Columbia, Goddard Lieberson, who helmed the diskery into a dominating position during his tenure as prexy, was moved into a higher corporate post as president of the CBS-Columbia Group.

Lieberson's spot as head of the diskery was taken over by Clive J. Davis. The new v.p. and general manager of CBS Records, who stems from the legal ranks, is only in his late 30s.

Exit Marek

At RCA Victor, George R. Marek, veteran chief of the label, has stepped down from his post as v.p. and general manager this week in anticipation of his mandatory retirement when he reaches 65 next summer. Norman Racusin, who has been Marek's right hand man as division v.p. and operations manager, has taken over the v.p. and g.m. slot. Racusin is in his mid-40s and also represents a new generation of exec talent in the disk industry.

Marek, like Lieberson, will continue to be active in the disk biz, particularly in the Broadway cast album arena. Marek continues as an RCA v.p. with responsibility for the coordination of special record projects and will continue to be active in talent relations.

One of the major industry developments pushing to the foreground last year was the introduction of eight-track stereo tape cartridges into the mass market for the first time. Numerous technical "bugs" had to be ironed out before the tape decks hit the market and there are some production problems still to be solved, but the fact is that tape is now a commercial reality for the mass market. The growth of cartridge tapes during the past year points to the technological possibility that disks may eventually be succeeded by tape, at least for album product.

RCA Against Philips

Meantime, a battle of corporate giants is shaping up between RCA Victor and the Philips Co. of Holland over what shape the future tape market shall take. RCA Victor, which together with the Lear Jet Co. launched the tape cartridges in the automobile market via Ford, General Motors and Chrysler, is pressing for the eight-track stereo tapes.

Cassette Tapes

The Philips Co., via its worldwide subsidiaries, including Mercury Records in the U.S., is pressing for its own compact cassette (tape) system. These machines play at a slower speed than the eight-track cartridges and, unlike the latter system, permit both playback and recording on the same units. Philips has lined up about 40 companies globally for its system while Victor has also been getting wide support from both American and European manufacturers for the eight-track system. Industry execs fear that an expensive "battle of the tape systems" may be in the works, similar to the one that plagued the disk industry when the 33 rpm and 45 rpm speeds were introduced almost 20 years ago.

With the extension of the war in Vietnam into a serious conflict taxing both the nation's resources and manpower, the music biz responded with a flock of topical songs.

Initially, the song comments about the war, typified by such numbers as "The Universal Soldier," were pacifist in ideology. That cycle died quickly, however, to be replaced by a wave of patriotic songs. One number, "The Ballad of the Green Berets," was written and recorded by Staff Sgt. Barry Sadler for RCA Victor. Released early in 1966, this disk took off like an anti-missile missile to become one of the big disks of the year both as a single and lead song of the album of the same title.

Strange Fruit

While topical songs, except for "Green Berets," did not perform impressively, the pop song writers were exploiting various verboten facets of contemporary life, such as dope addiction and prostitution. A stream of disks with veiled hosannahs for the delights of LSD and other drugs led to some concern of a "moral crisis" within the music biz. This "crisis," however, did not last beyond the first publicity headlines, dying out quickly as disk jockeys refused to give these controversial disks any exposure.

On the music publishers' front the big deal of the year involved the \$2,000,000 buyout of Joy Music by the Hill & Range combine. This move continued the trend of putting oldline companies into new hands. The previous year saw Mills Music being bought by Utilities & Industries and Leeds Music being absorbed into the MCA complex.

From a long range point of view, the agreement between the U.S. Dept. of Justice and Broadcast Music Inc. for a

consent decree may have decisive impact on the future of the music biz. The decree once and for all establishes the legitimacy of BMI as a performance rights organization that is owned by broadcasters. The main thrust of every legal action against BMI by ASCAP members was designed to divorce BMI from the broadcast ownership. Now BMI is here to stay, substantially unchanged.

Meantime, the pioneering American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers continued in good health also. ASCAP revenues climbed above \$42,000,000 for the year, setting another record in an unbroken graph of rising performance money.

The major publishers, who stand to gain the most from the rise in performance money, both from BMI and ASCAP, faced a thorny problem with respect to the control of mechanical royalties. Still to be resolved is a power struggle between the National Music Publishers Assn., representing several hundred top publishers, and the Harry Fox Office, agent and trustee who collects mechanical royalties for the NMPA and other publishers. NMPA claims that Fox is its employee. Fox, on the other hand, continues to operate as an autonomous collection unit.

All of the 1966 developments, however, could not drown out the fact that rock 'n' roll is still the international teen sound. Almost nobody, nowadays, can be heard saying that "good music seems to be coming back."

A CHANGING MUSIC BIZ

By ABEL GREEN

Demise of Max Dreyfus, Herman Starr, Mickey Scopp and Robert J. Burton in the past few years, the passing of such creative giants as Oscar Hammerstein 2d and Cole Porter, the big beat cycle, Louis Levy's Leeds Music sold to MCA (over \$4,000,000), and Jack and Irving Mills' company sold to Utilities & Industries Corp., a diversified holding company (\$5,000,000), along with other recent shifts, trends and changes, is in contrast to Tin Pan Alley circa 1905 when VARIETY was founded.

Four years later in 1909, a new Copyright Act was enacted which was, within a quarter of a century, obsolete. A half-century of fussing and feuding, tiffing and tussling over revision of 1909 is the stuff of history. Hopefully a new and modern revised Copyright Act may become actuality in 1967.

A harkback to the time when VARIETY's founder Sime Silverman, began reporting, the songs and songwriters, personalities and publishers included Victor Herbert, Paul Dresser, F. B. Haviland, Charles K. Harris, Vincent P. Bryan, Gus Edwards, Glen MacDonough, Arthur Penn, Edward Madden, Theodore F. Morse, Joseph W. Stern and Edward B. Marks, the Witmark boys (Jay, Julius P. and Isidor), Max Dreyfus, Monroe H. Rosenfeld (the N.Y. Morning Telegraph columnist-lyricist who is credited with coining "Tin Pan Alley" as a sobriquet for West 28th St., where many of the publishing houses then were situated, having moved "north" from Union Square).

George M. Cohan was getting his start and F. A. (Kerry) Mills had just published his "45 Minutes from Broadway." Harry Lauder, a Scot comedian later to be knighted, was writing songs such as "Fou the Noo; or Something in the Bottle for the Morning." Louis Bernstein was working for his brother-in-law Maurice Shapiro and the SB firm was yet to be formed (for a time it was called Shapiro, Jerome H. Remick & Co.). Victor Herbert was prolifically collaborating with librettists Henry Blossome and Glen MacDonough; the latter teaming produced "It Happened in Nordland," and with Blossom he wrote "Mlle. Modiste" from which stemmed (in 1905) "I Want What I Want When I Want It," and "Kiss Me Again."

Great standards which first saw exposure in 1905 includes "Tammany" by Vincent P. Bryant and Gus Edwards; "When The Bell in the Lighthouse Rings Ding Dong" (the basso's delight), by Arthur J. Lamb and Alfred Solman; "When the Morning Glories Twine Around the Door," by Andrew B. Sterling and Harry Von Tilzer; "Where The River Shannon Flows," by James J. Russell; "My Gal Sal; or, They Called Her Frivolous Sal," Paul Dresser's perennial; bandmaster Arthur Pryor's great instrumental, "The Whistler and His Dog;" Charles K. Harris' "Would You Care?"

Ernest R. Ball was a Tin Pan Alley staple, and a newcomer lyricist supplied the words to one of his tunes, "Will You Love Me In December As You Did In May?" Witmark published it in 1905. James J. Walker, the novice wordsmith, was later to become Mayor of New York and a controversial albeit never dull personality.

Victor Herbert again, with still another librettist, Harry B. Smith, had "Miss Dolly Dollars" on the boards and from that musical came the novelty song, "A Woman Is Only a Woman but a Good Cigar Is a Smoke."

Harry H. Williams and Egbert Van Alstine produced "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" in 1905; Jean Havez, later a prolific vaudeville writer and producer, had the novelty "Everybody Works But Father" published by the now extinct Helf & Hager Co. John and Otto Heinzman, Will D. Cobb (Gus Edwards' favorite lyricist), Bert Fitzgibbon, Jack Drislane, Clare Kummer, Jean Lenox, Harry O. Sutton, Albert Von Tilzer, Billy Johnson, Gerald Grafton, Porter Emerson Browne, Jean Schwartz, William Jerome, Frank R. Adams, Joseph E. Howard, Cecil Mack, Ed Rose, Silvio Hein, William Cahill, Arthur J. Lamb, Andrew B. Sterling, Collin Davis, Maxwell Silver, Carrie Jacobs-Bond, Richard Carle, Dave Reed Jr., Will A. Heelan, J. Frel Helf, Joseph Mittenhal, Thurland Chattaway, Ren Shields, E. Ray Goetz, Gustav Luders, Stanislaus Stange, Julian Edwards, George Evans were among other names that mattered in the music business those 60 years ago.

In Chicago, Sol Bloom was a music publisher; he had a

hit in Arthur Penn's "Carissimi." Bloom was later to become an important New York realtor and a U.S. Congressman from Manhattan. Also in 1905, per Julius Mattfeld's comprehensive "VARIETY Music Cavalcade," from Paris editeur E. Fronot came "Claire de Lune" ("Suite Bergamasque"), piano solo, music by Achille Claude Debussy. (The year before another Continental instrumental made impact, since revived in "Ariane" ("Love In The Afternoon") (Gary Cooper-Maurice Chevalier film) called then, as now, "Fascination." F. D. Marchetti composed this "valse tzigane (for cafe orchestra)," and also published it first in Paris, 1904).

But somehow George M. (for Michael, which he then used) Cohan and Victor Herbert dominated the legit musicals. Memorable Tin Pan Alley pops also included "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie," "What You Goin' To Do When the Rent Comes 'Round?"—Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown, "The Leader of the German Band," "She Is Ma Daisy" (again Harry Lauder), "Nobody" (the great Negro comedian Bert Williams composed it to Alex Rogers' lyric), "My Irish Molly O," "Where the River Shannon Flows," "In My Merry Oldsmobile" (Gus Edwards), "If A Girl Like You Loved a Boy Like Me," "He's Me Pal," "Mary's a Grand Old Name" (Cohan), and "When the Mocking Birds Are Singing in the Wildwood."

Historic Highlights

Christy Mathewson set a record by thrice shutting out the Phillies when the Giants copped the World's Series, and undefeated heavyweight champ Jim Jeffries retired (returning in 1910 when Jack Johnson kayoed him).

The new Hippodrome (now a garage on 6th Ave. and 44th St.) opened April 12, 1905, cost \$1,750,000, with "A Yankee Circus On Mars" musical extravaganza which was to be the R. H. Burnside production format for many years.

Shaw's "Man and Superman" was first produced at the Hudson and Richard Mansfield presented Moliere's "Le Misanthrope" (in English) at the New Amsterdam. The 1666 French comedy played seven performances to good business.

Among the first cartoon strips to be dramatized was R. F. Outcault's "Buster Brown." Master Gabriel playing the title role and George Ali played the dog Tige, two-act comedy did okay, too — 95 performances.

Arnold Day was presenting Shaw repertory at the Garrick (later the original home of the Rodgers & Hart Theatre Guild "Garrick Gaieties"). Everything was OK until he offered "Mrs. Warren's Profession" when the cops stopped it after the first night, arrested Day and Mary Shaw ("Mrs. Warren"), who were released on bail, resumed their season, and were acquitted eight months later.

Mrs. Leslie Carter's swan song under David Belasco management was "Adrea." Maude Adams in "Peter Pan." "The Squaw Man." Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West." "The Earl and the Girl." "The Catch of the Season." "The Rollicking Girl" were among the legit. "The Lion and the Mouse," 636 performances, set a new long-run record at the Lyceum.

Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman;" Edith Wharton's "The House of Mirth;" Jack London's "The War of the Classes" (a socialist study) and London's "The Game" (a prizefight story); James Gibbons Huneker's "Iconoclasts; A Book of Dramatics" were among the published works of 1905. So was George Santavana's "The Life of Reason," a philosophical treatise in five volumes.

Prof. George Pierce Baker founded his "47 Workshop" at Harvard.

Andrew Carnegie's \$10,000,000 grant created "the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching . . . in the U.S., Canada and Newfoundland by providing pensions for university and college teachers and their widows."

"Zenobia" was probably the first opera by an American (Louis Adolphe Coerne, born in Newark) performed in Germany.

Orchestral accomp to operatic recordings displaced the heretofore standard piano accompaniments.

Fritzi Scheff's "Kiss Me Again" sent "Mlle. Modiste" to big 224 performances.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN JAZZ WITHOUT REALLY SWINGING

By LEONARD FEATHER

(Author of "The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the '60s")

Jazz today is in the most curious predicament of its 50-year history. (The half-century demarcation line arbitrarily goes back to the first use of the word jazz; actually the music it denotes probably antedates it by a couple of decades).

Musicians and critics who thought they were dealing in an art form, pure and simple, now find themselves engaged, and inevitably rating sides, in a socio-racial struggle. Quincy Jones remarked recently, during a public debate, "I look in the jazz magazines nowadays and they seem to be writing about everything but jazz."

The art form in which integration seemed to be making the greatest progress has become the vortex of bitter and inconclusive verbal struggles. Where good will seemed to be on the upswing, suspicion and aspersions abound. Some critics feel this situation is an inevitable result of the revolution that is taking place in American society; others maintain that a side-issue not germane to the music itself is being dragged in to create controversy.

The alienation felt by many jazzmen, partly as a result of social conditions, has led their music along paths that the average listener finds more and more difficult to follow.

Recently I completed an unbelievably exhausting job of compiling biographies for a new book, "The Encyclopedia of Jazz in the Sixties," published last month by Horizon. (Perhaps "completed" is the wrong word, since a job of this kind is never complete; dozens of biographies that arrived late, or involved artists who came to prominence after the book went to press, had to be held for a future book.) Literally hundreds of new artists are included who were not in the previous book in this series, only six years ago; yet the number who have gained a firm foothold, in terms of artistic recognition coupled with economic security, is extraordinarily small. To paraphrase Quincy Jones' statement above, I look in the trade papers nowadays and the charts seem to include everything but jazz.

Commercial success is no yardstick of esthetic values; nevertheless, some degree of public acceptance is indispensable if the music is to survive in a materialistic society. Looking through the charts for the past few months, I picked out the names of 10 artists who, by a greater or lesser stretch of the imagination, could be identified with jazz.

The Lucky 10

Of the 10, I found only three whose music, by most standards, was genuine jazz with only minor commercial compromises. They were Jimmy Smith, the organist, who swings hard and naturally (and is helped usually by superb arrangements and recording quality); Wes Montgomery, to whom the same comments apply; and Lee Morgan, whose success with "The Sidewinder" a couple of years ago has secured him for a while, even though his combo plays honest, nitty-gritty jazz without any concessions to the soul or rock 'n' roll trends.

What of the other seven? Three are vocalists, still operating to some extent within the framework of jazz. Paul Butterfield is one of those young white men trying to relieve the early Negro urban blues tradition, singing and playing harmonica, using a commercial instrumentation with two guitars and an organ. Ray Charles by now is an institution, whose records are sold as pop items though some provide a reminder of the earthy, blues-rooted Charles of the 1950s. Lou Rawls provides a healthy sign that a young jazz singer can make it without abandoning his musical family. Though his monologs are admittedly gimmicks, they are valid in effect and do not limit the jazz element in the rest of his work.

This leaves us with Doc Severinsen, who relies for his success not on his unquestioned ability as a jazz trumpeter, but rather on a

pop group sound and exceptional recording quality; Ramsey Lewis, whose millions of sales have been wrapped up in the rhythm & blues bag; Sergio Mendes, who offers a blend of bossa nova, showmanship and an occasional glimpse of American-style jazz; and of course Count Basie, who has been making it on the shoulders of a great singer, and whose non-Sinatra albums have been successful only when there has been some non-jazz angle, such as a set of Beatle songs.

How, then, can a jazzman succeed in the market of the late 1960s? With very few exceptions, the answer would seem to be that he succeeds only by deviating from pure jazz. Dick Bock at World Pacific has turned many of his jazz soloists into moderately successful pop artists by removing the highly individual characteristics that established them, and by substituting styles and techniques that could just as well be played by lesser artists with much less jazz ability. The formula has worked well for Bud Shank, Chet Baker, even Joe Pass.

Tijuana Brass Imitations

Creed Taylor, using some of the same techniques (in fact, he was the pioneer in this field), has enjoyed even greater success, and with fewer compromises. Other a&r men have tried desperately to find a means of selling their jazz talent by assigning them Tijuana Brass imitations, rock tunes and



LESTER LANIN

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Society Orchestra
Engagements Coast to Coast.
The most travelled orchestra
in the business.

the like, but the results have usually wound up in a dead end, since the material is neither natural to the artist nor acceptable to his fans, and has only a slim outside chance of surmounting these obstacles by reaching a new and larger market.

Recently a group of Tijuana Brass sidemen took a gig in a small club, during some time off from their regular chores, in order to express themselves more freely. Many such instances can be found; too many great artists today are looking for an escape hatch.

To sum it all up, in this day and age, an awful lot of jazz musicians are swinging without succeeding, and a lucky few are succeeding without swinging.

JAZZ AT THE PSYCHE-DELI

By SOL WEINSTEIN

Those of us who consider ourselves in the forefront of truly serious-minded jazz critics hoped against hope that one-tenth of what had been promised in the press release from LSD user-promoter "Tripmaster" Tenaglia would come into fruition at the heralded concert, "Jazz at the Psyche-Deli."

The handout had proclaimed "a blazing, mind-expanding incursion into jazz realms never approached by hidebound musicians of earlier eras, spotlighting a coterie of unfettered young stars with something to say." Perhaps, we prayed, the Tenaglia concert would cause a musical explosion that would disintegrate the toneless, unimaginative milieu of the big beat and lure the young back to the only genuine American art form, outshining in the process anything presented by George Wein at Newport or Norman Granz at Jazz At The Philharmonic.

Alas, the awful truth is that we suffered through 14 hours of tripe, presaged by a bumpy, teeth-rattling trip to the Catskill Mountains. No amount of childish humor by Tenaglia at the wheel, who kept repeating, "And leave the driving to us!" could disguise the fact that he had been guilty of the most unforgivable penny-pinching. One does not endear himself to jazz critics by stacking 49 of them in a Volkswagen bus and feeding them Unedda biscuits and Kool-Ade, Mr. Tenaglia.

In Monticello, New York, Tenaglia had purchased a seedy, third-rate milk farm resort, Warshawsky's Friendship & Weight Reduction Club, and converted its crumbling swimming pool into his Psyche-Deli jazz bistro and restaurant, whose cuisine featured peyote pierogis, sacred mushroom and barley soup, acid head of lettuce, mescaline al dente and a main dish—pot roast.

Thoughtless Mr. Tenaglia did not apprise the junketeers of the potency of his bill of fare and one of us, Avery McKellar, the respected jazz reviewer for the Watchtower, who ordered two full-course dinners, has still not been located, having last been seen running out onto the busy New York State Quickway under the impression he was a Ford Thunderbird trying to run down Ralph Nader. We hold little hope for his safe return.

The Psyche-Deli's acoustical setup is nothing less than atrocious. Any sound system set in the deep end of a filled pool is bound to be. It presented no problem to the group that kicked off the program, an all-dolphin rhythm section performing a strangulating, gargling composition called "Flipper-Dido," (and when will they stop the usage of "Dido" in jazz titles? It has become quite unhip by now), but when Tenaglia demanded that his next group perform under the same conditions (and water) Tiny Graubitsch, a splendid pioneer in interfaith jazz proficient on both the Jew's and gentile's harp, slipped through one of the many fissures in the ancient pool and was found two hours later face down in a reservoir. (A Tiny Graubitsch Memorial Concert was hastily set up by Tenaglia who, it seems, will stop at nothing to exploit his musicians.)

Tenaglia himself fronted the third combo of the evening, featuring Rick Clackwick on theramin, Ben Gunn on alto and bass blasting caps and the charlatan "Dunedog," the fraudulent "Arab" who for years has haunted Manhattan street corners peddling a bizarre variety of so-called "far-out" jazz instruments, the 10-stringed pancreas, the amplified, C-major gourd and the Swineophone (an inflated pig bladder with fingerholes).

The Bossa Hora

One of the requisites of jazz, be it traditional or advanced, is that it swings. Not so when "Dunedog's" bewildering tempi are hashed into a melange of 38/7 time, bossa hora, and the slish-slish-slish of a man's dragging foot, which he frankly admits stealing from the soundtrack of "The Fallen Sparrow."

One piercing, honest note came from the sorry presentation, but it was not written into the tune. It was the improvised death wall of Clackwick who had plugged in his electronic theramin in the fetid, salty water. In his final throes he bumped into Gunn setting off the latter's blasting caps prematurely. The two will be missed by thoughtful observers of the jazz scene. If Tenaglia had not been blown onto the tor limbs of an adjacent pinetree, we are certain he would have organized

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A Comment On Social Protest Jazz

By HAROLD FLENDER

I recently completed the script of a documentary for Irving Gitlin. As with all documentary assignments, I learned plenty, although I'm not sure how I can put to use what I learned on this particular documentary. "I want you to find out," instructed Gitlin, what's new. I mean really new, what's the latest, what's in, what's hip, hip, hip! In fashions, in philosophy, in sports, in science, in business—give me what's hip!"

Armed with the Village Voice, the East Village Other, and the consulting services (for a modest fee) of Professional Hipster Sandra Zimmerman, I took off on the research phase of my new writing assignment.

Since jazz is one of my personal interests, I thought I'd find out what was happening in that area. I learned that the latest in jazz was social protest jazz, that its high priest was one Archie Shepp, and the best place to hear him was the Village Theatre on Second Avenue, a sort of vaudeville house of protest, featuring on different occasions, Timothy Leary protesting the ban on LSD, Le Roi Jones protesting sanity in integration, and Shepp just protesting through Jazz.

I should have known how hip Shepp's concert was going to be when I handed the usher my ticket for reserved seat N 101. He took one look at it and mumbled through his unkempt beard, "Where is N?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Where is N?" he repeated. "Is it near A? Like, man, I never made it with the alphabet. What is it, A . . . B . . . N?"

"No," I said, "it's A . . . B . . . C. N is near the middle."

"Oh you mean near Z?"

"No, Z is the last letter of the alphabet."

"Is that fact?"

I found my seat myself, and saw Archie and Beanie lead the musicians in his band in what he calls social protest music. They played as loudly, dissonantly and unorthodoxly as possible, and I figured out that social protest jazz must mean a type of jazz that when played in any social environment leads to protest on the part of the listeners.

U.S. Diskery Invasion of British Market Faces Tough BBC 'Needle Time' Policy

By ROGER WATKINS

London. In theory, this year Britain is to be availed by American disk companies intentioned on cutting themselves in on a piece of the \$80,000,000 British wax market. Move would appear, on paper, to be a valid and potentially profitable one.

For it cannot be denied, hit artists are created here; the British "sound" is internationally exportable and the local market shows all the signs of maturing into a large album spinner.

But, on close examination, a couple of serious fundamental deficiencies appear. And they are of an order that could kill or keep out all but the most resilient Yank company. They are, namely, a lack of exposure for disks and a distribution system not geared to handle the mass of waxes already on the market, let alone any more.

The two big lacks, which may take years to adjust—if, indeed, they ever can be—are bound to frustrate all but the most determined American newcomer. While ancillary problems such as acquisition of disk talent, top executive staff and a&r personnel are large enough, they are at least surmountable over a period of a few years.

But what is it going to take to persuade BBC Radio to cut its massive quota of spoken word radio in favor of more music? Upping of the BBC's "needle time"—i.e. disk playing time—would not be easy because it has been set by agreement with the Musicians Union, which is basically against use of recordings over the air. To secure an increase in "needle time" recently, BBC had to make major concessions to the union in respect of employing live musicians and setting up new orchestras.

Similar union problem will confront commercial radio if and when it is constituted here. MU has already threatened to ban commercial recording if commercial radio is introduced (this gives a pointer to the vehemence of the tooter's attitude against waxing).

Pirate Broadcasters

Whether the "pirate" broadcasters can remain in business after "anti-pirate" legislation is still a moot point. If they are successfully scuppered many—but not all—in the disk industry will mourn their loss. For the belief is spreading that the "pirates," via their 24 hour music formats, have served to stimulate record buying. At least, they provided a good vehicle of exposure.

Any American record company

moving in is, then, faced with the prospect of a market returning to a quota of "needle time" on native sound channels plus the "lone voice" of Radio Luxembourg, a Continental all-music station which legally beams to U.K.

As any sales exec knows, there is only one way successfully to sell records and that is to secure airtime. If plug spot availabilities are cut by the shutdown of the "pirates" then the scramble for plugs between EMI, Decca, Philips, Pye, CBS, Polydor, et al, will be frantic enough. The prospect of other Yank competitors adding to the melee is not relished by the native companies.

Distribution, which is probably a less insoluble headache for major American companies at least, is nonetheless a whole load of worry for anyone without the loot to set up their own distributeries.

While RCA, with its vast resources, may successfully follow the lead of CBS in setting up its own auxiliary method of getting platters into the shops (and its axiomatic that with a catalog such as RCA's a big distrib will handle the company), smaller operations may find national distribution denied them. The biggest wholesalers are owned by Decca and EMI and every distribution deal they set provides the parent waxery with more competition for the disk dollar.

In view of one industryite, what's needed in U.K. before new independent companies can reasonably expect to get off the ground, is a new, independent distribution chain.

Risks & Rewards

But for those American companies who figure the risk is worth taking, the rewards of the market can be expected to justify the capital investment. This may be judged by CBS' track record. In little over a year, company, which bought the old Morris Levy waxery, Oriole Records, and thus acquired a new pressing plant and a skeleton of a company in which to grow CBS flesh and fat, has moved into the black.

An example of the business that can be done: Since CBS' move in, the company has shifted around 500,000 Bob Dylan albums and recorded sales approaching that figure on Andy Williams, Tony Bennett, Barbra Streisand and, somewhat lesser, Ray Conniff. Show albums such as "My Fair Lady" and "West Side Story" are a'so boff movers.

This album success comes at a time when the British market is becoming LP conscious in an unprecedented fashion. According to Ken Glancy, who has steered CBS'

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Top Pop Songs Around The World

This roster encompasses a repertory of pop songs that have achieved hit status in relation not only to their American standing but to the key countries of the world. This country-by-country lineup of popular standards includes some numbers that may be unfamiliar to U.S. audiences, but rate inclusion in the "global top pops" because of wide performances in their own and other countries.

The English titles are favored in this tabulation, with the original foreign title

ARGENTINA

ADIOS
ADIOA PAMPA MIA
CAMINITO
CRISTAL
DREAM TANGO
(Tango Du Reve)
HAVE MERCY DEAR
(Piedad)
HEALTH, WEALTH AND LOVE
(Salud Dinero Y Amor)
HEARTBROKEN GAUCHO
(Sentimiento Gaucho)
INSPIRATION
(Inspiracion)
I WISH THAT I WERE DREAMING
(Esta Noche Me Emborracho)
LOOK TO ME
(Ole Guapa)
MALA JUNTA
MAMA YO QUIERO UN NOVIO
MISA DE ONCE
NIEBLA DEL RIACHUELA
PLEGARIA
SILENCE
(Silencio)
TANGO OF ROSES
(Tango De La Rosa)
UNO
WHY
(Por Que)

AUSTRALIA

BAREFOOT BOY
GOOD LOOKIN' BOY
GOT A ZAC IN THE BACK OF ME
POCKET
HANGIN' FIVE
I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE
KISSING SOMEONE NEW
KISS, KISS, KISSIN' IN THE CORN
LITTLE BOY LOST
PUB WITH NO BEER
ROYAL TELEPHONE
SOUTHERN 'RORA
THAT'LL BE ALRIGHT
TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN, SPORT
TURN THE LIGHTS OUT, JOHNNY
WALTZING MATILDA

AUSTRIA

A LITTLE CAFE DOWN THE STREET
(Ein Kleines Cafe in Hernals)
JUST A GIGOLO
(Schoener Gigolo)
KISS IN YOUR EYES
(Kommen Sie Ins Chambre Separee)
LIGHTLY, VERY LIGHTLY
(Walzertraum Waltz)
LOVELY VIENNA AT NIGHT
(Wie Wird Bei Nacht Erst Schoen)
MERRY WIDOW WALTZ
(Lustige Witwe)
MY HERO
(Komm, Komm, Held Meiner Traume)
SARI (Waltz)
(Zigeunerprimas Waltz)
THE WOODS OF VIENNA ARE
CALLING
(Im Prater Bluehn Wieder die Baume)
THIRD MAN THEME
(Der Dritte Mann)
TWO HEARTS IN THREE-QUARTER
TIME
(Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt)
VIENNA, CITY OF MY DREAMS
(Wien, Wien Nur Du Allein)
WHEN DAY IS DONE
(Madonna, Du Bist Schoener als der
(Sonnenschein)

BRAZIL

BAIA
BA-TU-CA-DA
BALANCINHO
COME TO THE MARDI GRAS
(Nao Tenho Lagrimas)
LITTLE BOAT
(O Barquinho)
MEDITATION
(Meditacao)
MISS BALANCO
ONE NOTE SAMBA
(Samba De Uma Nota So)
QUIET NIGHTS OF QUIET STARS
(Corcovado)
ROSA MORENA
SAMBA DE MINHA TERRA
SAMBA LEGAL
THE BANDIT
(O Cangaceiro)
THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA
(Garota De Ipanema)
THE PARROT
(Os Pintinhos No Terreiro)
TICO TICO
TRENZINHO

CHILE

AY AY AY
CORAZON DE MUJER

COLOMBIA

SANTA MARTA
FLORES NEGRAS

CUBA

AFRICAN LAMENT
(Lamento Africano)
ALWAYS IN MY HEART
(Siempre Mi Corozon)

AMAPOLA

BABALU
CHI CHI CHA CHA CHA
COME CLOSER TO ME
(Acercate Mas)
CORDOBA
DANZA NEGRA
DUST ON THE MOON
(Canto Indio)
EL JAMAQUINO
GITANERIAS
JUNGLE DRUMS
(Canto Karabali)
LA CHARANGA
LA COMPARSA
LA CONGA
LA PACHANGA
MADE FOR EACH OTHER
(Tu Felicidad)
MALAGUENA
MAMA INEZ
MAMBO JAMBO
MARIA MY OWN
(Maria La O)
MARTA
MONDONGO
OYE EL CARBONERO
PATRICIA
PEANUT VENDOR
(El Mansiro)
PERHAPS, PERHAPS, PERHAPS
(Quizas, Quizas, Quizas)
RUMBA RUMBERO
SAY SI SI
(Para Vigo Me Voy)
STARRY BLUE NIGHT
(Noche Azul)
SWEET AND GENTLE
(Me Lo Dijo Adela)
TABOO
THE BREEZE AND I
(Andalucia)
WITHOUT YOU
(Tres Palabras)
YOU'RE THE MOMENT OF A LIFETIME
(Floras Negras)
YOURS
(Quiere me Mucho)

DENMARK

ALLEY CAT
BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TO LOVE BY
(Jeg er ikke den sidste zigeuner)
BLUE ROSES
(Blaa Roser)
DANCING SONG
(Dansevisen)
ECHO BOOGIE
GIV MIG DIT HJERTE, MARIA
JEALOUSY
(Tango Jalousi)
RIO DE JANEIRO
SCANDINAVIAN SHUFFLE
THE SAILOR AND THE STAR
(Somanden og Stjernen)

GERMANY

ANSWER ME
(Glaube Mir)
AUF DER REEPERBAHN
AUF WIEDERSEHEN
BEER BARREL POLKA
(Rosamunde)
BEL AMI
BERLIN AIR
(Berlin Luft)
BLUE EYES
(Die Ganze Welt Ist Himmelblau)
DON'T ASK ME WHY
(Frag Nicht, Warum Ich Gehe)
FAITHFUL HUSSAR
(Treuer Husar)
GLOW WORM
(Gluehwurmchen)
GOODBYE, MY LITTLE CAPTAIN
(Adieu, Mein Kleiner Gardeoffizier)
HEAD OVER HEELS IN LOVE
(Ich Bin Von Kopf Biss Fuss)
JUST A GIGOLO
(Schoener Gigolo)
LIECHTENSTEINE POLKA
LILI MARLENE
MACK THE KNIFE
(Mackie Messer)
MY SONG OF LOVE
(Mein Liebeslied Muss Ein Walzer
Sein)
PUPPCHEN, DU BIST MEIN
AUGENSTERN
RAINDROPS
(Regentropfen)
TWO HEARTS IN THREE-QUARTER
TIME
(Zwei Herzen In 3/4 Takt)
UNDER THE LINDEN TREE
(Untern Linden, Untern Linden)
UNDER THE RED LANTERN OF ST.
PAULI
(Under Der Roten Laterne Von Sankt
Pauli)
WHEN THE LILACS BLOOM
(Wenn Der Weisse Flieder)
WILD VIOLETS
(Wenn Die Kleinen Vielchen Bluehn)
YOU CAN'T BE TRUE
(Du Kannst Nicht Treu Sein)
YOU, YOU, YOU
(Du, Du, Du)
YOURS IN MY HEART ALONE
(Dein Ist Mein Ganzes Herz)

FRANCE

ALL MY LOVE
(Bolero)
AT LAST, AT LAST
(L'Ame Des Poetes)
AU REVOIR
AUTUMN LEAVES
(Les Feuilles Mortes)
BEYOND THE SEA
(La Mer)
C'EST SI BON
CHERRY PINK AND APPLE BLOSSOM
WHITE
(Cerisiers Roses et Pommiers Blanc)
COMME CI, COMME CA
(Clopin-Clopant)
COMME UN PETIT COQUELICOT
DAYS OF THE WALTZ
(La Valve a Mille Temps)
DOMINO
DREAMS NEVER GROW OLD
(Mes Jeunes Annees)
ELLE ETAIT SI JOLIE
FASCINATION
FLEUR DE PARIS
FIND ME A BOY
(Tout Les Garcons & Les Filles)
FOR MAMMA
(La Mamma)
HOLDING HANDS
(J'ai Ta Main)
I DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT
YOUR LOVE
(La Plus Belle Pour Aller Danser)
IF YOU GO
(Si Tu Partais)
IF YOU LOVE ME, REALLY LOVE ME
(Hymne a L'Amour)
I LIVE FOR YOU
(En Avril a Paris)
I'M SO ALL ALONE
(Seul Ce Soir)
IT WAS ME
(C'était Moi)
I WILL FOLLOW YOU
(Chariot)
I WISH YOU LOVE
(Que Reste-t-il De Nos Amours)
JE CHANTE
LA PETITE WALTZ
LAVANDIERES DU PORTUGAL
LA VIE EN ROSE
LE FIACRE
LET IT BE ME
(Je T'Appartiens)
LINGERING DOWN THE LANE
(La Petit Vin Blanc)
MADEMOISELLE DE PARIS
MADAMOISELLE HORTENSIA
MARINELLA
MY HEART SINGS (ALL OF A SUDDEN)
(En Ecoutant Mon Amour Chanter)
MY MAN
(Mon Homme)
MERRY-GO-ROUND
(Je N'en Connais Le Fin)
MILORD
NO REGRETS
(None, Je Ne Regrette Pas)
ONCE UPON A SUMMERTIME
(La Valse Des Lilas)
PADAM, PADAM
PARIS CANAILLE
PIGALLE
POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS
(La Goulante De Pauvre Jean)
SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE
SYMPHONIE
THE DAY THE RAINS CAME
(Jour Ou La Pluie Viendra)
THE TIME IS NOW
(Sa Jeunesse—Entre Ses Mains)
THE TOUCH
(Le Grisbi)
TO YOU MY LOVE
(Je Ne Sais Jas)
UNDER A ROOF IN PAREE
(Sous Les Toits De Paris)
UNDER PARIS SKIES
(Sous Les Ciel De Paris)
VALENCIA
VALENTINE
WHAT NOW MY LOVE
(Et Maintenant)
WHEN SCHOOL IS OVER
(Ecole Est Finie)
WHILE I LIVE
(Sur Ma Vie)
WITH YOUR LOVE
(Mes Mains)
YET I KNOW
(Et Pourtant)
YOU KNOW
(Tu Sais)
YOU WILL FIND YOUR LOVE IN
PARIS
(La Seine)

GREECE

AMERICA, AMERICA
BOY ON A DOLPHIN
(Ti in afto pou to lene agapi)
GERONIMO YANKA
HARD NIGHT'S DAY
(Asteri)
HONEYMOON
(An Thimithis Toniro Mou)

MAKE UP YOUR BED FOR TWO
(Strosse to stroma sou ya dio)
MYRTIA
(Myrtia)
NEVER ON SUNDAY
(Ta pedia tou Pirea)
PHEDRA'S
SYRTAKI
YANKA BEAT

ITALY

AL DI LA
ANEMA E CORE
ARRIVEDERCI ROMA
CIAO CIAO BAMBINO
COME BACK TO SORRENTO
DO YOU LOVE ME LIKE YOU KISS ME
GUAGLIONE
I HAVE BUT ONE HEART
(O Marenariello)
JUST SAY I LOVE HER
LA STRADA
MAMA
MORE
NON DIMENTICAR
RETURN TO ME
(Ritorna -Mi)
THAT'S AMORE
THERE'S NO TOMORROW
(O Solo Mio)
TORERO
TOWARDS THE END OF THE DAY
VOLARE
WHEN I HOLD YOU IN MY ARMS
YOU ALONE
(Solo Tu)

MEXICO

ADIOS MARIQUITA LINDA
ALLA EN EL RANCHO GRANDE
AMOR
BELLS OF SAN RAQUEL
(Por ti Aprendi a Querer)
BESAME MUCHO
BE MINE TONIGHT
(Noche De Ronda)
CUANTO LE GUSTA
DREAMING
(Duerme)
FRENESI
FULL MOON
(Noche De Luna)
GRANADA
GUADALAJARA
GYPSY LAMENT
JURAME
LOVE ME TONIGHT
(La Noche es Nuestra)
MADONNA OF THE TWILIGHT
(Perdonna mi Vida)
MADRID
MAGIC IS THE MOONLIGHT
(Te Quiero Dijiste)
MARIA BONITA
MARIA ELENA
MEXICAN HAT DANCE
(Tapatio)
MEXICAN LULLABY
(Arrullo)
MEXICAN STREET DANCE
(El Cumbanchero)
MY RIVAL
(Mi Rival)
MY SHAWL
(Ombo)
PERFIDIA
QUIEN SERA
VALENCIA
VEREDA TROPICAL
WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES
(Cuando Vuelva a Tu Lado)
YOU BELONG TO MY HEART
(Solamente una Vez)
YOUR LOVE OR NO LOVE
(Nunca)

PANAMA

GRAN SENORA
OI DECIR
TAMBORA
TOMO QUE TOMO Y TOMO

PUERTO RICO

CACHITA
CHA CHA CHA NO. 5
CRYING MYSELF TO SLEEP
(Lloranda Me Dormi)
DO YOU?
(Piel Canela)
ESPERAMA EL EL CIELO
LAMENTO BORINCANO
MAR Y CIELO
MEXICAN JUMPING BEAN
OBSESSION
QUE SABES TU
THE THREE OF US
(Triangulo)
TROPICAL MERENGUE
(Merengue Tropical)

SOUTH AFRICA

AG, PLEEZ DEDDY
FANAGALO
MEADOWLANDS
PICKIN' A CHICKEN
SARIE MARAIS
SKOKIAAN

(Continued on page 194)

How 'Badly Coached' Are U.S. Singers, And How Does Youth Make A Start?

By THEA DISPEKER

(Notorious is the fact that a young American concert and opera singer still must first secure professional experience, not to say "reputation," in Europe. There is the further obstacle, that thousands of young American voices have been mistreated, and find it difficult to get honest counsel. Nobody can compute the young singers' situation. Nor is adequate aid forthcoming from foundations or private grants to singers. Met tenor Richard Tucker when recently in Houston to sing "Aida" told the local Rotary Club that great new music shrines like the Jesse Jones Hall there were hollow mockery of American ambition so long as young U.S. operatic singers found the situation so dismal. A realistic question and answer discussion on young singers making a career beginning follows, the questions put by VARIETY; the answers provided by Mme. Dispeker.)



Thea Dispeker

Q. Approximately how many singers do you audition in the course of one year?

A. At least 200-300 singers from all over the country.

Q. In general, what are the standards of the singers whom you audition?

A. Of all the singers heard, approximately 10% are good-to-fine vocal talents, capable of making some type of a professional singing career in the serious music field. Of this 10%, unfortunately only 2-3% are well-trained vocally and musically.

Q. In your opinion, why are so many of these young singers so poorly trained?

A. Much has been written about the fine coaching and vocal training available in America today. This is certainly true, and in no small part due to the emigration of Europe's coaches and teachers shortly before World War II. But among the thousands of vocal teachers in America, there are, of course, many who are unfit to guide the vocal development of any student. Contrary to other educational fields, a voice teacher does not need a license to work at his profession and therefore can do irreparable harm to young voice students who blindly follow unauthorized methods. In addition, a good vocal teacher will provide the human understanding, the authority, and the knowledge to guide and further the student in his budding career. How often have I come across a singer who is vocally quite fine, but who is unable to project in either personality or feeling—across the footlights.

In my opinion, the vocal teacher can help here, too. Physical appearance is also most important, for whether we like it or not, a singing career is most often based on "glamour," which not only means good grooming, but also demeanor. It is an old but true axiom that audiences do not pay money to see an artist who looks and conducts himself like the next-door neighbor!

Q. When and how does a young singer start out professionally in the United States?

A. Let us talk first about the potential opera singer. Assuming that the singer's vocal teacher considers him ready for a professional career, and since, in the U.S. he cannot enter a small opera house on a year-round professional basis (as his European counterpart can), the U.S. singer must get his professional operatic education through some of our finer opera workshops, which exist not only in New York, but throughout the country. Also, many of our established opera companies are now incorporating apprentice programs, whereby young and inexperienced artists are given opportunities to perform.

For concert singers who are either not interested in, or suited for, operatic careers, the going is much harder, for with few rare exceptions, a singer builds a reputation first and mainly in opera. Aside from learning and performing oratorio repertoire with local churches and orchestras, it must then fall to a concert manager to take on the young singer and to introduce him to orchestral conductors as well as to promote him in the recital field.

Q. What is the next step for an operatic singer?

A. Now comes the moment when an operatic singer, having gained professional experience in opera workshops and apprentice programs, needs the help of a professional management. In general,

there are, unfortunately, few such managements in America.

Q. Why are there so few managers and/or representatives who are willing to start off young singers?

A. Out of the few U.S. managers, even fewer are willing or equipped to take on the task of promoting the career of a completely unknown artist. The main reason is a financial one. A manager usually works on a commission basis, and the potential fees of a young artist do not make it worthwhile for him. Another reason is that the young artist has not yet proved himself

by good newspaper reviews and/or prominent engagements. He is therefore not a sure enough factor for a good investment on the part of the manager.

Q. What should an artist look for in a representative?

A. Sincerity, enthusiasm, and hard work are the main factors for any artist to look for in a manager. Although musical knowledge is hoped for in a manager, it is not necessarily essential, as long as he has a fair for recognizing and promoting talent.

Q. Why are you considered by many orchestral conductors and operatic managers to be an authority on young American singers?

A. Being a trained musician myself, I have had experience in Europe coaching and accompanying many well-known singers. Upon emigrating to the United States in 1938, I found such a vast amount of first-rate talent here which had no opportunity to start professionally, that I determined to at least make myself available to these singers for professional advice if not for actual representation. I therefore hold monthly auditions for any and all opera and concert singers who write in to my office.

The Not-Impossible He and I.F.D.

By IRA GERSHWIN

"The Man I Love," "Looking For a Boy," and "Someone To Watch Over Me," and of course, countless songs and poems of similar sentiment through the ages, are more or less simple expressions of youthful daydreaming. Nonetheless:

A treatise on popular song lyrics by semanticist S. I. Hayakawa in the quarterly ETC (some years ago) has a good word for the realistic approach of songs in the "blues repertory"; e.g., Eddie Green's "A Good Man Is Hard To Find." But he deeply deplores the emotional effect on listeners of such songs as "The Man I Love," the Rodgers-Hart "My Heart Stood Still" and "Blue Room," the Whiting-Donaldson "My Blue Heaven," the Johnny Black "Paper Doll," and many others.

The "literary slop" in these songs and their like saddens Mr. H. because they doom us to what speech pathologist Wendell Johnson has named "the IFD disease." I for "Idealization" (the making of impossible and ideal demands upon life); F for "Frustration" (as the result of the demands not being met), which in turn leads to "Demoralization." The final step? D—demoralization or "Disorganization"—leads "into a symbolic world . . ." and "the psychiatric profession classifies this retreat as schizophrenia . . ."

An excerpt quoted from the first-mentioned corruptive lyric: "Every night I dream a little dream./And of course Prince Charming is the theme . . ." One is warned that this sort of romantic whimwham builds up "an enormous amount of unrealistic idealization—the creation in one's mind, as the object of love's search, a dream girl (or dream boy), the fleshly counterpart of which next existed on earth."

Sooner or later, unhappily, the girl chances on a Mr. Right who, in turn, is certain she is Miss Inevitable; and, both being under the influence of "My Heart Stood Still" (which even advocates love at first sight), they are quickly in each other's arms, taking to City Hall for a marriage license.

On the way he sings "Blue Room" to her—she, "My Blue Heaven" to him. But, alas, this enchanted twosome is wholly unaware of the costs of rent, furniture, food, dentist, doctor, diaper service, and other necessities. There is no indication in the vocalizing "that, having found the dream-girl or dream-man, one's problems are just beginning. Rather . . . all problems are solved." It naturally follows that

soon the marriage won't work out, when "disenchantment, frustration" and "self-pity" set in. Shortly after, they buy paper dolls, not for each other, but ones they can call their own. This comfort is, however, temporary. Subsequently, he, helpless, is in the gutters of Skid Row; she, helpless, in a mental institution.

* * *

This is the case history of just one couple, but typical. There are millions more through whose ears infiltrate the airings of Broadway's demoniac love potions. Thus, with the continuous dinning of so-called sentimental song-strength-sapping us, eventually we must become an enfeebled nation, paralyzed by IFD. Q.E.D.

Barber's Shop Music

By GEOFFREY O'HARA

One of the regular haunts of music in the 16th, 17th and early 18th centuries was the barber's shop. Here customers awaiting their turn for shaving, haircutting, blood-letting, or tooth-drawing found some simple instrument on which they could strum. The barbers themselves, in their waiting time between customers, took up the instrument and thus came to possess some repute as performers.

Cervantes, in "Don Quixote" (1604) says: "Of the priest I will say nothing; but I will venture a wager he has the points and collar of a poet, and that Master Nicholas, the barber, has them too. I make no doubt; for most or all of that faculty are players on the guitar and song makers" (Jarvis' translation, ch. cxix).

Morley, in his "Plain and Easy Introduction to Practical Music" (1597), reflects on the standard of the barbers' performance, making one of the characters in his dialog say, "You keep not time in your proportions; you sing them false . . . nay, you sing you know not what, it should seeme you came lately from a Barber's shop."

Ben Jonson, in his "Silent Woman" (1609), has a man take a wife on the barber's recommendation, to find that she is always talking. He says, "That cursed barber! I have married his cittern" (i.e. an instrument that, in the hands of one waiting customer or another, was always sounding).

Hawkins, in his "History of Music," gives some particulars of the late 17th-century musician John Est, who, as a barber, be-

(Continued on page 190)

Most Prolific Pop Disker

All-time champ for dinking the most titles is Ben Selvin the U.S. orch leader, most popular in the 1920s, according to "The Daily Mail (London) Book of Golden Discs" by Joseph Murrells, who says it took seven years' research. He credits Selvin with about 9,000 recordings—working for nine different companies under nine different monikers—during his 44-year career. Bing Crosby follows with 2,700; Australian Peter Dawson is third with 2,500; Frank Sinatra fourth with 1,000.

Crosby, though, gets the nod as world's largest-selling disk artist with 250,000,000 "disk units" (equating one LP with six singles); Beatles 150,000,000; Elvis Presley 115,000,000; London, Ont.-born Guy Lombardo 100,000,000.

Murrells predictably says most recorded tunes are Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust" and W. C. Handy's "St. Louis Blues"—about 1,000 versions each; and top singles Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" (25,000,000) (it's now 40,000,000, closely followed by Gene Autry's "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," with over 35,000,000 platters.—Ed.).

Paul A. Gardner.

FREAK OUT / PSYCHEDELIC / FOLK ROCK SUPERSEDE SEX / VEX / WRECKS

By ARNOLD SHAW

Variant of a headline that appeared in the VARIETY annual of 1953, the head on this story also fanfares a sharp turn that pop music has taken. Tender crooning of the Big Ballad era (Crosby, Sinatra, Como) faded before the muscular frenzies of the Big Belters (Frankie Laine, Teresa Brewer, Johnnie Ray). The change was captured in a head that read:

Sex/Vex/Wrecks
Supersedes June/Moon/Spoon.

This two-liner had internal rhyme. Today's keynoter, not unlike many current chart songs, doesn't rhyme externally or internally.

Freak Out—It's a western term referring to a scene in which color, light and sound are employed to achieve a disorientation of the senses. It started with a group who call themselves the Mothers of Invention and who may be heard on a Verve album. "We get the same effect as from taking acid (LSD) without any of the bad stuff," says Frank Zappa, who fathered the Mothers of Invention. Their album is minus the flashing strobe lights that help send the Freaks—in their lingo—but you can hear the ear-splitting decibels that turn them on. "The freaks are ready for anything," says Zappa. "Feedback—anything."

Shock-Rock is a handle that the generation of boys with longhair and the girls in bellbottoms and boots sometimes give to this music. It seems well-chosen when you consider a Beatle record that used the sounds of a submarine and another in which they reversed the taped musical accompaniment, playing it backwards. The results of the search for far-out sounds and surprise effects (also group names) are, perhaps, aptly characterized as Listening Music for the Nuclear Age. In many ways, the work of groups like The Fugs, The Jefferson Airplane and The Grateful Dead, not to mention The Peanut Butter Conspiracy, represents the Theatre of the Absurd set to an accompaniment of surrealistic music.

It's as easy to jibe at Shock-Rock and Psychedelic Music as it is tough to listen to it. The Jet-Age generation calls it "obscene," a term with which the rest of us won't quarrel, save that to them, "obscene" means what "the end" and "out of sight" once meant. Truth is, while all this wild experimentation may be cracking the eardrums of adult listeners, it's stretching the ears of the kids. Schoenberg, Shostakovich, Stravinsky, atonal, twelve-tone, poly-rhythmic, electronic-tape music can hardly offer anything they haven't already heard—and apparently liked.

Fact is that out of this music of tension and frenzy and euphoria has already come something of a rather interesting, if not positive, character on the lyrical as well as melodic side. The words of a song, No. 1 not too long ago, lament the lack not of love, sex, moonlight or the more common items young people usually hunger for and sing about "Sounds of Silence" was concerned with the absence of communication between men.

There's obviously a lot of stretching going on in teen-age music. The 32 bar form, regarded for decades as the norm for pop songs, has been chopped into many different shapes. Odd-numbered formations and changing metres are all over the charts. New words have

been introduced into the songwriter's vocabulary, words once regarded as 'un-commercial.' New subjects and areas of feeling and thought are being explored. Songs like Eleanor Rigby (The Beatles), Summer in the City (Lovin' Spoonful), Red Rubber Ball (The Cyrkle) and others have an attractive vitality, freshness of imagery and experiential reach.

Today's songwriters tend to be singers and record producers as well as lyricist-composers—not to mention arrangers, managers, publishers and what have you. The breakdown of the customary division of labor is doubtless motivated by a "let's keep it all" design. But it's also the result of the drive for immediacy, involvement and "soul" that characterizes the best of teen-age music.

Folk Rock, at the opposite end of the spectrum from "a go-go" music, represents a search for new signposts, for meaning behind the fear and trembling, the euphoria and psychedelic flights of the Freak Outs and the Shock-Rockers. If much of teen-age music is unintelligible and marked by a weird flippancy, there's also a seriousness and a charge toward new values that makes the older generation's all-too-ready putdown out of order. After more than a decade, the music of the younger generation is in a period of major transition. The new sounds, songs and forms may add little to the permanent reservoir of American song. But they could also lead, as some musical commentators believe, into one of the most exciting eras of popular music.

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By HARRY RUBY

Hollywood.

It was none other than the late and great H. L. Mencken who said: "When telling a true story, one based on an actual happening, using the real names of the persons involved, even if they be obscure, gives the story an air of verisimilitude." The story I am about to tell is about an actual happening—and it is about a person who was by no means obscure. His name? Harry Rapf. Many years ago, after making a go of it in Tin Pan Alley, as the general manager of the Gus Edwards Music Co., he took Horace Greeley's advice, went west, and made a go of it in a big way in the Motion Picture Industry.

Well, here is the story: Bert Kalmar and I were sent for by Harry Rapf—to talk to us about writing a picture he was producing at MGM. No sooner had we entered his office when he got right down to business. After briefing us on what the picture was to be about, he made us the following deal: \$2,000 a week—for a minimum of 10 weeks. If the job took over 10 weeks, he went on to explain, we would continue on a week-to-week basis at the same salary. "I'll have the contracts drawn up right away," he said, as he reached for the phone. "Wait a minute," I said. "Let's talk it over first."

"What's there to talk over?" Harry asked, as he looked at me, then at Bert, who merely shrugged. Bert was just as surprised as Harry was at what I said—and the way

(Continued on page 192)

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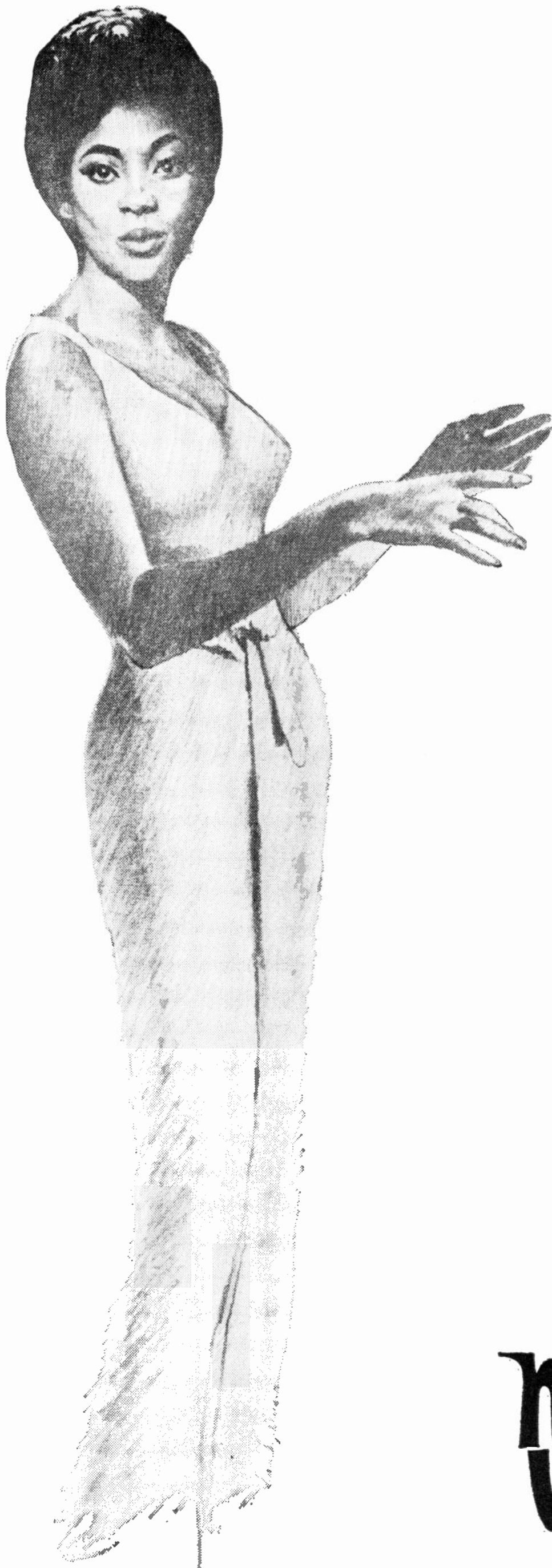
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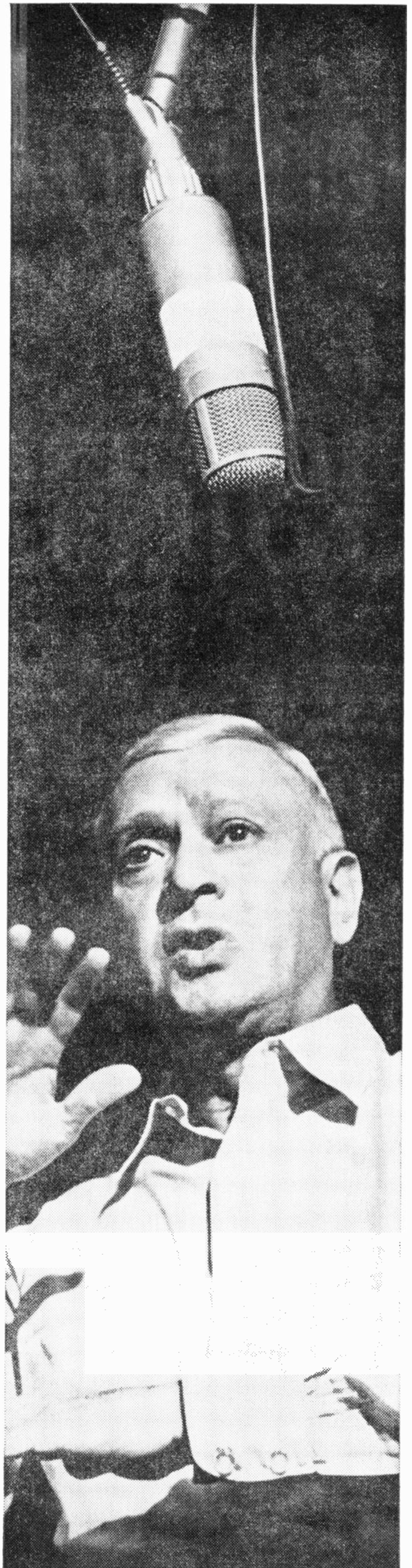
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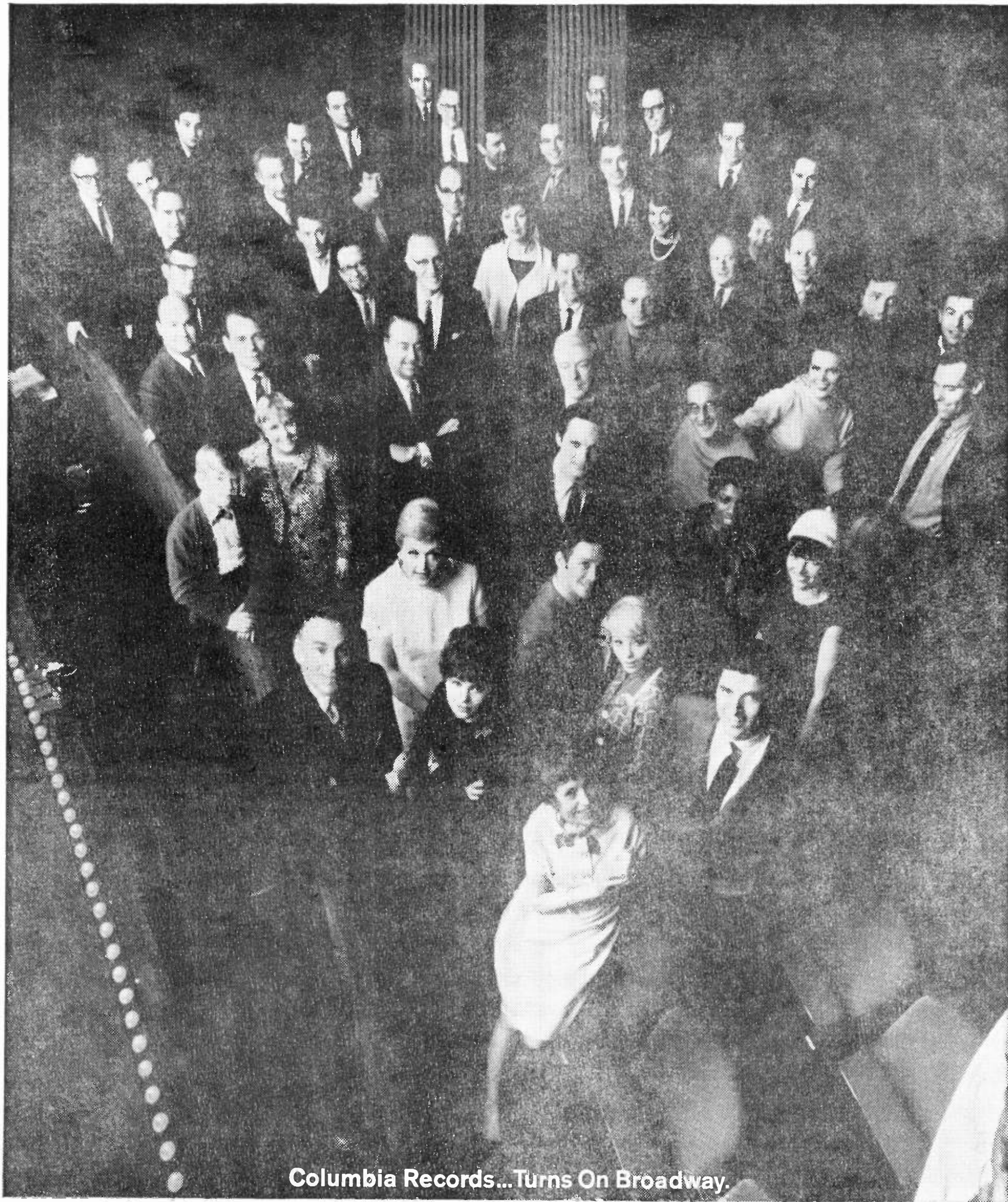
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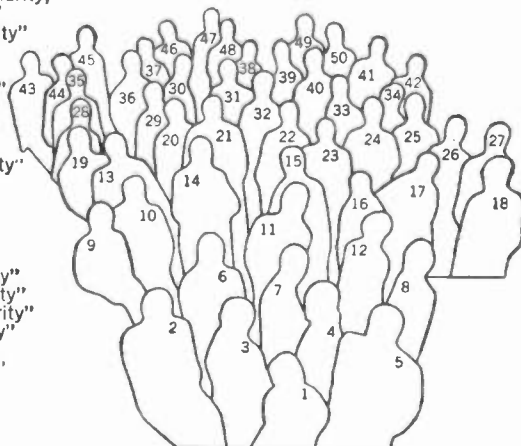
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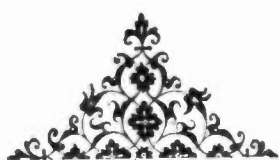
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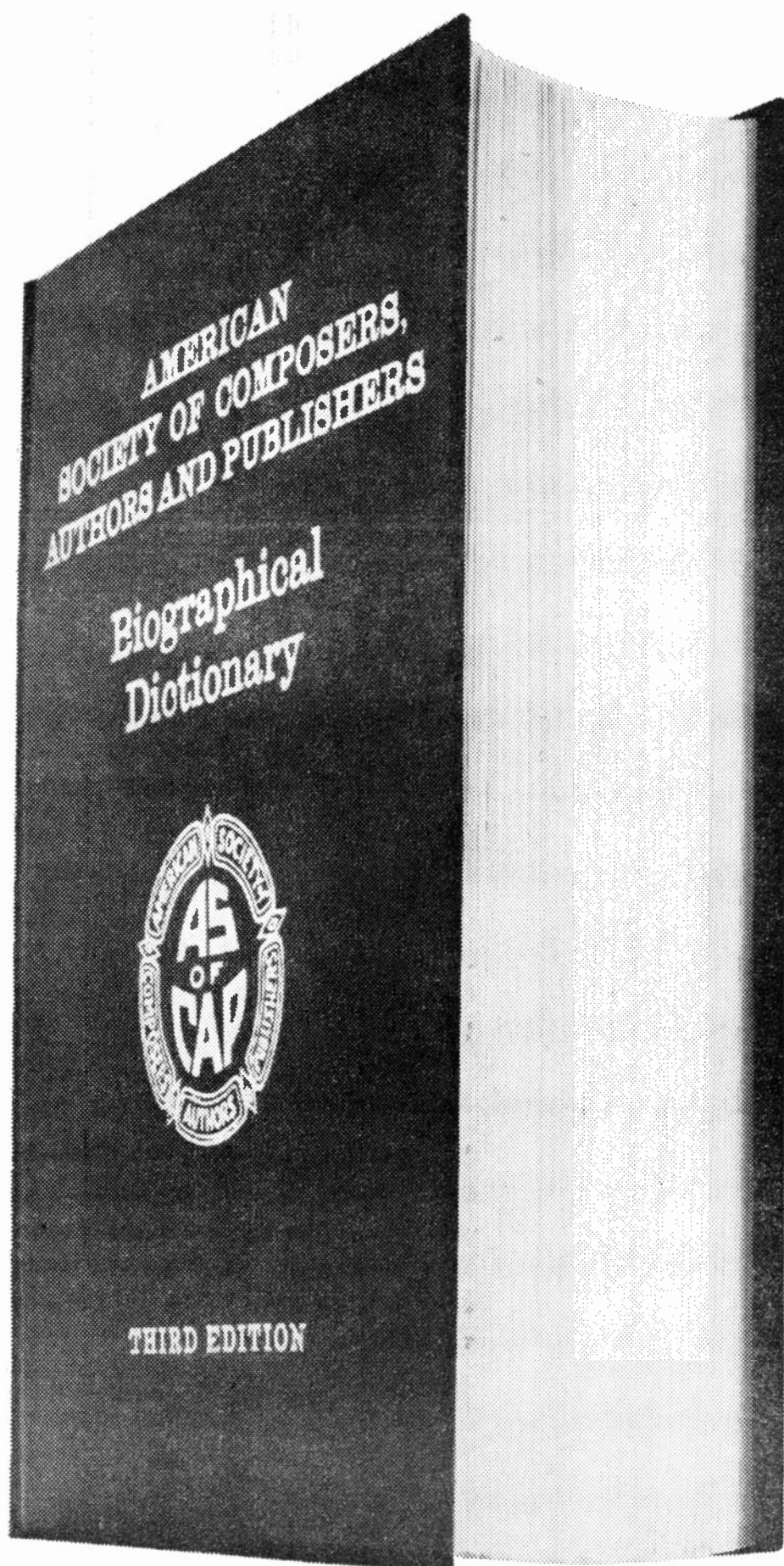
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U.S. Invasion

Continued from page 170

successful album course, the low-priced LP is acting as sort of a trailer for regular priced albums. Action on some budget lines has been so fast—20,000 and more a week — that they have outpaced the depressed singles sales. And its creating the album-buying habit.

Notwithstanding the fact that per capita income the album in U.K. is much more expensive than in U.S., it's now said by some companies that LP sales constitute approximately half their turnover. Glancy predicts that in the next five years the record companies will have broken into the adult market here which, at the moment, lies largely untapped.

Like other industry leaders he is grappling with the problem of how the casual buyer can be motivated to buy records, preferably LPs. He figures it should be easier for the man in the street to buy records. At present, it is more than likely a customer has to seek out a disk. Generally speaking, it is not available to the housewife doing her weekly shopping (though rackjobbing on budget lines has been started by EMI) and many potential sales are being missed with the early shut-down of stores.

Resist Cheap LPs

Glancy has thus far resisted introduction of cheap lines in albums because he figures this type of volume selling demands greater exposure than is available to the companies.

CBS' big LP success has not been duplicated by its efforts in production of local talent however. In its year of trying, the diskery has had a couple of close ones, but the big hit single via which a new artist is established has not been forthcoming.

Label has now pacted with a tried and tested hitmaker, Georgie Fame, who shifts from EMI to the Yank camp. According to Glancy, he is constantly looking to do deals with native "names" and by securing Fame he has made a real killing. A second way of tapping the local market for developing performers has been CBS' decision to facilitate an independent label, Go Records, which is out of the Lionel Segal-Jack Heath Millwick Music shop.

Millwick already runs the indie Strike label, but with the new Go label, it gets the full weight of CBS' distribution and promo arms.

Yet another area in which the American label is bringing along native material is in the tuner field. Consistent with headoffice policy, Glancy is making quite a play for legituners, though he says at this time, there is not a great deal of competition for original cast albums.

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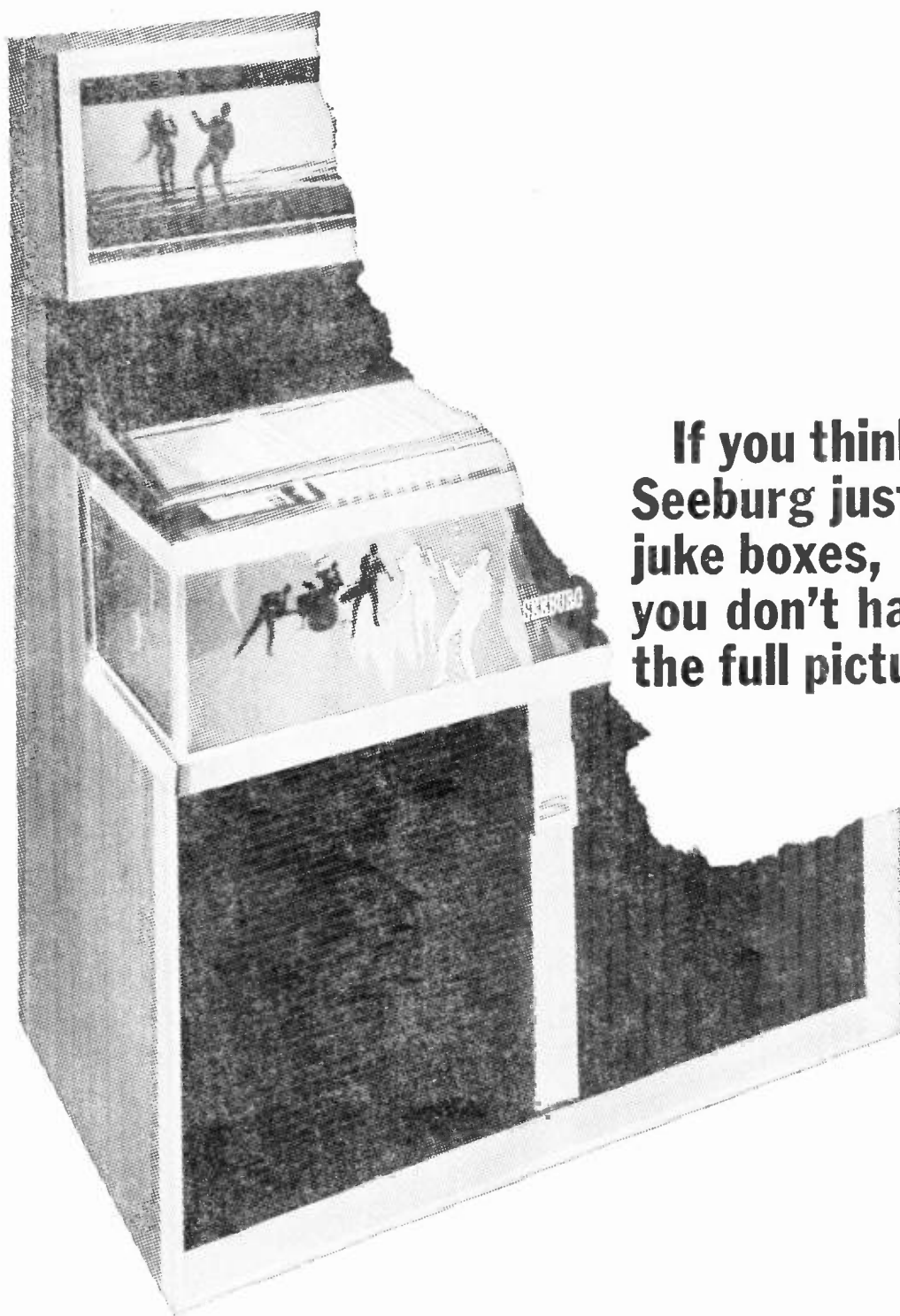
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Barber's Shop

Continued from page 172

came proficient on the cittern and then passed on to fame as a performer on the more important and difficult lyra-viol. The following is an extract from a contemporary poem on Est:

*Each barber writes himself in
strictest rules,
Master or bachelor i' th'
musick schools,
How they the mere musitians
do out-go,
These one, but they have
two strings to their bow.*

The musical proclivities of barbers ceased in England in the earlier part of the 13th century. Dr. William King "Works," vol. II, 1760 says that they took to periwig-making i.e. added an occupation that filled their vacant time and forgot their music.

Apparently the tradition was maintained longer in America. Steinert, the great Boston musical instrument dealer, speaks of a man with whom he lodged in Georgia about 1860. "As once upon a time he had been a barber he knew how to play the guitar." The impresario Hammerstein in 1908 cancelled his promise to put on a certain Spanish opera because the score called for a large number of guitar players—"More than I could get together readily; I should have been obliged to engage all the barbers in New York" (reported by van Vechten in "The Music of Spain").

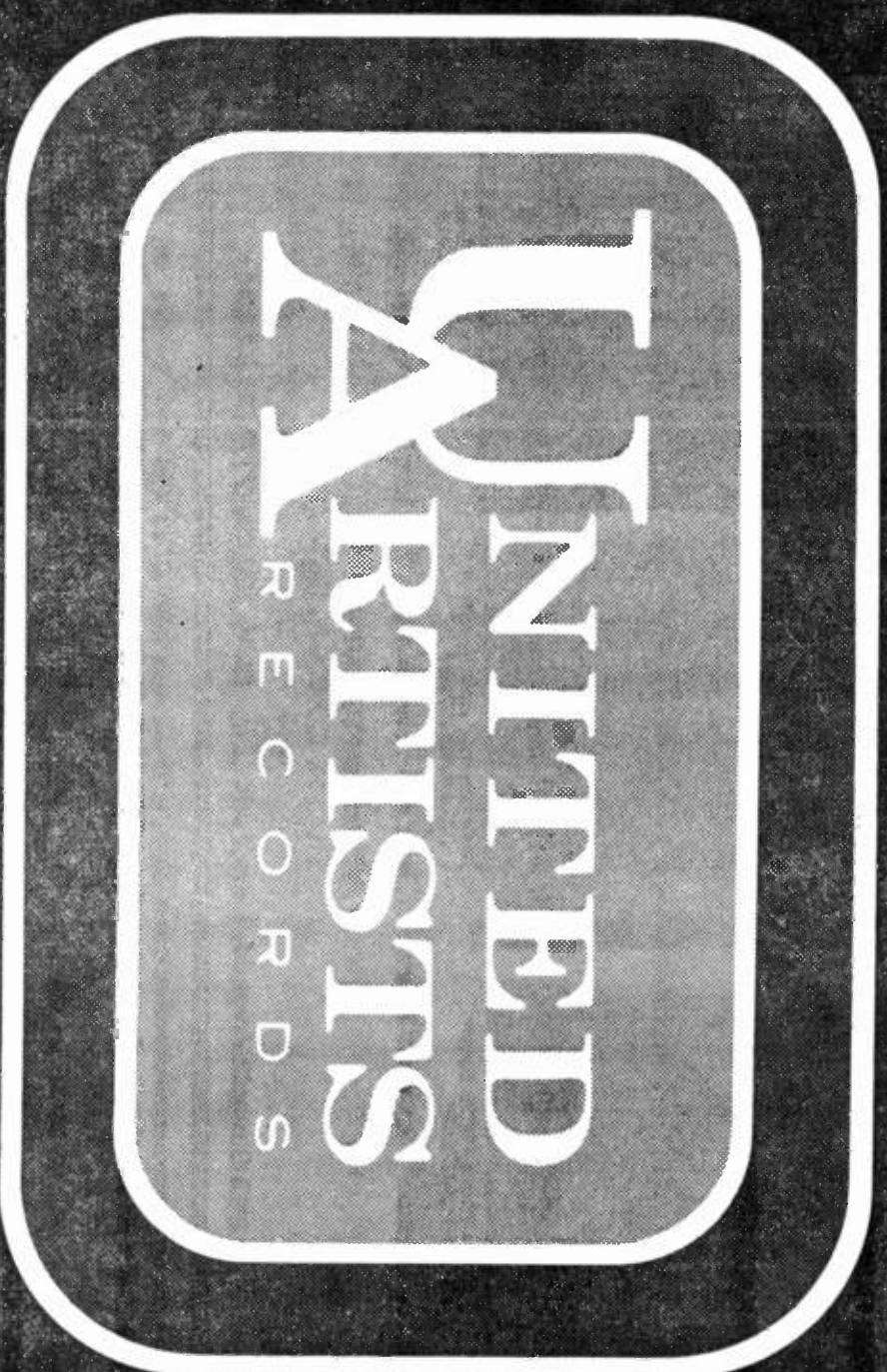
The expressions "barbershop music" and "barbershop harmony" are still current in the United States. Apparently few who use them can give any account of their origin. They are generally applied to the rough-and-ready choral harmonization of popular tunes by any convivial party. In 1931 we find the Nesho (Mo.) Miner & Mechanic lamenting that the "barbershop quartet" (i.e. vocal quartet) is a thing of the past.

The allusion of these American expressions may originally have been either to the vamping type simple harmonic accompaniment on a guitar or to the beguilement of song in the days when a small town barber's shop was a centre of social gathering for the men of the place. Possibly, however, these terms are a mere survival of an English expression now obsolete in the land of its origin—"Barber's Music" for any kind of extemporized noisy tunemaking; so we find that Pepys, on board the ship that went to fetch Charles II from his exile, at the suggestion of the admiral and with the help of the lieutenant's cittern and two candlesticks with money in them as cymbals, "made barber's music, with which my Lord was well pleased."

The barbers are rarely or never mentioned in books of musical reference. They are included (as are the equally neglected parish clerks) because they really played a part in musical life and for a pretty extended period—and (as the Cervantes extract shows) not only in Britain. The allusions in late 16th and early 17th century plays to barbers as musicians are innumerable.

BART HOWARD

MUSIC AND LYRICS

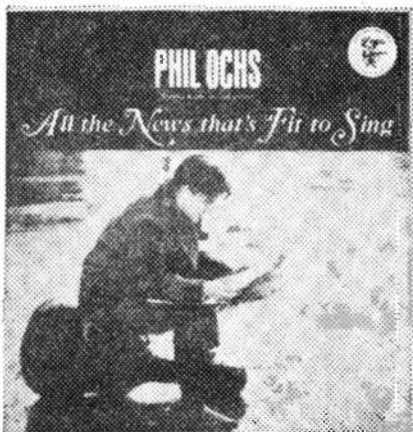


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\$11 To \$1,100 A Week

Continued from page 172

I said it. I went right to the point and told Harry we would have to get \$2,200 a week — if he wanted us to work on this picture.

During the pause that followed, Harry paced from one end of the office to the other — mumbling and glaring at us, but mostly at me. He came to an abrupt stop, ran his hand through his hair, then

barked: "I'm offering you guys the same salary you got the last time you worked here. Now you want more." He paced a few more steps, then turned and yelled: "You're holding me up." Just as Bert was about to say something, I cut in with: "Harry, we're not holding you up. We want \$2,200 a week for doing this job. We think we're

worth it. If you don't think so, all you have to do is get two other fellows."

The deal was finalized — on "our" terms—\$2,200 a week. As Harry reached for the telephone to tell someone on the other end to draw up the contracts, he looked at us, smiled and said: "I gotta hand it to you guys."

On the way to the studio commissary, Bert said: "I've gotta hand it to you, Harry. I think I'll make you my agent." It wasn't until we got to the commissary and had ordered lunch that the expected question came. Bert said: "Okay, Harry, let's have it. Why did you insist on getting \$2,200?" I didn't answer right away, so he continued: "I could understand \$2,500— but \$2,200 is such an odd figure that it kind of throws me. So, if you don't mind, out with it, young man." I told Bert I insisted that on that figure because I had to get \$1,100 a week for myself. And the following story, which Bert heard for the first time, explains why:

Two years after I was graduated from P. S. 42 — in the Bronx, I got a job as a songplugger with the Gus Edwards Music Company, whose general manager at the time was Harry Rapf. My salary was \$15 a week.

My first assignment as a song plugger was plugging a song the

firm was working on, entitled "Light Up Your Face With a Smile" — written by Gus Edwards. During the daytime hours I demonstrated the song in a five-and-dime store on 14th St. — aided and abetted by a singer by the name of Walter Winchell. Between his singing—and my piano playing—the customers in the five-and-dime store bought very few copies. Also, the song was not a very good one. It was one of Gus Edwards' very few flops. Not only was the song not selling, but most of the copies that had been bought by the music stores were being returned.

Things were not exactly looking up at the Gus Edwards Music Co. establishment; so, one by one, the staff which numbered 10 when I went to work for the firm, was whittled down until the only ones left were Harry Rapf, the bookkeeper—and me. One bright morning, just as I arrived at the office, Rapf walked up to me and said: "Harry, I like you very much. But the way things are going, I can't keep you on unless you agree to take a cut in salary. If you want to stay on, all we can give you is \$11 a week." He walked away a few paces, turned back and said: "I don't know what else to tell you. Take it or leave it." I took it.

As my story ended, Bert smiled

and said: "I think I am beginning to see the light, Harry."

"Look, Bert," I said, "while we were talking to Harry Rapf about that picture deal, I relived every step of that story I just told you. I got to thinking about how this very same man once paid me \$11 a week. Right then and there I made up my mind that this very same man was gonna pay me \$1,100 a week. See what I mean?"

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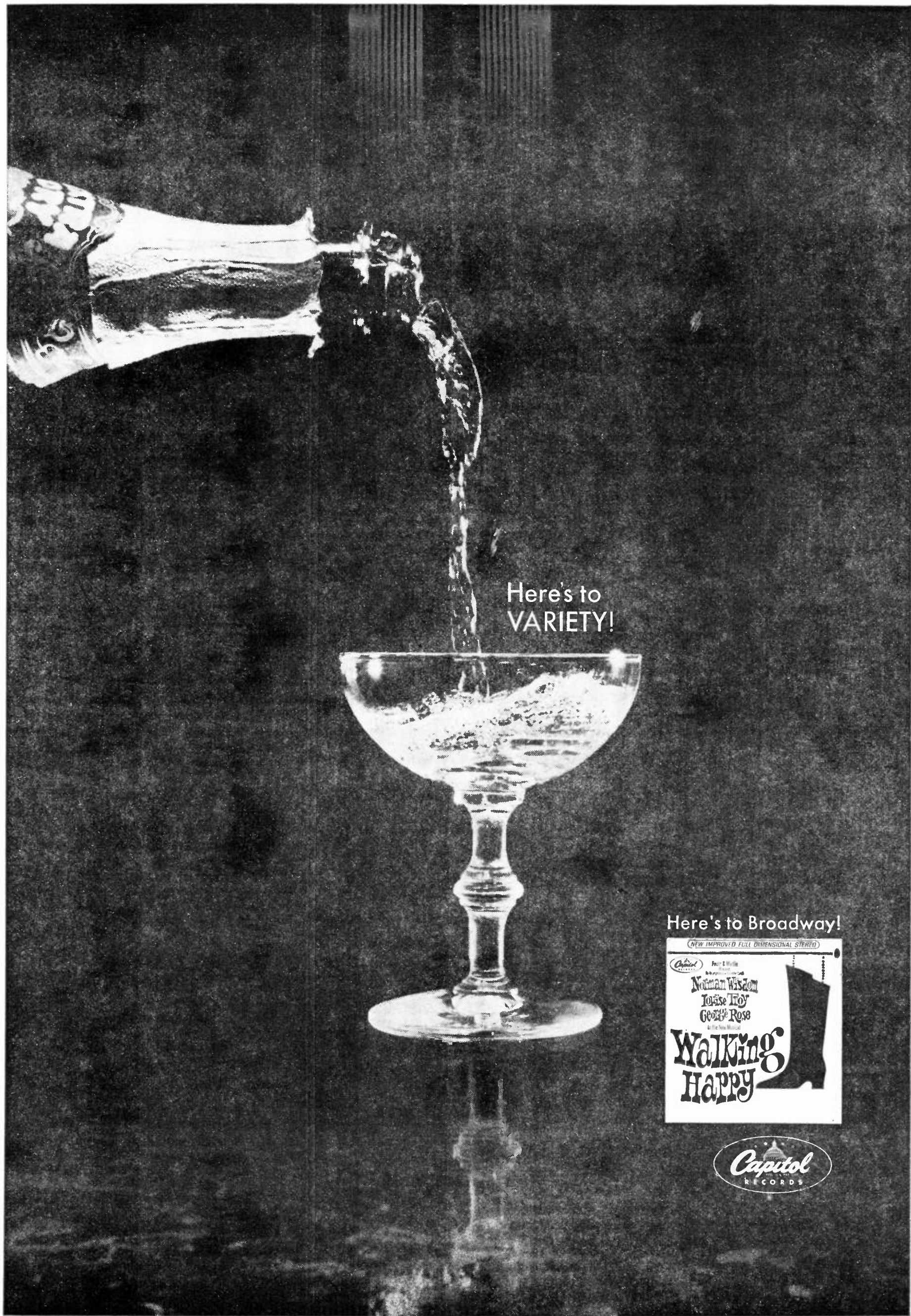
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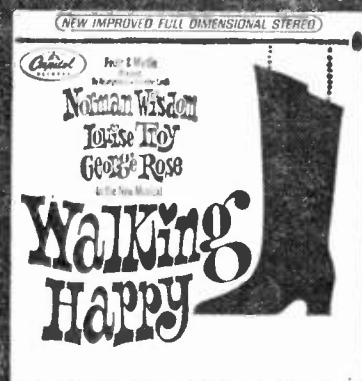
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Here's to Broadway!



gladys shelley

Jazz At The Psyche-Deli

Continued from page 170

two more memorial concerts on the spot.

With the impresario thus unable to bring on his remaining players, a breeze of sanity infused the concert. It came with the unscheduled appearance of two jazz groups who had started out for a Jazz at Massey Hall, Toronto, gig in 1954 but found themselves

stranded in Monticello when their bullock died and the cart overturned near Grossinger's.

Iggie Lighthouse & his West Coast Quartet brought some semblance of soul and purity to the Psyche-Deli, albeit they were first scorned and jeered at by Tenaglia's intolerant partisans. Lighthouse is the gentleman who years

ago at the Big Sur had concluded the presence of the piano was intrusive and a hindrance to the creativity of the other sidemen, so he discarded it from his instrumentation. He went even further in 1956, scrapping all other instruments, and formed his "instrumentless quartet." The group, Iggie, Bob Teague, Turk Hasson and Liz Trotta, minus piano, bass, guitar and drums, respectively, flashed through an all too brief reprise of their biggest hits, "No Noise," "The Sound Is Gone," "Ballad for Bonsche Schweig," "The Hills Aren't Alive With the Sound of Music" and the uptempo, driving flagwaver, "Library Reading Room Blues."

Another New Form

Feaster, never content to stand still (his main point of conflict with Iggie Lighthouse), discovered yet a newer form during a second felicitous accident in a San Francisco taproom brawl in the late 1940s. Wielding a bottle of Jack Daniels to fend off his adversaries, he found that human skulls when struck with minimal power were capable of producing a vast range of sounds—tenor skulls, alto skulls, baritone skulls, bass skulls, et. al.

He spent two years scouring the United States for individuals who possessed pure, musical cranial structures and corraled 23 of them into an instrument he dubbed the "vibra-skull," which he played by sitting high over them on a stool and using 10-foot mallets of Swedish steel. His contribution to the Psyche-Deli concert was magnificent—as far as it went—but the evil fortune that had plagued so many past Feaster recitals was hovering over the Catskills this night. During a fantastic solo on "You Go to My Head," 12 of Feaster's "living tones" lost that status. It was a shocked audience, indeed, that viewed the removal of the vibra-skull by a dozen ambulances from the Loch Sheldrake Rescue Squad. A sad fate, to be sure, for the man all jazz schools

acknowledge is the inventor of the head arrangement!

With the emergence of Tenaglia from the tree the last shred of dignity fled into the humid night. "Dunedog" reappeared to lead a number called "Turn Out, Tune In, Drop Out," wherein the entire gathering popped the minute doses into their mouths and free-formed a shout chorus of "knuckles! big hairy knuckles! knuckles!" abetted by a holdover from the milk farm days, social director Bernie Appleman, who tried to start a psychedelic game of Simon Sez. The composition was scored for six karate chopping blocks, a gong lifted from the J. Arthur Rank studios, and an oil vainting of Timothy Leary.

An ugly note of racism appeared during the all-out water-walking revelry, when one of the more extreme advocates began to beat up a lady because he had learned her name was Selma.

By now the jazz critic party had decided it was a propitious time to depart. One of our number, Wellman Pound, repaired the bullock cart and we all took turns at the yoke, incurring some painful muscular damage, but the idea of leaving a Tenaglia concert was so appealing that we bore it manfully.

On the way back to the city, a

benign harvest moon glowing goldenly, we harmonized on "Sweet Adeline," "Asleep in the Deep" and "Down By the Old Mill Stream" and came to the realization that in the hands of wholesome practitioners, jazz will never, never die.

Top Pops

Continued from page 171

SUGARBUSH
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THE OLD KALAHARI
(Die Ou Kalahari)
ZAMBESI
SWITZERLAND
BLACK BEAUTY
FOERSTERLIESEL
GUETE SUNNTIG MITENAND
LAST NIGHT
(Refrain)
NOUS AURONS DEMAIN
OH MY PAPA
(O mein Papa)
TANGO BOMBASTICO
TEN VAS PAS
THREE BELLS
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BUTTONS AND BOWS	MOON RIVER
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I DON'T CARE	SILVER BELLS
IF THE SUN DON'T SHINE	SING YOU SINNERS
I DON'T WANT TO WALK	SMALL FRY
WITHOUT YOU	SOME DAY
I GET ALONG WITHOUT	SONG of the VAGABONDS
YOU VERY WELL	STELLA BY STARLIGHT
I'M POPEYE	SUNFLOWER
THE SAILOR MAN	TANGERINE
I'M YOURS	THANKS for the MEMORY
IN THE COOL, COOL COOL	THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC
OF THE EVENING	THAT'S AMORE
I REMEMBER YOU	TO EACH HIS OWN
ISN'T IT ROMANTIC	TWILIGHT ON THE TRAIL
IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU	TWO SLEEPY PEOPLE
IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER	VAGABOND KING WALTZ
JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE	WHEN I TAKE MY SUGAR
JUNE IN JANUARY	TO TEA
JUST ONE MORE CHANCE	WHERE LOVE HAS GONE
LONESOME ROAD	WISH ME A RAINBOW
LOUISE	WITHEVERYBREATHITAKE
LOVE IN BLOOM	WITH THE WIND AND THE
LOVE IS JUST AROUND	RAIN IN YOUR HAIR
THE CORNER	WIVES AND LOVERS
LOVE LETTERS	YOU BROUGHT A NEW
LOVER	KIND OF LOVE TO ME

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NO MORE FEDERAL PAVILIONS

Who Wrote 'Casey At The Bat'?

Classic Recitation Dates From 1888
But Its Author's Identity Unsure

By **GEORGE W. POULTNEY**

Baseball has a literature peculiarly its own. Love has sonnets galore; war, epics in heroic verse; tragedy, somber story in measured lines; and baseball has "Casey At The Bat." But who created this minor masterpiece?

The poem, "Casey At The Bat," was published June 3, 1888, in the San Francisco Daily Examiner and won instant favor among the local sports fraternity. But it needed the impetus given it by the late De Wolf Hopper to bring it the widespread popularity it has since attained.

Whether the poem made Hopper great, or Hopper made the poem great, is a tossup.

The first person to whom it was ascribed with any appearance of authority was Joseph Quinlan Murphy. In 1902, Frederic Lawrence Knowles edited an anthology, "A Treasury Of Humorous Poetry," which included an early version of "Casey At The Bat," crediting it to Murphy. The only information about him, given in the index of authors, was that he died in 1902. By the time anyone thought to question this, Knowles himself was dead. His publishers could say nothing more than that he had always been very careful about tracing any doubtful authorship.

Another to whom the poem was attributed was an Irish newspaperman, William Valentine, who died in the late '90s, while on the staff of the N.Y. World. The basis for his claim rests largely upon Frank J. Wiltach, compiler of the Dictionary of Similes, who said:

"Valentine and I were roommates and worked together on the Sioux City Tribune in 1885. Valentine was city editor, but was constantly writing verse that he signed 'February 14th.'"

Back to Horatius

"One evening while I was reading Macaulay's 'Horatius At The Bridge,' I said to Valentine that here was a good opportunity to parody 'Horatius' by a poem about a Mick at the bat. Valentine read the poem and proceeded to write a piece he called 'Casey At The Bat.' (While there is a very faint similarity in the basic idea, form and character are entirely different.) Wiltach continued:

"I left Sioux City in 1887 and heard no more of Valentine, or thought about his poem until we met on lower Broadway in 1898. He was employed by the N.Y. World. About the first thing he mentioned to me was that De Wolf Hopper, who was reciting 'Casey At The Bat,' was giving credit to a man called Thayer. He asked me if I didn't recall suggesting 'Casey At The Bat' to him. I told him that I did, but that I had forgotten all about it during the intervening years.

"I am certain of two things: First, that I suggested to Valentine that he write a burlesque on 'Horatius At The Bridge,' and, secondly, that he did write it, and that it was called 'Casey At The Bat.' I was present when he wrote it. I haven't seen his copy since that afternoon, or afterwards, when it appeared in the Tribune. Whether the present 'Casey At The Bat' is a rewrite of Valentine's, I cannot say."

In 1905 the San Francisco law firm of Lent & Humphreys became interested in Valentine's claim to authorship of "Casey" and sent an agent to Sioux City to investigate. On his return the agent said he could find no evidence to support Valentine's claim. Incredibly, he made no search of the Tribune files, but confirmed that Valentine was on the paper's staff in 1887.

A third claimant to the authorship was George Whitefield D'Vys, of Cambridge, Mass. In the scrapbook for December, 1908, Dr. Harry Thurston Peck discussed the question of authorship of "Casey" at great length. His story, condensed from D'Vys' narrative, but with all essential details, said:

"On a Sunday in August, 1886, D'Vys and a friend, Edward L. Cleveland, were loitering about the ballgrounds at Franklin Park, Boston, when a sudden inspiration seized D'Vys and he started to write 'Casey,' beginning with the line: 'There was ease in Casey's manner.' This, and the next 32 lines were sent to O. P. Caylor of the N.Y. Sporting Times, and the poem appeared therein the following week. Unfortunately, no file of the Sporting Times of 1886 is known to exist. D'Vys' story also said that, in 1897, the Boston Globe printed the poem with five additional stanzas, attributing it to Ernest L. Thayer. Being ill at the time, D'Vys sent his mother to the Globe office, with his own copy of the Sporting Times, containing the eight original stanzas, and two letters from Caylor confirming his authorship. The Globe people assured Mrs. D'Vys that her son would receive full justice, but no correction was ever made."

Out of this farrago one fact emerges, that D'Vys claims to have written the last eight stanzas of "Casey" some time in August, 1886. He was always complaining about "the fellow who had spoiled his poem" by prefixing five other stanzas to it. In the summer of 1888, the N.Y. Sun had introduced the poem to the east by quoting only the last eight stanzas.

Kelly (?) At The Bat?

Finally, in the issue for July 29, 1888, the Sporting Times did contain the last eight stanzas of "Casey," in what is substantially the correct form, except the name of "Casey" was changed to "Kelly," "Mudville" to "Boston" and the title to "Kelly At The Bat."

Now, for another variation:

Ernest L. Thayer, who went west with William R. Hearst, Eugene Lent and F. H. Briggs after their graduation from Harvard in 1885, went to work on the Daily Examiner, at that time owned by the late Senator from California, George Hearst. Thayer returned to Worcester, Mass., in 1887 but, according to his story, began sending bits of verse back to the Daily Examiner. In the spring of 1888, he wrote "Casey At The Bat" and sent it along to the coast paper, where it was published on June 3, 1888, signed "Phin." (Ed.—Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations' credits Thayer with authorship.)

De Wolf Hopper, in his reminiscences, wrote:

"'Casey At The Bat' first appeared in the Daily Examiner in the early 1880s, where it was found by Archibald Clevering Gunter, who gave it to me. I recited it in New York City at Wallach's Theatre, about 1885, I should think. Four years later I found that the initials E.L.T. at the bottom of the poem were those of Ernest L. Thayer. I met Thayer, who gave me some other manuscripts just as good as 'Casey.' Many people have claimed authorship of 'Casey' but I believe that Ernest L. Thayer was the one."

Later, in an interview published in Cast, Hopper said that it was in 1887 that he began to recite "Casey," and again said that the copy which Gunter gave him was signed E.L.T. He could not have recited it in either 1885 or 1887, if Thayer wrote it when he said he did; and if the version Gunter gave him was signed E.L.T., it could not have been cut or copied from the Daily Examiner, because those verses were signed "Phin."

When these discrepancies were pointed out to Hopper, he replied that very possibly it was not until 1888 that he first recited the poem, but added, quite positively, "the initials E.L.T. were at the foot of the copy Gunter gave me." The nom de plume, "Phin," did not appear.

In his book, "Once A Clown, Always A Clown," Hopper says that he first recited the poem at Wallach's Theatre on May 13, 1888.

CONGRESS DUCKS PSEUDO-EXPOS

By **JOHN L. MOORE**

Washington. Little remarked by show business at large was an action of Congress during 1966 which has effectively stopped the Federal Government from hitting the "World's Fair circuit" with a series of costly pavilions. Part of the trouble nowadays is this: when is a World's Fair really one or just a local Chamber of Commerce come-on?

The rule seems now firmly fixed that the United States will participate only in bona fide events, of which Montreal's Expo 67 is representative and Robert Moses' so-called World's Fair of 1964-65 was not. Moses and his politico-financial backers chose to ignore the Bureau of International Expositions, which headquarters in Paris and "authorizes" the only true World's Fair, not oftener than one every six years in the same zone. Only two have had "first category" rating since World War, namely Brussels in 1938 and Montreal this year.

Seattle Led Way

Congress has ended the trend launched in 1962, when Seattle eliminated a downtown slum with its successful Century 21 Exposition. Ever since, the United States has been importuned to enter every fair bigger than a Fat Stock Show.

Four times since Seattle, Congress assented, pouring \$32 million into past or future expositions from Fairbanks, Alaska, to Miami, Fla. More than half, \$17 million, went into the 1964-65 New York World's Fair, which was purely a private promotion.

What broke Congress's patience was International Exposition HemisFair '68, which will mark the 250th anniversary of San Antonio, Texas, and pay homage to the diversified cultures of Pan America. HemisFair is sanctioned by BIE of Paris in the same "special" category as the 1962 Seattle fair.

While authorizing \$7.5 million for a U.S. pavilion at HemisFair (later trimmed by Congress to \$6.7 million), the Senate Foreign Relations Committee stressed that this was the last approval of this type.

To the HemisFair bill, the committee appended a "declaration of U.S. government policy . . . that no further participation will be authorized within the United States in any fair, exposition, celebration or exhibition unless it is registered as an international exposition of the first category by an established international organization" (meaning the BIE).

"One thing was unanimous," Senator Fulbright (D-Ark.) said in revealing HemisFair approval. "These more or less small fairs are not going to get our approval any more."

Trouble with most such fairs, the committee said, is that "everyone benefits tangibly—the local citizens, the city and the state—except the Federal government, unless a practical end use for the U.S. structure is found."

Confluence Theatre

The Commerce Department partly overcame this objection at HemisFair by designing a hollow circular "Confluence Theater" pavilion that later can be made into an office building, school or other useful structure by adding interior walls and floors.

Even so, the Committee concluded: "Henceforth, Federal assistance for fairs of this type is no longer justified."

Ironically, the cut-off came only six months after the Commerce Department optimistically set up a permanent U.S. Expositions Staff "in anticipation of expanded departmental activity in the international exposition field."

Creation of the staff is aimed at cutting costs by providing carry-over of ideas and materials from one fair to another. For example,

(Continued on page 198)

Hotel Economics Threaten Acts, Convention Crowds Not Choosey; Catskills Going for Masses

By **JOE COHEN**

In the new look of the Catskill mountains, convention facilities, and not the entertainer, has become the star. Due to this single altered economic case there is less work for talent. Names do not achieve their former importance in this new scheme of operations.

Individual guests have now become secondary to the confab trade. It is expected that the Concord, largest of all the Catskill resort inns, will adopt a new policy of accepting conventions during the summer season. In prior years, this hotel, along with others, wouldn't touch mass bookings during the peak season hot weather. There was just too much business from the vacation-bent individuals and families anxious to escape the city's heat.

What's more, convention business is weather proof. Rain can't prevent the conferees from coming, whereas individuals and family business will cancel in bad weather.

The extraordinary stress on conventions has created many changes. Some of the hotels, much smaller than either the Concord or Grossinger's, have been adding to their physical plants in order to latch onto the powwow bonanza. Swimming pools have become larger, Turkish baths and saunas are more elegant, golf courses are staffed by more prominent pros, and accommodations are becoming more lush. If badge-wearing organizations fail to respond, bankruptcy is the result. Some hotels are operating in receivership, and others are wondering about the benefits of Chapter XI.

Changing

The net result has been a bad year for talent in the hills. Of course, some still make a good living in the Sullivan and Ulster counties. But the competition for the same jobs has become fiercer. Instead of working virtually every night, many have cut down to weekends, and maybe one weekday night. In the summer, they'll double and maybe triple on weekends, but except for the top level of names, it has become a struggle.

One of the results is that for the first time in many years, no outstanding performer has been hatched in the hills. Formerly the Totie Fields and the Jackie Masons, Jackie Wakefields, and many staples were launched on highly successful careers. Bookers cannot point to any one name developed this year, and for that matter, last season.

Add another worry. Phil Greenwald, the entertainment director of the Concord Hotel, points out a fact of importance to this hotel, which has used more names than any other and was often able to outbid New York, and even Las Vegas cafes, for headliner power; conventions generally do not ask or care who will be working their nitery. It is only to maintain their image as the biggest that the Concord continues to throw in names for the conventioners.

Name power, he continues, is more of a lure to individuals. Guests may change their vacation period in order to see a specific entertainer. Also, individual or family vacationers, may choose one hotel over another because of the headliner. But not conventions, Greenwald points out. They are more interested in rates, facilities and other facets.

Massive Muster

Size is also important, he points out. Conventions are drawn to the large hotels because an entire organization can be bunked and fed in one spot, and smaller meeting rooms and display space are available as adjuncts. It's the necessity for all these things that has caused many inns to overbuild, and their plight has been exhibited in the Federal Bankruptcy Courts. In these situations, the booking of names, while getting some busi-

ness, doesn't bring in enough to save the situation.

What's more, Greenwald cites the fact that some of the Florida hotels, with sufficient facilities for large gatherings, do not stress talent. The Fontainebleau has few shows during the year, yet its convention business is big. Some of the New York hotels, such as the N.Y. Hilton, have no great entertainment budgets, but still it's a big convention centre because of its ballroom and myriad of smaller rooms.

It's A Factor

In the convention business, he points out, competition becomes fiercer each year. The jets are becoming bigger and faster, vast assemblages can be moved on short notice, and it's becoming as easy to reach Paris or Japan as it is to go to Kiamesha Lake or Ferndale. For that reason, he says, their image with headliners will be useful.

But there are other armamentaria in the arsenal of the convention gabbers, says Greenwald. The innkeepers and convention organizations negotiate some years in advance. A hotel which can guarantee rates can get a single organization to hold their confabs for several years in a row in the same spot. In other instances an inn cannot even guarantee that the ratecard will hold up from one season to the next. It is still possible to book a lot of conventions and lose money, which is a fact that all hotelmen agree on.

The future of talent in the hills is still indefinite, says Greenwald. Many club and convention dates in New York are carried off handsomely without names. Some only have orchestras and some meetings are of the calibre that would make entertainment superfluous. Yet, the mountains will continue to need some sort of entertainment for years to come. It could even revert to book shows, or legit musicals, or it could make names mandatory.

The entertainment in the Catskills, he says, is now in a state of flux. Developments in the next few years may determine its value in the new world of conventions.

BECAUD OPENS W-A'S EMPIRE RM. NEXT FALL

The Empire Room of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, N.Y., will open its season with a French chateau for the second year in a row. Gilbert Becaud has been set for a three-weeker starting Sept. 17, following the summer layoff. He's been pacted on a guarantee and a percentage of the covers. Becaud, who gained international prominence as the composer of "Et Maintenant" ("What Now, My Love") recently did a one-man show featuring his own numbers at the Longacre Theatre, N.Y.

Last year, the Empire Room kicked off, following a layoff of many years, with Maurice Chevalier.

Alicia Alonso Wins Paris Dance Fest's Top Award

Paris. The fourth International Dance Festival, which recently wound at the Theatre Des Champs-Elysees, gave its top award, the Grand Prix De Paris, to Alicia Alonso for her dancing in the ballet, "Giselle," presented by the Cuban National Ballet. Kudos were awarded by a jury of leading Parisian art and dance figures.

A Star for the best spectacle went to the Munich Opera Ballet for "Fox" as choreographed by Heinz Rosen. Another Star for the most inventive choreography was given Merce Cunningham of the U.S. who appeared with his own company.

Chas. Evans Hughes 'Saves' Albee

Agent Max Hart's Case Against Keith Chief Falls Apart When Hughes' Legalisms Develop Doubt That Vaudeville Rated as 'Interstate Commerce'—Role of 'Variety' in Famous Litigation Recalled.

By ABEL GREEN

Passing of Martin W. Littleton Jr., at 68, last August, famed defense criminal lawyer and one-time Nassau County (Long Island) district attorney in the 1930s, recalled the once famous case by big-time agent Max art versus the Keith-Albee vaudeville interests.

In his day, Hart was the top agent in vaudeville and later big in music comedy and other aspects of the amusement industry. He had been "barred from the sixth floor" of the Palace, about as onerous as a pebe West Pointer being "put in coventry." Not only did nobody speak to him but, by depriving him of contact with the bookers, it effectively tended to put him out of business. Hart's complaint was that vaudeville tycoon Edward Franklin Albee, truly the autocrat of the vaudeville business in that era, by his despotic conduct was acting in restraint of trade.

In order to pursue his premise of conspiracy and restraint of trade he sued Keith-Albee, the UBO (United Booking Offices, the vaudeville combine, and not to be confused with the present-day UBO in legit) and sundry others on the premise that bigtime vaudeville operated interstate, hence came under Federal jurisdiction.

The abovementioned Littleton's father, Martin Sr., was an assistant district attorney in Brooklyn and later secretary in the U.S. Embassy. This reporter covered Hart versus Albee et al. for several weeks and it was duly reported not only in VARIETY but at that time founder Sime Silverman also had two other publications which he was juggling like an acrobat. One was The Clipper, ne the N.Y. Clipper, founded by Frank Queen, for which Sime had a healthy respect because of its early sports and theatrical statistics that date back to just after the Civil War.

Recall 'Times Sq. Daily'

The other publication was The Times Square Daily which Sime laconically dubbed "the world's worst daily," which it wasn't. It only was scrapped for the same reason as The Clipper—too much work for all concerned since certain key stories had to be written three different ways for the three sheets under common ownership.

The idea of a Times Square Daily was a pet project with the VARIETY founder; No. 1, it filled a definite day-to-day need in those early 1920s when (a) there was then no such thing as Broadway columnists and syndicated theatrical columns, hence (b) gave the Broadway denizens the same type of topical reportage that Daily VARIETY, for example, proffers the film-tv production colony in Hollywood.

This was still in the pre-"Broadway columns" era. The Times Square chatter in the TSD was an extension of the Chatter columns in the weekly. VARIETY in those days ran three and four pages of Chatter from divers key cities; New York alone occupied almost a full page.

Rennold Wolf on the old N.Y. Morning Telegraph was a precursor in the Broadway chitchat for a daily and, quite some years later, S. Jay Kaufman's gossip items on the old N.Y. Globe were in the same idiom. On occasion Bide Dudley, quondam drama critic on the old N.Y. Evening Mail, indulged in chatter but Walter Winchell, in later years, gave the gossip column its strongest thrust. He had done that, in a way, while hustling ads for the old Vaudeville News (houseorgan of the National Vaudeville Artists) interlarding the business-getting with chitchat about vaudevillians that he had picked up. When Bernarr Macfadden gave him an opportunity for a column on the N.Y. Graphic this is when he counseled with Sime Silverman who, in a magnanimous gesture to help the tyro columnist, would

occasionally permit WW to see the VARIETY galleyproofs before publication with the invitation to "help yourself." Thus, sometimes, Winchell would garner a nugget from the upcoming issue and, in a sense, scoop VARIETY on its own news. Which was all right with Sime. Incidentally, all of the aboved-named dailies are extinct with exception of the Telegraph which had since undergone new ownership with the Annenbergs.

Consumer Press Bored

Sime already had tasted the values of topicality by putting out an "Equity strike extra" as a daily during the historic 1919 and ditto during the White Rats (vaudeville) strike.

Somehow, the many more metropolitan New York dailies—numbering over 20 then, as against the two a.m. and two p.m. papers now—weren't as excited about Hart versus Albee as was show biz.

"Round" actors were the thing. Show biz knew it, and the vested showmen knew it, yet Albee chose to brushoff agents and actors who encountered his disfavor.

Frank Tinney, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker and stars of that calibre testified for Hart that vaudeville "truly was interstate commerce" because they shipped their wardrobes, props, etc. Power's Elephants and Fink's Mules most certainly couldn't perform without trainers and menagerie as they traveled from Keith's Boston to Proctor's 5th Ave., New York, to the Palace, Chicago, to the Orpheum, San Francisco, etc.

Littleton Sr. was the epitome of the polished diplomat that he was—and also the hard-hitting trial lawyer that he was at the moment in Hart's behalf. Cantor testified how Hart had taken him from \$350 a week to \$3,500 for Ziegfeld in the "Follies." Frank Fay similarly attested to Hart's prowess as a supersalesman in escalating his values from vaude into revue and ultimately legit musicals.

Evans Saved Albee

Littleton was making point-after-point—until Charles Evans Hughes Sr., later U.S. Supreme Court Chief Justice, came on the scene. He had been discreetly retained by Albee & Co.

Hughes asked only a few questions and got only a few answers—and the house came down on Hart. It broke him.

All Hughes, imposing in his slickly nurtured "beaver," wanted to know, if vaudeville indeed was in interstate commerce, "what would happen to you Mr. Cantor if perchance your makeup cork was lost in transit and your comedy suit and whiterimmed

goggles went astray in your trunk while in transit?" And, "what would happen to you Mr. Fay, if your natty and debonair wardrobe was likewise delayed by storm, strike or accident while making the jump from New York to Keith's Philly?" Or you Frank Tinney and so on and so on.

Cantor admitted yes, he could come on in street clothes and, as an old pro, could tell funny stories, sing, hop around, cut-up and make the people laugh. Yes, said Frank Fay, he's been known to walk onstage in his street suit and do his comedy monolog; ditto Tinney et al.

Hughes quickly established that dog acts, elephants, mules and Swain's Cats & Rats were not the bulwark and mainstay of the vaudeville attractions—it was these headliners, both sexes, who could sing, play piano, entertain, etc. even if devoid of their glamor garb or tailored special props. Ergo, Hughes argued successfully, the success of bigtime or medium time or smalltime vaudeville did not depend on props and trunks shipped in interstate commerce—it was the basic talent.

He even disputed the "baseball decision" which had been Littleton's main argument because, Hughes opined, loss of players' uniforms, balls, bats, masks, etc. still would not forfeit exhibition games. Sure, in both cases, the principals crossed state lines from city to city but interstate commerce was not the prime issue. The Federal Court ruled no jurisdiction. Hughes had won the expensive legal fray and Hart never recovered financially (from his not-so-Littleton legal fees) and physically. (Eventually, when Albee lost control, Hart did come back booking bigtime acts).

But Sime had long since predicted that newfangled gadget called movies was going to be America's No. 1 mass theatre entertainment. This was an editorial prediction made at a time when the U.S. had some 2,500 theatres playing vaudeville in one form or another.

Oberammergau Passion Play Sets Paris Showing

Oberammergau.

The controversy: Oberammergau Passion Play is taking to the road. It is due to be performed in Paris next February. Authorities here have given the Catholic Archbishop of Durban, South Africa, permission to recreate a local Passion Play in 1967 with the Oberammergau script.

The script to be used is the same text from J. Daisenberg that has met with criticism because of its allegedly anti-Semitic content. Under the protection of the Durban Archbishop, the same Oberammergau script has been used for previous Passion Plays in South Africa in 1952, 1957 and 1962, with permission of the Bavarian city officials.



NICK LUCAS

"The Singing Troubadour" — Accent Records

Burlesque Pulling Tent Trade

Successful Road Tours Prove That the Family That Leers Together Reverses Together

By JOE COHEN

Burlesque is probably the fastest growing form of entertainment in the country—but not in the city. It's blossoming on the road, while it's withering in the towns. The tents and hardtops of the road have found it to be one of the best boxoffice bonanzas of the year. But unfortunately, the big towns aren't supporting burlesque like the provinces.

There is ample reason for this phenomenon. The urban houses have learned, or think they've learned, to get along without girls. Of course, there are the strips that are the backbone of the industry. But the city slickers have taken away the production, color and the memories of good times, and have left a sleazy product that in most cases is just a step or two ahead of the sheriff.

On the other hand, the names of the golden era of burlesque are hitting it big on the road. Names out of the past—Ann Corio, Lili St. Cyr, Sherry Britton and Harold Minsky—have found that the people remember and the youngsters want to see what it was all about. These veteran performers are trying to recreate the kind of shows that poppa used to sneak out to. But today, he not only doesn't sneak out, but buys tickets in advance and for the frau too.

Today's road burlesque is a high camp. It's a burlesque of the old burlesque. It's girly shows seen through the rose tints of nostalgia. They used to laugh at the jokes, which were always the backbone of the industry. The skits haven't lost their flavor, and are still on the circuits in virtually the same form as a generation or two ago. This is the type of show, with a modicum of modern staging, that has found favor in the tents.

For example, Harold Minsky, long an operator in Las Vegas, and cafes throughout the country, is opening his show next week at the Mineola (L.I.) Playhouse. It was originally set for two weeks, but the advance was so heavy that it will stay for five and possibly longer. Minsky is a name to remember. It carries a certain hallmark of quality, which is translated into commercial boxoffice in the tent country.

Wagons West

The others who have taken to the countryside with their wagons (station wagons, that is) and props, scenery and music have reaped heavy returns at the boxoffice. Miss Corio, particularly, has tapped a lode of prosperity.

Perhaps, she deserves this accolade since she started it all. Miss Corio, with Michael Ianucci, produced "This Was Burlesque" for the Casino Theatre East, N.Y. The entire production cost about \$15,000. She created the memory of the old days, and people bought it at that location for four years. It didn't fare too well when the show was moved to the midtown Hudson Theatre, after a summer layoff. Same house, today, has a burley policy, but business isn't the same.

In the fifth year, Miss Corio was persuaded to take to the road by personal managers Martin Kummer, Bernie Brillstein & Jerry Weintraub. The results were sufficient to inspire the other big-time peelers to try.

Unique Conditions

Conditions that created a prosperous siege for Miss Corio were unique. In the first place, a burlesque show was of doubtful legality in New York. It hadn't been done successfully, except in the niteries, ever since the late Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia outlawed the burley industry and made Minsky a forbidden name on the marquees. Therefore, New York City was virtually virgin territory when Miss Corio and Ianucci tried their luck. It was presented as a memory of the old days, but the city authorities, probably looking at the wave of anti-censor decisions, didn't bother them to any degree. In this permissive atmosphere, it prospered. "This was Burlesque" grossed several million dollars on its minute investment.

Miss Corio hit virtually the same situation on the road as she

did in New York. It was the era when new and fresh legit shows and musicals were extremely scarce for the sticks. The barn operators were using names and had little to lose by booking Miss Corio's show. It didn't have to lay off for cold weather either, as many of the cities, without good burlesque shows, were providing profitable havens for this venture.

Sherry Britton soon revived her show. Lou Walters, general manager of the Latin Quarter, found that Lili St. Cyr was a b. o. boon at his cafe and he will produce a show for her on the Guber, Gross & Ford tent circuit. Miss Britton's display on the road has also caught on nicely.

Minsky, who has been around in the cafes even though he couldn't get into a N.Y. theatre, has been hitting excellent grosses in many situations. This is Minsky's first attempt in the country houses, and Minsky, according to early returns, is still the hottest name in burlesque.

Revere the Old

Burlesque, it so happens, is one area where age is revered. It not only applies to the skits but to its femmes. Yet it's not an entertainment form for the oldsters alone, the youngsters are paying at the b.o. as well. Apparently the family that leers together reverses together.

Tame Medium

An important factor in the current rebirth of the strip trade, lies in the fact that whatever salaciousness it had, has been exceeded by the other art forms. The foreign films particularly, legit, especially some of the off-Broadway displays, have gone far beyond the bawdiness of burlesque. Today, burlesque is a relic of the age of innocence.

It could be that the revival is only one facet of the currently strong boxoffice appeal of the older entertainments form. Big bands are big b.o. again. The oldie songs are continually on the charts and the jet set describes anything of vintage years to be camp. Burlesque is presumably in that category. Nonetheless, the atmosphere continues ripe for another season in the sun for the one of the more ancient entertainments around.

Hotel Mgr. Urges Fresh Approach to Hypo Pitt's Ailing Downtown Nightlife

Pittsburgh.

William Boonisar, manager of the Penn Sheraton here, is trying to get a new, revitalized nightlife going in downtown Pittsburgh but through an entirely fresh approach. Vet traders have always pointed to the 10% city tax, high rent and labor problems as the reason for the decline. But Boonisar says it is the fault of the city administration, the ops themselves and the lack of the good help that once worked in niteries.

"First," he said, "we have to get the city interested in our problem. Then we have to get more places open so that when you tire of entertainment in one club, you can walk down the street and get a different type of show—like in San Francisco.

"The acts today have priced themselves out of business and it is only friends in the trade who are supplying me with the attractions that I am now booking. Associated (Booking Corp) is furnishing me with some of the top talent that plays Las Vegas and Miami Beach. I could never pay their market price."

Boonisar said he would like to see the return of the gracious captain, the considerate waiter and all the good help that fine restaurants and hotels were once able to employ. He decried the action of the city administration in "closing of the lounges on Grant Avenue." None of these lounges was closed but were harassed by police for many months after a state police raid during a political campaign caused many to be arrested with no convictions resulting.

THE CANADIAN CAPER & A 10-YEAR WORLD'S FAIR FORECAST

By ALFRED STERN

Montreal's Expo 67 will open its gates in 17 weeks and it is a certainty that the Canadians will have done themselves proud. It is deficit-financed and likely to lose more money than anticipated but a preview of the site clearly establishes that Expo as the main event of the Dominion's Centennial will greatly enhance Canadian prestige throughout the world.

Architectural and exhibit design standards, with few exceptions, are extremely high; foreign participation, the most extensive ever to be concentrated at a single international exposition; fine and performing arts have been given due emphasis, intra-Expo transit is efficient, attractive and free and the design controlled La Ronde area abounds with popular amusements and festive atmosphere.

There are few hard sell commercial-industrial exhibits and no sleazy concessions. The theme and sub-theme exhibits inspired by Expo's overall theme, Man and His World, are informative, thought provoking and frequently inspirational and many areas of the site are genuinely beautiful, thus providing visitors with a memorable experience they could not possibly encounter elsewhere.

Thus the contrast between Expo and the ersatz 1964-1965 Flushing Meadows bathos is comparable to Radio City Music Hall as against a 42d St. grind house and the prime objective of Expo public relations, especially throughout the U.S., must be to successfully project the essential difference. In general, to date Expo promotion has reflected this quality but ticket sales throughout the U.S., where it's estimated more than half of Expo attendance will originate, have been lagging. American Express was also responsible for Moses' preopening ducat distribution and it is established fact that less than 60% ever materialized at the boxoffice.

Nor will Expo's U.S. attendance potential be improved by its unexciting traveling show presently touring cities throughout the northeast as that pedestrian presentation fails to capture the color, atmosphere and tempo which will be Expo's strongest lure.

Lesson From Flushing Meadows

But there's no doubt that post-opening media and, more importantly, word-of-mouth, will be excellent in contrast to New York in '64 & '65 for Expo has truly marshaled in 60 acres, just about the best contemporary man has to offer in virtually every category. This combined with Centennial attractions and special events throughout Canada, will benefit the Dominion's tourism, recreational and entertainment enterprises not only in '67 but for years to come and thus, while Expo itself is a pre-determined lost leader, it symbolizes and assures Canada's leap into the future and as such the investment is fully justified and on a national basis will pay off economically. Centennial events in contrast to Expo, are still lacking in effective U.S. promotion and the institutional advertising emanating from Ottawa have the inevitable governmental stodginess. One Dick Maney or Bill Doll might serve them better than a host of ministries.

As for U.S. participation at Expo, our Federal Pavilion, though not nearly as costly and elaborate as the Soviet exhibit, while surely we have a greater stake in Canada's future, will be entirely creditable and by far the best we've done since Seattle in '62 and Brussels in '58. States' participation is thin, with New York shaping up as the best. Maine and Vermont have minimal exhibits, not compatible with Expo standards and Michigan, another border state which will be a major Expo traffic entry and exit via the Detroit-Windsor area, has vital economic links with Canada and much to gain through participation, is a conspicuous absentee.

All Canada has a population approximately equal to that of California and the Dominion's wealth

is about one-tenth of the U.S., thus a concluding evaluation of and prognosis for Expo must be a bouquet for the Maple Leafers for, through dedicated determination and Herculean national effort, almost comparable to their wartime energy and resolution, they have mobilized the best available creative and technical talent, respected the philosophers and artists, tenaciously held to initial theme concepts and standards and thereby will deservedly focus favorable attention on the world's second largest nation, a country which because of its vast territory and resources and presently comparatively small population, is not unlike the U.S. of a century ago, a tomorrow land of opportunity.

That's what a genuine world's fair can be about. From a practical standpoint for those of us who love and live by expositions, Expo will create a renaissance for valid international expositions in contrast to the N.Y. exposition.

HemisFair Just Fair

As for San Antonio's HemisFair 1968, which is now under the direction of its third Executive V.P. & General Manager is as many years, and each with increasingly less experience, caution is indicated. Except for a handful of what are termed "the inevitables," one of which is a regional brewery and two soft drink manufacturers, only four major industries have signified participation and there's been no increase in the past half year. HemisFair international participation to date involves the U.S. and seven foreign nations in contrast to 10 times that for Expo 67; and performing arts are under the direction of a Texas amusement park executive lacking international theatrical experience. HemisFair's V.P. for Fine & Performing Arts, Robert L.B. Tobin, has spent far more time at Gian-Gian-Carlo Menotti's Spoleto "Festival of Two Worlds" and with the Metropolitan Opera, of which he is a major patron, than on HemisFair and as a consequence, every aspect of San Antonio's 1968 exposition suggests little more than a local fiesta attempting to capitalize on a thin veneer of international hoopla.

Bureau approval as a Class II "international" exposition exists

but that was based on now much compromised initial lofty concepts.

But HemisFair at very least marks the 250th Anniversary of the founding of San Antonio and should be given every precedence over Miami's Interama. Latter is a proposed permanent exposition, not eligible for B.I.E. approval, limited to sixmonth, single-season expositions like HemisFair,

This is Alfred Stern's 4th annual piece on fairs and expositions. Currently a consultant to Expo 67, he's been involved with five World's Fairs and more than a dozen lesser expositions throughout the U.S. and Europe.—Ed.

the recipient of politically motivated Federal funds. It is also slated to open in '68.

However as both HemisFair and Interama are predominantly oriented toward Central and South American participation, it should be obvious, even to uninformed Federal authorities, that two major expositions, both located in the southern U.S. and dependent on Latin American participation for the same year, conflict and could result in mutual cancellation of effective participation.

Ditto Riverside, Calif.

Perhaps the classic current example of promotions based on crass exploitation of the world's fair syndrome, is Riverside, Calif. A real estate and contractors' promotion, initially approved by the B.I.E., since withdrawn, as the promoter, Sanford L. Collins, intends to operate for more than a single authorized season, the project is already beset by litigation.

Exotic Osaka

Looking ahead toward 1970, Osaka, Japan, will be the site of the first B.I.E. Class I World's Fair ever to be held in the Orient. The competition in ideology and commerce between East and West insures maximum international governmental and industrial participation and the expertise in organization and design responsible for the superb facilities of Tokyo's 1964 Olympic Games together with qualified international consultants are already hard at work planning every phase of development and

design for what portends to be the most significant exchange of Eastern and Western ideology and technology in our century.

Already the Japanese have sent expert observers to Montreal and they continue to study every major world exposition, past, present and future, with the objective of producing the most important World's Fair of our century. Preliminary Nipponese directives under their theme, Progress and Harmony for Mankind, indicate their awareness that a great international exposition is a sensitive national responsibility, not merely a quickie trade & tourism promotion gimmick, and their leading intellectuals, planners and designers have been enlisted to implement concepts which will, throughout the world, reflect great credit on the new Japan, less than a generation away from the dawn of a new century.

Cradles of America

Boston and Philadelphia continue with what at best can be termed pre-preliminary planning for U.S. World Bicentennial Expositions. Boston's date is 1975; tentative title, World Freedom Fair.

Philadelphia is pegged on the historically and emotionally more logical '76 date.

Boston has the glimmer of a good theme and an island site somewhat comparable to Expo, in relation to the city but to date the enterprise has failed to attract essential top level leadership or

support, largely because nothing sufficiently stimulating has been developed. Philadelphia has stronger leadership including John B. Kelly Jr., the brother of Princess Grace, thus even at this point assuring at least one foreign exhibitor, Monaco.

Pro Touch Needed

Both will ultimately have to submit plans to a Presidential U.S. Bicentennial Commission, yet to be appointed, and if their aspirations are serious, they'd be well advised to give a few less committee luncheons and, instead, engage qualified prestige professionals as an initial step in achieving local, state and eventual national endorsement.

Other even vaguer contenders include a permanent U.S. Science & Industry Expo for Washington, D.C., frequently discussed in the past and now under the wing of Texas Congressman Clark Thompson and a permanent international expo-free port combine in Baja (Mexican) California with Jack Maples at the helm. As permanent concepts, neither qualify for nor seek B.I.E. approval and up 'til now have little more than promoters' groundplans.

In summation, the eyes of all concerned with major fairs and expositions will be glued on Montreal in '67 and, just as Moses established a bear trend in the field, Expo holds bright promise for a bullish future. The Maple Leaf to the rescue!

Pianos I Have Known

By VICTOR BORGE

Since 1953, when "Comedy in Music" was born in Seattle, there have been, by rough count, 3,800 performances. They have taken me happily in and out of every state in the Union and often abroad. It was a one-man show for its first 10 years. Then in a happy inspiration Leonid Hambro doubled the size of my show, and for six years we have been engaged in furious duels on the keyboard.

In 16 years first I, now we, have met every make, shape and sound of piano known to man—including the Japanese Yamaha which I, naturally, play seated on a cushion on

the floor, legs neatly folded under me. Some of the prettiest legs I've seen belong to pianos!

Piano is short for pianoforte, which means, curiously, soft and loud, or I suppose gentle and strong. And that's how I find I've had to learn to treat the marvelous mechanism of strings and hammers—coddle some and fight others.

At least I don't always have to lug one around. Only when I perform in coliseums, auditoriums or armories, playing in a raised area in the center of a boxing ring. Then I bring along a turntable which will make one imperceptible turn every four minutes so I'll never for long have my back to any part of the audience. There is room for my own piano on the truck that carries the turntable from town to town, and it is one that has gotten blessedly used to me.

But like everything else in this incredible land, I've been speeded up, and I travel mostly by air. Nights like the one not long ago when I finished a midnight show in Las Vegas about 3 a.m. and was performing at 8 the same evening in Ann Arbor, half a continent away, may occasionally play havoc with my sleep and my stomach, but I approach each date with refreshed anticipation. Each audience not only is new, but also each piano.

Often someone demands why, in heaven's name I don't finish a number. I do, sometimes. And quite often I don't! And here's why!

Transport

You may guess what used to happen when I first started poking into Kokomo and Pocatello and Yakima and Laramie. Backstage facilities weren't what they are today. My main prop, a 9-ft. concert grand, might not have arrived, for trucks, I found, could and did break down or get snowed in. I might have instantly to adapt to an old upright, standing backstage, outlived and dust-covered. I can well remember coming into a hall or theatre to be met by an apparently well-kept piano. The local manager would pat it proudly and advise that a famous virtuoso had just given a concert on it. Sitting on it, maybe, I'd start the performance, and groan in silent sympathy for Van Cliburn, (Continued on page 214)



BLESS YOU!

HILDEGARDE

WILLIAM A. BURNHAM, Personal Management
Opened St. Regis Hotel, New York, January 3rd for 4 weeks

WRH

'Zit's': Another Part of the Forest

Zittel Fancied Himself a Rival of 'Variety' But Any Comparison Was Never Realistic

By SAMUEL MARX

Hollywood.

This is a confession. I am a murderer. I helped kill vaudeville. My only excuse is that it deserved killing.

They never changed those damned interminable acts. They thought that if they showed themselves and then travelled off into faraway places for 40 weeks they could safely come back and perform their nefarious actions all over again. Without changing a costume or introducing music or a gag or an exit line.

It was obvious that something had to be done, and quickly. If not, vaudeville might linger on until television came along and, although cutting the season to 39 weeks, the exact same process would stretch out into eternity. My path of duty was clearcut; vaudeville must die.

I was a very young reporter then, employed by a now-defunct weekly called Zit's Theatrical Newspaper. Zit's claimed to be a competitor and rival to the older VARIETY, which, with good reason, denied it.

Also with good reason, there were studied points of similarity. Both appeared weekly and covered identical fields of entertainment, but in their own fashion. VARIETY, as it does now, devoted itself to serious news of the show world. Zit's indulged in scandal and gossip about show people, plus a modicum of authentic news. It appeared on the newsstands of Broadway one day after VARIETY. By this method, the editor could always crib a few stories to fill out his pages. VARIETY, endeavoring to lose the leech shackled to its linotypes, occasionally moved its press date back a day. Unperturbed, Zit's always moved back a day too.

Who was he?

The owner of Zit's was an autocratic, pompous and egotistical publisher named Charles Florian Zittel Jr. On a level with his other tastes, he authored a weekly editorial on the back page of the sheet. He wrote in a purely personal style of closely-spaced CAPS without punctuation; highly unreadable. Zit, as he was known, rarely appeared in the precinct of the staff, so we couldn't find out if he ever read anything of ours; we do know we never read anything of his.

He loved vaudeville above all other forms of entertainment. He wanted the Two-A-Day to be given precedence in the news, above movies, legitimate and radio. These were the days of the Keith-Albee circuit, a virtual monopoly, king of the Big Time with a string of theatres that displayed eight acts and a newsreel with such clock-like regularity it lulled audiences into a hypnotic stupor. One comedy headliner called his material by the impudent title of "Why Change Your Act?". It played the circuit for years.

When the charming and redoubtable Mark Hellinger moved onward and upward to become a columnist for the N.Y. Daily News, the complete editorial staff of Zit's comprised editor Paul Sweinhart, reporter Gordon Kahn and myself. Kahn was short in stature but a towering reporter. He wore a monocle and carried a cane. He once declared bitterly that writing good stories for Zit's was "casting pearls before Sweinhart."

Sweinhart, Kahn and myself covered the three major theatres of the Keith-Albee circuit in Manhattan. Sweinhart assigned himself to the Palace, immortalized in legend and story as the theatre in which all vaudeville actors dream they'll play before they die. The Palace became so dreamy, due to this widespread legend, that the circuit was able to cut salaries of many players when tempting them with a booking there.

While our editor attended this august flagship of the two-a-day every Monday night, I was assigned the Riverside Theatre on upper Broadway. No matter what else might happen in the world on a Monday night, I was commanded to be at the Riverside.

Zit's style of reviewing eight vaudeville acts each week, the lit-

erary invention of Zit, himself, was fashioned after the chart of a horserace, very much as can be seen on the sports pages of this morning's newspaper.

The Riverside, for example, was the name of the "track." The time of the first race was 8 p.m. Weather clear, Track Fast would be proclaimed, then the eight acts would be listed in order of the reviewer's choice, like the order of finish in a race.

The Business Office Influence

Usually, the big headliner of the week won the race. But a dog act or an acrobat could walk away with first place, disqualifying the headliner by staking a claim with the advertising department. If the headliner of the week proved cautious with his advertising appropriation he could be nosed out in the stretch by some Classy Duo with Songs, Dances and Witty Savings. The Official Result was posted by the editor who certainly didn't worry about the feelings of his reviewers, when tampering with our copy. He ruled the staff, but the advertising department ruled him.

Monopoly breeds monotony. It was painfully noticeable that vaudeville, as a form of entertainment, was sick and tired. The acts went round and round the circuit like white rats in a cage. The sameness was unbearable. Vaudeville was dying, but not because my eyes because I stopped looking at it.

The weekly reviews of the Riverside were meaningless, when advertising could override quality, when we were hemmed in by the borders of the racing-type charts. Zit's was no place for editorial idealism.

My mother lived near the Riverside and was a durable sort. She attended the theatre in my place, come Mondays. As I had become familiar with almost every act on the circuit, it was easy to check off the program and be briefed by her if some stranger popped up. It was no problem to prepare a weekly racetrack chart, despite my absentee status. And of course, there was always help in placing the order of finish from the advertising department.

To keep this deception from the editor was also an easy task, because he was covering the Palace during the hours I was supposed to be in the Riverside. As long as I stayed clear of 47th St. and 7th Av., I was unlikely to run into him. Unless, of course, his mother was covering the Palace.

Even In Death Zany Olsen & Johnson Keep Their Vaude Billing

By EARL WILSON

Las Vegas.

A bronze plaque emblazoned with the names of "Olsen & Johnson" was recently unveiled over the tombs of comedians Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson here at Palm Cemetery—after an incident reminiscent of "Hellzapoppin'," their great Broadway hit of the 1940s.

It was a question of which one got top billing at the cemetery.

Chic Johnson, the older, more plump of the slapstick team, died in Las Vegas in 1962 and was buried here.

Ole Olsen died the next year in Wichita, where his daughter, Moya and her husband, William P. Lear, head of Lear Jet, and other enterprises, have a home, factory and headquarters. Ole was buried in Wichita.

The daughters of the comedians—Moya Olsen Lear and June Johnson May, wife of Marty May—are good friends, and it occurred to them:

"Why shouldn't these two great comedians, who had been together 43 years in life, be together in death?"

"And where better than in Las Vegas, the modern capital of Show Business?"

And so the remains of Ole Olsen were taken from Wichita and brought to Palm Cemetery for a twin entombment side by side with Chic on a beautiful grassy plot.

Came the day of both sadness and happiness when the families gathered at the cemetery to see the tomb of Ole Olsen lowered into the earth beside the tomb of Chic Johnson.

Suddenly—the voice of Ole Olsen's daughter burst sharply through the reverent hush.

"Wait! Wait!" cried Moya Olsen Lear. "We've got to change Daddy over to the left side. Otherwise, the billing will read wrong! The billing will be Johnson and Olsen! And for 43 years it was Olsen & Johnson!"

All agreed that Ole Olsen's daughter not only knew her rights—but also her lefts, because for generations the stars have battled for the right to be left, or first, in the billing, and many a performer has taken left billing in place of a salary raise so that he might be left, instead of right, in the advertisements and on the marquee.

The gravediggers set to work immediately and replaced Chic Johnson's tomb—on the right—giving Ole Olsen his proper place on the left.



GINNY TIU REVUE'S

two-hour concert Carnegie Hall, New York.

"Show stoppers at Carnegie Hall..."—Ed Sullivan.

"Carnegie Hall was the proper setting for the splendid musical talent of Ginny Tiu in 1966..."—John Daly.

"After watching for two hours, I can conclude that Ginny Tiu is the finest import from China since tea..."—Bob Considine.

"Ginny wowed, packed, and received a long standing ovation..."—Sig Sakowies (Jackie Vernon's Friend).

WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY

THE LONDON PALLADIUM

By WILLIAM HOULTON

London.

To "play the Palladium" is the ambition of every music hall turn. To do so is the most convincing reference any performer can possess. Patrons know that in each new bill they are going to enjoy performances by artists who have reached the acme of perfection in their various spheres of variety. Palladium patrons and performers share a single metabolism, and it is there that the biggest stars applaud the best audiences in the world. In the electronic era of McLuhan, how does one account for this unique hands-across-the-orchestra-pit warmth of spirit?

The world's most famous music hall—which has the facade of a rehabilitated Acropolis—owes much of its magic to its architect Frank Matcham. Asked to design a hall to seat 5,000 spectators, he refused on the grounds that such a huge auditorium would be virtually useless for variety turns. Success was thereby designed into the theatre by Matcham's imaginative insistence on not more than 2,500 seats "so arranged in relation to the stage so that an intimacy between performer and audience is retained." Separated from the red-plush-seated audience by a wide moat of flashing bows and brass, the outsize stage comfortably holds a cast of 400.

Take a stage designed to hold 400 and set upon it a single star. Here is an ultimate in terms of theatrical challenge. The atmosphere and audience constitute the epitome of make-believe. Featuring faces, pates and décolleté of British pink, patrons range from the Queen and Prince in a golden box to long-haired teenagers drooping from the "gods." In a London rich in the theatre of bare-bottomed de Sade and Scandinavian sex films, the Palladium sticks to fun which is fast but clean. It is a family theatre with a sentimental, special-occasion audience drawn from all points of the social spectrum.

In the contemporary show-business world of one-dimensional backdrops, government-grey auditoria, studio clutter and camera cables, the Palladium, both out front and back stage, provides a theatre-party atmosphere at its most glamorous. There is a continual air of excitement throughout the building, from its dignified foyer in Argyll Street, with its solid marble pillars and multitudes of electric lights in place of the more usual bland beam of neon, through to its stage door in Great Marlborough Street where fans wait until the small hours of the morning for autographs. The dressing rooms are the most modern and luxurious suites to be found in any theatre in the world. And once there performers are understandably in no hurry to shuffle off into the real world.

Started in 1910

Included in the 14 turns on the opening bill on Dec. 26, 1910, were Martin Harvey and Nellie Wallace. (This was three years ahead of B. F. Keith's Palace in Manhattan.) From then on the Palladium prospered with vaudeville and revues, but with the advent of the "talkies" there was a slump. At first the Palladium tried once-nightly musical comedy with Carl Brisson in "The Apache" and then presented a mixture of films and variety under the aegis of George Black. But only when Black went back to 100% variety did things right themselves.

Obliquely, the troublesome "talkies" provided Black with the secret of success: in order to compete with the cinemas he decided to produce "live and in person" at the London Palladium the stars of the self-same American films which appeared at film houses throughout Britain. While Black was the man who began to tap Hollywood, it was under the management of Val Parnell that the stream of talent from across the Atlantic turned into a torrent.

Americans' sentimental attachment to the music hall started when Ben Lyons and his wife Bebe Daniels came to London on a Palladium contract and were on the bill when the United States entered World War II. Subsequently, the variety theatre and the Lyonses dressing room became "a little America" for the first wave of U.S. servicemen. Post-war, the Palladium gave Danny Kaye "the

greatest personal success in the history of the English music hall" and Judy Garland.

After the impact of Kaye's performance, popular demand paved the way for Jack Benny, Martha Raye, Carmen Miranda, Tony Martin, Duke Ellington, Pearl Bailey, the Andrews Sisters, Dinah Shore, Betty Hutton, Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra. The American invasion had however been a little too successful for some British theatre people, and gradually the bills were dominated by British stars. Then in 1964 there was a reversal of this trend. Judy Garland made two appearances for charity. She applied the strongest sort of American magic and her success heralded Lena Horne, the first American to head the bill at the music hall in five years.

Britain's contemporary theatre—from Shakespeare to Strip—is in robust health, and the music-hall form of entertainment has survived in Britain better than anywhere else. The Palladium is simply the music-hall par excellence. Perhaps variety entertainment would have faded out in England if the nation's film producers had ever mastered the making of successful musical shows of the pre-war Hollywood type. This failure in films, however, kept the live variety-theatres alive. And when American tv killed off the Hollywood musical, it was to the London Palladium that American variety stars looked—and are still looking—for professional satisfaction.

Feds Gurb Pavs

Continued from page 195

\$500,000 of "exhibitory" from the U.S. pavilion at the New York fair is ticketed for HemisFair.

Heading the expositions staff is John E. Orchard, 52, a civil servant with impressive credentials, including degrees from MIT and Harvard Law School and administrative experience in top private management jobs.

Though the new policy escalates the traditional bureaucratic fight for survival of his job, Orchard is not downcast. He knows it will be some time before anyone can tell how closely Congress will stick to its self-imposed limitations.

As Orchard reads them, the BIE rules do not flatly bar a country from entering an unregistered fair. Rather, he said, "They give the member countries an excuse to say no."

And the United States is not a member. It did not sign the 1928 convention creating the Paris bureau, and has resisted repeated urgings to join the 30 nations which now participate.

Rules of the BIE forbid member nations to enter unauthorized fairs. But the penalties are vague. Greece, Israel, Lebanon and Austria, all BIE members, had pavilions at the private New York fair.

1976 A Big Date

The new U.S. policy could affect Federal participation in events in 1975 and 1976 commemorating the 200th anniversary of the Revolutionary War. At last count, 16 cities or states were interested. But only one such event can have the coveted BIE "first category" rating needed to qualify for U.S. participation under the new policy.

BIE rules require at least 15 years between first category expositions of the same country, or six years between those of different countries of the same zone. Since Montreal's Expo 67 is of the first category, another of this type conceivably can be held in the Western hemisphere after 1973.

Osaka, Japan, is dickering for a world's fair in 1970. But this would not interfere with an American bicentennial in 1975 or '76, because first-category events of different zones require only a two-year interval.

Meanwhile, Orchard's expositions staff will be busy at least a few years, despite the cut-off from smaller type fairs. Besides HemisFair, the staff is planning a \$6.5 million Federal exhibit at Miami's permanent new Inter-American Culture and Trade Center (Interama), and projects totalling \$4.6 million in connection with the Alaskan Purchase Centennial to be held in 1967 in Fairbanks, Sitka, Juneau, Anchorage and Ketchikan.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE LAS VEGAS?

By NEIL MORGAN

Will success spoil Las Vegas? The question is moot to those who never could stand the place anyhow: those who see Las Vegas as a haven for ex-cons and racketeers, which of course it is; or those who prefer their desert uncluttered by green felt, iron bandits, solid neon facades, and nude chorus girls and boys.

But many see Las Vegas in other ways.

Just after World War II there was little on the Las Vegas Strip except the old El Rancho Vegas and the Last Frontier hotels—both now gone.

Las Vegas was a bargain then. There were elaborate free mid-night buffets—chuckwagon breakfasts, in Vegas lingo—and you could watch the greats of show business for the price of a drink. Steaks were \$2 or \$3.

If you didn't choose to gamble, no one sneered, and you got a good room anyhow for a few dollars.

The mood began to change after Bugsy Siegel built the lavish Flamingo Hotel in 1946. Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn opened in 1950 to the most thunderous burst of national publicity that Las Vegas had ever received.

By then the show biz race was on in deadly earnest, and the \$50,000-a-week talent fee barrier was broken. Prices of food and lodging shot up, but the customers didn't mind; where else could you catch Frank Sinatra and Jack Benny in the same evening?

Convention City

The most profound change in Las Vegas began to occur when it took on a mantle of respectability and became a convention city. If there was one moment of truth, it was when the National Council of Catholic Women convened in Las Vegas in the mid-'50s, 4,000 strong, as Las Vegas chorines were stripping to the waist and below for the first time.

In 1960 I spent an afternoon with the late Wilbur Clark as a taperecorder hummed.

"Me, I'm a 32d-degree Mason," he said, "but Cardinal Cushing and myself were on page one of the local paper. In the next paper was Cardinal Cushing and my wife and me on page one. (John F.) Kennedy has stayed in my hotel. The finest people in the world come here. We've had Chief Justice Warren and Tom Clark and Cardinal McIntire and governors and senators..."

Now new hotels proliferate over the desert and convention business has run wild. I went to Las Vegas for the first time in several years when western governors convened there recently.

Several things struck me instantly: high-rise hotels, gaudier than ever; waiters and casino personnel more surly than anywhere else in the genial West; and worst of all, the faded, listless faces of thousands of guests who are swept up in the cynicism of the world's gambling capital.

In the showrooms are the toughest audiences on earth; they watch the big revues with the glassy-eyed stares they turn toward television, daring entertainers to amuse them.

Now that nudity no longer shocks, producers of Las Vegas spectacles are jousting with each other to stage the most horrifying disaster. In the Lido show, a train crashes into a stalled car before your very eyes; in "Hello America," the Hindenburg explodes.

Biz Too Good!

Business is so good that Vegas visitors trample over each other to get rooms, show reservations, or even a place at the crap tables.

I arrived at 2 a.m. one night with a confirmed late-arrival room reservation.

"Are you kidding?" asked the desk clerk. "I ain't had a room since 7 o'clock. Already I refunded 40 deposits. It's a wonder I ain't cut and bleeding."

He farmed me out to a dormitory where ashtrays were full of left-over cigaret butts, the airconditioning rumbled through the night and at breakfast the room service waiter gave me my choice of coffee-and-toast or coffee-and-sweet-roll, with a plastic spoon for my coffee. I couldn't complain because it was Saturday night in Vegas and I'd had a bed, hadn't I?

The carpets tell a story. In a hotel three or four years old, they

have grown shabby and dirty. The 24-hour grind leaves scant time for sweepers or rug shampoos.

It seems appropriate that Las Vegas has taken for its own a bit of contemporary slang. When I asked the price of a pair of sandals a clerk said: "Would you believe \$7.95?" I didn't answer, and he came back again. "Would you believe \$5.95?" I did.

The minimum charge for the Frank Sinatra-Dean Martin-Joe Bishop extravaganza was \$12.50 a head, a new high for Las Vegas, but the lines snaked backwards through the casino and the under-cover money at the door was in big chips.

A loser at the crap table flung down his last \$25 chip and said, "All I want is cab fare." The stick man gazed at him without interest. "How far you going?" he asked.

Late one night, my business over, I drove out of town on U.S. 91 toward Los Angeles. Two policemen were handcuffing a youth whose car they had pulled over. There was a queue outside the Tower of Pizza. The marriage chapels were bustling.

The last billboard at the edge of town was a puff for local growth. Its headline read: "WOULD YOU BELIEVE 275,000 PEOPLE LIVE IN CLARK COUNTY?" In smaller letters below it added: "WOULD YOU BELIEVE 270,000?"

I guess I would. That's success, isn't it?

'Hottest' Ice Since Sonja

By COL. BARNEY OLDFIELD

Omaha.

A piece of an "open end" investment fund isn't bad to have, but to own absolutely an "open end" publicity gag which is wasting away a few ounces each year is not so much.

Almost on top of me is a 25th anniversary, which has become a burden to me and the Omaha Cold Storage Co. here. Each year, I get a letter from D. H. Sanders, the veepee, and he asks if the time has come to throw the whole thing away.

And I can never say yes. It started a quarter century ago, when a press agent for the Sonja Henie Ice Show came into Omaha. She was going to open with her glacial gala on Feb. 13, 1941 in the great Ak-Sar-Ben Coliseum for a week's run.

As is the case with publicists, they look about them for something fashionable, or "in," and they make a tie with it. Sometimes it's the Junior League, or some Society for this-or-that, and in 1941, the U.S. Army was sort of coming back in style. We hadn't had Pearl Harbor yet, but Hitler had Norway, the Low Countries, and France and people were nervous enough that the uniform was reassuring.

Said he: "Can we fix up some gimmick with soldiers in it?"

At that time, I was the PR man for the Army's Seventh Corps Area, then in Omaha. We were busy sending out invitations to reserve officers to serve a year of active duty, a rather painless matter in those days. There were some soldiers around, but not many.

The opening, being the day before St. Valentine's Day, I suggested we arrange to have four soldiers show up with a whopper Valentine.

"Sure," says he, "it'll make a good picture. That's all we want." Then he was overwhelmed with gratitude and patriotism, and said they would seat 200 soldiers as Sonja's guests on the opening night.

After he was gone, I got to thinking about that Valentine. It had to be well done, and unusual, or it wouldn't come off. Suddenly, there loomed ahead some production and art costs, and it was about to become a lot of work for one flash photo even if 200 free seats went along with it.

INCOME TAX CAUTIONS:

(1)

PROOF IS NECESSARY TO SUSTAIN TAX DEDUCTION FOR EXPENSES

(2)

KEEP TAX RECORDS FOR TRAVEL, ENTERTAINMENT AND BUSINESS GIFTS

By STANLEY HAGENDORF

On or before April 15 of each year (April 17th this year) most of us will sit down with a document called U.S. Individual Income Tax Return and attempt to make our peace with Uncle Sam.

One of the first items for question by any Internal Revenue Agent is the claim of a deduction for travel, entertainment and business gift expenses. If these expenses have been actually incurred by the taxpayer, but the agent refuses to allow the deduction, the taxpayer can usually only blame himself.

Prior to 1963 an individual who incurred travel, entertainment and business gifts expenses could sustain the deductions even though he did not keep detailed records of the expenditures. The taxpayer in such cases could approximate the amount of the expenses. This approximation role led to many abuses and many individuals were living-it-up at government expense.

Starting in the year 1963, the rule was changed. The Internal Revenue Code itself was amended to provide that no expenses could be claimed for travel, entertainment and business gifts unless the individual could show, by detailed records, substantiation of the claimed expenses.

Thus, in order for a taxpayer to claim these types of expenses, he must take the necessary time and effort to prepare necessary records, or suffer the consequence of severe disallowance.

TRAVEL EXPENSES

Expenses for business travel are deductible whether for domestic travel or foreign travel. Traveling expenses include travel fares, meals and lodging and incidental expenses such as telephone and telegraph, public stenographers, baggage charges, taxi and airport bus fares and cleaning and laundry charges. Commuter's fares are not business expenses and are not deductible.

If the travel is domestic, and the main purpose of the trip is business then the entire cost of transportation, meals and lodging are deductible even though, in part, the trip is a pleasure trip. The key requirement is that the main purpose of the trip be business.

Where foreign travel is involved there must also be a main business purpose for the trip. However, even though the main purpose of the trip is business, if the

trip is in part a pleasure trip, the taxpayer must allocate the travel expenses between deductible business expenses and nondeductible personal expenses. Thus, where a taxpayer takes a trip to Mexico for 20 days and 15 of those days are spent for business purposes and five days for personal purposes, the taxpayer will have to allocate his travel expenses (such as transportation costs, board and lodging) 75% for business and 25% for personal.

There are two exceptions where a taxpayer will not have to allocate his expenses for foreign travel: (1) if the trip lasts no more than one week and (2) if less than 25% of the time away from home is spent on personal affairs.

As previously stated, the fact that the expenditures were made for business purposes does not mean the taxpayer can claim the deduction. He must prove the expenditure.

The Internal Revenue Service will not allow the deduction unless the taxpayer can substantiate the expenses.

In order to prove the expenditures, the taxpayer should keep a detailed daily diary showing each separate expenditure for traveling away from home, such as cost of transportation, breakfast, lunch, dinner, taxi fares etc. In addition, the diary should show: (1) time-date of departure and return, number of days spent away from home; (2) place-destination; and (3) business purpose of trip.

In addition taxpayer should retain checks, paid bills, vouchers, etc.

ENTERTAINMENT

Entertaining business associates has always been a way of life for many individuals. In order to deduct expenses for entertainment the expense must be incurred for business purposes. The purpose of the expense must be business as opposed to social or personal. To be deductible the expenses cannot be lavish or extravagant.

If an individual belongs to a social club, or has a hunting lodge, or a yacht, more than 50% of the total calendar days of use of the facility must be for business purposes. If this 50% test is not met, no deduction is allowable with respect to the expense of operating the facility.

In order to claim the expense of entertainment the taxpayer must show a bona fide business purpose. Many times the allow-

ance of the deduction will depend upon where the business meeting took place. Thus, if taxpayer pays for a meal in a quiet restaurant, hotel dining room or quiet club, for dinner with a business associate the expenses would be deductible. If however, there were a distraction such as a floor show, it would be more difficult for the taxpayer to claim the deduction.

Even if the entertainment is for business purposes, an individual must substantiate the expenditure. He must prove (1) the amount—bills, vouchers, receipts must be produced for each separate expenditure in the amount of \$25 or more, (2) time-date and duration of the business discussion (3) place of business discussion (4) business purpose—nature of business discussion and business reason for the entertainment (5) business relationship—identification of the persons present and (6) number of persons present.

For persons who entertain for business purposes it is best for them to keep a tax diary with the above information on a daily basis. It is also advantageous for such an individual to use credit cards since payment of the credit furnishes a record that the expense was actually incurred. However, the above information will still be necessary to substantiate the deduction. Many credit slips have places on the back where the necessary information can be filled in.

BUSINESS GIFTS

The cost of business gifts made directly or indirectly to any one individual will only be allowed to the extent of \$25. Thus, if a business gift is made to an individual and the cost of the gift is \$35, the taxpayer can only claim a deduction in the amount of \$25. In order for the deduction in the amount of \$25 to be deductible, taxpayer must show (1) cost of the gift, (2) date of the gift, (3) description of the gift, (4) business purpose of the gift and (5) business relationship of the recipient of the gift.

In addition to keeping records for the expenses in connection with travel, entertainment and business gifts, individuals should also keep records with respect to other types of deductible expenses. The following guides should be observed.

CHARITY

(1) Avoid cash contributions. Wherever possible make your contribution by check. If a cash contribution is made, obtain an official receipt and keep it with your tax records.

(2) Make the check payable to the charity, not the individual who collects for the charity.

(3) If you make a contribution of property to a charity, such as clothing or furniture, receive a letter of acknowledgement and if possible an estimate of the value of the property.

MEDICAL

(1) Avoid cash payments of medical bills. Wherever possible pay the bills by check and if made to a doctor include his title, such as Dr. George Gilbert. If medical bills are paid in cash, preserve the receipt.

(2) Open a charge account at a drug store and keep the itemized monthly statement. Pay the bill by check. Avoid paying for drugs in cash.

Conclusion: Keeping adequate records can be a burdensome job. It can take time and be a source of annoyance. However, with adequate records individuals can avoid the imposition of additional taxes arising by reason of disallowance of tax deductions due to failure of proof.



JIMMY BLADE

And His Orchestra
The Camellia House, The Drake—Chicago

Memory Doffs To Great Vaudeville Novelty Singles

By ROBERT REINHART

(Himself a professional magician of high skill, Bob Reinhardt was once a VARIETY reporter—Ed.)

Montgomery, N. Y.

Among the things for which vaudeville ought forever to be held in admiration were its novelty singles, turns which could more or less play the world with happy audience results. I'll cite Alphonse Berge, Edgar Bergen, Richard Cardini, Joe Cook, George LaFollette, Joe Jackson, A. Robins and Senor Wences as examples.

Alphonse Berge accomplished lightning changes with bolts of material to drape and dress statuesque models. (He was the act; the girls were just covered.) He did this apparently only with material and pins. It was a brilliant pantomime act done with exaggerated and stylish salaams which Monsieur Alphonse took after each dress was completed. Reviewed by Jose at the Palace in VARIETY on June 3, 1953, he said "Berge's bows following each creation are the most interesting in the business."

That Charley McCarthy was a visual character in an oral sketch with Edgar Bergen as straight man and both completely understandable to listeners accounted in part for the many subsequent years of Bergen's radio success. The audience could identify completely.

Bergen was, however, already a standard and established vaudeville artist when he became a national institution overnight in the 1930's. Give radio credit for smart borrowing since radio was never a courageous medium for innovation. The idea for putting a ventriloquist on the Rudy Vallee variety program may have been suggested by Elsa Maxwell. It could not have been the advertising agency. A ventriloquist on radio? Sounds foolish even now.

Tophat Magic

Richard Cardini is an outstanding and widely imitated pantomime magician. Technically, one might say he does not altogether qualify as a single as his wife appears with him briefly as a page-boy but this is only incidental. His act with cards, billiard balls and cigarettes is outstanding on any variety program. His character is that of a slightly tipsy Englishman in tophat and tails who is baffled and frustrated by inanimate objects. Now semi-retired, during his long career he never received an unfavorable notice. Of the acts listed here, his has been the most widely copied and imitated.

The late Joe Cook, a man of astonishing range, was a single who combined machine gun verbal humor with wacky sight business, novelty magic, duo-walking juggling routines. He was an exceptionally skillful performer in these fields. In addition he strummed the ukulele and his "Why I Will Not Imitate Four Hawaiians" was classic tomfoolery.

While not a headliner George LaFollette was a solid entertainer and a quick-change artist who played numerous characters in a sequence involving a criminal chase. (Memory suggests the act was called "Frenchy and the Cop.") The speed with which the changes were made were fantastic.

Joe Jackson, the tramp cyclist, is said to have developed his turn by accident. According to trade legend, while riding his bike in a circus act the handle bars came off. His trouble and discomfiture were so entertaining to the audience the bit was developed. This led to the act in which a tramp and bicycle thief triumph over inanimate objects. Joe Jackson collapsed and died during a performance at the now razed Roxy Theatre, N.Y. His son, Joe Jackson Jr., followed in his footsteps with an exact duplicate of the act which has played on many ice and variety bills the world over.

A. Robins, the late musical clown who did visible changes, heard the song "Yes, We Have No Bananas" while performing in Europe. So intrigued was he by



BEN ARDEN

Musical Director
EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE
Chicago
Now In 10th Consecutive Year

this lyric that he introduced productions of huge quantities of bananas into his act as a running gag. Thus he combined musical clowning, visible changes of costume and producing from baby looks and what appeared to be a packing case on wheels, a nested freight train with carloads of fruit and a steam engine. Having appeared among other characters as a female concert violinist, at the end of the act he changed appropriately enough into a train conductor in railroad blue on whom a chestful of colorful medals appeared at his exiting bow. The act is practically a surrealist dream in a world of fantasy. The origins of the train motif which tie this act together stems from older European clowning. An earlier version can be seen in a film made by George Melies, the pioneer French filmmaker and magician. This sequence is shown occasionally at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. A. Robins was an outstanding vaudeville

(Continued on page 216)

Sleepy San Pedro Awakening To Its Tourism Potential

By KAY CAMPBELL

San Pedro, Calif.

This may have been the Year of the Horse in San Francisco's Chinatown, but in the Port of Los Angeles it was the Year of the Change (or the Year Santa Claus Came Early). New ventures with a value in excess of \$10,000,000 were in his bag. And profits which amounted so rapidly nobody could count 'em.

Now all San Pedro wants for Christmas is a luxury waterfront hotel or motel. A drive loaded with bait has been launched to find the just-right operator for such an establishment. The lures include free land-lease for unspecified number of years, free city taxes for an unknown period, and money available at low interest.

This year marked a number of firsts including the opening of the \$1,500,000 Catalina Terminal to accommodate the steamer, Catalina, five motor cruisers and five two-motor seaplanes in addition to a soon-to-be delivered 70-passenger hydrofoil. Moving of the terminus from Wilmington to this city brought hundreds of thousands of new visitors. Added events, such as moonlight cruises and chartered luau parties in Avalon on Catalina Island, brought seasonal (ending Oct. 2) revenues to an all-time high, according to Charles Stillwell, owner.

The opening of the \$500,000 Descanso Beach Club at St. Catherine's Bay in Avalon was another hypo tourism. The club is designed as a bring-your-own floating hotel with snack bars, swimming pool, cabanas, shops, and dining accommodations for 1,500 persons. Mooring is provided for 300 yachts. A solid hit, the facility is built on



JACKIE MASON

"I want to wish me the best of luck on VARIETY's 61st ANNIVERSARY...I hope this year will be the kind of year I should have had last year."

grounds of old St. Catherine's Hotel.

Jerry Sutton's elegant \$600,000 floating restaurant, Princess Louise, was "launched" Sept. 19. A converted Canadian vessel with dining facilities for 800 (average nightly turnover three times), it is staffed by personnel recruited from Chasen's, Scandia and Perino's. Spot has been jammed to capacity since opening.

Aside from the Princess Louise, a dozen other cafes and bistros, including some franchise establishments such as Howard Johnson's and International Pancakes, also opened. Still another preem was the \$500,000 Sky Tower at neighboring Marineland, which has operated in the black since inception 12 years ago. It has seen a steady increase in boxoffice, with at least 5% added profits this year over '65.

Gene McDonald, new manager of Hacienda Hotel, was recruited from Jack Skirball's "Vacation Village" in San Diego to promote new outside biz, backed by added ad skeds. He signed the Tommy Gumino Trio and contracted a decorated to update 80 rooms. San Pedro's first high-rise luxury office building was 70% tenanted in three months. Another is under construction.

Freeways' Boon

Several factors contributed to this unforeseen boom: (1) the completion of San Diego freeway, with its connecting links with Ventura and Golden State freeways on the north and Garden Grove and San Gabriel freeways to Orange County; (2) space—for the first time—at L.A. County Fair in Pomona, which was so successful attendance-wise that one contributor promised five times this year's sum in support next year; (3) Heavy ad skeds in both national and regional publications and 24-sheets plugging various ventures.

This also represents a dramatic change in leadership and policy. For years, tradition-ridden San Pedro has been content to watch the world go by. Short of erecting street barricades, it used every means to keep "strangers" away from its doors.

Meanwhile, outsiders who recognized the resort potentials of this port city had begun to infiltrate and take over the reins. (The new C. of C. prexy, Wayne Waller, has lived here less than five years.) The wealthy fishing boat owners, cannery and shipbuilders began to diversify their holdings and interests.

Open secret that the new leaders are expected to seek plush new establishments on completion of Cabrillo Marina—about '69—but this year's ventures (only a small fraction anticipated) have set date ahead. "The success of these, together with increased port activities, clearly indicated the business is here now and not tomorrow," says Waller.

Century to Lancaster, Pa.

Century Theatres, Long Island-based circuit, has signed a lease with the Park City Shopping Center, Lancaster, Penn., for erection of a \$1,200-seat conventional theatre.

Century president Leslie R. Schwartz also said that the circuit has signed a long-term lease for the Midwood Theatre, Brooklyn, on which it will do extensive refurbishing.

Blueprint For De-Beatniking Sunset Strip

By JERRY BEIGEL

Los Angeles.

Sunset Strip last November became synonymous in the public mind with a teenaged beatnik haven. National headlines over several weekends told of youthful mass demonstrations against alleged police brutality and the area's 10 p.m. curfew for those under 18; demonstrations that occasionally degenerated into disorderly conduct, and near-rioting that resulted in hundreds of arrests.

However, it is quite possible that the demonstrations were the convulsions of a dying era. The "Go-Go" youth dancehalls that presumably are the prime attractions reached a peak of new openings about a year ago. With the crackdown by authorities on licensing such establishments, a few have closed and more likely will follow. Typical is Pandora's Box, inside L.A. city limits, and situated on a triangular piece of land that the city has decided to buy and bulldoze out of existence in the name of "facilitating the traffic flow" on the Strip.

Most important, however, was a move underway by interested residents in the area to turn the unincorporated Strip into an incorporated city (with the preliminary name of West Hollywood). Promoters of the plan envision their new city as the coming center for fashionable shops, west coast outlets for major eastern department and specialty stores and classy new restaurants and nightclubs.

Headed by young attorney David Leanse, the group expects incorporation to be accomplished before the end of next year if petitioning and voting go as expected. Leanse, who once worked briefly for the William Morris agency, blamed the state of affairs on the Strip on haphazard zoning and building regulations that permitted the tremendous rash of coffeehouses and dancehalls, catering primarily to young adults and teenagers, to spring up in the past few years.

With incorporation, Leanse feels the new city officials will be able to plan exactly the kind of community they want and the power to carry out the plans.

A compact area, just under two square miles and with a current population of about 36,000, West Hollywood picturesquely slopes down from the Hollywood Hills and in the past had been the gathering place for the affluent with such clubs as the Trocadero, Ciro's and Mocambo—that Leanse's group hopes can be repeated in the future.

It probably would be fruitless to try and recapture the glamour of the past, when many of Hollywood's brightest names held court on the Strip. Yet, using as a foundation some of the shops remaining from those days, as well as such restaurants as LaRue's, the Marquis and Scandia, combined with the area's proximity to Beverly Hills and Century City and its own handsome topography, Leanse is confident that the Strip can be again what it used to be for adult and what it is now for kids.

Though denying that he is against kids, Leanse feels that "they've taken my city away from me" and he only wants to redress the balance. There will definitely be a place for young people in the future of the Strip, after incorporation, according to Leanse, as he ticked off possibilities for parks, playgrounds and entertainment centres. But he made it clear that, if everything goes according to plan, Sunset Strip will no longer belong to the kids, but to the adults.

LAPIDUS CHIEFS TENT 25

Hollywood.

Alfred S. Lapidus has been elected 1967 chief barker of Variety Club of So. Calif., Tent 25, succeeding James A. Nicholson of American International.

Canvasmen will be: Robert H. Benton, Robert L. Cohn, Bruce C. Corwin, Gerard Lipsky, Ezra E. Stern and William H. Thedford.

Bally For Bellydancers

By EARL WILSON

One day a bellydancer named Cleopatra Jaffe phoned me. She had a request. I was sorry that the request was not that I accompany her on navel maneuvers.

Realizing that there was a field of journalism that hadn't been covered (or uncovered) properly I leaped to the challenge, becoming the first Navel Affairs Editor. I began research into this new theatre-in-the-raw which I may have to continue more or less assiduously for, ooooh, 50 or 60 years.

The point is, the old belly changeth, and though you may have been fairly familiar with Samia Gamal's at the Latin Quarter, there's a whole new generation of bellies today. Nejla Ates has gone back to Turkey, and the experts on the bellyrinas now are agent Joe Williams and la plus grande artiste de la belly, Miss Nai Bonet.

Nai, a modest 23-year-old brunette, explains her vast success as a belly-quiverer, with five simple words:

"I have a nervous stomach."

Nai's bigger-than-life-sized pictures have been seen in the windows of the Stairway to Stardom, on West 52d St., New York, next door to the Americana Hotel and the Dog & Cat Hospital. This is a school where bellydancers — and bellies — are trained, and where Nai Bonet is regarded as some kind of a high priestess. When Arlene Francis heard about this school, she said, "I assume they call it the Navel Academy."

The bellydancer named "Little Egypt" got married to her manager Charles Curtis this year. And another bellydancer, Zahara, got married to her manager, Lenn Cooper.

But Nai Bonet kept to the old grind, I suppose you could say, and did a "Beverly Hillbillies" to follow up her role of teaching Shirley MacLaine to bellybump in "John Goldfarb, Please Come Home." But Miss Bonet also did something else that I liked. She tried to cut down the terrible length of the bellydance.

Even if the belly appeals to you aesthetically, half an hour is a lot of belly. Miss Bonet appreciates this fact and feels that 15 minutes of abdomen is adequate. Many a time I would be glad to settle for 10.

Miss Bonet has undertaken also to reduce the monotony by making some jokes. Generally she gets some slob up on stage with her and asks his name. Whether it's Kermit, Sam or Irving, she says, "In my country, that means Passionate Lover."

Encouraged, the guy usually tries to kiss her, whereupon she says, "In my country, not in your country."

During the 1965 New Year's Eve, there were not enough bellies to go around. Joe Williams and the other agents had a bigger belly demand than they could supply. Bellies are evidently here to stay.

I happened to visit Egypt during the year and found to my horror that bellies in Cairo are now covered up. They still have bellydancing in Egypt but, by Government decree, the bellies must be covered up with veils.

I always told you that Nasser was no darn good!

Bluebells' Formula

Paris.

The Bluebell Girls, international dancing lines, work to a strict formula, laid down by their boss, Mrs. Margaret Kelly, alias Miss Bluebell.

They must be not less than 5 ft. 8 inches tall, and not more than 24 years old, with copybook legs and an ability to carry a pound and a half of feathers on their head without getting a crick in the neck. Dancers' headquarters are Paris. There are, in all, some 80 chorines dancing from Tokyo to Las Vegas, Cannes to Madrid. Miss Bluebell is a former showgirl herself, of Liverpool-Irish background. Seventy percent of the girls are British. They perform least in the U.K.

(From **VARIETY**, May 20, 1925)

'Colored Lineup' Looks Promising'

(This story, printed over 40 years ago, pointed up the age-old show biz axiom—"no frontiers on talent"—and spotlighted a bull market in Negro and integrated shows.)

Producers of legitimate, burlesque and musical shows expect the greatest season the colored performers have ever experienced next fall.

In burlesque, two troupes, "Shuffle Along" and "Seven-Eleven," will be routed (Columbia burlesque). Fully a half-dozen burlesque shows will have a mixed color cast. Although it is early to speculate it is not unlikely that the Mutual Burlesque Wheel will have colored players in its ranks next season.

Among the bigger legitimate producers Flo Ziegfeld may engage special colored talent for one of his big musicals, with Will Vodery expected to grind out some original matter for old-fashioned colored entertainment.

Flouronoy Miller and Eubie Lyles are under contract for the new "Scandals." Noble Sissle and Eubie Blake are still heading "Chocolate Dandies," with another return to Broadway being arranged.

Florence Mills, now playing big-time vaudeville, will lead a new colored revue next season under Lew Leslie's direction. "Melody Land," with a company of 50 (all colored), produced by Carl A. Barrett (owner of the Central, Chicago), is scheduled to open in Milwaukee the last of this month. In this show will be Evelyn Preer, Leonadis Simmons, Marion Harrison, Lethia Hill, Edward Thompson and Floyd Cardwell. This new show has music by DeKoven Thompson and lyrics by Will Hendrickson.

Although nothing definite has been established, S. H. Dudley, former colored star, may head his own company in a new show written by Lieut. J. Tim Brymn and Chris Smith.

'How Come' During Summer

"How Come," all-colored, with Russell Wooding, musical director, direction, Sam Grisman, et al., left New York last week to play some summer stands in the east.

The T.O.B.A. circuit, booked by the S. H. Dudley offices, Washington, has an increased number of theatres for the new season, with plenty of work for colored artists. The Theatres Owners Booking Assn. comprises theatres catering especially to Negroes.

Overseas the American colored artists will be well represented. In Paris, the Moulin Rouge employs a bevy of girls in the same show headed by the Gertrude Hoffman girls.

On the ocean bound for a 12-week stay in German towns, is an all-colored troupe, with Greenlee & Drayton, Lottie Gee & Sam Woodin and the Club Alabam orchestra.

In the list are included the concert stars headed by Roland Hayes, tenor, signally honored here and abroad.

In the legits Paul Robeson, appearing in special concerts of late under white auspices (Robeson having a fine baritone voice), is still under the playing direction of Provincetown Players and will be in a new show next season.

Charles Gilpin may also head a new play next season and if, the plans fall through, he will continue to head his own vaudeville company.

Several traveling legitimate colored troupes in straight plays will be on tour through the colored houses next season. Several may attempt dates in sections patronized by the whites.

Vaudeville continues to hold excellent opportunities with a number of colored acts routed for some time, among these being Bill Robinson and Dancer & Waters (Ethel).

'Compact': Key To New Circus Logistics

Plenty of Tented Outfits Still Travel the Highways—Fresh Outfits Replace Dropouts—Number of Circuses About the Same — Two-Family Outfit, Beers-Barnes, Calls It Quits After 35 Years of Steady Trouping.

By TONY CONWAY

Falls Church, Va.

The year 1966 was a good one for the circuses of the U.S. There was no significant change in the total number of shows touring. If one disappeared, a new one was introduced in its stead. Attendance and grosses gave no reason for grumble.

For this circus reporter, Dec. 30, 1965 truly was the beginning. Father Edward S. Sullivan, the circus priest, did us the favor of flying down from Boston to officiate at the wedding of Carol Geist and T. Conway at Arlington, Va. That afternoon the pair of us took off in our bus for Florida, headed for Sarasota.

Not only was it good being back in the Venice-Sarasota area of Florida's lovely Gulf Coast, but it was possible to wander to Ringling's winterquarters at Venice and, while showing all of it to my new wife for the first time, see the 10 acres afresh—through her eyes.

The major topic of conversation around Ringling was the riding tiger act of Adolph Althoff. Apparently difficulties at sea had made the voyage much longer and more hazardous than normal and it required some days for the routine of the act to return to its usual pace. Herr Althoff, it must be added, looks and dresses and acts as a European circus trainer and director is supposed to. Also new to the show were the Flying Gaonans who had just completed a year in Europe.

Charley Baumann and Adela Smieja were keeping their cat acts in trim regularly in the training arena, Mme. Ingabard Rhodin and her Lippizaner, Baby, were frequently to be seen at work in the ringbarn, and the Stephenson Family were busy at every opportunity in polishing their bareback riding act.

Rigging was being checked in the prop shop, wagons were being reworked in the mechanical department, and over on the railroad siding the tunnel cars, stocks, and sleepers were being given a new silver paint job.

Fr. Sullivan made his appearance while we were on hand and was kept busy with both his Polaroid and his movie cameras. He has some of the finest circus footage extant and delights in unreeling.

One day, just at the break for luncheon, he came to the microphone at centre ring to present Dick Barstow, stage director, the first annual award of the John Yancey Nagshead (Va.) Playhouse given to an individual who has made an outstanding contribution to the entertainment industry.

News that spring was that Al G. Kelly & Miller Bros. Circus had changed hands. Joe McMahon would be principal owner and manager with D. R. Miller retaining some interest in the show and also providing the concessions department.

Another item of interest: Hunt's Circus was resuming on the road after a year's layoff. The new offering was in the Continental style with one-ring-only.

As has been its pattern in recent years, Ringling-Barnum hoppedscotched its way through the south during January and February and played Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia during March. Now we had an opportunity to see the finished performance which we had last seen in its final stages of preparation.

Opening with Adela Smieja and her lions, the first half moved rapidly through a varied presentation of clowns, balancing acts, dog acts, liberty horses, and trapeze artists. Included were two production numbers in the usual Ringling style: "Clown Surprise," an aerial extravaganza in which 32 young ladies appear as clowns only to be revealed as curvaceous charmers as they ascend to lofty positions, and the traditional "spec," this time "A Story Book Fantasy" in which an eastern Maharajah visits the court of an imaginary prince.

In the second half, Charly Baumann's Tigers were followed by a melange of sawdust artists including wirewalking, with Los Tonitos in centre ring; teeterboard artists, animal acts including Konyots Chimps in a Wild West setting, the elephant production "This Is New, Pussycat" in which a young lady danced the frug atop one of the moving elephants; two outstanding troupes of flying trapeze artists, The Gaonans and The Waynes; and a finale which featured the musical compositions of John Ringling North down through the years.

Yes, They Catch Colds!

Backstage, whether in Washington or in Madison Square Garden, the circus folk were a happy lot, kidding among themselves or playing chess or cheerily showing visiting friends about. The usual number of colds occurred during the early part of the year and tiny Alicia Meener, the star of a very different balancing act, was badly hurt during the Garden run when she failed to come out of a tuck and crashed to the floor of centre ring. And "Uncle" Stephenson, elder statesman of the Stephenson family (perhaps the oldest performer on the show), died during the stay in New York.

The tented circuses took to the road. The first we visited was the present-day under-canvas giant, Clyde Beatty & Cole Bros. Combined Circus. Dave Hoover's Cats filled the spot which belonged to the best known trainer of lions and tigers in the history of the American circus, the great Clyde Beatty. Trevor Bale, the show's equestrian director-announcer, presented his dressage horse and his Liberty horses, Doval performed on the high wire, Greta Frisk performed on the single trapeze, and the Frielanis provided their fancy bicycling. And yet this was but a small part of the strength and artistry represented on this one show.

Mention should be made of those seatwagons we saw under construction down in Florida. I've seen them up close enough to understand (in a general way) how they work, but I'm not about to attempt to describe it in detail. But it is rather on the fabulous side to know that each unit can be completely loaded by just two people in five minutes or less.

Sells & Gray, the newest of the Three Acme Co. shows, neatly packs into an even dozen trucks. Manager Bill English and superintendent Paul Hudson have a very beautiful show and they keep it that way—both rolling stock and

personnel are spic and span wherever the public sees them. And the program is well balanced and interesting.

(I'm not sure just what to make of it, but Johnny Golden was an undertaker before he became a trainer of big cats for Sells & Gray.)

Carmen del Molino was here with her head-balancing single trap act. Gerda & Pedro had their tight wire and the Pedrolas did double-trapeze. Bob & Doris Earl, who took out the Robert G. Earl Circus the two previous seasons, were quite busy in that Doris worked web and ladders and rode managed while Bob was assistant show electrician and also did clowning.

King Bros. was all new from front to back. The new manager was a veteran showman, James M. Cole. There also were new tractors and other equipment and everything was painted bright and circusy. Slightly smaller than its younger sister, Sells & Gray, the King show manages to move on 10 units. (Not to be confused with the King Bros. who produce films in Munich.—Ed.)

Acts included several numbers each by the Pietro Canistrellis, the Roger Boyds, and the Van Loos Sisters; feature single trapeze by Sarah Chapman, and one of the best clown painting gags of recent years by Danny Chapman.

Mills Bros. again fielded one of the largest tented circuses—large both in terms of physical equipment and calibre of performance. From the opening spec to the closing elephant act, this show moves at a steady, pleasing pace. And it again has about the finest touring band on the road, this year under the leadership of Ramon Escorcia.

35 Years on Road

One of the oldest and smallest shows, Beers-Barnes, came our way for the first time in a handful of years. For 35 years the members of the Beers and the Barnes families have run a tight little show with perhaps two or three non-family acts included for balance. And before they began their circus, the two families were together in tent repertoire. One member of the family is Harold Barnes, who for so many years was featured in the Christmas shows at New York's Roxy Theatre in his tight-wire act.

Now the family heads had declared that this was to be the last season. Charles Beers and Roger Barnes are still very spry but the years have passed and it gets harder to continue with each new

year. Still the show looked good on the lot; the tractors were in good repair and the trailers were well painted though there were some tears in the big top they'd taken such good care of that it lasted six or seven years.

Hard To Track Down

My wife and I were out of town when two other shows came through our area. Henry Vonderheid's Von Bros. was augmented by equipment and animals from Pete Cristiani's Cristiani-Wallace Bros. Circus. Friends who caught Von reported that the equipment was in good shape and the performance was a solid one.

Kelly-Miller, in its first year under Joe McMahon, had a mixture of trucks and equipment from earlier editions of both Kelly-Miller and Carson & Barnes. The performance was a good one, and they suggested that going home a winner might help toward improving the physical show and augmenting the performance for the next season.

Yet another circus we hoped to visit was Hoxie Bros. But Hoxie Tucker's attractive purple-painted show didn't advertise outside the immediate area in which it played. Though it did play fairly close at hand, we never were able to locate Hoxie.

Both in the late spring and again in the early fall we spent a lot of time with Animaland U.S.A., which crams six cages of animals, two elephants, concession stands, and a double pony-go-round on four semi-trailers. Playing week-long and split-week dates, the owners had no difficulty in obtaining local help for their stands but seasoned show help was hard to find. And this seems to have been the situation for every circus on the road.

Such indoor units as Hamild-Morton, Clyde Bros., Rudy Bros. and Dobritch International played in other parts of the country and we did not have an opportunity to visit them. Similarly, there were a number of under-canvas shows that play the midwest and the west coast. Of all of them we heard only good reports of their performances and of their attendance.

In September a surprising event took place. Art Concello bowed out of Acme Operating Co. Under the new arrangement Frank McClosky and Jerry Collins have become the co-owners of both Beatty-Cole and King Bros. and partners with Bill English in Sells & Gray. No other changes to any of the "corporation shows" were announced and future plans were not mentioned.

Then in the late months of the year two more visits rounded out our view of the circus in 1966:

We caught Polack Bros. playing Baltimore. Owner Louis Sterr again came up with a strong performance. Eloise Berchtold presented her mixed animal act, Seno Antonio did his head balancing trapeze act, the Rodos presented a variety of acts, Bill & Barbara Woodcock presented the Polack Elephants, the Flying Ray-Den provided the flying trapeze act, and the clowns included Jimmie Douglas, Peluza, and June and Geo Dewsbury.

Of course there have been problems in that there have been accidents and illnesses and a few deaths, and there was a shortage of help for tented circuses, but by and large it was a good year. Certainly it is a far cry from the events we covered in our first survey 10 years ago when not one but three tented shows went home early and the whole pattern of the American circus was drastically changed.

Now again it's January. Shows are in the barns. But contracting agents already have planned the routes and managements have just about completed lining up the act for the 1967 season ahead. Whether in tents or in buildings, the circuses of America again will bring to the amusement-seeking public the variety of acts that have pleased succeeding generations since colonial days.



NALANI KELE

and her **POLYNESIAN REVUE**
8 years—STARDUST HOTEL—Las Vegas
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'Craziest' Act In Show Biz: Black's 'Three Twos,' U.K's Tireless Favorites, Notably Bud Flanagan

By IAN BEVAN

(One of the greatest acts in the history of the British music-hall was the Crazy Gang—a group of three double acts who worked together in a series of variety-revues at the London Palladium and the Victoria Palace between 1932 and 1962. In his history of the London Palladium, "Top Of The Bill," Ian Bevan told the riotous story of the Gang and their rise to fame under the guidance of impresario George Black. Bevan is now a leading London theatrical agent.—Ed.)

London.

A theatre as large as the Palladium has a voracious appetite for new attractions. Playing two shows a night, with one or two matinees, more than 40,000 people can see the show in a week, while many a straight play gets by profitably in an average sized theatre on less than a sixth of that. To the person who has to provide drawcards which will lure people in those numbers, it must often seem a hydra-headed monster, gobbling up acts and stars and ideas as fast or faster than any human being can produce them.

Fortunately for George Black, fate provided a magic formula which appeased the monster's hunger for long spells at a time; a formula known by the disquieting title of "The Crazy Gang." In the history of music-hall there has never been another single attraction which has brought people to one theatre, in such large numbers, over such a long period.

The Gang was virtually in residence from June 1932, until May 1940; and though there were gaps between their shows, varying from a few weeks to several months, their spirit hovered over the stage whenever they were absent, and the theatre was truly advertised as their "home."

They were firmly identified in the public mind as six in number: Nervo & Knox, Naughton & Gold, Flanagan & Allen. Actually, Flanagan & Allen were not original members of the Gang, and the others were all missing at various times. Nervo & Knox had the best attendance record, for they were in every "Crazy" show except one. Naughton & Gold skipped three; Flanagan & Allen four.

Also, in the early days, there were others who took part in the craziness, notably Caryl & Mundy, Nellie Wallace ("the most photographed debutante of the season," as they called her) and "Monsewer" Eddie Gray. One week, even Gracie Fields joined in. But, by and large, it was correct to think of those three magnificent double acts, working in concert, as the genuine, certifiable article.

Val Parnell Pioneered

The idea of bringing them together was almost an accident, the result of a business maneuver to outwit the rival Stoll circuit. Val Parnell, as booking manager, was trying to keep a firm hold on all the good comedians, and he had a barring clause in the contracts which said that an artist who played in a West End theatre for the General Theatre Corp. could not appear at an opposition West End music-hall within the following 16 weeks.

Towards the end of 1931, a last-minute change in pantomime plans left Naughton & Gold free to accept a West End engagement outside the barring period. Their agent rang Parnell and told him that unless he could offer a Palladium date, Naughton & Gold would be booked into the Alhambra.

The need to keep them away from Stoll was urgent, although it meant booking them for a week when Nervo & Knox and Caryl & Mundy had already been engaged. Parnell recalled a touring revue, called "Young Bloods Of Variety," in which Nervo & Knox had given a new twist to their own act by introducing other turns, and he thought he might avoid the monotony of three double-acts appearing one after the other on the same program by mingling all three.

Parnell discussed the idea with Jimmy Nervo who saw its possibilities, but Naughton & Gold remembered an earlier dispute over material and said firmly that they could not work with Nervo & Knox. It took a roundtable conference in Parnell's office, and some tactful pouring of oil on troubled waters, before the quartet could be brought together.

Finally, it was arranged for the three double-acts to play a week's season, beginning on Nov. 30, 1931, and they were told to win their laughs by fair means or foul. Eddie Gray was also on the bill, and he was co-opted into the scheme. As a warning to the audience that something unusual was afoot, the program described it as "a crazy week." Black was dubious about the experiment, but agreed that the need to outwit the Alhambra made it necessary.

Just 'Crazy' B.O.

The new idea was an immediate hit, and a second "crazy" week was given in December. The theatre was packed, and the inducement was strong in order the same again, but it was difficult to bring the right combination of acts together at one time. For all the trouble involved in arranging a week's season, Black decided they might as well gamble on doing it for a month.

This time another double-act—Flanagan & Allen—was added, and the first "crazy" month started on June 6, 1932. Then came a second "crazy" month in September, and a third in November. But the November "month" stretched into five weeks; and, when a fourth "crazy" month was launched in March, 1933, it was described as a "Crazy Show," which was just as well, for it lasted 14 weeks. The public was eager for more, and the theatre gave them a fifth "crazy" show, a sixth, a seventh.

By this time, things had moved a long way from the simple formula of the original "crazy" week. What had started as impromptu fooling had become carefully rehearsed and highly disciplined comedy. Six-day runs lengthened to six months. The seventh "crazy" show was given a tryout in Brighton so that it could open in London as a carefully tailored ready-to-see production without creases or wrinkles. In all but name, it was a fullscale music-hall revue.

While it was running to good business, Black went away on a six-weeks' cruise to the West Indies. Unexpectedly, business sagged and a substitute bill had to be found in a hurry. Within 10 days, Parnell and Jack Hylton planned, assembled, and produced a completely new show, and this time gave it a proper title, "Life Begins At Oxford Circus."

Everyone moved fast, including songwriter Horatio Nicholls, who was asked over the phone to provide a theme tune. Within the hour he rang back, and played the melody to Hylton, whose band was featured in the show. Nicholls, under his real name of Lawrence Wright, was also a song publisher, and he had copies printed in time to have them on sale in the vestibule for the first-night audience.

A 5-Year Rut

The show opened on March 4, 1935, went into a second edition after Black returned from his cruise, and ran until June—the first of the spectacular "Crazy Gang" revues which occupied the Palladium stage for most of the next five years.

They were a wonderful series: "Round About Regent Street," "All Aboard At Oxford Circus," "O-Kay For Sound," "London Rhapsody," "These Foolish Things" and "The Little Dog Laughed." The shows were "crazy," yet there was method in them, for the theatre was always full and the Gang became famous.

Their humor was coarse, noisy, often violent. It suffered no re-

straint from what is usually known as good taste. People were asked to laugh at the spectacle of one man causing bodily injury to another. Pots of paste fell on people's heads or their clothes were torn off garment by garment. It was slapstick in the richest, ripest, fruitiest tradition—a tradition which seems to have a particular appeal to British audiences. The Gang could trace many of their gags back to Chaucer and Shakespeare.

It was all gloriously uninhibited, even the sentiment which was served in rich dollops to bring out by contrast the full flavor of the comedy. Bud Flanagan was the most skillful at these changes of mood. He could make a trite little ballad such as "Music, Maestro, Please" seem a masterpiece worthy of tears. And there was always an undertone of kindness which gave the knockabout comedy an odd piquancy. Eddie Gray stood helpless while Nervo pulled his clothes to pieces and Knox explained that it was all in fun.

"Oh," said Eddie, "as long as he doesn't really mean it."

Madcap Off 'n' On

There was, too, a certain delicate artistry in the way they broke up the acts of people who were skilled, say, in juggling or walking the slack wire. Gray was a superb juggler and, his first time in a "crazy" show, he aimed to do that part of his act straight. Without warning him in advance, Nervo & Knox smeared his clubs with vaseline. From then on, his juggling was pure slapstick, with Nervo tickling his neck through the backcloth just as he tried a particularly difficult trick, or Knox letting fall a shower of cabbages from the flies as he raised a billiard cue to the tip of his nose.

With Georges Durant, a wirewalker, they waited until he was precariously poised in the centre of the wire, then they came on one by one and worked up an argument with the orchestra in which everyone became furiously involved, leaving Durant hanging in space. With Bob Dupont, the juggler in "These Foolish Things," they handed him an extra ball which, instead of bouncing like the rest, stuck like a limpet wherever it fell.

Bud Flanagan's 'Revenge'

Funniest of the six comedians, and it is a verdict which the other five would readily endorse, was Bud Flanagan—like many great clowns, a Jew. The inappropriate surname was borrowed from his sergeant major in the First World War, a strapping, six-foot Irishman whom Bud judged to have anti-Semitic tendencies because of the number of dirty jobs which seemed to come his way.

When he left the unit, Bud swore, "One day I'll revenge myself on the name of Flanagan." It was a peculiar revenge to make it one of the best-loved names in British music-hall, but his original idea was to let the tribe of Flanagan take the responsibility for his early mistakes. When he got a job with Florrie Forde's touring revue and looked like going ahead, he wanted to revert to his own name of Robert Winthrop, but Florrie wouldn't hear of it.

"My maiden name was Flanagan," she said. "It'll be lucky to have someone with that name in the show. You keep it."

Chesney Allen was another member of Florrie Forde's company, doing straight parts. Privates Winthrop (Flanagan) and Allen had met in France in 1917, but they were together in the same show for some time before they became friends and decided to work up a double act. In 1931, they tried it out at the Argyle, Birkenhead—a famous hall, unfortunately a casualty in the Second World War, where Harry Lauder made his name. Ella Shields first sang "Burlington Bertie," and George Formby had his earliest success. Flanagan & Allen were popular from their opening night, and word spread through the profession, reaching the ears of Parnell in the booking office at G.T.C.

He remembered liking Flanagan in Florrie Forde's show, and he offered the new act a trial week at the Holborn Empire. Flanagan & Allen arrived on Monday to find they had been allotted 12 minutes on the program for an act which took 20. In despair, they went to Parnell.

"Do it all at the first house," he told them. "George Black and I will be out front. We'll tell you what to cut for the second."

After the first house came the verdict: keep on doing the full 20 minutes. Another act was made to surrender the necessary time. Bud & Ches came on as a couple of tramps, in battered tophats and other garments of faded glory, against a backcloth of the Thames embankment. Their song, "Underneath the Arches," which Bud himself had written, became a classic of music-hall.

'Always Liked The Tune'

He wrote other songs subsequently, but none to compare with that. One of them was called "Put A Little Springtime In The Winter Of Their Lives" (the Flanagan brand of sentiment was developed on fairly broad lines), and he played it over to Black when they were trying out material for the fourth "crazy" month.

"Same tune, I see," said Black. "Good old 'Underneath The Arches.'"

"Well, Guv'nor," said Bud, "they've always liked that tune."

Naughton & Gold were two Glaswegians who had worked together since their first stage appearance at the Glasgow Hippodrome in July, 1908—probably the longest, unbroken partnership in the history of British music-hall. Nervo & Knox had been together since 1919, when they combined in a high-speed gymnastic act. Nervo, whose real name was Holloway, was the son of a circus clown, and he began his career as a member of a wire act known as the Four Holloways. For a while he was also with Fred Karno's troupe.

Between them, the six men represented almost every facet of music-hall work. They were linked together by their monstrous capacity for practical joking, which enabled them to make a mockery of one another's talents as well as their own. It was this link which they ruthlessly exploited in the "crazy" shows. They asked and gave no quarter. One of Jimmy Nervo's favorite gags was to set fire to Charlie Naughton's clothes—literally and callously, although never quite to the point of endangering his life. In one production sequence, the Gang wore elaborate Regency costumes and Nervo occasionally stuffed a couple of lighted cigaret ends in Naughton's hat just before they went on. Halfway through the scene, Naughton would find his hat in flames.

Not Fireproof

These incendiary activities cost so much in replacements that Black decided it was more than he could afford. Firebug Nervo was startled on Friday to receive a lighter-than-usual pay packet, together with a bill for new costumes that had been bought on his account.

The practical jokes continued offstage as well as on, and proved more than a little wearing for those who did not share their delight in this particular form of humor. They spared nobody who came within range, although they did not make their employer suffer any physical indignities. For him, they evolved complicated plots which filled his office with 30 Italian children from a dancing-school when he was preparing for an important business conference, or brought an unemployed chorus boy into the dress circle during rehearsals, crying, "No, no, you don't, Mr. Firkenshaw!" under the illusion that Black

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OLD U.S. RIVER BOAT SHOWMAN IN EUROPE

By CAP'TN BILLY BRYANT

Pompano Beach, Fla.

Paris had always been a mystery to me. At times it can be one of the dirtiest, overrated cities in Europe and then again it will glitter and shine like a priceless gem set in black velvet. We have been there many times and still have to hold out a handful of change and let the taxicab driver help himself.

At a fashionable restaurant, a short distance from the Arch of Triumph, Jo, my wife, attempted to order some chicken. Nobody in the establishment could speak English. In desperation she drew the picture of a chicken on the menu then she stood up, flapped her arms and crowed like a rooster. Did she cause a scene? But the waiter got her meaning and she got her chicken.

No one has mastered the art of sarcasm like the English. One night in front of the London Palladium I asked a bobby the direction to Piccadilly Square. He swelled up like a Louisiana swamp bullfrog and turning his accusing eyes upon me he said, "You Americans, when you come to England, ask about this square and that square. For your information" he snapped, "We've got Piccadilly Circus, Drury Lane and Pall Mall but there are no squares in London." "That's what you think," my wife murmured as we stalked away.

I don't know how P. T. Barnum ever overlooked the Blarney Stone at Cork, Ireland. It's on the top of a tall ancient castle and looks like it might collapse at any moment. A group of tourists peering over the top waved and called down to us. "Come on up. It's beautiful here." After climbing a narrow winding stairway we finally reached the top only to learn that the welcoming party were not tourists but rather concessionaires taking pictures and selling postcards while doing their own shilling.

A Cold Kiss

Kissing the Blarney Stone is a job for a human fly. You must lay flat on your back with two men holding you out over the edge of the castle and in this position you kiss the Blarney Stone over your head. The same one that has been kissed by celebrities from King Tut to Ed Sullivan. As we made our way down those terrible steps again my Irish wife, with a touch of pardonable pride, said, "At last I've kissed that lucky old Blarney Stone and right now I feel that I am on the verge of something big." At that moment she slipped, lost her balance and rolled half way down.

In Barcelona we ordered the native Spanish dish of paella. During the meal my wife kept sorting out little rubber-like strings that were too tough to chew. She noticed that they had suckers on the end. The waiter said they were squids—baby octopuses. My wife flipped as she raised her fork and dramatically announced, "Today we eat octopus, tomorrow it eats us."

New Year's Eve on Times Square in New York is the nearest thing I have ever seen to the thousands of hurrying Greeks at Omonia Square in Athens, Greece. At a sidewalk cafe, across the street from a small park near Constitution Square where stood a bronze statue of Harry Truman, I drank my first cup of Greek coffee and it was so strong that when I looked up, Harry walked right across the grass.

We sailed from Pireaus, the Asiatic Sea to Brindisi, Italy. We hadn't been in Naples five minutes before some bum nicked my pocket and stole my wife's purse. And, the very next day at the Vatican in Rome with hundreds of others during an audience with the Holy Father she was clipped again. They stole her purse and rosaries that had just been blessed by the Pope. "I can't take any more," Jo sobbed as little rivers of tears streamed down her cheeks. "Let's go home."

The next day we sailed for America from Genoa via Gibraltar. When we were one day out from New York, we were up on the bridge with the captain explaining to him about our showboat and the Ohio River. How almost any summer, before the present lock and dam system, the river would get down as low as two or three feet of water in the channels, and when the captain told us there was then six miles of water beneath the ship Jo got so nervous she couldn't sleep and I had to walk the deck with her all night.

'Duck Vaudeville': It's For The Birds!

By JOHN BYRAM

Naples, Fla.

Even in the palmy days of vaudeville getting around the country with an animal act sometimes presented problems. But the railroads catered to theatrical business in those years, and escorting a troupe of trained monkeys, Fink's occasionally recalcitrant mules or Powers' ponderous pachyderms along the highways and byways of the Keith, Orpheum, Loew's, Pantages and other circuits offered no insoluble difficulties.

Nowadays the railroads don't want show business business and the airlines don't appear to understand it even if they want it, which seems problematical. Chaperoning a troupe of trained ducks around the U.S. and Europe might not seem an unduly onerous task compared to hauling lions or giraffes, but it is a chore that put gray hairs in the head of Joel Kuperberg, induced ulcers and reduced his embonpoint by 19 pounds.

It started, innocently enough like this: Kuperberg is the managing director of Caribbean Gardens, a showplace of exotic tropical trees and flowers and rare birds in Naples, Fla. Several years ago, more or less as an experiment, the Gardens decided to put on a show using performing water birds. Through the cooperation of Animal Behavior Enterprises of Hot Springs, Ark., an outfit which specializes in teaching tricks to animals not usually thought of as performers, the birds learned a series of stunts and a "routine" was developed.

Billed as "Duck Vaudeville," the show became a great success in Naples and its reputation spread. It was invited by the State Development Commission to appear in the Florida Showcase at New York's Rockefeller Center. Scouts for the Ed Sullivan program heard about it, and it made its national television debut in April, 1962.

Intimations that all might not be smooth sailing ahead were contained in this engagement. For one thing, Rockefeller Center officials, unnerved by a bad experience with a horse that appeared at the Florida Showcase, were loath to permit the ducks to stay there. Finally they agreed, but only after considerable argument about sanitary procedures.

Then the ducks had to make their appearance on the Sullivan show—their first ever on tv—without what Kuperberg regarded as sufficient rehearsal time. This resulted from a ukase by the stagehands' union that 37 of its members were necessary to move the tank holding three quarters of a ton of water on and offstage.

Still everything finally worked out all right, even though Arture, the piano playing duck, misbehaved when he took his bow. The act was a success and Kuperberg's first ulcer was still in the offing.

Caterina Valente and her husband Eric von Aro were in New York from Europe for a guest shot on the Perry Como proceedings. Word of the performing ducks reached Miss Valente and she was seized by the notion that they might be a novelty for the "Video Varieties" she was taping for the benefit of West German burghers and their more impetuous Italian counterparts. Possibly this could be regarded as a sort of exchange program for Don Ameche's tour of Continental circuits.

As a result, arrangements were made for Kuperberg and his wife Yvonne to fly overseas. An enterprising promotion man then got the idea that, before proceeding to Miss Valente's base of operations at Stuttgart, the ducks should appear in a live performance in the Paris office of TWA, representing the United States in a travel promotion stunt. After considerable negotiation this, too, was arranged.

Kuperberg experienced his first real premonition of trouble when, having negotiated the Atlantic, he and his wife were flying from Amsterdam to Paris on the initial leg of the trip. The ducks, including a brood inconveniently hatched just before their departure from New York, were put next to a dog in the baggage compartment and were scared silly. It took Kuper-

berg several days to get his feathered friends calmed down after their arrival in Paris.

When they had recovered their normal sang froid the birds put on a show in TWA's window which blocked traffic on the Champs-Elysees.

Who's The 'Excess Baggage'?

Stuttgart was reached on schedule, although Deutsche Lufthansa ruled that *die enten*—the ducks to our non-German audience—had to travel with the Kuperbergs as excess baggage. By this time the Kuperbergs began to think that they were.

The rehearsals and taping of Miss Valente's "Bonjour Catrin" program for German and Italian viewing were completed with ducks, babies and all, behaving by this time like veteran performers. Especially when there was a photographer around, as there frequently was, to take their pictures which appeared widely in the West German press.

Then it was off to Barcelona for another tv appearance.

The Barcelona date proved to be as rough as the Stuttgart stay, thanks to Miss Valente and her husband, had been pleasant. A temperamental Austrian producer for the Spanish state network, who didn't seem to have the proper appreciation of the histrionic ability of water fowl, was chiefly responsible for this. After considerable argument which resulted in the rebuilding of the ducks' pool the show went on under the odd title of "Friends of Tuesday."

Returning to the United States the webfooted stars were subjected to the ultimate indignity. Instead of being allowed to make a triumphal entry, they were placed in quarantine for 21 days.

And it was in their native country that the entrepreneur and his charges experienced the greatest difficulties. All through Europe Kuperberg had badgered, cajoled and pleaded with the airline and customs officials to permit the ducks from Florida to remain in his custody and not be placed in baggage compartments or sent by air freight in another plane. The words television, fernsehschau and Catrina Valente usually worked magic, and the fact that the Kuperbergs obviously were innocents abroad helped soften flinty bureaucratic hearts.

But in the U.S. they were no longer innocents abroad trapped by language difficulties and strange customs. At Kennedy in New York and other airports hardhearted personnel either insisted that they could not transport the ducks at all or that they must ride separately as air freight. As a last resort, Kuperberg's plaintive assertion that these were the performing ducks which had appeared on the Ed Sullivan show occasionally carried weight and permission was given for them to travel as passengers. Several officials, however, apparently had never caught Sullivan's hebdomadal highjinks and couldn't care less.

A hectic midwinter weekend really tore it. The ducks had been performing in Hartford and were flying from Kennedy Airport, where it was cold, to Miami and thence to the sub-tropical warmth of Naples. (Chamber of Commerce please note.)

Kuperberg had his usual encounters with the airline suzerainty but finally won his point—the ducks were to go with him and not travel in the baggage compartment where they might well have succumbed to pneumonia.

Then it was announced that Kennedy had become fogged in and that the flight would be transferred to Newark. Kuperberg's victory quickly turned into a rout. Officialdom ruled that the birds could not ride the transfer bus and reversing the earlier decision that furthermore they would have to travel from Kennedy when it cleared as air freight in another Miami-bound plane. Kuperberg said he would give up his seat and stay with the act, but there was no available space on other flights.

The customary pleas, appeals to

humanitarian instincts and even veiled threats got Kuperberg precisely nowhere. Finally, as a special dispensation, he was allowed to ride with his charges as air freight. Hours later, when the fog finally lifted, they took off for Florida. By then Kuperberg's ulcers had kicked up again, but good.

A trained botanist and ornithologist, Kuperberg is used to the Arcadian life, classifying rare specimens in those fields.

However, in his reflective moments Kuperberg does find satisfaction in the fact that the Caribbean Gardens' "Duck Vaudeville" show has traveled 60,000 miles here and abroad, has been seen by 750,000 people in its live appearances at the N.Y. World's Fair, the Florida Showcase and in travel shows, and by an estimated 200,000,000 persons on television here and in Europe. Impressive figures like those can be effective tranquilizers.

THE RATFINK WAY

By JACKIE KANNON

Are you a typical, middleclass, churchgoing American whose idea of intellectual enlightenment is listening to Ed Sullivan explain Gomer Pyle and the Lennon Sisters? If so, let's part company now. This article isn't your dish (or cigarette) of tea.

What? You say you are a typical, middleclass, churchgoing American who digs Ed Sullivan and yet you don't deem yourself a square?

Let's put your "hipness" to the acid test. What would your reaction be if Sullivan came on and said, "Say, that cute little Italian mouse, Topio Gigo, just asked me a cute riddle: What do they call an Italian with an I.Q. of 165? A Jew!"

If by the time the punchline had wended its way through that lantern jaw, you'd have already scribbled a letter to the big cheese at CBS (Dr. Munster; he heads the department of complaints from saints), your Congressman and Billy Graham, you do qualify as said rectangle. But if you laughed, whether it was a bellyshaker, tee-hee or sickly smile, you're one of us, my friend . . . a solid gold Ratfink, whether you're Christian, Jewish, Buddhist, Moslem or Sixth Day Rosicrucian.

What do we offer in this "evening of social decadence?" No fruggeris, no strippers, no topless, bottomless or hopeless waitresses. (Albeit my own body is rather superb. The only other body that matches it for frightening power and musculature belongs to Woody Allen—and he rents it from Jackie Miles.) We offer humor that's unobtainable elsewhere . . . trenchant, bombastic, even vicious. (My writer is a Doberman Pinscher, although he was cleared at Nuremberg.)

Low Jinks to High

The jokes range from earthy (Italian translation: "You speak-a that way in front of my sweet Rosa again and I break-a yo' neck!") to the intellectual ("I do not claim to be as intellectual as Mort Sahl, but then neither is Arthur Schlesinger Jr.)."

The humor breaks down (so does the host—often, I've had more seizures than a constable in a poor neighborhood) into a couple of main areas: 1. Public humor, which is directed against politicians and institutions, with a fervent plea that all politicians be put in institutions. 2. Personal diatribes, directed against some of the "fair-game" targets inherent in different religions, races and nationalities.

Here are some samples of the lines you'll hear at the Ratfink Room:

I liked Ike, I like a President who doesn't meddle too much in affairs of government.

Nixon, a great American loser; if he ever ran for President of B'nai Brith, Nasser would beat him.

Now, why would a person pay beautifully made bogus money to hear comments about his religious, political and personal credos?

Because this is the kind of jazz he can't get on television, that's why.

Let me illustrate by stating that

The Church Coffeehouse: Religioso Gimmick Or Real Concern for World?

By REV. MALCOLM BOYD

The coffeehouse has outlasted mere vogue and is a permanent part of the cultural scene. In fact, the coffeehouse is now an accepted reality in the church's ministry as the contemporary church strives to move out from its preoccupation with self into the world of real men and women. It is in the arena of the world, and to these men and women, that the gospel is to be proclaimed.

So far, so good. Words dealing with "evangelism" and "the theology of the laity" are conjured up, and one is delighted because theology is being seized by its vestment-heavy neck and forced outside ridiculously immature churchly settings. Yet there is a new peril. This new movement has a suggestion of preciosity, smacks of the romantic, and might even become the old incestuous preoccupation with self, this time disguised as mission.

How can we tell? The criterion of the church-related coffeehouse's integrity can be found in its encounter with the world. Does it, even while prating about God's concern and love for the world, shy away from that same world God created and redeemed? How neurotic, or healthy, is the coffeehouse in its contemplation of those bizarre scyllas, the "sacred" and the "secular"?

Indeed, how self-righteous is the coffeehouse concerning its appointment as missionary? It will either be playing church by candlelight—and talking to itself, amid clever new surroundings—or else be involved in real concerns outside its parochial contexts. It will become fundamentally a p.r.-motivated gimmick—a fate which also confronts the proliferation of "jazz masses" and "folk masses"—or else a sober, quite serious contemporary expression of the church's evangelism and, therefore, its duty.

New and Honest

I recall my first visit to any coffeehouse. It was new, startlingly honest, and I loved it. I found I could speak in a coffeehouse, informally and about any number of subjects, for a couple of hours; people would be sprawled on the floor, someone reading by a small lamp, someone else sitting close by a date; and there was no bourgeois "time limit" or even an implicitly-accepted limit on the kind of subject matter or material used. Inside a church, on the other hand, both limits would be strictly observed. Too, in the coffeehouse there was talk-back and an experience of participation which seemed like fresh air. Later, five

people howl at the "public jokes" (lampoons on our politics, foreign policy, et al.) because the idea here is to decrease the size and importance of the subject—let the hot air out, so to speak. Ten well-placed barbs at any political figure can reduce him to human dimensions. You see, this is an Age of Bigness—big government, big business, big labor. The type of needle that can miniaturize these gigantic subjects can't, I regret to say, be found on tv, which is an ineffective instrument when it comes to ridiculing "sacred cows." How can tv be otherwise, tied as it is to commerciality?

A Ratfink Room can perform this needed comedic surgery. Freud once said, "Recognition is pleasurable," and so a corrosive one-liner on President Johnson gets the big yock, even from LBJ partisans, though the latter might disagree with the point of the joke. What I may have said won't reduce LBJ's overall effectiveness one whit, but it might place certain vanities he entertains in a recognizable light.

Freud also contended that jokes made about those in power tend to relieve tension and even suppress potential rebellion against that authority. (So don't get bugged at the kids in Berkeley who are clawing away at almost every institution sacred to us, the older generation. I'll wager they'll turn middleclass in 15 years and start whispering: "Would you want your daughter to marry a . . . robot?")

In America, rebelling against

plays which I wrote about race relations would be given their initial performances inside coffeehouse theatres, afterwards also to be presented in church sanctuaries.

Yes, I got in trouble meddling with this "new" form of evangelism. So—always and inevitably—do numbers of Christians, regardless of what "new" forms which are currently labeled avant garde, but are, of course, apostolically as old as the hills. In my own case, a church authority, writing in his diocesan journal, drew a picture of "beatniks" and irregularities inside coffeehouses. He scored "the puny minds of modern intellectuals" and, unmistakably pointing a finger at my coffeehouse activities, wrote: "You can't think of yourself as a beloved son of God and at the same time go around with matted hair, dirty bodies and black underwear. I think that of these three probably the black underwear is the least objectionable."

Resigns in Protest

In the ensuing controversy—during which time I resigned my chaplaincy in protest against what I felt was heretical in the profoundest sense—I acquired a new label when a New York newspaper headline-writer described me as "the beatnik priest." Another member of the same fraternity dubbed me "the espresso priest"—*espresso*, not *espresso*, because of *Espresso Nights* I had organized, primarily as a means of individual and corporate expression.

At that time, I am sure some people in the small midwestern college town, where this fracas exploded, thought of coffeehouses as settings for sex orgies, consumption of straight scotch in innocent-looking coffee mugs, and "beatnik-Communist" political meetings. It is almost amusing now to observe how coffeehouses are "in," with a real sheen of respectability. Truism aside, I guess time manages a lot of healing.

Coffeehouses present an opportunity for meeting and discussion away from both stodgy Establishment halls and rules geared to perpetuating the status quo. For this very reason, we must make sharp demands on coffeehouses. It is imperative that they not grow soft in fashion or fall easy prey to the decadence of celebrity.

Church-related coffeehouses must retain a radical spirit. They must bear marks of spontaneity, naturalness and an unmistakable desire that all persons be integrated freely. All this needs to be accomplished without either paternalism or stiff pride in doing a "good work."

authority can be something of a virtue at times. If the early colonialists hadn't rebelled against George the Third, we might be governed today by George Harrison.

The more personal type of joke (and I irritate more minority groups than Serutan) is the one that seems to get the loudest laughmeter response at the Ratfink Room. By needling himself, he leaves his opposition little or no ammunition to use against him.

Every group—and this includes the majority as well—has areas of vulnerability, excesses that can be properly utilized as the targets of the comedian. These excesses are the ones I take aim at in my nightly fulminations, and I honestly feel that when the last thrust hits home, my audiences slink out with the realization that they are several cuts below perfection.

Yet they come back for more. So I must conclude there's a market for the jazz I'm laying down. Else why do the New York hippies and Des Moines brownshoes flock in? Because they want to hear something gutsier than the Campbell's canned laughter tracks which accompany television shows like "The Beverly Nosepickers," "My Mother The Truck," "Pistols and Pettiness," etc.

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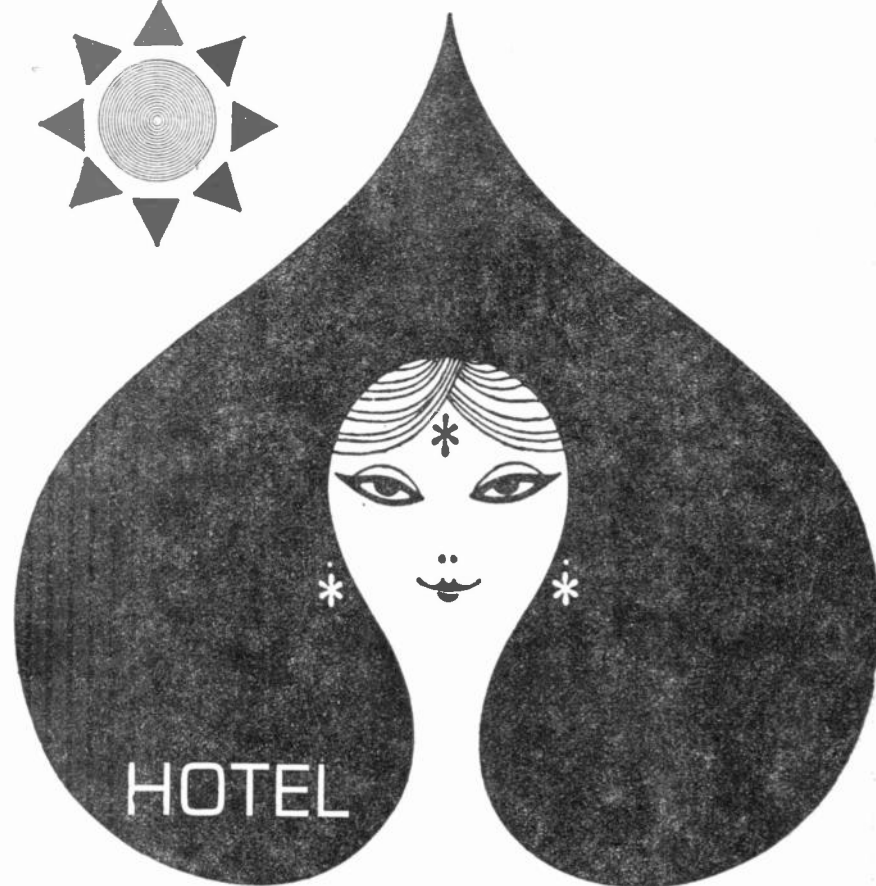
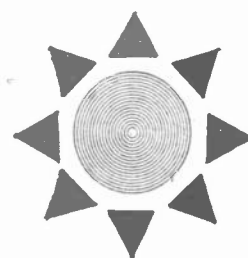
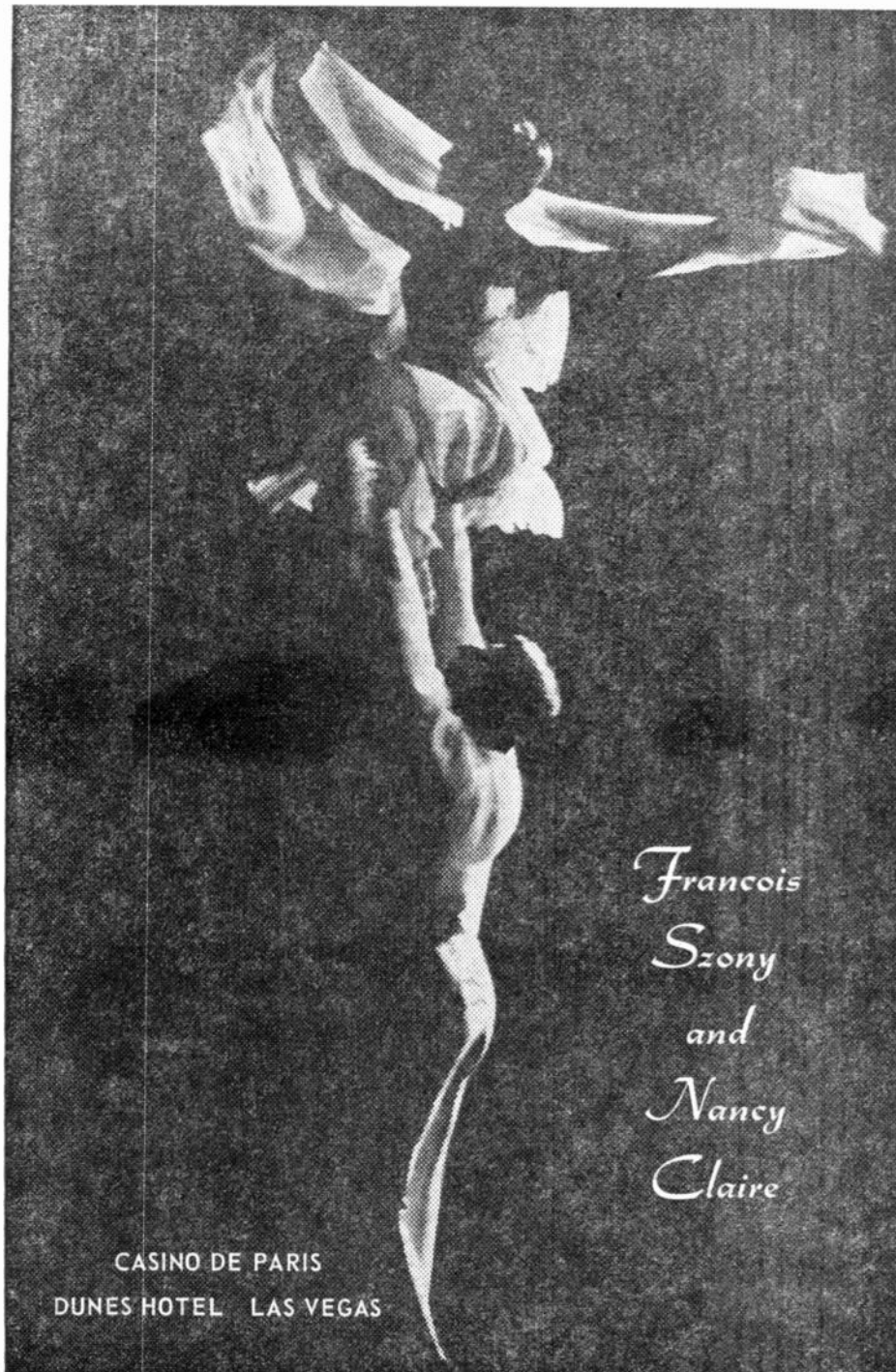
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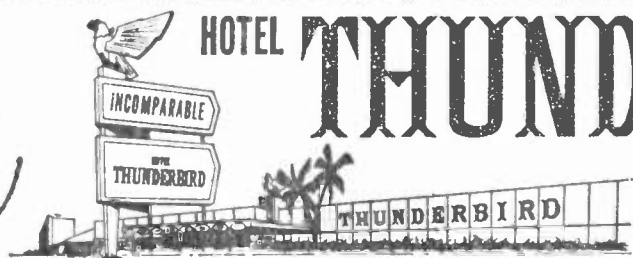
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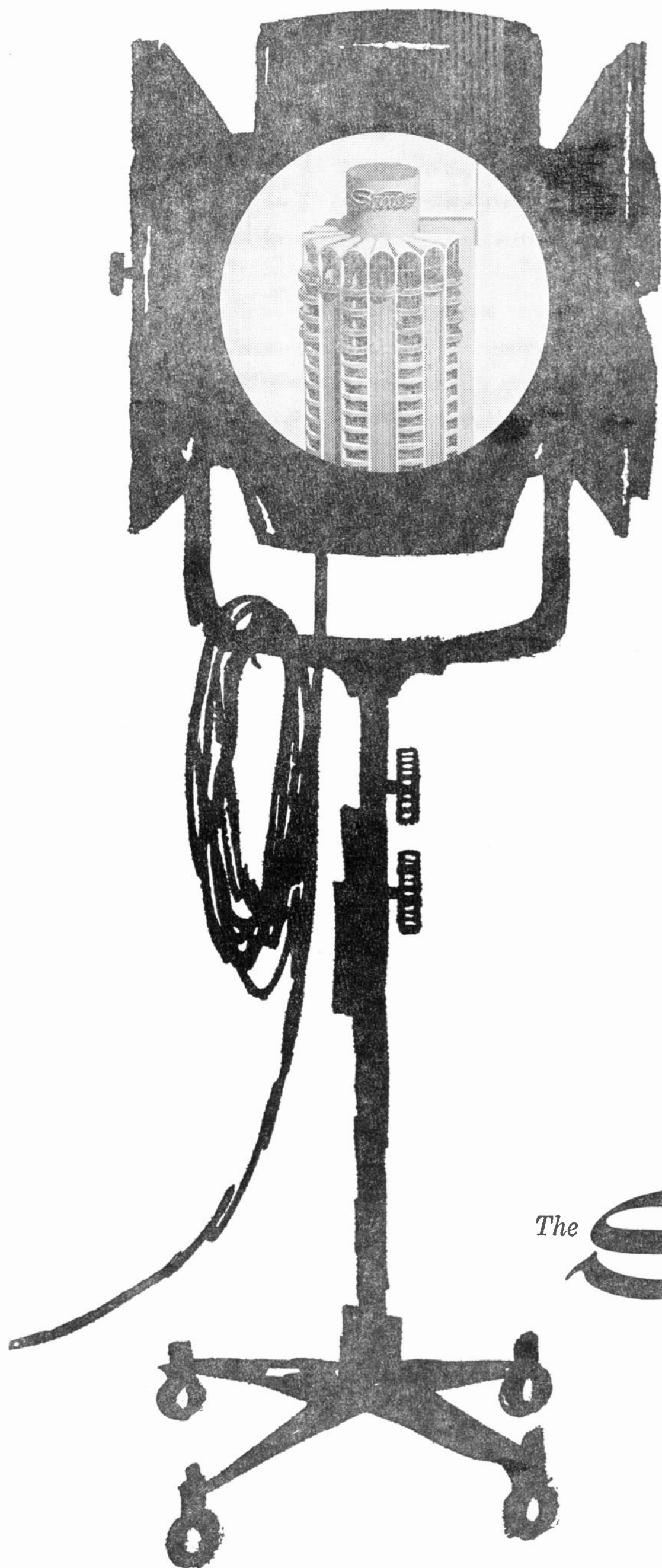
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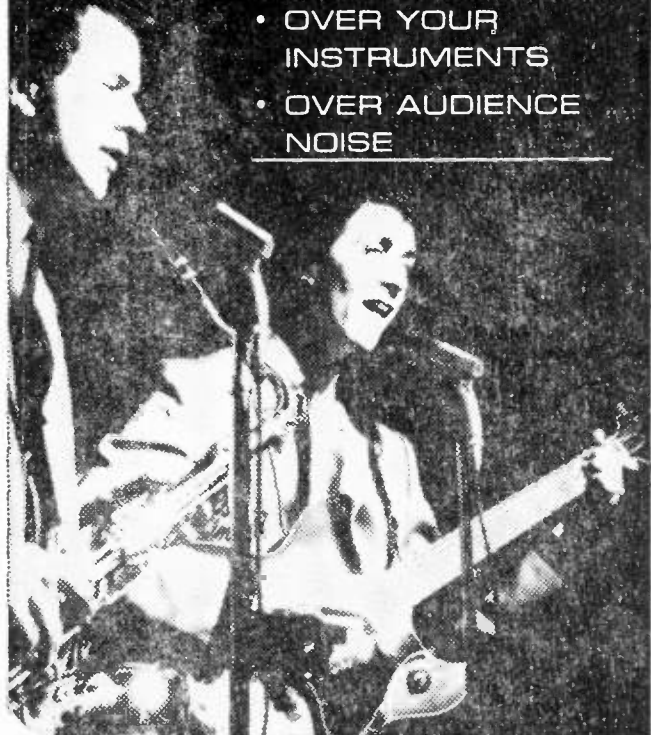
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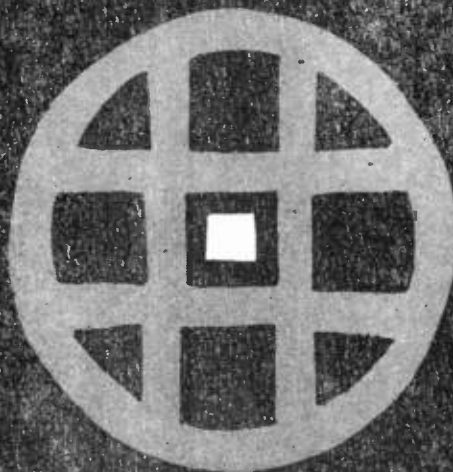
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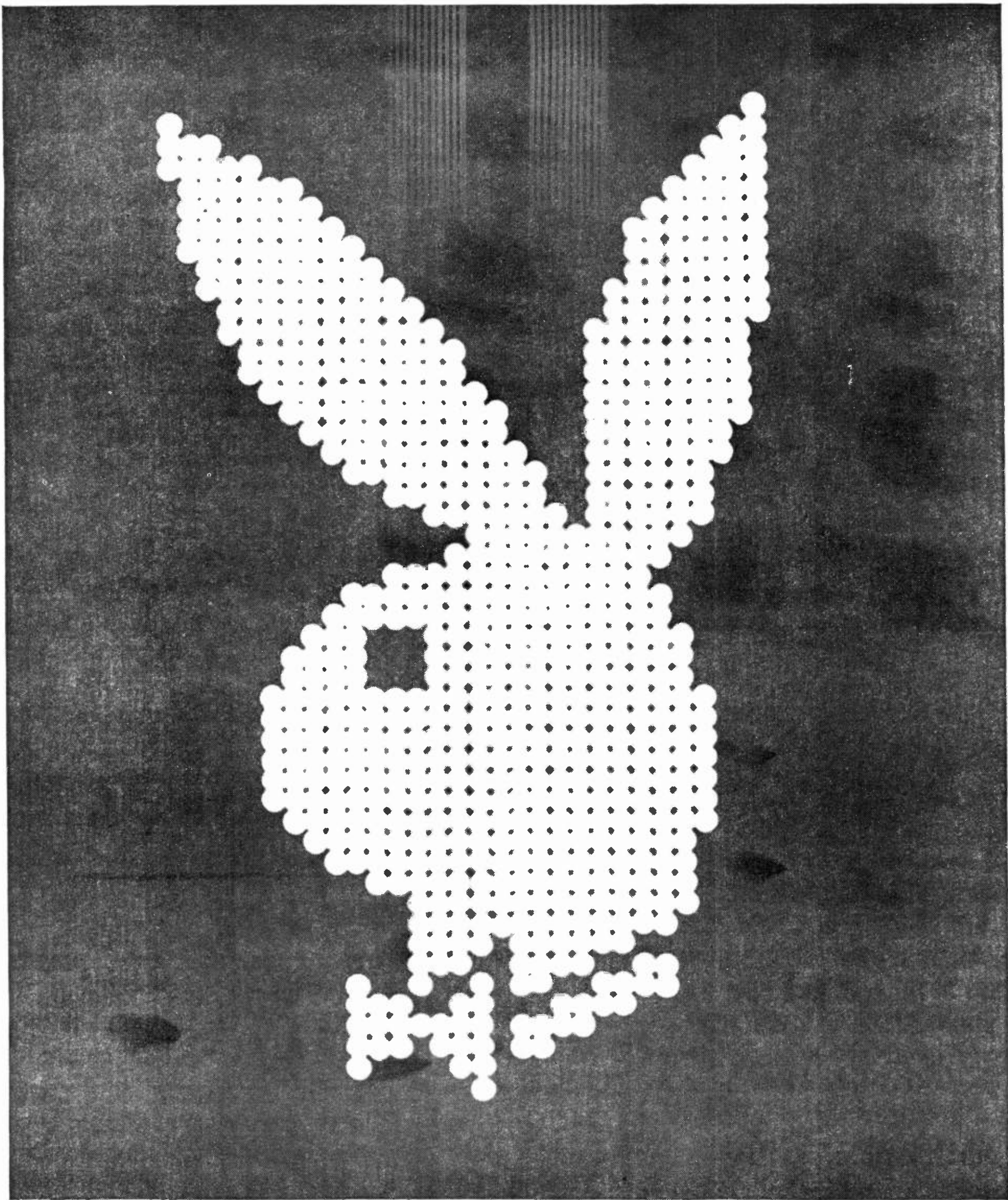


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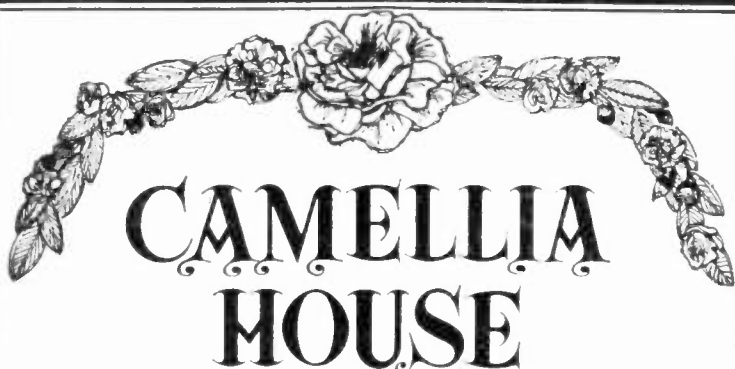
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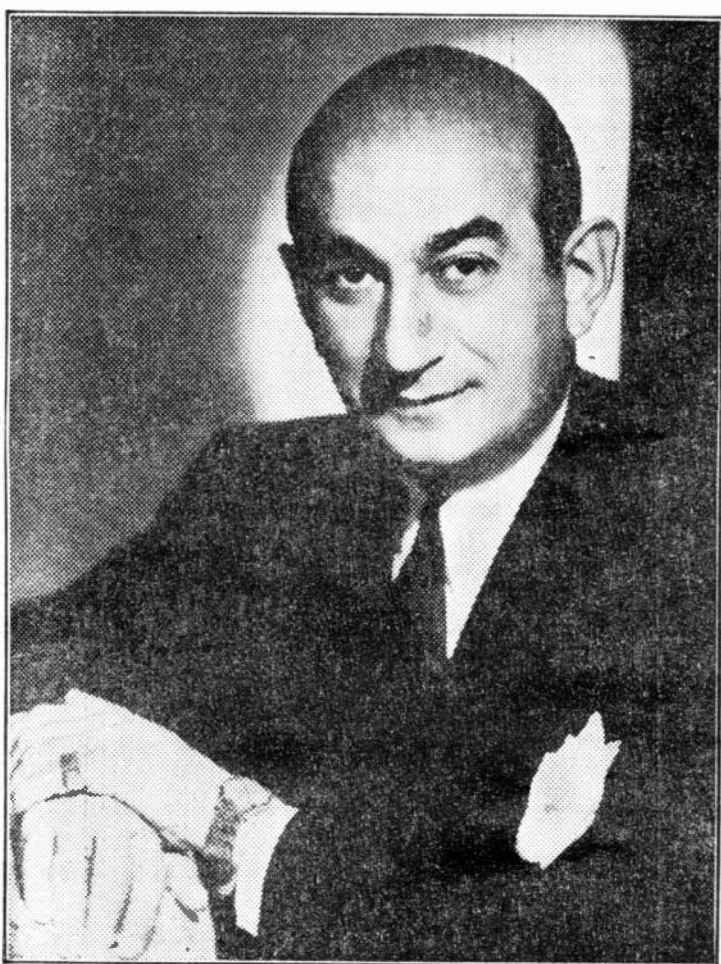


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Pianos I Have Known

Continued from page 197

George Bolet, John Browning or whoever had had to triumph with personality over performance in a struggle to conceal the instrument's deficiencies. All that glitters is sometimes not even ivory. You'll remember that ad that began: "They laughed when I sat

down at the piano . . ." My problem is to get them laughing before I sit down at some pianos. Ever play one where the keys stick and won't come up again after being punched? Or one with chipped keys? It makes for blood-slippery arpeggios.

It's hard for a layman to understand, but one out of ten pianos may not be up to the artist's personal satisfaction. What to do? You can't be tactless and announce from the stage the piano is no good. The play, to quote a Danish antecedent of mine (one Hamlet) is the thing, at least the playing is. You can't embarrass the local promoter or alienate the audience, which takes, I suppose, a vicarious pride in its local piano. You'd like to grin and bear it, instead you grin and bear it.

One-Piano Burgs

If you think I sometimes had problems, imagine them doubled now that Lee Hambro and I require two concert grands when he joins me in Act Two. Big cities can easily locate two decent instruments. But there are one-piano-for-hire towns where the second instrument has to be brought from as far away as 200 or 250 miles. Sometimes the only other nine-footer is in a nearby college

or school and can diplomatically be coaxed away.

At other times, desperate measures must be resorted to, like the harried entrepreneur who had to advertise for an instrument and finally was loaned his own piano by a friendly-disposed music teacher. You can also arrive in town and find the only piano available hired out to a competing function, a school hop, a college G. & S. production, a Junior League Ball, you name it. Sometimes we arrive to be faced with one concert grand and one baby grand — they look like father and son on the stage together, the little one not quite grown up fast enough. Or, too often for comfort, one piano will be good, the other atrocious; one tuned accurately, the other sour. The wise local promoter avoids heart attacks by facing up to problems like this well in advance. But the bigger problem is mine (and Lee's), to do with what we have.

Does this explain why often Borge talks more than was his wont, or more than he wants to?

Based on Reality

About 80% of my hi-jinks at a piano is satire on all the things that actually happen — and have happened — to artists in a concert hall. I've seen some funny things myself — a flyspeck on the music score mistaken for a note, the center sheet of a piece of music stuck in upside down and played that way. I've seen performances turned into hilarious caricatures

when things go wrong, and one into tragedy.

I was present the night in Carnegie Hall when Erik Tuxen was conducting the Danish Radio Orchestra. All of us thrilled as the great pianist Simon Barrere entered, sat down to play the crashing chords that begin the Grieg Piano Concerto, then froze with horror as after a few bars he slumped over the keyboard, dead.

At the other extreme, there was the night I, as a child in Denmark, watched a celebrated pianist get so carried away with rising chords in the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto that he moved too far to the edge of his stool — and fell off. Years later I remembered the incident and now carry (and yes, I wear) a seatbelt.

Almost Crushed

Twice my beloved piano has, quite literally, nearly been the end of me. Once, doing a tv "special" for Pontiac, I was accompanying fellow Dane Lauritz Melchior. The piano was on an elevator, on stage, and it was to sink slowly down out of sight as we neared the end of the selection. My stool was on the edge of the trapdoor. I was to lean over in a frantic effort to finish the piece, winding up with my feet in the air, then no feet. This was in the old days of "live" video, and the performance was for real. I found myself in a pit under the stage. The elevator started to rise again and I was trapped between the piano and the wall. If a quick-witted electrician hadn't stopped the rising elevator in just the nick of time, Nick would have had to finish the performance while the two halves of me were being glued together.

Another time, in the Chicago Opera House, with an overflow audience of 500 on stage surrounding me, we acted out a joke rehearsed, but not enough: my vigorous playing was to cause two legs of the piano to collapse and the piano slide away from me. Two stagehands were to rush out and push it back towards me, as I continued to hammer away. The legs broke in the wrong way, and but for the fixed position of the pedal rest, the heavy instrument would have come down, crushing my feet. It's lucky that some part of me is here today!

One final note, for those who look for symbols or contemporary significance in everything: isn't it comforting that the keyboard is fully integrated? That's the way by which we've learned to produce harmony and great music — and that's the way our children shall be taught!



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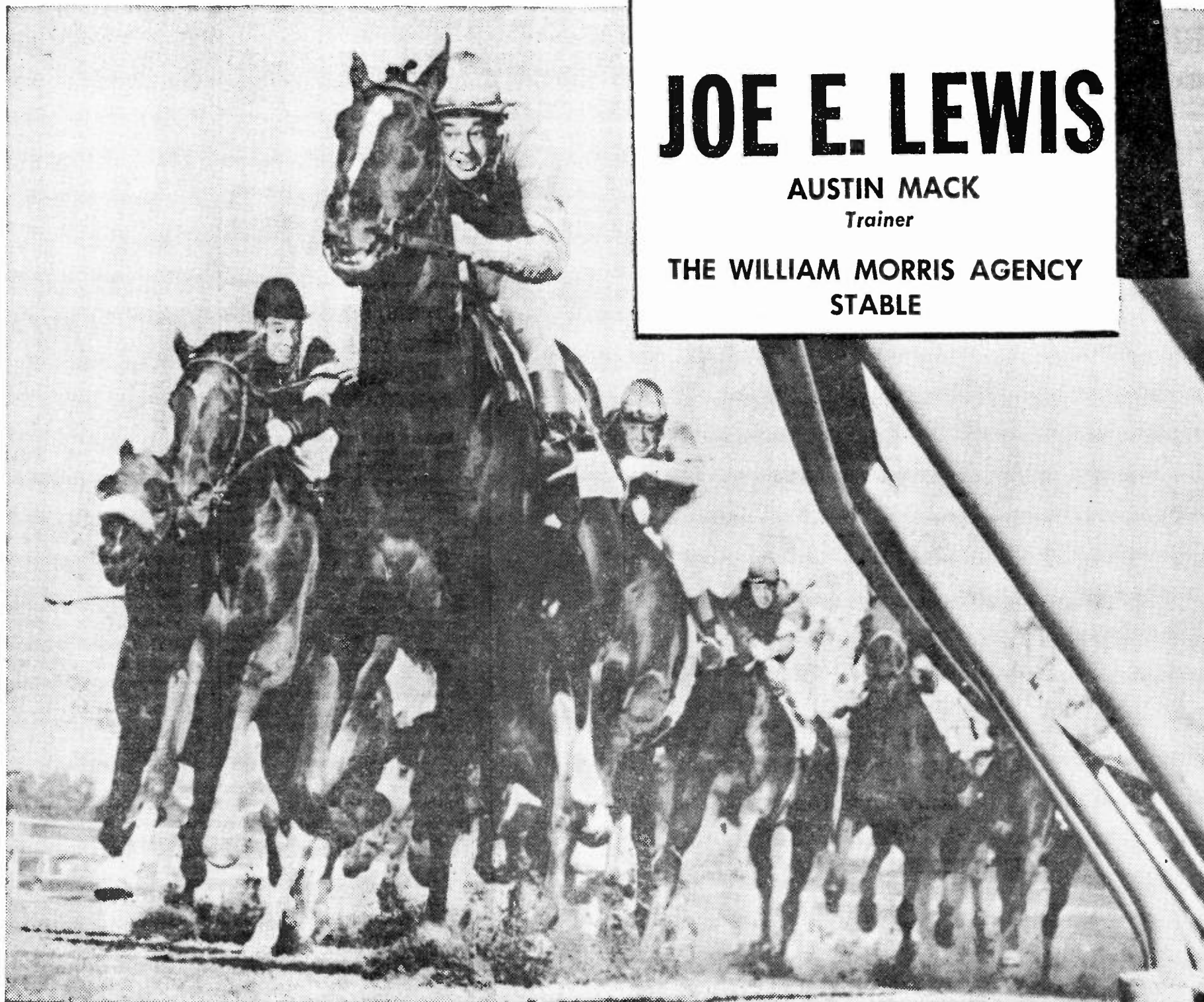
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That 'Crazy' English Turn

Continued from page 202

was earnestly searching for a man who could call out just those words in a convincing tone.

When G. B. returned from a business trip to New York, he brought back six expensive golf jackets as gifts for his star comedians. They thanked him gracefully, but that evening at the theatre he was dismayed to see his jackets being covered with paint and torn to pieces in one of the slapstick sketches. In a matter of hours they had managed to get the jackets duplicated in cheap material so that they could pull this private gag. Nothing was too much trouble to make life hell for their victims.

A Particular Target

A man who deserved several kinds of medals was George Lane, for some time general understudy to all six. They mixed special dyes with his makeup, which resulted in his having a bright blue chin and a scarlet nose for two days before a chemist was able to restore his skin to its normal color. When he had to take one of their places on stage, the others rarely let him say a line. In desperation, once he clapped his hands and shouted, "All look at me! All look at me!" Even the Gang was defeated by that maneuver. On another occasion he won a laugh all to himself when, after some minutes of silent frustration, he burst into the dialog with, "I'm only the understudy; they won't let me say a word."

In an effort to restore some sort of backstage discipline, Black eventually installed one of his staff to keep the Gang under control.

The job went to Jack Phillips, who bore the title of stage manager but was expected to be a special policeman. Unfortunately he lacked the right of arrest—he himself said he would have needed the power of hanging judge to do the job properly—and his harassed efforts to maintain silence in the wings while the curtain was up earned him the nickname of "the shooshing king."

The Gang resented his interference at first and went direct to the boss to complain, but Black told them they would have to do as they were told, so they turned their attentions on Phillips in an effort to make him quit. One of their choicest tortures was to rush off in the middle of a scene, grab him where he stood in the prompt corner, strip him to his underclothes, and drag him protesting on to the stage.

In "London Rhapsody," several of them sat in a box and squirted soda siphons at the actors. The device appealed to them so much that they carried it over into their next show as a backstage unpleasantness. No one was safe, and Black ordered a complete ban on siphons, which Phillips tried to enforce. This was courting trouble, and they planned a special ambush, placing a call-boy to warn them of Phillips' approach so that they could drown him in soda. The call-boy gave the signal and six siphons were concentrated on the victim. Alas, the boy had made a mistake and the man who caught the deluge was Charles Hutchison, manager of the theatre. Shamefaced, the Gang promised to reform, or at least to stop squirting soda.

But there was another serious side to it which Black could not ignore. The riot the comedians created in their dressingrooms, the backstage corridors, and even in the wings barely out of sight of the audience made it almost impossible to run a show smoothly and on schedule. The stage director thought himself lucky if he brought the final curtain down within a quarter of an hour of the proper time. As a result, people missed their last trains, bills for overtime horrified the accountants, and sometimes the quality of the show suffered because carefully rehearsed scenes were thrown out of gear by personal gags which had no meaning to the audience.

During a long run, most impresarios get bored with a show and stay away from the theatre, but Black went to the Crazy Gang productions night after night. He liked to sneak in unannounced, and see them from a box, sitting slightly back in the shadows under the fond illusion that none of the cast would spot him; but the lights glinted on his spectacles, and the actors knew there could only be one bespectacled gentleman in London content to lessen his view of the stage by deliberately sitting farther back than he need. "Guv'nor's in," they whispered to one another, and tried to keep out interpolated dialog and business, for Black was insistent that not even the smallest change should be made without his approval.

"It's easy to achieve success, but hard to keep it," was one of his favorite maxims. With a show, he interpreted this to mean that the task of blending the original ingredients was relatively simple, but it was difficult to serve exactly the same recipe every night. The cast made changes, thinking they were improvements, but actually they were trying to relieve the monotony for themselves. More often than not, these altered parts weakened the whole.

Planned Lunacy

Creating the whole in the first place was a serious and difficult business. Scriptwriters were summoned — most frequently among them, Bert Lee and Harris Weston—but they could not readily provide the sort of material the Gang needed. That had to come from the comedians themselves.

Very often George Black suggested the basic idea, for he had a mind which could imagine the comic possibilities in a given situation. Then the Gang worked on the embroidery. The preliminary conferences were run like board meetings, with Black in the chair and Bud Flanagan and Jimmie Gold the two most vocal directors.

They discussed, they planned, they plotted, and although the results often had the disarming air of being completely impromptu, all of it was meticulously rehearsed. There was a tremendous amount of work involved in each new show.

Black was assisted by Charles Henry, the clever producer of "Rock-ets," who had joined Moss Empires after leaving Harry Day, and had come to Black as a result of a merger in 1932. He was credited with the best memory for gags in show business. If anyone told him an old joke, he could quote every comedian who had used it, and the shows it had been used in for decades back.

Novelty Singles

Continued from page 200

turn and brightened Billy Rose's production of "Jumbo." It has been seen on tv performed by A. Robins Jr.

Senor Wences is a bullfighter turned ventriloquist. In contrast to Bergen he and his puppets must be seen (although his voice has become an easily identifiable trademark). It is a visual act. Taping and listening to a Senor Wences performance will substantiate this. The charm and great simplicity of the act, its timing and simple dialogue, compel his inclusion in any consideration of single acts of distinction. His clipped phrases "Okay, Allright" have become by-words, have moved into the daily language and into the field of television commercials.

Everyone will have his own favorites. You might want to include Nate Leipzig, the magician, Frank Libuse, comedy waiter and usher, Hymac, novelty quick changes (reputedly a great act this writer never saw) Judson Cole, magician, Stan Kavanagh, juggler and hosts of others. Those listed above are just a few names siphoned from one viewer's limited experience.

Artists and novelties of this type cannot be merchandized to the millions on platters but they do have and constantly do deliver effective, top level, professional entertainment. Lo, the single act.



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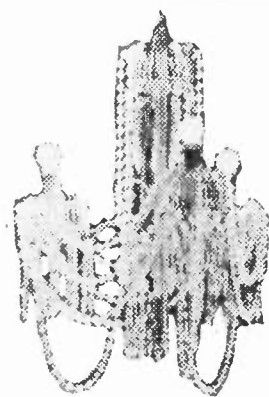
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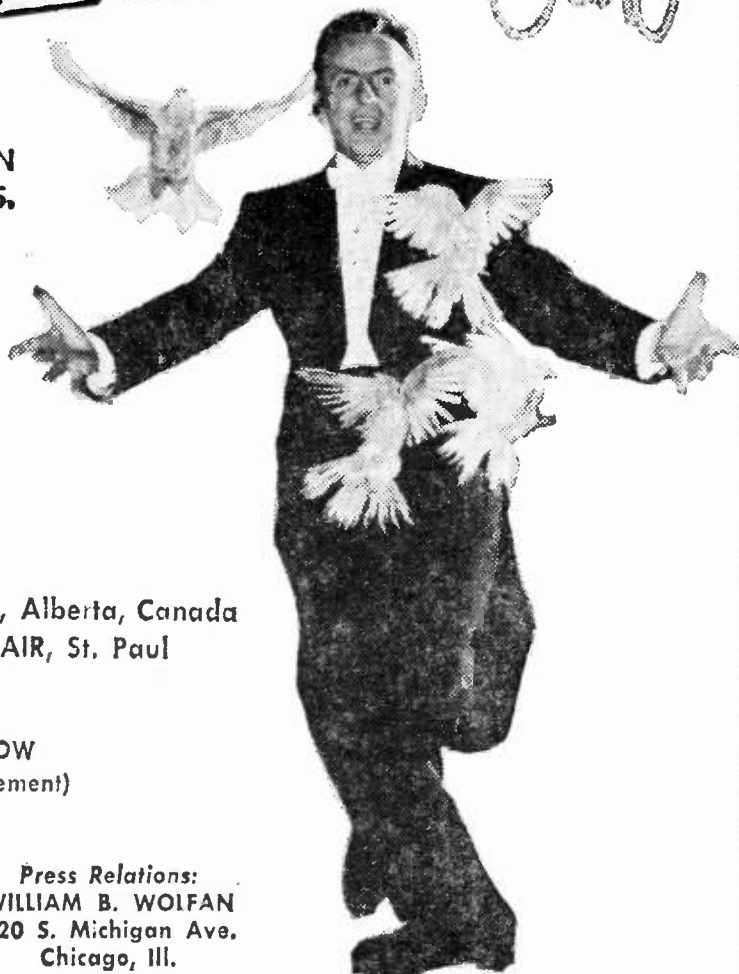
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Australian Talent Rules Its Legit

By HARRY A. STRACHAM
(General Manager, J. C. Williamson Theatres, Ltd.)

Melbourne. Just-ended 1966 has been an eventful year in the "live" Australian theatre, marked by extremes of success and non-success.

The year saw the demise of the Tivoli Circuit (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., as a stage producing company, and it ceased operations in this field last April, when both the Tivoli Theatres in Melbourne and Sydney were closed after operating mainly as revue-vaudeville houses for more than half a century in both cities. At the present time the Tivoli in Melbourne is showing films, and in Sydney the theatre has been temporarily reopened for a season of "Robert and Elizabeth," presented by the Garnet H. Carroll management, in association with Aztec Services Pty. Ltd. Following the Sydney season of "Robert and Elizabeth" the theatre will be demolished early in the New Year to make way for a development project of the site, which is also to embrace the now defunct Hotel Sydney, which is adjacent.

Again following "Robert and Elizabeth" at the Princess Theatre in Melbourne, which is controlled by the Garnet H. Carroll management, the theatre has gone dark for an indefinite period.

After the death of Sir Frank Tait and the resignation of John McCallum as sole managing director of J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd., top management of J. C. W., the largest legitimate theatrical organization in the Southern Hemisphere, is now in the hands of Harry Strachan as general manager, Charles Dornier as deputy general manager, both resident in Melbourne, and Syd Irving, manager for New South Wales, and resident in Sydney. All three are directors of "the Firm," and Charles Dornier was formerly London director.

Agnes Doyle is still New York representative and Sheila Geddes has taken over as London representative. Derek Glynn, a well-known London manager, acts for the organization in that city and operates in association with Mrs. Geddes.

Williamson controls two theatres in Melbourne, Her Majesty's Theatre and the Comedy; two in Sydney, Her Majesty's and the Royal; one in Adelaide, Her Majesty's; and one in Brisbane, Her Majesty's. In addition their attractions often play His Majesty's Theatre in Perth, which is controlled by the Perth entrepreneur, Eric Edgley, and the recently built Canberra Theatre in Canberra. They also own and control three theatres in New Zealand—one in Auckland, one in Wellington, and one in Christchurch.

The firm's activities in 1966 were many and varied, and during the year they presented no less than five musicals throughout their circuit. These were:

"Hello Dolly," with Carole Cook, Jack Goode and Bill Mullikin.

"The Great Waltz" with Joy Mammen, Keith Neilson and Roslyn Dunbar.

"Oliver" with Richard Wordsworth, Toni Lamond.

"Funny Girl" with Jill Perryman, Bruce Barry, Evie Hayes and Bill Yule.

"Boys From Syracuse" with Hazel Phillips, Ted Hamilton, Nancy Hayes.

All these shows were presented with entirely Australian casts, with the exception of "Hello Dolly," which had three American importations in it. They were all successful at the boxoffice with the exception of "Boys From Syracuse," which proved to be one that the Australian public did not respond to, despite the favourable newspaper reviews it received in each centre that it played.

In addition to musical attractions listed above, during the year the Firm presented an Australian play, "Desire of the Moth," starring Googie Withers and Ed Devereaux, and also the London farce, "Busybody," with Irene Handl.

More Important

In association with Eric Edgley of Perth, they also brought to Australia the Berioska Dance Co. of Moscow, which was comprised of 80 performers, and this proved to be a tremendous success right throughout the circuit.

Other attractions to play the Wil-

liamson theatres during 1966 were Les Ballets Africains; Barry Humphries, the Australian satirist; Joyce Grenfell, the English comedienne; and the latter two played to enormous houses right throughout. "Porgy and Bess" and the Ballet Folklorico de Mexico were other entertainments to play the Williamson circuit during the year.

The year 1967 is being approached with optimism by the directors of Williamsons, and they have a most impressive lineup of attractions to be presented in Australia and New Zealand. "Funny Girl," at Her Majesty's Theatre in Melbourne, concluded an 18 weeks' season on Dec. 23. It is set for Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth and New Zealand. It was in the role of 'Fanny Brice' that the Australian star of "Funny Girl," Jill Perryman, became famous. "Oliver" played a brief season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, earlier in the year to such enormous success that it is being brought back to take over Her Majesty's from "Funny Girl" on December 30th, to play over the Christmas and New Year holiday period, and then on into February.

On Nov. 19 the firm opened "Cactus Flower" at the Comedy Theatre in Melbourne starring two Australian artists, Darlene Johnson and Terry McDermott. Play received a splendid press and audience reaction.

"Odd Couple" is currently at the Theatre Royal in Sydney, and will be brought to Melbourne following its run up there. This show has been cast with Australians, the two leads being played by Keith Petersen and Frederick Parslow. This too received excellent press reviews.

"Funny Girl" and the two straight plays were all directed by New Yorker Fred Hebert.

"Sweet Charity," the current New York musical, will commence a season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Sydney, on Jan. 21, and this too will be directed by Hebert. This one will present the young Australian actress-singer-dancer, Nancye Hayes, in the Gwen Verdon role. Choreography will be by Betty Pounder.

Other musicals that have been acquired by Williamsons for presentation throughout their circuit in 1967 are:

"Half A Sixpence" which recently starred Tommy Steele in London's West End and on Broadway; "Fiddler on the Roof" which is still playing to SRO business in New York; and

"Man of La Mancha" (ditto SRO in New York).

Yank Stage Works Click With Swiss; But Legit Tough

By GEORGE MEZOEFI

Zurich.

The Swiss public went for American plays in a big way during the 1965-66 legit season. Performances of works by U. S. authors in Switzerland have almost doubled as compared to the preceding season. Whilst, in 1964-65, 10 Yank plays by eight authors totaled 181 performances, statistics for the following season reveal a sudden jump totaling 350 performances of 15 plays by 11 American playwrights.

Topping the list is Tennessee Williams, with 43 performances of "Cat On a Hot Tin Roof" and 24 of "Rose Tattoo," followed in turn by Arthur Miller with 52, split among "Incident at Vichy," "Death of a Salesman" and "The Crucible"; Edward Albee ("Virginia Woolf" 36); ("Tiny Alice" 12); Eugene O'Neill ("Moon for the Misbegotten" 31); Murray Schisgal ("Luv" 30) and Jean Kerr ("Mary, Mary" 29).

Others are Joseph Kesselring ("Arsenic and Old Lace"), Frederick Knott ("Dial M for Murder"), Moss Hart ("Baby Hamilton"), Norman Krasna ("Sunday in New York") and William Faulkner ("Requiem for a Nun").

The current 1966-67 season, incidentally, looks to become one of the liveliest in years, especially in Zurich, the centre of legit activity in Switzerland. About three dozen new productions are scheduled at the Schauspielhaus, Theatre am Neumarkt, Bernhard Theatre and Theatre am Hechtplatz.

To this comes a repertoire of 21 operas, seven operettas and eight ballets at the Zurich Opera House. Other Swiss houses in such cities as Basle, Berne, St. Gallen, Biel, etc., will offer lineups of straight plays as well as musical productions (operas, operettas, ballets) adding up to a total of over 160 new productions.

Nevertheless, most Swiss playhouses are almost constantly in a tight spot financially and could probably never make it without substantial grants and/or subsidies from cantonal (state) or city governments. A particularly sore point in some cities, notably Zurich and Basle, is the long overdue reconstruction of theatre buildings, many of which are technically inadequate and lacking in backstage facilities.

But endless discussion re financing, building sites and other problems are holding up actual construction although blueprints for new houses have been ready for some time.

A 'Variety' Man's Resolutions

By ROBERT B. FREDERICK

(WITH A CURTAIN CALL FOR EDITOR & PUBLISHER)

I will bless reporters and rewrite men for being such vile spellers, knowing that this eccentricity of theirs is what keeps me in such high-paying work.

I will quit trying to mooch film passes from the film department, theatre tickets from the legit department, records from the music department and stock market tips from anyone.

The next time a film producer charges VARIETY with misquoting him, I will quote him exactly as he speaks, double negatives, ain'ts, bigotries, he-don'ts, irregardless, er-ahs and all.

I will not use page proofs for doodling.

I will forego use of "albeit" in heads.

I will endeavor to maintain a comradely spirit toward my colleagues the year around. Nevertheless, at the end of each work day, I will carefully hide my gluepot, shears, pen, pencil, eraser, half-sheets, full-sheets, paperclips—and take my typewriter ribbon home for safekeeping.

I will resolve not to resolve that I will make every deadline, because that's news biz.

I will finally assert myself and will not permit anyone to sit on my desk (unless, of course, the sitter happens to be a girl).

If a reporter does a good job covering the Paramount situation, I will praise him for his own sake and stop comparing him with Bob Considine.

I will address the managing editor as "Sir," the editor as "Your Excellency" and the publisher as "Your Highness."

I will absolutely never use profanity again during working hours (unless, of course, I am provoked).

Before I complain about the office lights again, I will first have my glasses changed (again).

I will refrain from playing cards with reporters, other editors and publishers—at least, for money.

I will not ask again for a file in which to keep my records. I've lost the records.

O, What a Beautiful Song Cue

By STANLEY GREEN

(Author of 'The World of Musical Comedy')

Where to put the songs? How many songs? What kind of songs? Who sings what to whom? There are no more pressing problems than these in creating a musical comedy. Fortunately, since almost every writer from pre-Oscar Wilde to post-Thornton Wilder is fair game for our musical revisionists, it is natural—and expected—that composers and lyricists take full advantage of all sorts of cues and clues to be found in the original works.

For example, Rodgers & Hammerstein based their first collaboration, "Oklahoma!" on a play by Lynn Riggs called "Green Grow the Lilacs," which, coincidentally, had musical embellishments of its own. For the musical version, the problem of how to open the show was solved simply by going to the stage directions of Riggs' play. Here it is: "Scene one. It is a radiant summer morning several years ago, the kind of morning which, enveloping the shapes of earth—men, cattle in a meadow, blades of young corn, streams—makes them seem to exist now for the first time, their image giving off a visible golden emanation that is partly true and partly a trick of the imagination focusing to keep alive a loveliness that may pass away . . . Somewhere a dog barks twice and stops quickly, reassured; a turkey gobbler makes his startled, swallowed noise. And like the voice of the morning, a rich male voice outside somewhere beings to sing." But at that time—1931—the song was "Git Along Little Dogie," not "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'."

The next Rodgers & Hammerstein opus, "Carousel," found the team similarly benefiting from something provided by the original work. Ferenc Molnar's "Liliom." In this case, it was the dialog in the park scene in which Liliom and Julie first began to realize they were falling in love. Part of their conversation went like this:

Liliom: But you wouldn't dare to marry anyone like me, would you?

Julie: I know that—that—if I loved anyone—it wouldn't make any difference to me what he—even if I died for it.

Liliom: But you wouldn't marry a rough guy like me—that is—eh—if you loved me.

Julie: Yes, I would—if I loved you, Mr. Liliom.

Voila! A song title, a musical situation, a properly romantic mood—and out the window go five pages of dialog.

Bard Cues Porter

It was almost mandatory that Cole Porter delve freely into Shakespeare for the inspiration for his songs in "Kiss Me, Kate," since this was all about an acting company playing "The Taming of the Shrew." In an early scene in the Shakespeare play, Petruchio explained to his friend, Hortensio, his determination to marry a rich woman, and ended his little speech thusly:

. . . were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:

I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;

If wealthily then happily in Padua.

Porter simply altered the tense of the second-to-last line, and let the avaricious hero sing lustily of his single-minded goal.

Another lyric-inspiring sentence in "The Taming of the Shrew" was "Believe me, sister, of all the men alive, / I never yet beheld that special face / Which I could fancy more than any other." Even though that was Bianca's line in the play, it turned out to be the inspiration for the hero of the musical to ponder yearningly, "Were Thine That Special Face." The original work also had Petruchio sing a number in which he posed the question, "Where is the life that late I led?" and the musical's finale, "I am ashamed that women are so simple," was an almost line-for-line transferral of Kate's concluding words in the play.

Two musical selections in two Kurt Weill musicals were dependent upon the exact words found

in their sources. In "Street Scene," the song "Remember That I Care," was little more than musical accompaniment to dialog in Elmer Rice's original play, including quoted excerpt from Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd." In "Lost in the Stars," the composer merely set Alan Paton's book, "Cry, the Beloved Country," and came up with the song, "The Hills of Ixopo."

'Porgy' to 'Porgy and Bess'

Sometimes composers and lyricists have to do a little more digging to find the phrase or the theme that will furnish them with an idea for a song. In the play, "Porgy," Dorothy and DuBose Heyward had Sportin' Life try to lure Bess with the lines: "Dere's a boat to Nos Yo'k to-mooroh an' I'm goin'. Why yo' such a fool, Bess? What yo' goin' to do a whole yeah heah by yo'self?" That's all he said about New York. But it was enough to fire the imagination of the Gershwin brothers who turned the idea into a venomous invitation to enjoy the pleasures found "up on upper Fifth Avenue."

Though it brilliantly caught the mood and the flavor of Shaw's "Pygmalion," "My Fair Lady" contained nary a song with a line or a phrase lifted from the model. It was in the film version of the Shaw play, not the play itself, that Lerner & Loewe found the line for their lilting elocution lesson, "The Rain in Spain."

'Hello, Dolly'

On the other hand, Thornton Wilder's play, "The Matchmaker," was of considerably more direct help to Jerry Herman when he added the songs that turned it into "Hello, Dolly!" The genesis of Carol Channing's opening song can be found in the original heroine's explanation of her proclivity for meddling, "I put my hand in here, and I put my hand in there, and I watch and I listen." Horace Vandergelder's aside to the audience about the functions of a wife led to the song, "It Takes a Woman." Then there was Cornelius' advice to Barnaby, "Go and get your Sunday clothes on," that sparked the colorful number, "Put on Your Sunday Clothes." However, not a single waiter at the Harmonia Gardens Restaurant in Wilder's play said "Hello Dolly" or welcomed her back to where she belonged.

A phrase in a play can even be altered in a musical so that it takes on a somewhat different meaning. But no one has ever matched Frank Loesser's daring in changing a negative into a positive, a feat he accomplished in transforming Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" into "The Most Happy Fella." The sentence in the drama that inspired both title and title song was Tony's self-pitying remark, "I'm the most unhappy fella in the world."

BUS-TRUCK 'BAREFOOT' LOST 15G IN 10 WEEKS

The bus-and-truck edition of "Barefoot in the Park" lost about \$15,000 in a recently-ended 10-week tour of 25 cities. Last season, a similar package netted \$61,883 in seven months.

According to the management of the show, this year's B-T tour was largely intended "to extend the periphery of the market" via forays into some new bus-and-truck towns, extension of engagements in other cities and tests of new local sponsors, etc.

Most of the experiments proved disappointing, though the show did pretty well in a Thurs-Sat. Indianapolis stint and a week-long Toronto stay. The Neil Simon comedy also found fertile ground for extended engagements in two hitherto one-nighter burghs, Kingston and Ottawa, Ont.

Sylvia Sidney starred in the Saint Subber production, which closed Dec. 6 in Kingston, N.Y. The long-run Broadway "Barefoot" is still current at the Biltmore Theatre and a roadshow version of the comedy was a profitmaker last season.

FED FUNDS (AT LAST) FOR ARTS

Directorial Debuts

By EDWIN BRONNER

No luck selling his scripts to the sultans of Shubert Alley so this would-be dramatist donned greasepaint and hired himself out as an actor. During the next 12 years he graduated from bit parts to Broadway leads, playing everything from a Texas cowboy to a Carolina mountaineer, from a North Dakota homesteader to a West Virginia coalminer. Touring in a road-company of "Dulcy," he and fellow-trouper James Gleason decided to while away the off-hours by collaborating on a comedy which was promptly snatched by the *freres* Shubert. "Gleason was scheduled to direct it, but he was playing in 'Is Zat So?,' so I was the one to take over the assignment," recalls coauthor George Abbott of "The Fall Guy" (1925), his initial staging stint—and one which came his way only after a dozen years of pounding on Broadway's portals.

Hired by Abbott in the mid-1930s as a production assistant and actor ("Three Men on a Horse," "Boy Meets Girl"), this one-time vaudeville musician was paged by the producing firm of Pearson & Baruch to pilot a rickety vehicle called "Hitch Your Wagon" (1937) into the 48th St. Theatre. A lame-brained farce about an alcoholic movie star, it wended its way to Cain's warehouse after 28 showings. "Too Many Heroes," which he staged later that season, had an even shorter run. Written by Dore Schary, "Too Many Heroes" tarried 16 performances. Disheartened by these disasters, he fled to Hollywood to direct an RKO quickie which became the surprise sleeper of the year. In 1946 he returned to Gotham with a comedy he had written for Jean Arthur. During the Boston tryout, Judy Holliday stepped in as a last-minute replacement for the ailing Miss Arthur. The play, of course, was "Born Yesterday," sired and staged by that noted alumnus of Abbott Academy, Garson Kanin.

Elia Kazan's first three staging stints ("The Young Go First," 1935; "Casey Jones," 1938; "Thunder Rock," 1939) were high-minded dramas which got lukewarm receptions and folded fast. "Cafe Crown," a modest comedy about the Yiddish Theatre, fared better (though *gemutlich* folksiness, Second Avenue-style or otherwise, was never his forte.) "The Strings, My Lord, Are False," his next assignment, had Walter Hampden in clerical collar, Ruth Gordon as a wayward member of the flock. Set in rural Scotland, it proved a wee bit of a trial for all concerned and shuttered after 15 performances. Then, in late 1942, Kazan finally made the Big Time—the chance to direct Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Florence Reed and Montgomery Clift in "The Skin of Our Teeth." Tallulah tried to get him fired, but lost the battle. (According to Shubert Alley scuttlebutt they haven't talked to each other since.) Thornton Wilder's "fantastic comedy" was a fantastic success with the critics and the Caviar Set and marked the turning point in Kazan's pre-Arthur Miller/Tennessee Williams career.

Like Elia Kazan, this monarch of Mazda Lane also made his directorial debut in 1935. His baptism of fire was titled "Hell Freezes Over" and was penned by a new voice in the theatre, John Patrick. Dealing with a dirigible crash in the Arctic wastes and the slow death, one by one, of the seven male survivors, "Hell Freezes Over" was no ball of fire at the boxoffice and, after three weeks of frigid business, melted away. Dwight Deere Wiman, however, was impressed by the work of the tyro stager and pacted him to guide "On Borrowed Time," "I Married An Angel" and "Stars In Your Eyes" to Broadway. In addition, The Playwrights Co. entrusted the young Texan with their first musical, "Knickerbocker Holi-

day." All four of these productions premed within the space of one year and all were hits. Joshua Logan suddenly found himself the most sought-after director in the business.

"My Heart's in the Highlands" (1939), one of the last plays put on by The Group Theatre, was this director's first Broadway credit. Saroyan's tender fugue received bafflingly mixed notices and perished after 44 performances. Signed to stage Saroyan's next fantasia, he resigned after the New Haven opening. (Saroyan and Eddie Dowling took over the directorial reins and the play, "The Time of Your Life," went on to cop both the Pulitzer Prize and the Drama Critics Circle award that year.) A string of calamities ("Heavenly Express," "Five Alarm Waltz," "Land's End") followed. The jinx pattern was broken at last by "Brigadoon" in 1947. The Lerner-Loewe musical established Robert Lewis as a director to be reckoned with—a promise amply borne out by "The Happy Time," "The Teahouse of the August Moon" and "Witness For The Prosecution."

Jose Ferrer chose an illfated satirical comedy called "The Admiral Had A Wife" as the vehicle with which to launch his directorial career. Slated to premiere on Dec. 10, 1941, the production was abruptly jettisoned three nights before its scheduled New York opening. Reason: the play was set in Pearl Harbor. The Japanese attack on Dec. 7 blew whatever chances the show might have had sky-high. "Vickie" (1942), an inane wartime farce which he not only staged but had the misfortune to appear in (together with his wife, Uta Hagen), was next on his agenda. "Strange Fruit" (1945), which he produced as well as as directed, was also unsuccessful. Mel Ferrer (no relation) had the leading role. It wasn't until the early 1950s that his determination to wear not only Garrick's mantle but Belasco's as well was realized with an extraordinary trio of hits ("Stalag 17," "The Fourposter," "The Shrike") all running on Broadway at the same time, all bearing the notation: "Directed by Jose Ferrer." The most successful Iago and Cyrano of his time had finally made it as a director—and with one of the most perfect three-point landings in theatre history.

After serving a 10-year apprenticeship in the theatre as an actor, assistant stage-manager and production assistant, he was offered the backing and the chance to produce and direct a comedy which had been turned down by almost every manager in New York and London. There was one catch. Because of a booking jam, he had to have the play cast, rehearsed and ready to open on Broadway in less than four weeks. The better-known mummies gave him a wide berth so he cast virtual unknowns in the leads. Midway during rehearsals he discovered that an all-star revival of "Trilby" had advanced its opening and was skedded to bow the same night (Dec. 23, 1921) as his own modest \$7,500 production. In desperation he hit upon the idea of an afternoon premiere so that the first-stringers could catch his maiden effort. The reviews were raves. The morning they appeared the Bijou Theatre boxoffice phone started ringing and never stopped, and he was informed that there was a line in front of the theatre stretching all the way around the block: "As soon as I decently could, I was at the Bijou, and sure enough there was a line. I wanted Kit to see it. I was afraid it wouldn't be there again. It might melt like snow in the sun. I could look at the houseboard with pride: Guthrie McClintic Presents 'The Dover Road' by A. A. Milne—Directed by Mr. Clintic."

JOHNSON BREAKS PURITAN TABOO

By ROGER L. STEVENS
Chairman, National Council
On The Arts

Roger L. Stevens

Washington.

In the past three years under the leadership of President and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, more has been accomplished for the Arts in America than during any other Administration.

The President, even in difficult times, has never wavered in his continuing support of all of the related programs for the Arts. And Mrs. Johnson, aside from her many other interests, has made the nation's beautification program an urgent concern for all Americans.

All of us who have been working professionally in the Arts owe the President and his wife our deepest gratitude, both for their efforts and for their recognition of the fact that the Arts are essential to the future of our country.

We are now in a time of great hope and expectation for the visual and the performing arts. We are also in a time of great need, for our problems multiply as our national demands increase.

But if the past three years of accomplishments are an indication of things to come, then we may well be entering an unparalleled era in our history when the Arts will flourish and be celebrated throughout the United States.

After so many years of anticipation without action, the Federal Government has finally taken steps to provide the leadership many of us have been hoping for.

Suddenly, there is abroad in the land talk of a cultural explosion. Wherever one travels today, there are art centers being planned and built, new museums and theatres under construction, State and local Arts Councils being formed, arts festivals bringing out more people than sporting events, and a surging desire on behalf of more of our people to see and hear and better understand the works of man's creative genius.

The Arts are no longer a private affair to be enjoyed by the privileged few. Young men and women who wish to devote their lives to the Arts are no longer considered misfits or eccentrics, but are actively encouraged. Our museums and concert halls are filled to capacity. The theatre today is not only in New York, but among other places Washington, Atlanta, New Orleans, Chicago, Houston, Minneapolis, Seattle, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Chamber Music 'In'

The young people especially are taking the lead. On many of our campuses, chamber music is one of the "in" activities. Andrew Wyeth, Roy Lichtenstein and Alexander Calder are common coinage, and it is not unusual to hear discussions of the new acrylics or the Chicago Popcycle. Bogart is a legend, and Belmondo is closing fast. The Arts are not only respectable, they are what's happening.

In all of this, the role of government has become a major factor in our national effort to foster and stimulate all of the Arts.

In 1964, Congress passed a bill establishing the National Council on the Arts, and its 24 members were appointed by the President in the spring of 1965. From the performing arts its membership included such as Leonard Bernstein, Gregory Peck, Agnes de Mille, Isaac Stern, Richard Rodgers, Oliver Smith, Elizabeth Ashley and George Stevens Sr. Later that year, another bill was passed establishing the National Foundation of the Arts and the Humanities.

(Continued on page 225)

Hold No Obsequies for Los Angeles; Only Real Problem: Right Scripts

By KAY CAMPBELL

Los Angeles.

Some of the sharpest shooting is being done these days, not in filmed westerns nor on tv gangster series, but in columns, on drama pages, in dinner table discussions, and cocktail parties. The target is the Decline and Fall of Legit in L.A.

The financial problems encountered by Pasadena Playhouse and Valley Music Theatre dramatized the dark side of legit boxoffice in this area. Followed potshots of useless advice, dire predictions, suggestions of government subvention, and dismal comment. On the other hand, VARIETY pointed out recently that L.A. Legit Grosses Continue Up, with a new record set as the total gross from Labor Day to Labor Day 1965-1966 reached over \$14,000,000. This report makes abundantly clear that "there is a vast audience for live theatre."

The public is, of course, at times annoyed by poor quality of productions, inadequacy of facilities, in-expert sound systems. Pasadena Playhouse seems on the road to recovery and Nick Mayo, co-founder of Valley Music Theatre, refuses to join the crepehangers.

When in doubt, consult an expert. The one I chose was Ruth Burch, long identified with various phases of showbiz—legit, films, video—in various capacities such as co-producer, casting director, associate producer, and currently serving on the Board of Directors for Pasadena Playhouse.

Lack of Repertoire

"There's nothing wrong with legit," she said, "that fresh material coupled with top names won't cure. Television isn't Enemy #1, as so many are saying, it's the dearth of good plays and musicals. Lack of repertoire is the big handicap. If you have a good vehicle, you can always find a top name for the production. The other problems, refurbishing stages and theatres and improvement of sound equipment are minor. I have no doubt that money will be found to renovate the Greek Theatre, for example, and a top Hollywood sound engineer, who captured a technical Award for designing sound equipment, advises that improving the sound in the theatres-in-the-round is a simple, inexpensive operation."

"It's understandable," she continued, "that the top musicals such as 'Dolly' and 'Fiddler on the Roof' should prefer booking at Music Center with all of its assets—five productions, impressive surroundings, and record-breaking crowds. Edwin Lester has the money to stage a superb production and the know-how to match the coin. He has put up a quarter of a million dollars, according to reports, for next season's 'Man of La Mancha.' Even 'Student Prince,' which is considered too dated for most modern audiences, racked up a gross of more than \$800,000 due to the well-mounted production and season ticket holders."

"Lester," she added, "has made Civic Light Opera season a habit. All theatregoing is, to a degree, a habit. La Jolla Playhouse became a habit thanks to Greg Peck. He was born in San Diego, is a favorite son, and people flocked to see his first performance and continued to attend the rest of the season's plays. Similarly, Pasadena Playhouse was strongly entrenched for years. Founded 50 years ago by Gilmor Brown as a community non-profit enterprise, it was also the outstanding western college of drama. Some of the top artists in the theatre world made their debut at Pasadena. These include Robert Young, Vic Mature, Lloyd Nolan, Barbara Rush, Marni Nixon, Martha Hyer, and—oh, the list is so long I can't begin to recall all of the talent."

The Old, Old, Old L.A.

I remarked that I couldn't remember the time when legit wasn't popular—a habit—in L.A. Eddie Horton packed 'em in—even matinees—at the Majestic, Leo

Carrillo at the Belasco, and the Mason Opera House, long since torn down "for progress" was a sellout always.

And what's wrong, I wondered, audibly, with those old plays and musicals? Take "Linger Longer Letty" which starred Charlotte Greenwood, for example, or "Maytime" or Al Jolson's "Sinbad?" Few of these have ever been seen by this generation.

"They're all too dated," she said, "for modern sophisticated audiences. And times have changed. In those days, it was a compact town and the theatre was virtually the only source of entertainment. Competition, today, is terrific. One night recently, 50,000 attended a baseball game, 60,000 a football game, and 10,000 a fight. And don't forget the weekend exodus to Palm Springs and other resorts, the 200,000 boat-owners who participate in or follow the regattas or just cruise around the local waters. Or the many other nearby attractions such as Disneyland, Marineland and Catalina. And you can't overlook movies and tv although to a real theatre-lover, either of these runs a poor second."

"Albert McCleery, newly appointed Pasadena exec producer, is dedicated to finding new material for the Playhouse, as well as great stars and fine supporting casts. Celeste Holm, in Shaw's 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' was hardly a financial bonanza but attracted more people than any play in the last three years. Miss Holm passed the torch to Jane Wyatt in a brand-new comedy 'The Decent Thing' which Phil Scheur gave a rave review. A new musical, 'Little Old Lady From' will be presented next year."

Securing top talent for new productions is no problem, she claims. If you have good material to offer. "Between seasons at La Jolla," she recalls, "Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Burt Lancaster and Charlton Heston told me, 'I'd love to do a play next summer.' So I started reading plays for strong, rugged men such as 'Dial M for Murder,' 'Night Must Fall' and 'Male Animal.' Then, Gene Tierney said she would like to work in summer stock, but she wanted to do something different than she had done on the screen. As a result, we cast her in 'Coquette' in the role Mary Pickford had made famous on the screen—and she was a smash hit!"

Old Pros Lease Dublin Theatre

Dublin.

Hilton Edwards and Michael MacLiammoir have leased the Dublin Gate Theatre for three years and will present at least one season each year, in which they will appear. The schedule will include one Shakespeare production annually.

The Gate was founded by Edwards, MacLiammoir and others in the 1930s. Tours later divided the original grouping, which became the Edwards-MacLiammoir Co. and Longford Productions.

After the death of Lord Longford, a holding company was formed for the theatre, with MacLiammoir and Lady Longford among the directors. The theatre has recently been leased to management and is currently occupied by Jim Fitzgerald's "Project '67."

Edwards has been primarily concerned with direction in recent years, including the staging of "Philadelphia Here I Come" and, more recently, "The Loves of Cass Maguire" on Broadway. MacLiammoir has been successfully touring his one-man shows based on Oscar Wilde and other Irish writers with considerable success.

'Averages' in Legit Meaningless; Too Little Innovating Action; An Investor Analyzes Theatre

By J. S. SEIDMAN

(Author is of the Certified Public Accountant partnership of Seidman & Seidman, but privately is an occasional investor in Broadway productions.—Ed.)

The arithmetic of Broadway is not so hotsy-totsy, and the forecast is much more of the same. Thus sayeth Professors Baumol and Bowen, of Princeton, in their recent study for 20th Century Fund, to wit, "Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma."

The two profs made a deep incision into the vitals of the theatre. The biopsy revealed cancerous multiplication of costs with not so cancerous increases in income.

Their communique runs along these lines: In industry generally, increased payroll rates, the chief cost, are offset by increased inventions and automation. In the theatre, there is no such offset. Automation can occasionally strut its stuff in the wings but hardly on stage. It takes as much time today for Hamlet to make up his mind about "to be or not to be" as it did 300 years ago. Furthermore, there is no likelihood that in the twenty-first century he can be made to quicken the pace.

That's the verdict. What to do? Shall we call the coroner now, and save a lot of time and toil? I say, no siree. The x-rays taken by the profs come through loud and clear. Fortunately, the disease points the way to the cure.

An immediately encouraging sign to me is that the ravages of the affliction have been under control in the last five years. The birth and death rate on Broadway has been stable. Fierce competitors like motion pictures, video, night sports, have not been able to decimate Broadway.

Furthermore, in diagnosing the theatre's ills it's easy to be fooled by averages. Playing the averages is dull sport. No skill or sense is invested. No till or cents should be expected.

But "choosing" is to minimize losing. Through careful selection, money has been made in the theatre, money is being made, and money will be made. The combination of the right play with the right arithmetic in the hands of the right management is unbeatable regardless of averages, inventions, or automation.

However, even "natural selection" crumples if the professors' prophecy is correct, that increasing costs will leapfrog increasing income. Doesn't the prophecy assume something that is not necessarily assumable? Who says that the present rate of costs is not reducible, and that the present rate of income is not increasable?

Here's a "fr'instance" on the cost side. The largest single slug today is theatre rent and occupancy. A show uses the theatre three hours a day (six hours on two matinee days). But the show bears the entire 24 hour a day cost. There's plenty of room to close that gap.

Why can't theatres be used in-between times for things like stockholders' meetings, sales, inventions, fashion shows, lectures, closed-circuit tv? All of these can be done "in one," and therefore in no way interfere with sets or props for the show itself.

Another idea worth exploring arises with hit shows. Why not have matinees every day instead of only twice a week? Two companies can be used for the price of one, in the sense of having the same theatre, costumes, props, and overhead. Furthermore, from these two companies can readily be recruited "the original Broadway cast" ultimately to go on the road.

How about staff and crew costs? In that area, it is popular to bewail about "unions," "featherbedding," and the like. Yet, doesn't it stand to reason that the unions, led as they are by down-to-earth realists, recognize that their best if not

their only bet is jobs tomorrow as well as today?

Railing about unions gets nowhere. Shouldn't producers and theatre owners sit down with union people as colleagues and valuable contributors rather than antagonists or second-class citizens? With mutual goodwill it should be possible to bring about consolidation of many of the craft unions.

That will automatically eliminate things like the rigid barrier of what a member of any one union can do as (is) classically illustrated by the present need for two men because one union controls who can attach a light bulb and another who can move a chair.

Another aspect to unions. Why not have them in on production conferences at the very outset of a show, participating on equal footing with all the artistic, administrative, and technical people? Such conferences should explore ways for simplifying the production and personnel requirements. This will demonstrate that unions have a constructive place in the sun.

Now for a few things on the income side. Here is a vast area beckoning for attention. Many producers and theatre owners have much to learn and apply on what it takes to woo, win, and hold audiences. Ticket handling, distribution and pricing sure need a new look. What has to be recognized is that selling is equal in importance to production. There's gold in the hills when the customer is fanned rather than damned.

What these things lead up to is something far more fundamental about the Broadway theatre than the few outcroppings mentioned. The popular lyric is that there is no business like show business. A slight modification will make the lyric more accurate: there is no business in show business.

No Plowing Back

Shows today are financed on a play-by-play basis. All eyes concentrate on making what can be made from the particular play. Tomorrow doesn't exist. There is only today.

That sort of structure leads to malnutrition. There is no long-range planning, no research and development, no year-round employment for staff, no plowing back and reinvesting of profits. In other words, there is none of the things that make for a sound going business.

That is the real disease. The Broadway theatre will not arrive until it has the continuity that feeds all commercial enterprises.

With continuity, investment will be in the entire producing organization, and not just a particular play. The first badge of maturity and stability will come when a producing organization can go to a bank and get a loan like other businesses do.

The crowning sign that the theatre has arrived, and is bedecked with business respectability, will be when Broadway producing organization is able to go public and sell stock in the marketplace.

None of these things is pipe dreaming. In fact, there are already several producing companies that have planted seeds of continuity. They still finance themselves on a play-by-play basis, but the winds of change are blowing.

Interestingly enough, changes are coming about by reason of the very economic pressures to which Professors Baumol and Bowen call attention in their study. The fabulous invalid yet be fabulously "in"-valid.

Page Robt. Helpmann

Tokyo, Dec. 27.

British choreographer-director Robert Helpmann is being sought to direct the Gekidan Kumo group in a production of Shakespeare's "The Tempest" next year.

The drama group previously brought Michael Benthall, Harold Clurman and Jean Mercure here for guest directing assignments.



MOLLY PICON

Greetings
Direction:
WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY
Ed Robbins

'66 London Legit Good for Girls

By DICK RICHARDS

London.

Since the last anniversary issue it's been a year of opportunity for the legit distaff side. Not all the opportunities have developed as well as they might, but they have given the gals a chance to get their teeth into something, consolidate their reputations or even knock on the door and say "Hi," to theatregoers.

It was a year that gave two striking American actresses a chance to make star impact with British audiences, for March brought Diana Sands to the Criterion in "The Owl and the Pussycat" and, a month later, virtually next door at the Prince of Wales, Barbra Streisand moved in with "Funny Girl." Vanessa Redgrave added another sparkler to her career with "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" and Anna Massey has succeeded her in with one of the most outstanding modern parts written for a woman in years.

The year will be remembered for Peggy Ashcroft's glowing performance in "Days In The Trees" and it also gave Constance Cummings a first-rate double opportunity with "Public and Confidential" and as the prosecuting counsel in "Justice Is A Woman." It's been a good comeback year for Anna Neagle, but not so good for a contemporary, Evelyn Laye, who returned in "Strike A Light," the musical which flopped. "The Matchgirls" also failed, but both gave several actresses an unusually big range of opportunities and at least one, Vivienne Martin, won medals for her showing.

Honor Blackman, who once said, wistfully, that playwrights rarely write plays these days for actresses, has done all right with the star role in "Wait For The Dark." For Barbara Ferris in "Girl In My Soup" a Broadway opportunity looms thanks to her success in the comedy and Miriam Karlin's casting in the upcoming "Fiddler On The Roof" was surely enhanced by the impact she made in "The Bellow Plays." Fenella Fielding eagerly seized her chance to change her image with "Let's Get A Divorce," while the two veterans, Sybil Thorndike and Athene Seyler, refused to change their images and helped to carry the revival of "Arsenic and Old Lace" to success.

Meanwhile Beryl Reid, Eileen Atkins and Lally Bowers moved on to Broadway, thanks to the splendid chance given to them by Frank Marcus in "Killing of Sister George." Dora Bryan has kept the "Hello Dolly" gaiety bubbling through the months and Margaret Lockwood and Perliia Neilson have shone through show's the several poppings up of Peter Bridge's "Ideal Husband."

No actresses can complain that they've been neglected in the West End show-scene during the past year. Is this business of actresses playing second fiddle simply a canard, then? Is it true that, apart from say, Coward and Marcus, modern playwrights are less at home in writing star women's roles than male ones?

The Smell of the Greasepaint, The Lure of the Lights

By ARTHUR KOBER

Time has fogged my memory so that I've long forgotten what the very first play I saw was called. And try as hard as I can, I still

can't dredge up the name of the famous star of the Yiddish stage who appeared in it. (Could it have been Jacob Adler or Boris T. Thomashefsky, or Joseph Kessler?) I know that the audience orchestrated the highly dramatic scenes with muffled sobs, gusts of sighs, and gulping cries of "Oi!" I know that tears spilled from my mother's eyes, and that my father blew his nose again and again to conceal his stirred emotions. And I know that the players, their magnificent costumes, the spectacular settings, the declaimed speeches (much too literary for me to understand) all cast an hypnotic spell that left me dazzled and dreamy-eyed for days.



Arthur Kober

Some years later, when I appeared as an extra with a Jewish stock company performing in an open-air theatre on 110th Street and Fifth Ave., I had a more intimate view of this enchanting and glamorous world. I saw stagehands setting up props, "flying" scenery, adjusting lights, and I, wonderstruck, watched our prompter entombing himself in a hole close to the footlights. What fascinated me more than anything else, however, was the makeup of the performers. Their lips were caked with rouge; their eyebrows were heavily blackened; their earlobes and nostrils were daubed with specks of red; their eyelashes were rimmed with mascara; and white dots punctuated the corners of their eyes. When the final curtain fell and the actors headed for their dressing rooms, I observed a few of the old men peeling off their artificial beards, suddenly revealing young faces.

So entranced was I by their facial coloring that I bought my own makeup kit, complete with colored sticks, rouge, eyebrow shadow, spirit gum, and a braid of false hair. I spent considerable time before our bathroom mirror applying various tints to my face without ever achieving a satisfactory effect. On one occasion I stripped strands of hair from the phony tress to fashion a beard which I hoped would be as luxuriant as any worn by those actors I admired. Again I was unsuccessful. When I finally emerged from the bathroom to face my exasperated mother who had been banging on the door, wisps of hair covered the sink and carpeted the floor. Pointing to the mess, she started to scold me but checked herself. Sex, you see, was a subject never discussed in our scrubby home, and I can only guess that Mom must have thought I had reached puberty and was molting.

Once a year the converted heathens of the East Side branch of Temple Israel entertained their wealthy West Side sponsors with songs, recitations, poems and quotations, performing on the stage of the auditorium buried in the basement of that stately temple. Maybe it was the audience's listless responses to our efforts that prompted Miss Haas, our Sunday School principal, to announce a change in routine. "This year," she told the assembly on a Sunday morning in the winter of 1918, "we are going to offer an unusual play with many interesting parts. Will those girls and boys who would like to participate please raise their hands?" I was the first volunteer to flag her.

Although our amateur show was presented more than 45 years ago, a few details, like barnacles rooted to rocks, still cling tenaciously to memory. Our play was called "The Steadfast Princess"; its author was one of our teachers; the action took place in a mythical kingdom; the story had strong

Graustarkian overtones; and the mise-en-scene was created by Henry Dreyfuss a gifted fourteen-year old who, about a decade later, was to design the settings for a Broadway play, "Remote Control," which I was to publicize for Jones and Green. (Dreyfuss also did the settings for "The Last Mile," "The Cat and the Fiddle," and many other productions before distinguishing himself as an industrial designer.)

'But Why a War?'

As one who had appeared behind the footlights with a stock company of accomplished actors, I naturally expected to be given the leading male role. Instead, I was handed the part of a courtier, and was entrusted with only a single line. It was: "Tis because a tyrant usurps the rightful throne over which grieves our gracious princess," and continuing with a three-page monolog attacking the usurper's nefarious practices. I couldn't understand why I, a professional—yes, and the owner of a makeup kit—should be playing straight man to a rank amateur. Grudgingly, then, was the understated way in which I attended rehearsals.

My disappointment dissolved an hour before the performance, when I slipped into my costume and stood before a full-length mirror, preening myself. My tunic was tiered with brass buttons over loops of ornamental braiding. Mounting my shoulders were epaulets from which dangled cords of gold. Attached to my wide, buckled belt was a magnificent sword encased in an even more magnificent scabbard.

I thought I looked positively smashing—until my crony, Paul Pakter, presented himself in a costume much more resplendent than mine. I wore a pill-box hat. His was astrakhan. My uniform was that of a German officer. His typified a Russian commander of a far higher rank. Before I had time to sulk, however, Paul had unsheathed his sword and taken a fencer's stance. "On guard!" he shouted. We started a mock duel and would have slashed each other with Heidelberg scars if we hadn't been ordered to take our places.

I took a position in the wings and waited—forever, it seemed—for the words that would summon me on stage. When they were finally spoken, I trooped forward, made my obeisance to the gracious princess, and then stood stiffly at attention, staring directly ahead. I lowered my gaze for a moment and it fell on a familiar figure seated in the front row. It was Mr. Goodfellow, who, from time to time, appeared to address us at our Sunday School. He was elegant, as always, in his cutaway coat, ascot tie, and striped trousers. His gloved hands, I noticed, were gripped to his silver-headed cane, but nowhere could I see the high silk hat that distinguished him. As I leaned forward in my search, I suddenly became aware of two things: a deathly silence on stage, and a violent tug at my tunic by Phineas whose lips were compressed in a horizontal line and whose burning eyes scorched me with their heat. I stared back at him, wondering what it was I had done to provoke him. I found out the moment he addressed me.

"I know what you're thinking," he ad libbed. "You're thinking, but why a war? 'Tis because a tyrant usurps the rightful throne over which grieves our gracious princess."

The one professional in the cast, the one owner of a makeup kit, had been too absorbed in Mr. Goodfellow's attire to recite his single line!

Michael Devine has designed the scenery and costumes for a production of "Lady in the Dark" scheduled to open Jan. 4 at the Pasadena (Cal.) Playhouse. The show will star Marni Nixon, with Albert McCleery as stager.

PROFS AND PROS CHUM IT UP

By PROF. LEE NORVELLE
(Dept. of Speech & Theatre
Indiana University)



Lee Norvelle

Bloomington, Ind. Happily there is one area in which much solid, measurable, and mutually beneficial integration can be reported—the professional and the university theatre—and it is not based upon color, ethnic groups, or social behavior. So beneficial are the results that one wonders why it was not always thus, but there are, as is usually the case in retrospect, definite reasons.

As is often the case, the principal difficulty was mistrust based upon a lack of understanding. The professionals distrusted the professors (of drama) because they were largely theoreticians rather than producers of plays. The assessment was a valid one because this was for many years one of the conditions imposed upon the professors by the academic board of control which hired them and determined their promotion and tenure. It was much safer, professionally, for the professor to have his students read the plays (only the classics of course) and discuss them in class than it was to present them on a stage. Assuming him capable of presenting them on a stage.

Professors distrusted the professionals as more interested in making a fast buck than in contributing to the cultural and intellectual level of the society.

Risk of Staging

Not until well into the second decade of our century was anything done in colleges or universities toward the presentation of plays by faculties and students. It was not until the fourth decade of this century that campus theatres were built for the exclusive purpose of providing a suitable place for the presentation of plays by students, under faculty supervision, and for the appearance of professional road companies. These were few in number and most were inadequate by present day standards but they were signifi-

cant in that they represented a trend which later led to the erection of a number of campus theatres across the country which are the largest, best equipped, best designed, and most attractive theatres in these United States.

To support this rather strong statement, I offer the following statistical evidence. Because of space limitations it is limited to what has happened in one midwest state. It is selected not because it is the most or the least representative of the problem under discussion, but because it is the one most familiar to the writer; thus providing the most readily available statistics. The state is tenth in total population, approximately 5,000,000; its largest city, the capital, is approximately 500,000. State is reasonably well balanced between rural and urban population. These factors would seem to indicate that it is reasonably representative.

Guess The City!

A few years ago there were legitimate theatres in the capital; two of these were enjoying moderate success booking road shows, the other was in the process of failing. Later two of the three closed, leaving only one and it was dark more than half of each theatre season. The city gained the unenviable reputation among booking agents and road companies of having little or no interest in the legitimate theatre.

Some 50 miles to the south of the capital in a city with less than 20,000 population the state university, with an enrollment of less than 5,000 built a theatre seating 3,788 reducible to 1350 by drawing an acoustically treated curtain. It was dedicated with a play by a professional company and more than 300 letters containing checks for tickets had to be returned a week before the presentation because there was a sell-out. Those who planned the theatre were told during its construction it would be a "white elephant" and never would be filled.

In less than a year the Metropolitan Opera home team, making the first one-night stand in its history and appearing on a university campus for the first time, played to standees; and it is a mat-

ter of record that the university, instead of using any of the \$4,500 guaranteed subsidy made a profit of \$280. Each year since, bookings by professional companies in plays, operas, ballets, symphony orchestras, classical and popular concerts, have increased; and so has the attendance, to the extent that an Assembly Hall, seating up to 15,000 with adjustable capacities, is now under construction. By the time type is set on this report, construction will have started on an Opera Center costing \$6,500,000.

At the same time the 3,788 capacity house was being erected on the state university campus, there was erected on the land grant university campus sixty miles northwest of the state capital in a city of less than 30,000 population a theatre which seats 6,004 (with some degree of size adjustment). It was dedicated about the same time as the one on the university campus and has presented annually professional programs of plays, operas, ballets, symphony orchestras, classical and popular concerts. In 1961 on this same campus there was built a theatre seating 1,200 which can be used for plays which require a higher degree of intimacy than can be had in the larger house.

In 1963 on the campus of a church related university in the capital, one of the most beautiful and utilitarian theatres in the country was dedicated and from the beginning has presented a continuing program of plays, operas, ballets, symphony orchestras, classical and popular concerts. This house was chosen as the five-year home of the recently formed National Opera Company. In the capital there is now only one professional theatre operating and it was dark most of last season but has been refurbished and has several significant bookings for the current season.

In 1964 there was dedicated a house with a seating capacity of 3,200 in a city with a population under 70,000, 55 miles east of the capital on the campus of one of the state teachers colleges (now officially designated state university). In it are presented on a yearly

basis professional programs of plays, operas, ballets, symphony orchestras, classical and popular concerts.

When one considers that these four university based houses within a radius of 115 miles last season booked professional companies presenting 19 different plays, 10 operas, seven ballets, eight symphony orchestras, 35 classical and popular concerts from one to four performances each with total audiences each with total audiences exceeding a million; he must conclude that even though belatedly, the "profs" and the "pros" are integrating and the result is mutually beneficial.

(Names have been intentionally omitted and the estimates have been conservative and proof of any of the figures given will be gladly furnished to anyone who requests them from the writer.)

If space permitted we could pinpoint many causes and events leading to this happy state of affairs, but we will merely generalize by stating that the scope and quality of the professors who are largely responsible for bringing about this condition has been greatly enlarged and improved; and that academic administrators have become highly cognizant of the educational and cultural values of the theatre, and of all the performing arts which make up the theatre.

Also professional theatre personnel have come to realize that the "fast buck" can be had only by presenting better plays, better cast, better directed and better mounted when they appear in campus theatres, which in reality serve the general public as well as the students, faculty, and staff. It is not at all unusual for a road company to play to total audiences of 12,000-15,000 during a split-week stop on a campus. Here audiences are ready-made through the agencies of the campus news media and the productions are usually bought outright on a flat rate basis rather than taken on a percentage; thus eliminating any financial risk to the professional producer. He is also saved most, and could be saved all, advance-man and promotional costs.

There are, according to the U.S. Commissioner of Education, 1,548

four-year Educational Institutions in the 50 states. Of these 367 are controlled by one or the other of the 50 state governments, and 15 are municipally controlled. There are 400 privately controlled, non-profit institutions and 740 which are church related. There are 10 controlled by the Federal Government and 16 that are proprietary. Will or should all of these build large theatres?—Certainly not. For some, because of geographic, economic, or intended purpose, it would be ridiculous for them to consider doing so. For hundreds of others it will be necessary for them to do so. Those falling in the latter group will be aided by donor and community insistence.

One final point must be stressed and that is the necessity for the best, not those needing employment most, of the professionals spending some time with the campus groups, fully compensated of course, working with them providing the "know how" of the best techniques in various theatre practices. Also the professors should avail themselves, during sabbatical leaves, of association with the best professional theatre groups, learning their techniques.

Am I advocating a sort of "farm system" similar to that used by baseball? Yes. At least a situation where there can be an exchange of ideas and full cooperation in demonstration of techniques. Will it work?—Yes. It has and is working at a few institutions, but many more should be involved. Can the "Profs" offer anything in return?—Yes. Proof? Six of the Pulitzer prize plays were written by Professors. The critic of the most powerful newspaper was a professor teaching theatre courses many more years than he has been a critic. One of the most sought after Broadway directors taught acting and directing many years and directed plays at his university before turning professional.

By these two examples (there are others) do I infer that professors take over the professional field? God forbid. My point is that each group will mutually benefit through continued and expanded cooperation.

A CAT'S LIFE ON STAGE

By ROBERT DOWNING

(Longtime actor, stage manager, literary critic, theatrical memorabiliaist and globetrotter, Bob Downing here pays a not ungrudging tribute to his longtime roommate, the retired thespian cat, Ginger.—Ed.)

Having long embraced the philosophy of that Micawber of dandies, the late W.C. Fields—"There's nothing all bad about a man who hates dogs and children"—I might add that my 35 years in the theatre have added to the master's precept a psychological resistance on my part to performing animals, child actors and (especially the mothers!).



Robert Downing

When one takes such a firm stand it may be that the gods, in their elfin way, punish the offender by making him eat crow and humble pie.

In any event, my sunset years find me unmellowed in my Fieldian outlook. Yet I share my life and digs with an aging feline actor, a 15-pound, 12-year-old orange tomat with yellow eyes who once had his romp upon the wicked stage.

In the summer of 1954, I donned sock and buskin and went off to Marblehead, Mass., to act the role of Doc in "Mister Roberts." Gene Raymond was the star, and Dickie Van Patten played Pulver.

The measure of desperation to which conversations among actors can sink during a summer stock engagement may be assessed when I report that we sat about one eve-

ning, over libations, so utterly depressed that we found ourselves discussing pets.

Now, my life has been filled with a procession of more or less domesticated creatures: several cats, a speechless parrot, white mice, one chameleon, a hamster, guinea pigs, and even a crestfallen pooch or two.

In the Pinter-type chitchat of that long ago Marblehead evening, I happened to mention that my most recent pet cat, a fellow named Heathcliff, given me by Peg Hillias when we were both involved with the production of "A Streetcar Named Desire," had died. Van Patten brightened the discourse by revealing that a cat belonging to his sister Joyce had recently produced a clowder of kittens.

Through the tingling wit that charged our exchange, I found myself hung up on Dickie's further divulgence: one of the kittens at Joyce's, an orange tom, was looking for a new home.

Heathcliff's Heir

I have always fancied marmalade cats, but there had never been one in my house. I began to think of this kitten as Heathcliff's successor, and I added a piquant note to the evening's festive gab by mentioning this to Van Patten. He suggested that on my return to New York I should get in touch with Joyce.

I did. And I adopted the tiny, furry youngster, mainly with the idea that he would make a good companion for my mother, then entering the last years of what proved a fatal illness.

I think I should add that my new feline friend was born on the site of the Vivian Beaumont Theatre in what is now known, sometimes soberly, as Lincoln Center.

My mother took one look at our

new boarder and named him "Ginger." I protested that Ginger was a girl's name. "He is ginger-colored," said my mother, adding that it was hardly likely to matter to the cat what his name was. I did not argue. Even on the brink of Eternity, when my mother made such a decision, thoughts of argument would have driven St. George to drink. So Ginger became Ginger. He also became part of my life and, I must add, the only quadruped with which I have become emotionally involved.

Dangerous Country

Ginger took to our place in Gramercy Park with the dignity of an Edwardian, well aware that he was in a neighborhood heady with traditions of Booth and Barrett and Stanford White. In fact, at quite an early age, Ginger dropped in with me one day at The Players. I think he wanted to stay; but I was mindful of the fate of The Players' last cat, John Wilkes Booth (nicknamed La Cucaracha in deference to his favorite delicacies). J. W. B., after nobly siring generations of felines around the Park, disappeared one night under highly mysterious circumstances. I was not about to permit Ginger to join such a macabre succession.

Between brightening my mother's declining years, and shortening my own life by bedevilling me in a thousand ways (not the least of which is this cat's penchant for batting at the keys of my typewriter when I'm trying to work), Ginger matured.

In 1959, I stage-managed Anita Loos' dramatization of two of Colette's novels, "Cheri." Robert Lewis was the director, and Oliver Smith the designer. Kim Stanley, Horst Buchholz and Lili Darvas were the stars.

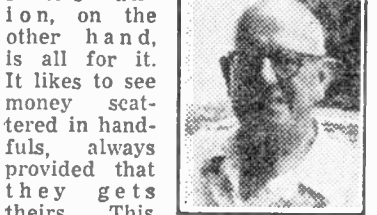
There is a cat in "Cheri," a female orange feline named Fanchette. Our management had engaged a "professional" cat (whatever that is supposed to be) for

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THE STAGEHAND SITUATION

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

The trouble about the stagehand situation, briefly, is this. Stagehands cost money, and theatrical managers hate parting with money. The scene shifters union, on the other hand, is all for it. It likes to see money scattered in hand-fuls, always provided that they gets theirs. This leads to strained relations, pique on both sides and the calling of some most unpleasant names. I have heard managers refer to the union as vampires, while the union, speaking of managers, are far too prone to make nasty cracks about people who are so tight they could carry an armful of eels up six flights of stairs and never drop one of them.



P. G. Wodehouse

Most plays nowadays are in one set, and a manager who puts on a one-set play feels that once the one set is in position he ought to be able to pay the scene-shifters off and kiss them goodbye. He sees no reason why he should have to pay a weekly wage to a gang of scene shifters just for not shifting scenes. All he wants is an operative who will go over the set from time to time with a feather duster, to keep the moths from getting into it.

The union does not take this view. It holds that if the manager hasn't any scenes to shift he darned well ought to have, and it insists on him employing the number of scenes shifters who would have

been required to shift the scenes if there had been any scenes to shift, if you follow me. Some plays these last seasons have suffered from audience thinness, but no manager has ever run short of stagehands.

The Hierarchy

At the risk of becoming too technical, I must explain briefly how a troupe of stagehands with nothing to do is organized. First comes the head man or Giant Sloth. Next we have the Senior Lounger and the Junior Lounger. Last come the rank and file, the twelve Lilies of the Field. It was because I was uncertain of the duties of these that I looked in the other night at one of the theatres to get myself straight on the point, and was courteously received by the Junior Lounger, a Mr. B. J. Wilberforce, who showed no annoyance at being interrupted while working on his crossword puzzle.

"I was wondering, Mr. Wilberforce," I said, "if you could tell me something about this situation."

"What situation would that be?" he asked.

"The scene-shifter situation," I said, and he frowned.

"We prefer not to be called scene shifters," he explained. "There seems to us something a little crude about shifting scenes. We like to think of ourselves as America's leisure class. It smacks too much of those elaborate musical productions, where, I am told, the boys often get quite hot and dusty. Of course, when there is work to be done, we do it. Only the other night, for instance, the

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New Met's Backstage Delights For Opera Scene Designer

By ROBERT O'HEARN



Robert O'Hearn

With many regrets, and I daresay a few tears, we left the old "Met." It had become a home to many of us for years. My years of listening to broadcasts; attending operas; my hopes to design there; and finally, the thrill of designing six productions — a unique experience, I believe, for an American designer.

Even the stage floor was considered sacred. All the great singers of the Golden Age had tread its boards (which, as a matter of fact, were replaced bit by bit in the middle of the night as they became rotten, and carefully antiqued so none of the patrons would know they were not the originals).

At first the new Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center seemed to be a cold factory with miles of plain grey functional halls, but the advantages soon became apparent.

For a designer these are considerable. On what other stage in New York, or even the world, can four complete, solidly-built sets be ready and waiting to glide on in seconds, at a mere touch of a button?

The Rain Escaped

Storage at the old Met was always a problem. We have all seen the poor battered scenery under tarpaulins out in the rain on the 7th Ave. sidewalk, waiting to be expensively carted to one of two or three warehouses. But now most of the scenery for a season can be kept in the new building down in "C" Level (not "sea level," as I thought for weeks). More importantly, whole units of scenery can be kept intact, such as the "Butterfly" house, or the "Frau" pavilions — thus, saving time, labor and the wear and tear in assembling them for each performance. This widens the scope of the designer tremendously: he can design three-dimensional scenery of scale complexity that would have been unthought of in the old house.

'Die Frau Ohne Schatten'

Multi-scene productions, such as my present, "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with 11 sets, can now be performed without any delays for scene changing — and indeed must be because the music is continuous between scenes. This advantage is achieved by the moving side wagons which slide on from either side, the 60 foot x 66 foot-rear stage, which rolls forward, and the double lift which can bring a set up from the basement. Also, the 58-foot-diameter revolve in the rear stage can move us fluidly from one scene to several others. I say "can" because I believe it is common knowledge now that the revolve broke down during early rehearsals, but should be replaced for next season. After all, it would be asking the impossible to have everything perfect right from the start.

The stage is divided into seven lifts, each 8 foot x 60 foot, which rise above the stage 14 feet and sink below it 10 feet. This would make it possible to have the stage step down toward the back and have whole armies march toward us from the depths. No one has done this yet, but it should be marvelous when the proper time comes along. Of course, these lifts quickly create elevations that would have taken hours of work and a mass of scenery in the old days, and which would have had to be more or less permanent for the evening.

Incidentally, many spectators have wondered why we always seem to have so many stairs and platforms in opera. The main reason is simple; so that the singers in the back can see the conductor over the ones in the front, and, in addition, be heard without singing into the back of the neck of the chorister in front of

them. Furthermore, raised platforms give a more interesting and graceful composition to the design; a chorus of 120 on a flat stage floor is pretty dull. This matter of platforms and the larger scale are about the only differences between designing for opera and other forms of the theatre.

The New Spotlights

The stage lighting in the new Met at Lincoln Center is far superior, particularly the spotlights from the auditorium. There was almost no lighting in the old house, and when a singer came too far downstage, he entered a no-man's land of semi-darkness — and yet every tenor knows his high "C's" carry the furthest and strongest the closer he is to the audience. The new electronic switchboard means that our lighting cues can be much more complex and subtle. The cry in the old house of "The man has only two hands" is banished forever.

With the tremendous depth of the new Met, actually two stages deep, we can have exciting effects of distance, such as the barge in "Antony" or the bronze door vision in "Die Frau." These tempting depth effects must be used with caution, however, because the audience on the side cannot see back that far. If the "Aida" had been designed for the new house, we probably would have had the armies of the Triumphal March, tramping in from Amsterdam Ave.

Flying Palaces

The pipes that fly out the backdrops and other hanging pieces — arches, columns, etc. — are powered electrically and can be connected electronically so that any number can be flown, out or in, exactly together. An exciting effect for a transformation! A whole palace can seem to lift at once and float into the fly gallery, instead of various pieces trying to race each other to the top nervously.

Even the use of television for the conducting of offstage choruses can affect the scene design. Now we don't have to worry about a place for the chorus and a place for an assistant conductor to peek through in order to see the conductor in the pit.

Two enormous cycloramas, one for night and one for day, 110 feet tall, can be rolled on a track at the top into place in about 1½ minutes. These completely surround the stage and make it possible to do away with unattractive side masking when you really want nothing but open sky or space.

The carpentry and screenpainting shops are many times larger in the new house — and all in one building. The shops in the old house were almost a block away in an old building, broken up into many floors. And everything had to be trucked back and forth the long way around the block. Now all the scenic productions are done on one immense U-shaped floor, and the painting on another. This means that the execution is much faster and cheaper, and the designer is not limited in the size and complexity of scenic units. Also the saving of wear and tear on frayed nerves is tremendous.

48-Foot Backdrops

With the increase in the height of the stage backdrops may now be 48 feet high, compared to the 42 feet in the old house. This gives a somewhat higher look to the sets, and one is able to keep those unsightly, but necessary, masking borders out of sight.

A successful production of "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" could never have been accomplished in the old house: too many scenes, too many fast-scene shifts, too many complexities, too scenically demanding a work.

It was a stimulating experience to avail myself of all the advantages our new home at Lincoln Center affords; not to feel constricted but to allow the scope of the design to grow and grow.



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A PLAY AGENT IN ADVICE TO ADAPTORS

By GEORGE MARTON

Paris.

One of the most difficult tasks for a writer is to resist the temptation of adapting a foreign play. Among the better known ways to avoid this is the one selected by Vernon Turncoat, who retired to a mountain bungalow in Cashmere and devoted his life to the growing of orchids in a jungle frequented by man-eating leopards. He must have succeeded because he has not been heard from for 36 years.

The other method is that of a man named Care Package, as summed up under the theory of "Write Something Else." This paid off for him and everyone is familiar with his best selling books, namely, "Ornamental Shrubs for Temperate Zone Gardens," "Physiology of Trematodes," and, of course, his "Advanced Calculus of the Vector Field Theory and Syllabus."

However, there are still thousands of authors who cannot resist the temptation to adapt an English or American play into Esperanto or Sanskrit or even French. The following advice is given freely to them:

First, when faced with the selection of material, always trust your agent. A German writer, known as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, was advised by his agent and publisher, Herr Cotta, to adapt an English play of Marlowe's about Doctor Faustus. He did this so successfully that he evolved overnight from the status of an unknown writer to that of a well-known adaptor. Naturally, he changed the title and the writer's credits. Which brings us to the important question of:

Titles and Credits

The selection of a good title is of the utmost importance. A title sounds good, when it reminds you of previous titles. It should reveal some of the plot but not too much. It should not be too long. (For instance, "Never on Sunday" is a better title than "The Visigoths in the Time of Ulfila.") Numbers in the title are always successful, as demonstrated by "Two on a Seesaw," "The Third Man," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Seven Days in May." For economic reasons in casting, don't go over 10. "One Hundred Men and a Girl" may be good for films, but not for the theatre.

It is of the utmost importance to have the adaptor's name on the program in the same size type as the star. If the original author's name has to be mentioned, try to put him at the very bottom in the smallest type following the name

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What Can You Do for An Encore?

By MAURICE DOLBIER

Glenn Anders was supposed to rush on stage and say, "I heard a shot!" Then, seeing a body on the floor, bend beside it and announce, "It's only a flesh wound." One night, torn away from an engrossing backstage conversation with Tallulah Bankhead, he entered the scene exclaiming, "I heard a flesh wound!" Then, examining the victim, he said, "It's only a shot."

* * *

An uninspired mimic in a British variety theatre did an imitation of the comedian Harry Tate, then, looking up at a stage box, saw Tate himself watching. "What do you think of that?" he called. "One of us," Tate said, "is bloody awful."

* * *

Actor-manager John Philip Kemble added sixpence to the price of the pit ticket when he opened the New Covent Garden Theatre in 1809. Bedlam and rioting broke out in the theatre and went on for 61 nights, actors performing under a rain of missiles and unable to be heard above the whistles, catcalls, and shouts demanding "old prices!"

* * *

"With love's light wings did I o'erlap these walls," says Romeo, "for stony limits cannot hold love out." They did on one occasion, when Laurence Olivier caught the top of Capulet's wall but found he didn't have the strength to jump over it, and was left dangling until the blackout.

* * *

While Joseph Jefferson was playing "Rip Van Winkle" in Chicago, he spent a day fishing on the lake and was exhausted when it was time for the evening performance. The third act opens with Rip discovered asleep. On this night, the sleep was sound. Jefferson snored. The prompter opened a small trapdoor beneath the stage and began to nudge the actor, who fumbled in a pocket for an imaginary railroad ticket and murmured, "Going right through, conductor." At this, the prompter used a pin, and the thoroughly awakened Rip went on with the play.

* * *

The American Shakespearean player Louis James is said to have been the first man ever to carry an oyster onstage. In the wings, he would palm the succulent but nasty-feeling bivalve, then, entering, make occasion to shake hands with a fellow-player and transfer the oyster. Whether wearing tights or a toga, the poor fellow could not dispose of it until his next exit.

* * *

In a London production of "Macbeth," the star and the man playing Siward became involved in a feud. The most deadly shot was fired by Siward, who entered one night in the last act and said: "The Queen, milord... is better!"

* * *

On a day in 1737, the Duke's Theater in London was presenting a performance of "Harlequin and Dr. Faustus", in which a tribe of devils took part. It was discovered that there was one more among them than the cast-list called for, and this extra demon, instead of ceiling, tearing away part of the theater. "The theater proprietor was so affrighted that he had not the courage to open the house ever afterwards." (There were official explanations, but nobody believed them).

* * *

Paula Laurence tells of an S. N. Behrman opening in Boston starring Ina Claire. Miss Claire, who wasn't yet sure of her lines, had brought an assortment of unofficial prompters into service, including her secretary, who crouched under a table onstage, prepared with script and flashlight. When help became necessary, it was not forthcoming. Miss Claire stood by the table and coughed. She rapped her knuckles on the tabletop. Nothing. Then she lifted the cloth from the table, disclosing the secretary's unconscious body. "The silly girl has fainted," announced Miss Claire, and poured water on her.

Can Mexico City Legit Come Alive?

Municipality's 96c Top Still a Wall, as Is Union Job Monopoly—But Various Favorable Factors Present

By KATHERINE de la FOSSE

Mexico City.

Mexico's legitimate theatre has long been regarded as a backwater. Practically, entertainment unions are a mafia determined to shut out new talent. Economically, the 96c ceiling on ticket prices has made it virtually impossible for any producer to earn a living in Mexico City legit.

During 1966, however, youth began to emerge with a strong determination to take over. Young writers and directors tried to surprise and shock theatre audiences with tour de force performances, eye-opening translations and adaptations of works, as well as new works that were in the absurd vein. Much of this stems from the Poesia en voz alto, an avant guard movement started by Octavio Paz and Juan Rulfo more than a decade ago. Then, as now, translations are of the rebellious foreign writer with a cause. The works of Ionesco, Pincher, Albee, Sartre, and others were given for small sophisticated audiences. All of which developed the directors and actors who are doing their best to revitalize Mexico's spoken drama.

Such players as Carlos Ancira, Carlos Jordan, Pixie Hopkins, and a score of others have tried to break the old ways. Ancira, in particular, has triumphed with the taxing monologue "Diary of a Madman." Ancira scored heavily in Moscow with the Gogol presentation, and later in the year was hosted by the British actors in London on his way home from his European successes. Ancira

first presented "Diary" at the Teatro Urueta, under the aegis of Margarita Urueta. Success was spectacular, but it took several seasons before his success became historic. European acclaim has put Ancira in the front ranks.

Ole' Jodorowsky!

Much of the success of Ancira must be credited to the director and mime Alexandro Jodorowsky, an opinionated man of burning talent. His work concentrated on the Marcel Marceau mime technique. (He had come here with Marceau in 1959). His repertory expanded to include Strindberg, Sartre, Beckett, Ionesco, and original work and adaptations.

Juan Jose Currola, and the Ibanez brothers, Juan Jose and Jose Luis, also came from Poesia en voz alto. Their work has had spotty success. They are talents in search of realization.

Best all-around off-Broadway work is done by the National University and its experimental theatres. Hector Azar, who directed there, has moved up to head theatre at Bellas Artes. But his troupes have won international prizes, most notably in Paris with "Divinas Palabras" by the Spaniard Valle Inclan.

Moving to challenge this with some American style techniques is the newly formed Performing Arts Dept. of the University of the Americas, under the leadership of Prof. Charles Lucas. Still producing in English along the U.S. systems, Lucas is expanding an academic program to include research and production in Span-

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GIFTS, GRANTS & SUBSIDIES

OR THE TAX-FREE SIDE OF SHOW BIZ

By **ROBERT J. LANDRY**

Wealthy men and families have long donated works, and/or funds to buy works, to museums, but cash gifts for the performing arts on a formal basis represent a recent trend in the United States. "Informal" subsidy of wives, mistresses and talented youth is, of course, another story. So, too, the self-subsidy of authors and dramatists who occasionally finance their own manuscripts. Related to the foregoing are the myriad actors who have long accepted starvation wages which, as Frederick O'Neal, the president of Actor's Equity, remarks is another species of subsidy."

In general the performing arts—out-of-New York theatre included with opera, ballet and dance—are distinguished from show business proper which continues strictly risk capitalism. The present \$145,000,000 annually in major gifts to the performing arts overwhelmingly reflects the coming on scene nine years ago of the Ford Foundation. Prior to that it was pretty much the likes of Otto Kahn (Met Opera) or Henry Lee Higginson (Boston Symphony). The Protestant Ethic stopped short of esthetics, bequeathed mostly to Church (Soul) and Hospital (Body). Mixed all together, "charity" is an \$11-billion annual "industry," one of America's biggest big businesses.

Various terms are employed—charity, fund-raising, bequests, scholarships, grants-in-aid, commissioned works. There is also the rolling slogan of "culture." A fondness just at present for this word is reminiscent of the bandying of the term "morale" during World War II. The little girl, refused a \$15 permanent wave, then protested, "But, Mother, whatabout my morale?" The urban renewal enterpriser now intones, "But, gentlemen, what about our civic culture?"

Enough cash is flowing to the performing arts in our time to make many ambitious mouths water. The possibilities of subsidy illuminate the imagination of both artist and promoter. Nor is it consistent in an acquisitive society to say them nay. It comes down to who gets what and why. No reason to confine subsidy to ships, planes, oil, beef on the hoof and so on. U.S. arts have suffered too much from the village rednecks. The Federal Theatre Project, in many ways admirable, was knifed down in the House of Representatives by righteous Hicksville morality. (Plus a bit of Roosevelt hate).

(The imagination must boggle at the prospect of any national triumph of the extreme Rightists who say they would abolish the income tax since that would almost certainly collapse most of the foundations.)

As of now "subsidy" grows before our eyes and seems here to stay. Hence the worry that we know all too little about how subsidy works, who makes it work, their qualifications, motivations and prejudices.

Non-Profit Tax-Free

Stress is perhaps properly laid upon the distinction that those performing arts organizations which qualify for subsidy are characterized by non-profit, tax-free status. The rest, one supposes, is merely vulgar entertainment. Certainly the viewpoint of commercial showmanship is not hard to discover. It amounts to a conviction that nobody can long get away with boring the public by calling it art. This is a sidebar to discussions of subsidy which seemingly contains some embarrassment. However, if performances are also popular (in the best sense) as well as non-profit and tax-free a case for a separate classification develops.

The trouble with subsidy too often is that it seems prejudiced in favor of teaching rather than producing, of study rather than results. Just here the latter-day example of Ford has been encouraging. It has even subsidized interns so that they learn how to be company managers, orchestra administrators and so on. This invites a feeling that grants may be moving closer to reality. Some quite useful grants have allowed promising composers to live in Manhattan and absorb the stagecraft of opera production, theretofore a blank in their experience.

Distinctions must naturally be drawn between foundation, private, corporate and government subsidy of the arts. They arrive at their choices differently. Foundations are conditioned and determined by the intellectual tone and sympathies of their staff. Private donors may

be showing private love. Corporate handouts (relatively recent) perhaps are easiest explained by the social life of their controlling officials. Latter-day government grants are, in a sense, the aftermath of the John and Jacqueline Kennedy feeling for "salon," and Johnsonian quest of aura.

Foundation, private, corporate and government handouts share one trait in common, they are dispensing tax-fed or tax-sheltered funds. There would naturally be resistance to the idea that this means everybody's money. But the thought will not down.

With regard to the spreading suspicion of minor or gross favoritism in arts grants, it should be acknowledged that losers invariably gripe. More broadly stated, favoritism is as universal to human nature as nepotism, and is surely no invention of arts subsidy circles.

Ford Braves the Risks

Positively it may be attested that the array of gifts over nine years or so by the Ford Foundation indicates at the least, plausibility, and at the best, highly imaginative aid Ford has provided a whole new dimension in subsidy engineering. It has been happily liberated from the outset as respects the timid, almost cowardly evasions of earlier foundations operating—more accurately, pretending to operate—in the arts arena.

One occasion for looking gifts in the mouth is not just the traditional play-it-safe behavior pattern of certain foundation sinecure holders but rather the loose talk of applicants for, and recipients of, grants. The reek of self-promotion and of tenure by expectancy of handout gives the whole show a bit of a bad name. It may well be that such claims of "influence" are essentially phony, like the alleged influence in Washington of certain industrial lobbyists. Be that as it may. Unpleasant and disquieting impressions are born of dubious brokerage.

Theatre, Opera, Symph. Dance

It is commonly assumed that four media of entertainment—legitimate theatre, opera, symphony orchestras and ballet—are the proper sphere of grants-in-aid. The logic is sufficiently obvious. These media demand live performance, have few residual values and are constantly confronting deficit. Broadway has its own commercial system for handling deficit; it closes the show and informs the investors of their losses. But the kind of theatre which interests the Ford Foundation is a different sort, generally regional, generally "arty," and almost never able fully to meet its expenses, even in seasons of notable popularity.

Speculation as to whether the Metropolitan Opera could ever raise its admissions enough, or curb its costs enough, to break even remains partly academic. It usually does not come out, though losses have been quite small some years. In any event it is a law of Moses to both operatic and foundation fraternities that opera must always pass the hat. So, too, as to ballet. Even with the great increase in audience since the World War II.

Good As A Prof!

Symphonies with 100 and more musicians, plus necessary administrators, have specially appealed to the gift impulses of the Ford Foundation. Vast sums were bestowed, usually on a matched (local) grant basis. By imposing this condition Ford demands that any symphony must prove the neighbors have provided basic support. An irony of 1966 was the psychological effect upon symphony musicians in Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and elsewhere of the news of Ford largesse in the works. Tooters wanted theirs pronto, long before the funds were in hand. It did not pass unremarked that subsidy thus could, in some circumstances, induce strike and lockouts, the opposite of its purpose. However, there is an acceptance of late that the musician in symphony and opera work has been long and notoriously under-paid. The new rule of thumb of foundation thinking seems to be that first-chair men at the least, and perhaps all symphonists, ought to rate an annual income comparable to a college professor. (Humanities, not Science, natch.)

A symposium on Subsidy To The Arts, moderated at the Lambs Club in late October by Bernard A. Grossman

on behalf of the Federal Bar Assn., which holds annual events on various problems of the entertainment industries, seemed to bring out the fact that, until then, there had been little meeting of minds from different sides of the issue. At least criticism and skepticism, frankly expressed, seemed to come as a total surprise to some of the subsidy folk.

As it happened the 20th Century Fund came forth shortly thereafter with a \$7.50 (though subsidized) volume by two Princeton professors of economics, William J. Baumol and William G. Bowen. It gathers between boards a vast hoard of data on theatre, opera, music, dance. This volume bears the challenging title, "Performing Arts: The Economic Dilemma."

Television Needs

But first it may be in point to comment that subsidy is a need, and rather a desperate one, of educational television, not noted by the 20th Century Fund. Some quite splendid filmed programs for National Educational Television (a network run by express, not telephone, lines) are wholly attributable to subsidy. These are among the most impressive examples of what subsidy can point to as socially desirable end-results of the system of giving.

Subsidy of the motion picture has been, in one way or another, a rule of life in Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Sweden and elsewhere. The British Eady Plan (explained in this edition by Andrew Filson) is an elaborate scheme to encourage the employment of British talent, the money paid out to producers coming from a special tax upon film theatre tickets. (Again we see the principle that subsidy is paid in the end by everybody.)

There are those in the United States who advocate the creation of an American equivalent to the Eady Fund. This, to be sure, is of pure commercial motivation, a need felt by film circuit heads for an enhancement of the supply of features. When there are too few new releases on the market, especially in double-dating situations, theatremen are thrown back more and more upon reissues. Some of these gross surprisingly well but the principle of reissue is regarded as makeshift. The interesting point is that even the hard-bitten showmen, unconcerned with the survival of art, per se, but only with their own level of box-office prosperity, also turn their thoughts nowadays to some form of "subsidy." In this case, the device of a ticket tax-created production fund.

Meanwhile, as is known, many former Hollywood film producers now operate in such once-remote areas as Italy, Yugoslavia, Germany, Spain, the Philippines—seeking either the "subsidy" of below-the-line costs, or other economical advantages.

Show Biz Attitudes

The recent quip of an exploitation film distributor, M.A. Ripps, that in show business there is no formula except the formula that there is none, implies the short-term nature of all entertainment calculation. The same hand-to-mouth situation tends to obtain where a symphony must go back each spring to its regular donors, and so on. The nearest approach to a neat, dependable expectancy of support may exist in the cities of Germany where the local opera and the local dramatic repertory are subsidized as a matter of course. Italy, too, expects to pay the difference between operating costs and ticket sale for its opera houses. (Note as to Italy that there has lately been a scandal of international odor on allegations of graft, that is to say, diversion of subsidy funds into private pockets.)

Subsidy invariably lures ready receivers and 1966 also witnessed the pushing and shoving of the film-instruction vested interests for whatever advantages or emoluments might filter down from President Johnson's dictum that an American Film Institute come into being. Stripped of some of the lip service given to archives and print preservation, the gaunt ambition of many via such an institute is to get their hands on coin so that bright young film students can have money for a graduation thesis in celluloid. In short, subsidy dangles all over and the boys leap to grasp it.

Ford Foundation Grants

Herewith a digest of grants to the performing arts made by the Ford Foundation, founded in 1936 but making such handouts only from 1957.

1957

American Music Center \$210,000
N.Y. City Opera \$105,000 (U.S. works)
New Orleans Opera \$165,000
Cleveland Playhouse \$130,000
Lincoln Center \$2,500,000

1958

N.Y. City Opera \$310,000
Tulane U. \$75,000 (jazz archive)
New Dramatists Comm. \$45,000, also \$213,600
New England Opera \$40,000
Lincoln Center \$10,000,000

1959

10 Orchestras \$300,000 (commissioned works)
Music Educators \$5,000
Young Composers \$71,200
Cleveland Playhouse \$30,500
Theatre Directors \$52,000

Artists \$164,000
Dancers \$150,000

1960

N.Y. City Opera \$2,500
New Operas \$110,000
Young Audiences Inc. \$180,000
Tulane U. \$25,000 (jazz archives)
Concert Artists \$77,600
Regional Theatres \$559,000 (Frisco; Alley, Houston; Arena, Washington; Phoenix, N.Y.)
Writers \$155,680

1961

N.Y. City Opera \$70,000
San Francisco Opera \$40,000
Peabody Conservatory \$397,000
Young Composers \$88,500
Theatre Communications Group \$244,000
Ballet Society Inc. \$12,500

1962

N.Y., Lyric, S.F. Operas \$224,000
Opera Assn. of New Mexico \$22,800
National Music Camp \$9,500
Peabody \$50,000
Young Composers \$94,000
Tulane U. \$50,000 (jazz archives)
Regional Theatres \$6,100,000

(S.F., Alley, American Shakespeare, Arena, Guthrie, Fred Miller, Mummery, UCLA)
Chorale etc. \$452,000 plus \$122,000

1963

N.Y. Philharmonic \$1,365,000
Met Opera \$3,125,000
Civic Opera \$1,727,625
N.Y. City Opera \$147,000
New Operas \$59,000
Music Educators \$1,138,000
Juilliard School \$252,000
Pro Musica Antiqua \$465,000
Louisville Library \$7,800
Young Composers \$15,200
School of Amer. Ballet \$60,000
Stratford (Canada) \$60,000
Opera Talent \$471,530
Internes \$160,650
Lincoln Center \$12,500,000
National Cultural Center \$5,000,000

1964

N.Y. City Opera \$250,000
Young Audiences \$582,000
Schools of Music (8) \$580,000
Ballet Troupes (8) \$7,806,750
American Place Theatre \$225,000
Theatre Communications \$795,000
Am Shakespeare \$196,800
Filmmakers, Other Talent \$556,000

10 Years of US-USSR

By **KATIE B. LOUCHHEIM**

(Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs).

Washington.

One of the happier facts in international relations in the last decade is the growing role of exchanges in the performing arts. Because peoples all over the world have a natural pride in their own artistic achievements, and a natural curiosity to know more about the achievements of others, a worldwide cultural "common market" has developed in which many nations participate.

The invitation to contribute an article to *VARIETY's* Anniversary Issue has a special appropriateness because of an anniversary in international exchanges this month. Later in January, we will be entering the 10th year of planned interchanges in the performing arts with the Soviet Union, under the US-USSR Agreement initially signed by Ambassadors William S. B. Lacy for the U.S. and Georgi Zaroubin for the Soviet Union in Washington on Jan. 27, 1958. Even in so short a time the exchange of cultural attractions between the

two countries has reached significant numbers and the highest levels of artistic performance.

The Agreement has been renewed for two-year periods since 1958. The fifth renewal was signed in the Spring of 1966 and calls for the following performances from the Soviet Union in 1966 and 1967: The Bolshoi Ballet toured last spring and summer; the Moscow Chamber Orchestra (Barshai chamber group) completed in December a tour it began in October; and the Ukrainian Dancers are completing this month a tour begun in October. The Festival of Arts Group is tentatively scheduled to tour late this year.

To the Soviet Union we sent the University of Iowa Symphony Band, which toured last April and May; the American Ballet Theatre which toured in June and July; the Earl Hines Band which toured in July and August; and the New England Conservatory Chorus of Boston which toured in November and December. The Boston Sym-

(Continued on page 240)

Smash B'way Grosses for Holidays; Dip Due This Week, Then Comeback

Broadway was due for the season's peak business last week. It had been expected that the traditional holiday boom would be heightened by the fact that Christmas and New Year's Day fell on Sundays, so the seasonal boxoffice surge would include both weekends. However, the heavy snowstorm all day and evening Dec. 24 put a crimp on attendance Christmas Eve and early last week.

Because of VARIETY's early deadline, the actual gross figures are not available for this issue. The amounts for both the weeks ending Dec. 31 and next Saturday (7) will be reported in the issue of Jan. 11.

Business is due for a sharp drop this week, according to the pattern of many years, but should make a comeback next week.

Last Week's List

Show classifications. (C) comedy, (D) drama, (CD) comedy-drama, (MC) musical comedy, (MD) musical drama, (R) revue, (Op) opéra, (Solo) solo show, (Pant) pantomime, (Rep) repertory, (DR) dramatic reading, (FL) foreign language, (MB) multiple-bill.

Other parenthetical designations refer, respectively, to the number of weeks played, top prices (where two prices are given, the first is for the weeknights and the second is for Friday-Saturday nights), number of seats in the theatre and potential capacity gross.

Designations immediately after the gross figures indicate the following: (T) means that two-for-one or other cut-rates are in circulation, (SO) denotes sellout, (P) means it had theatre parties, (SD) means student discount rates were involved, (Sub) with subscription, (PC) some tickets at pre-opening reduction.

APA-Phoenix, Lyceum (6th wk) (Rep) (\$6-\$7; 995; \$33,400). Has been grossing around \$25,000 (P) (SD) on a repertory of "School for Scandal," "Right You Are" and "We, Comrades Three."

Apple Tree, Shubert (11th wk) (MB) (\$9.50; 1,453; \$35,000). Has been averaging over \$69,000 (P).

Barefoot in the Park, Biltmore (16th wk) (C) (\$5.75-\$7.25; \$94; \$41,363). Averaging about \$20,000 (T).

Cabaret, Broadhurst (6th wk) (MC) (\$12; 1,186; \$77,733). Has been selling out (P). Moves March 7 to the Imperial.

Cactus Flower, Royale (5th wk) (C) (\$6.50; 1,124; \$52,500). Consistent sellout.

Carousel, City Center (3d wk) (MD) (\$4.35; 2,935; \$91,000). Was due to close last Sunday (1).

Delicate Balance, Beck (15th wk) (D) (\$7.50; 1,280; \$58,682). Has been grossing \$20,000-odd in recent weeks. Closing Jan. 14, to tour.

Dinner at Eight, Alvin (14th wk) (D) (\$8-\$8.50; 1,363; \$67,338). Has been getting around \$25,000 in recent weeks.

Don't Drink the Water, Morosco (7th wk) (C) (\$7.50; 1,099; \$48,000). Has climbed over \$30,000 recently.

Fiddler on the Roof, Imperial (11th wk) (MC) (\$9.90; 1,450; \$88,093). Steady sellout. Moves Feb. 28 to the Majestic.

Funny Girl, Broadway (142d wk) (MC) (\$9.60; 1,768; \$97,799). Has topped \$50,000 in recent weeks.

Hello, Dolly, St. James (155th wk) (MC) (\$9.10; 1,609; \$82,600). Has generally been over \$60,000 recently.

I Do, I Do, 46th Street (4th wk) (MC) (\$9.90; 1,442; \$75,494). Has been a solid sellout (P).

Impossible Years, Playhouse (63d wk) (C) (\$7.50; 944; \$39,900). Generally over \$20,000 recently (T).

Investigation, Ambassador (13th wk) (D) (\$7; 1,121; \$45,000). Was due to close last Saturday (31).

Killing of Sister George, Belasco (13th wk) (C) (\$6.75-\$7.50; 1,008; \$40,552). Has generally bettered \$20,000 recently.

Let's Sing Yiddish, Atkinson (7th wk) (R) (FL) (\$3-\$4; 1,008; \$28,661). Has been over \$10,000 in some weeks.

Luv, Hayes (112th wk) (C) (\$6.90-\$7.50; 1,164; \$43,345). Has been around \$13,000 lately. Closing next Saturday (7).

Mame, Winter Garden (32d wk)

(MC) (\$9.50; 1,442; \$93,376). Consistent sellout (P).

Man of La Mancha, ANTA Wash. Sq. (58th wk) (MD) (\$8.50; 1,115; \$56,989). Consistent sellout.

My Sweet Charlie, Longacre (4th wk) (D) (\$6.50-\$7.10; 1,032; \$42,633). Has been getting skimpy business and was a possibility to fold last Saturday (31).

Odd Couple, O'Neill (95th wk) (C) (\$7.25; 1,076; \$51,955). Has been over \$30,000 recently.

Rose Tattoo, Rose (11th wk) (D) (\$5.95; 1,168; \$45,020). Was due to close last Saturday (31), to tour.

Star Spangled Girl, Plymouth (2d wk) (C) (\$7.50; 1,085; \$55,000). Boxoffice pace is not yet indicated.

Sweet Charity, Palace, 49th wk) (MC) (\$9.50; 1,370; \$82,300). Has been uneven, but usually over \$60,000.

Wait a Minim, Golden (43d wk) (R) (\$7.95; 799; \$39,000). Has been over \$30,000 for most weeks recently.

Wait Until Dark, Music Box (47th wk) (D) (\$6.90; 1,010; \$58,100). Was due to close last Saturday (31), to tour.

Walking Happy, Lunt-Fontanne (6th wk) (MC) (\$9.90; 1,500; \$88,788). Has been bettering \$50,000 (P).

Yerma, Beaumont (4th wk) (D) (\$6.50-\$6.95; 1,089; \$44,907). Has been topping \$30,000 (Sub.).

YPSILANTI THEATRE HIT BY TAX CLAIMS

Detroit.

The Ypsilanti Greek Theatre, which had a dire first season last summer, when it was beset with financial woes, has now been hit with a tax lien of \$22,150, filed by the Federal government. This is the first payment of \$85,000 due for unpaid payroll deductions.

In addition, the Michigan Employment Security Commission has filed a lien for \$4,545.

Chabot College Lectures

Hayward, Cal.

Actor Vincent Price and director Joshua Logan will appear in Chabot College's lecture series, "The Play's The Thing," in Hayward, California.

Price is slated to speak Jan. 9, with Josh Logan closing the series Feb. 20.

The lectures began Nov. 7 with playwright Marc Connelly. Another speaker was Robert E. Lee, co-author of "Inherit the Wind," "Auntie Mame" and the current musical "Mame."

Mexico City 'Poor' Theatre

Continued from page 222

ish and English. In 1966 the University of the Americas presented the first summer stock program in Mexico. Audience building was effected through the theatre of entertainment—a Kaufman-Hart festival with guest stars in the Theater Urueta downtown. Audiences built by a ten times expansion setting the pattern for next year. In 1967 Jean Dalrymple of N. Y. City Center will head the list of directors. Four plays, two by Eugene O'Neill, will give theatre goers more serious fare. Winter tours are set for early 67 by the University's touring company. "Sleep of Prisoners" and "Don Juan In Hell" are the pilot programs.

Foreign Office

The Foreign Office maintains the Casa de la Paz theatres in Mexico City. Here cultural programs are presented with a daily change of bill for the days of the week, but with a run extended over several weeks. Here Ancira has topped with "Diary," and Narciso Busquets created a stir with Alexandro Jodorowsky's adaptation of Kafka's "The Gorilla." Films, dance, folk music, concerts, etc., fill out the weekly bills of fare.

Abandoning the stage is Robert W. Lerner. "Economic suicide!" Lerner remarked as he headed for

REFLECTIONS ON TRUE THEATRE

By HAROLD CLURMAN

There are numerous and complex obstacles to the establishment of true Theatres among us. I do not say repertory procedure to be



Harold Clurman

the most conducive to rich results, it is by no means essential to the running of a significant theatre organization. The Group Theatre was such an organization but did not function on a repertory basis. What it had, and what counts in this regard, was a permanent company of actors and directors with a consistent artistic policy.

I cannot be sure that the terms I have just used, though commonplace, are clearly understood by many who engage in theatre discussion. What, for example, do the words "true Theatre" connote? A true Theatre, in my understanding of the term, is one that plans for continuity along well-defined lines, so that its productions may acquire an identity, a face, a style, a fundamental objective beyond the generalization that it be "good." In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries such theatres came into being, so to speak, "automatically," due to the homogeneity of the societies that bred them and the limited audiences that attended them. And because of the old tradition such theatres exist alongside a thriving commercial stage in most European countries today.

It might be argued that no such Theatres are possible in the U.S. because there are no subsidies on the European scale. Here the primary interest concentrates on the construction of new buildings—the edifice complex. True Theatres are not born of preoccupation with real estate. The point of departure must be the desire of actors, directors, dramatists to express something. The impetus arises from the community's need for communication through play.

There may be a certain ambiguity in my statement that a Theatre must be impelled by an idea. Let me illustrate by drawing on my own experiences in New York with the Group Theatre (1931-41). We aimed first of all at establishing a permanent collective of actors, directors and designers who would develop a common technique and thus engender a coherent body to say the things they felt and believed in. As a group we reacted against the fun principles of the '20s, but at the same time we wanted to raise our voices against the despair of the depression. As we abhorred the feckless-

ness of Broadway show business, so we espoused an active humanism. We were moral enthusiasts.

Our plays were only occasionally topical, but they always sought those relevant to the temper of their generation. All but one play was by a living American. (The only play we failed to raise money for was Chekhov's "Three Sisters.") We presented the first work of several new dramatists—William Saroyan among them—and Clifford Odets, after four years in the ranks as an actor, emerged to become the representative playwright of the time.

The dissolution of the Group was caused by the fact that no such Theatre can fulfil its purpose if it maintains itself by financing each production separately, as commercial managers do. With the advent of war, a new ideological orientation was required, and in the climate of the time the ground for this was shaky. The end of the war brought a return to "business as usual" in which the cultural atmosphere had altered: the idealistic past was not simply forgotten, it was shunned. We all had to begin from scratch. Today, though there is the will and the possibility of a reformation, our thinking in theatrical matters is more muddled than ever.

It may be wholly fitting for towns like Minneapolis to cultivate a Theatre for plays of classic stature. They have been dismally deprived in this respect. But a true Theatre is not a museum or a library—unless, as with the Comedie Francaise, its official function is chiefly to serve in these capacities. (The Comedie Francaise has a modern "annex" at the Theatre de France under Jean-Louis Barrault. The Barrault repertory is largely French; the state also supports the lowpriced Theatre National Populaire where the emphasis is not so predominantly native.) A true Theatre does not simply present plays; it generates them and new concepts for the presentation of old plays. In the main, it does not look backward but forward, not far afield but to its own vicinity.

'Burtonized'

We in New York can certainly benefit by a theatre for masterpieces of the past—they are impracticable on Broadway unless they are "Burtonized." Such a theatre might furnish us with a beacon to light our way: to provide us with solid standards. But for a truly live theatre we must have something else.

The English stage did not quicken with strength in recent years through the Old Vic and the house at Stratford-upon-Avon which had been established long before the war. New action and interest were aroused with the formation of the Royal Court Theatre and the discovery in 1956 of its "house playwright," one of the company's actors, John Osborne. The Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych in London added power to the new wave (here Harold Pinter has become increasingly present), while the British National Theatre attempts to synthesize various theatrical trends by alternating productions of Shakespeare, Congreve, Chekhov, Ibsen, Pinero and early Noel Coward, with plays by Brecht, Beckett, John Arden and other important contemporaries.

There is a kind of criticism that sneers at dramatists whose work does not carry a seal guaranteeing enduring eminence. (This is coterie criticism of which the aesthetic principle is that the more savage the sneer the loftier the critical posture. Such critics behave as if they were the anointed of the Muses, but they are more frequently literary gangsters hungry for power.)

This is the antithesis of the creative attitude. John Osborne's eventual status in literary history is far less important to a functioning theatre than his value for its audiences now. The fact that Clifford Odets' plays may prove ephemeral did not lessen their cultural value for the time, place and people of their day.

For Example

No great Theatre has been a retrospective theatre only, or chiefly a theatre of foreign imports. The Moscow Art Theatre's fame is not based on its productions of Shakespeare, even though

one of them was directed by Gordon Craig; the Abbey Theatre is memorable not for championing Ibsen but for providing a platform to Yeats, Lady Gregory, Synge, Lennox Robinson, St. John Ervine. The Theatre of Louis XIV contributed to the enlightenment of nations not by productions of Euripides or Seneca, though they were imitated, but by the plays of the contemporary Corneille, Racine and Moliere. (And the German Theatre was weakened for a long time by its dependence on these French masters.)

Works of the past and those of strange lands may move us deeply and influence us greatly but we do not mature unless we nurture talents born of contact with our own world. Our grandchildren's children will pronounce on the "greatness" of plays written in our day—and perhaps make as many mistakes as we do. Bernard Shaw thought Ben Jonson, John Webster and most other Elizabethans "a crew of insufferable bunglers and dullards."

It may still be possible to make true Theatres within the monumental new edifices. But the boards of management who pull the wires within them must include a few people not so ignorant of the arts that they depend on hearsay from fashionable experts.

The public must be taught that theatre is not entertainment as titillation but entertainment (yes!) as the engagement of the heart, mind, soul and senses. The theatre is not a showshop, where luxury commodities are to be sold piecemeal and haphazardly. As a business it is doomed in our time.

When new theatres are formed their directors must understand that the measure of choice for the repertory cannot be set by an assessment of literary excellence alone. A play is not a document; it is an address: the first consideration must be the relevance to the audience for which it is to be performed. It must furthermore be played by actors equipped to do it—by training, feeling, intimate understanding. Chekhov maintained that Russians couldn't do Ibsen properly!

The theatre—festivity and ritual—must be a persuasive forum to an audience sought out as its own by those who lead it. One may then organize a theatre of traditional values, a rebellious theatre, a religious theatre, a theatre for farce, musical comedy or tragedy, for realism or poetry, or a composite of some of these, provided there is a central concept to unify the elements into an organic whole. The craftsmanship in each case is to be wrought on the premise of the theatre's purpose. The beginning of such craftsmanship is a secure sense of the desired destination.

Ask Waiver of 50G Rent For L.A.'s Greek Theatre

Los Angeles.

The Los Angeles Recreation Parks Commission has taken under advisement a request of the Greek Theatre Assn. that the annual Greek Theatre rental fee of \$50,000 be waived for the remaining three seasons of its contract with the city.

The bid was made by Joseph R. Barbera, GTA president. In a letter to the city he argued that it is imperative that the \$50,000 fee be dropped, adding, "Unless some relief is given, it is doubtful that it (GTA) can underwrite another season."

He also asserted that the association had a \$312,800 operational loss for the last three years. It still has not paid last year's \$50,000 rental fee, he added.

The GTA is also seeking financial aid from the City Council, which has adopted a motion to have the city administrative officer, C. Edwin Piper, draw up a report regarding the needs of refurbishing the Greek. The report is being prepared and estimates on the cost of repairs for the Greek are being drawn up by the Public Buildings Dept.

It is also understood that an investigation of sources of funds is being pursued by the city. One of these is the Griffith Fund, left the city by the late Colonel Griffith. It has been estimated that it would cost about \$500,000 to put the Greek in good condition.

THE RAT CIRCUS

Son of 'Blood and Thunder' (Atheneum) Entrepreneur Charles Taylor and Famed Actress Laurie Taylor Dwells on His Initiation Into Show Biz

By DWIGHT TAYLOR

My father had been brought up on a farm, but ran away when he first read "The Life Of P. T. Barnum."

When my father ran away from home, he didn't get into "the theatre game" right away but became a candy-butcher on a train, so he could see a little of the world first. But when he reached Chicago, the World's Fair was in progress, and here he first broke into show business in a small way. There was an Italian at the fair who had trained some rats to do a small circus on a tray suspended from his neck. At the end of the act, one of the rats fired a small cannon, and another rat, labeled "President Garfield," raised the American flag on the end of his tail. The trouble with this act was that it was soon over, and because it took place entirely out of doors, the people would turn around and walk away before the Italian had time to pass the hat.

My father studied this problem for some time, and then he got an inspiration. Also on the fairgrounds was the cabin in which Abraham Lincoln had been born, and which had been transported at great expense from its original location in Kentucky. But the proprietor of this exhibit was doing no business at all.

"The trouble with you," said my father to the Italian, "is that you've got a good act, but you've nowhere to hide it. Anybody can see it. I myself have seen it five times and I haven't paid you a cent. Have I?"

The Italian shook his head, and looked a little resentful that my father would even admit this.

"And the trouble with you," said my father, turning to the owner of Lincoln's Log Cabin, "is that when the people have paid their money and gone in, there is absolutely nothing for them to see. In fact, many of them are still living in log cabins, and they don't want to come all this way just to see where they've been."

He paused just long enough to let the depth of this wisdom sink.

"My idea," he said grandly, "is to have the rat circus inside Lincoln's cabin, and by combining the two, you will really have something that is unique. There will be nothing else like it on the midway. All I ask is to ballyhoo it, and receive 10% of the gross."

Well, it really was a brilliant idea. The two men realized this at once. They not only promised my father 10% but invested some real money in having a sign painted which said: "SEE THE RAT CIRCUS INSIDE THE CABIN WHERE ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN!"

That night the whole exterior was lit up with naphtha flares, and my father climbed up onto the box to make his spiel. But he didn't have to talk very long, because the sign itself attracted a lot of attention, and people stopped a long time just in order to try to figure it out. The proprietor jammed so many people in for the first show that they couldn't get any more in, and you could just see their heads and shoulders sticking up over the window frames.

Well, everything went fine, my father said, until the end where the rat fired the cannon to salute the American flag. The rats had never heard the cannon go off inside a house before, and it made so much noise that they all jumped off the tray; and the last that was ever seen of "President Garfield" was as he disappeared down a real rat-hole in the cabin with the flag still tied to his tail.

The people felt that this was some kind of insult to Old Glory, and there was almost a riot until the police arrived and quieted everybody down. But they could never find "President Garfield" again, and it was a depressing thought that this was doomed to wander all over Chicago with an American flag tied to its tail. The whole thing blew up with a lot of hard feeling all round.

PLAYWRITING

[The Triumph of Hope Over Reason]

By JOHN GASSNER

New Haven.

It is a flagrant understatement to say that playwriting is one of the most difficult forms of writing. It is the most difficult. Playwriting represents the triumph of hope over reason, just as play production on Broadway in our time is mostly a socially acceptable sublimation of the gambling instinct.

It may not always have been so, but it is now. A glance at the percentage of failures on Broadway even in the best years will confirm this opinion, and it isn't because our dramatists are inherently less intelligent or assiduous than any other American writers. Although many reasons may be assigned for this, the source of a playwright's pathology is his audience.

Unlike a novelist who can afford to reach a few hundred readers here and a few hundred there, the writer for the stage must collect his public in one place and do it fast. If he doesn't fill a theatre for the first few weeks, he might as well not have written at all. He must capture his audience at once and hold its attention.

Unlike the reader of a novel, the playgoer cannot skip pages of the author's text except by the process of falling asleep in his seat. This is an uncomfortable posture, and the playwright is not easily forgiven. You can be bored to extinction by the Father Zosima episode in "The Brothers Karamazov," but you will still think it is a great book. If you were bored to the same degree by a commensurably lengthy passage in a play, you would find it disastrous, because you can't erase the offending sequence with a flick of the fingers.

You can't speed up the actors the way you speed up your reading; if the play crawls, you crawl with it. Nor can you put the performance aside, as you put a book aside, and pick it up again after you have recovered from boredom or anesthesia. Once you have been bored with a play, you stay bored. Nor can you turn the pages back; that is, stop the performance and ask the actors to repeat something because your attention has wandered, or to retrace the line of development because it is a trifle too complicated. The play races blithely on, and you are left to pick up the threads as best you can.

Hell hath no fury like an audience bored or an audience confused, and no form of criticism is generally as vitriolic as dramatic criticism. The playwright must make his situations spiral in an ascending order of interest. Unless he is telling a chronicle (and it had better be about a national figure of Abraham Lincoln or Queen Victoria's stature—so that the public can care enough, and can fill in what the play leaves out), the playwright must use a vertical structure.

At the same time, he must simplify even if it hurts, even when he is bubbling over with psychological or social complexities that would fill another "Remembrance of Things Past." The man who writes an adult novel builds according to the laws of multiple motivation. The playwright finds himself compelled to assign a single motive to a character or risk nebulousness and confusion, unless he is a real master of counterpoint like Chekhov. He even has to telegraph the mood and meaning of his drama in advance, to create precisely the expectation he intends to fulfill later on.

Still he can't tell the playgoer much at this point or at any point, since the stage is for showing and not for telling, and the audience is held only when it is kept busy putting the pieces of the play together, discovering things and drawing conclusions for itself. An audience doesn't want to be cheated of making its own observation when characters and actions are displayed on a platform. This is elementary, for the playwright.

How to make the playgoer draw the conclusions intended by the writer is the problem, and a most difficult one. He stands frustrated, tongue-tied, unable to explain to the public as a novelist does. No wonder, then that the playwright often becomes or looks simpleminded instead of simple.

There isn't much time in this two hours' encounter with a public, either, to develop characters and ideas. He even loses time—five minutes after the curtain rises and a minute after each intermission. Until the audience settles down, seats stop creaking, programs stop rustling, he can't allow his actors to say anything significant without the danger of wasted effort. There is intermission trouble, too. As the audience files out into the lobby, it must carry with it a substantial experience that cannot be dissipated in smoke and conversation but which is sufficiently suspended to warrant returning to the auditorium for a bout with the next act. If there are scene changes within the act, the writer's problem is even more complicated, unless he has a fast turntable (which can give him other kinds of neuralgia). Many a play gasps out its life during the intervals between scene changes.

Concerning our present-day audience, moreover, we must note an anomaly. It is a highly selective public, generally sophisticated. It scorns the type of melodrama that proliferated in the pre-modern stage, leaving that commodity to the movies, which can do the job better because films have greater visual resources and faster tempo. It even discounts the time-honored ingredients of plot-making, the tricks of intrigue, eavesdropping, lost letters: all the paraphernalia that bolstered old dramatists. The playwright has to get along in his plotting with long familiar and useful crutches unless he can conceal them under the screen of an impressive theme or under a facade of psychological piff-paff, cosmic significance, and rococo *Weltschmerz*. The theatre's clowns have it much easier than the playwright, and it is a great deal easier to like them and shower compliments on them. They do not weary us with the old tricks so long as they bring a new personality with them. And if they bring an old personality into the theatre, that is gratifying, too. They are greeted as old friends, and they offer an opportunity for the intelligentsia of a new generation to display a tolerance they cannot entertain for the playwright, for the latter commits himself on the intellectuals' literary level, so that they see through him, whereas the clown lives in a world from which their intellectuality excludes them. Everybody in the theatre, indeed, is likely to receive indulgence before the playwright is served with a crumb of mercy.

Finally, the author doesn't even reach his audience, directly, but through interpreters. He writes for his cast in the first instance, and the audience sees his work as in a mirror, darkly or not at all. The same play may look like a masterpiece or an aborted embryo in different productions. This has happened even to "Hamlet." The playwright's interpreters may become his misinterpreters, and he may not be able to recognize his brainchild. The little monster baptized in the fire of Broadway criticism may not even be his own. But he can be quite sure that Broadway will pin it on him.

John Gassner is Sterling Professor of Playwriting & Dramatic Literature at Yale, also drama critic for the *Educational Theatre Journal* and other publications. The following text is excerpted from "The Theatre of Our Times" (Crown).

Roger Stevens On Federal Arts

Continued from page 219

and limited funds were appropriated to provide broad national assistance for the Arts.

Preliminary Grants

During the past year and a half, with only \$6,500,000 for general programming and \$2,000,000 for direct assistance to State art agencies, this program has made a significant impact on the national scene.

Some of our first programs for the performing arts have included:—Almost \$700,000 of direct assistance to 15 resident professional theatres, especially to improve their acting companies.

—A study grant of \$100,000 with an additional grant of \$500,000 toward the establishment of an American Film Institute, which, hope young men and women, as President Johnson said when he signed the Arts and Humanities bill, may "pursue the 20th Century art form as their life's work." (This has since been impressively increased. See *VARIETY* of Dec. 21, '66.)

—An emergency matching grant of \$350,000 to help save the American Ballet Theatre and assist its national tour; a matching grant of \$141,000 to the Martha Graham Company for her first American tour in 15 years; and \$103,000 of individual grants to leading choreographers.

—A direct grant of \$300,000 to

Jerome Robbins for the purpose of establishing his American Laboratory Workshop (already in rehearsal) where he will devote at least two years of his life in a bold attempt to discover and create new forms and concepts for the American theatre.

—Cooperating with the U.S. Office of Education, two Laboratory Theatres for Education with budgets over \$500,000 have been formed in Providence, Rhode Island, and New Orleans, Louisiana, that have highly professional companies playing the classics of the theatre for many thousands of school children as well as community audiences.

—An initial grant of \$400,000 to create, under the guidance of Alexander Schneider, renowned conductor and violinist, a Master Chamber Orchestra of the highest professional quality.

These and many other programs are already under way or well into the planning stages.

Outline of Tomorrow

Within the U.S. Office of Education there has been established an Arts and Humanities branch, with multi-million dollar funding, to assist educational programs in the Arts.

In the first year of operation, our program of direct assistance to State Arts Councils has been an outstanding success. Less than two years ago, there were only

about six professionally active and funded State Arts Councils. Today, as a result of the Arts and Humanities bill, every State and territory has an Arts Council, either funded and fully in operation or in the active planning stages. We believe these Councils will play a crucial role in developing and supporting the Arts in the United States.

Finally, on the banks of the Potomac near the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts is now under construction. This Center will include under one roof an Opera House, a Concert Hall, a Theatre, a Studio Playhouse and Film Theatre. It will be a national showplace of recognition for the finest achievements in music, drama, dance, opera and films, as well as encourage international exchange of talent in the performing arts.

Under President Johnson's leadership, we have acquired \$46.4 million through bonding, private funds and a matching grant from the Congress to build this resplendent memorial to the late President Kennedy. When it is completed in about three years, it will be the most unique performing arts center in the world.

The most amazing and heartening part of all this creative activity in the Arts is that only a few years ago none of it seemed possible.

New York-London Shuttle & Those Angry Young Men

By HAROLD MYERS

London.

It was a famous British comedian who once described the difference between the American and British with this apt comment: Two people divided by a common language.

That not-so-subtle difference has been illustrated once again in the perennial problem of making a British legitimate hit a success on Broadway and vice versa. One may change the title, alter the characters, switch the locale, but if the chemistry is not right the boxoffice will give the answer as quickly and as reliably as the most elaborate IBM computer.

Just a few weeks ago a new comedy was imported from Broadway to London and the original New York management felt it necessary, as part of the Anglicization of the subject, to change the name of one of the characters from Ricky Fleisher to Reggie Fish. Possibly this may have some subtle effect on the ultimate return, though it is difficult to see why or how.

On the reverse side of the coin the successful British comedy, "Say Who You Are," was presented on Broadway and the U.S. man-

agement decided that a title change close, as an alternative, "Help Stamp Out Marriage." Local wags were suggesting that it was part of a deliberate plot to help stamp out British comedies on Broadway.

The foregoing notwithstanding, the past decade has indicated that there is a wide open market for transatlantic exchange, though the ifs and buts are as difficult to assess today as they were 10, or even 15, years back. One hardly needs a crystal ball to forecast that such a comedy as "The Odd Couple" will be as much wow in London as it has been on Broadway; or that "Hello Dolly" will duplicate its U.S. success at Drury Lane; or even that such a chiller as "Wait Until Dark" will find a ready audience in the West End. These are the built-in hits which come all too infrequently. The hazardous part of the game is picking the questionable and problematical subjects which one knows from the outset will need careful handling, exploitation and even some degree of nursing. Very often such projects turn up trumps but the speculative element, coupled with rising production costs on either side of

(Continued on page 238)



8—CHANNING—“DOLLY” GROSSE

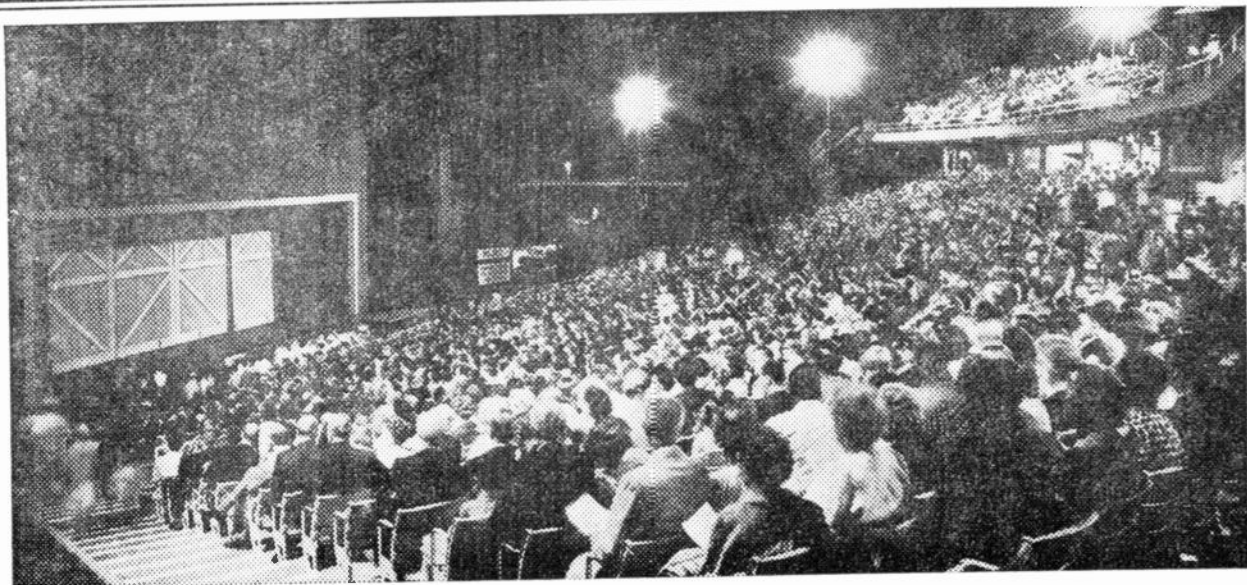


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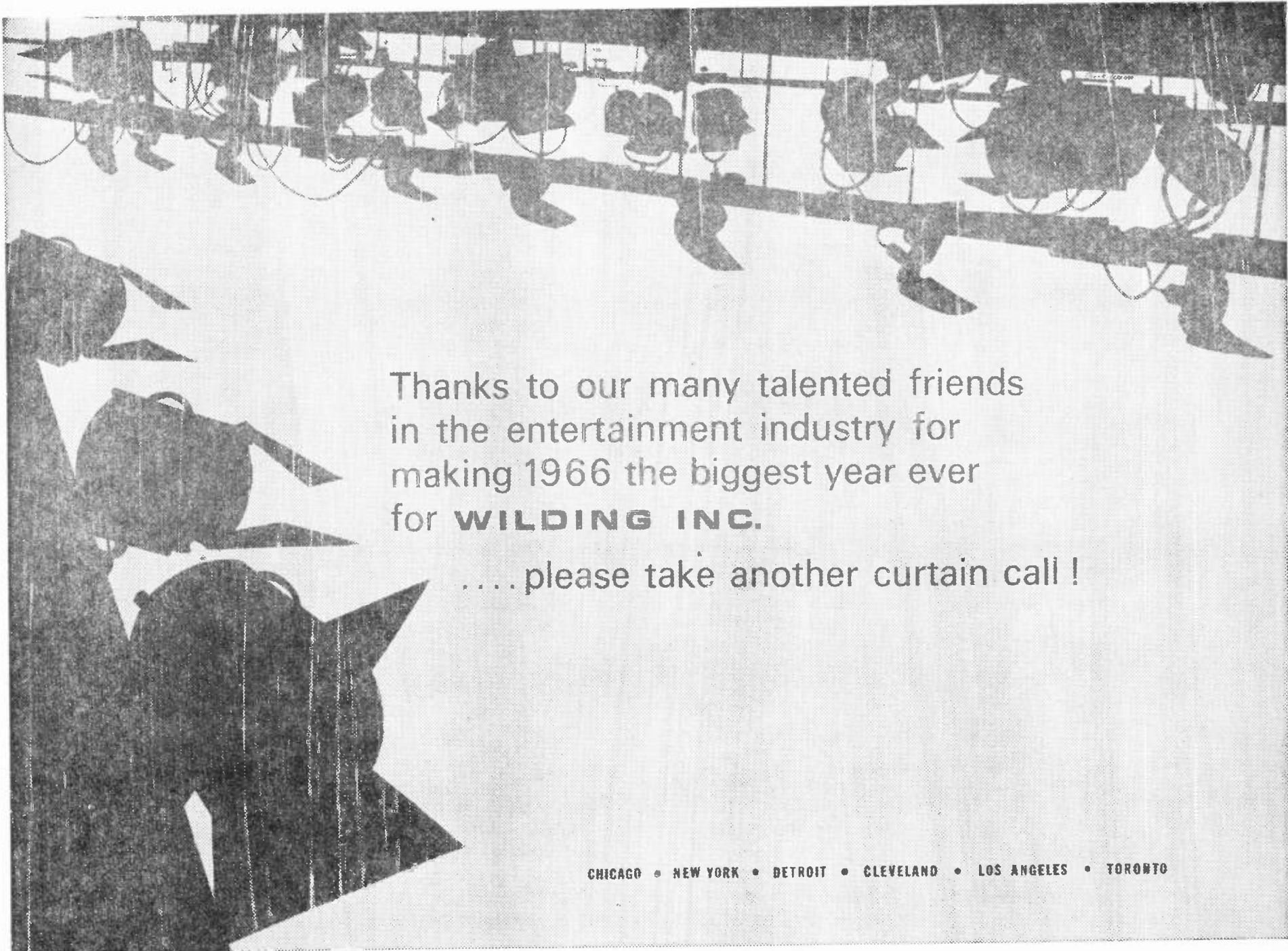
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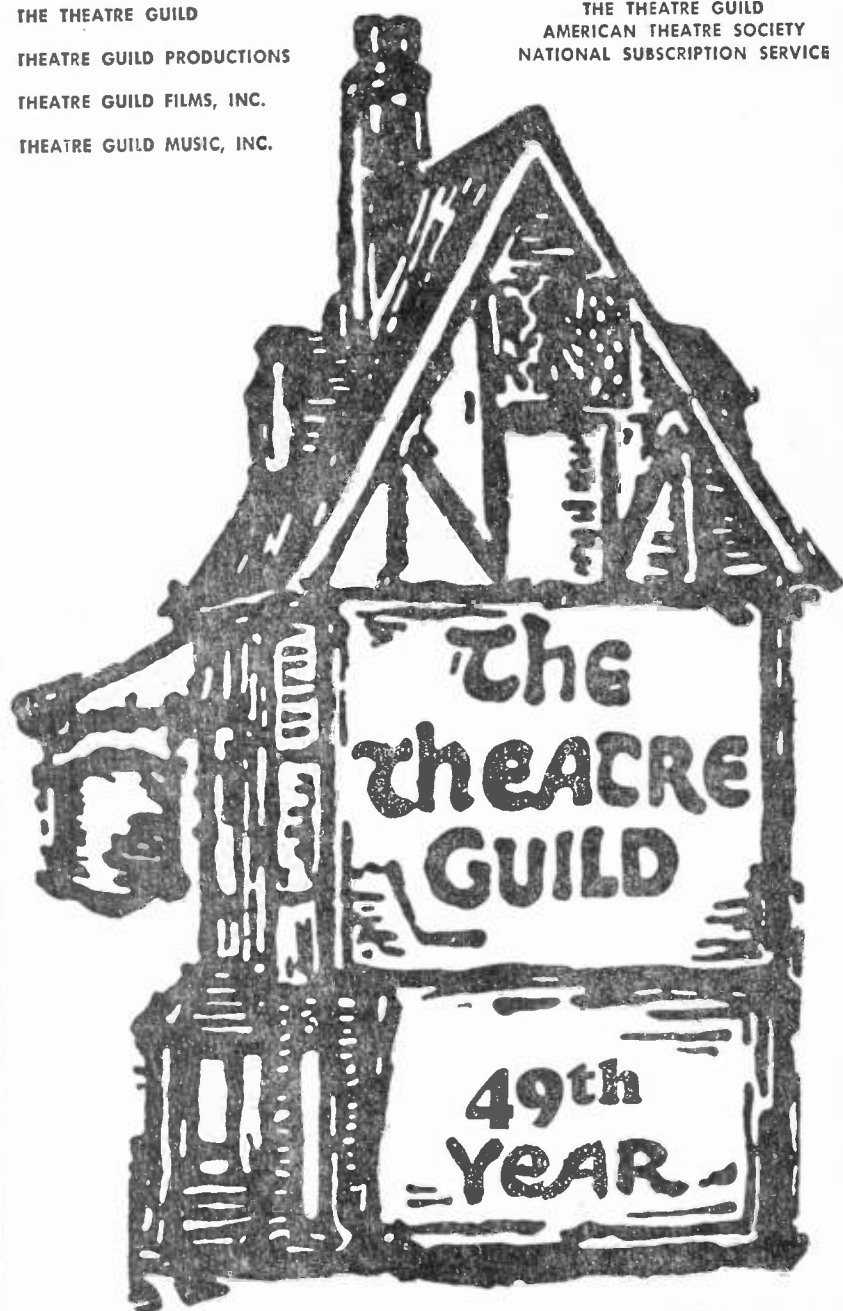
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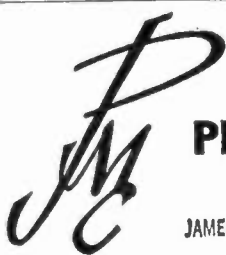
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London-New York Shuttle

Continued from page 235

the Atlantic, has led to a growing degree of caution.

At almost any time of the year the West End scene is properly repped by a number of Broadway

imports; the total fluctuates, of course, but there is a growing band of enterprising managers constantly on the prowl for the most attractive and potentially lucrative

properties. It works the other way, too, with equal energy and enterprise. There is not much going on in London, for example, that escapes the attention of a David Merrick or an Alex Cohen. And, between them, they have picked up much of the cream.

Last year it was David Merrick who earned major critical acclaim for his import of the Royal Shakespeare's "Marat Sade." In the New Year Cohen will have the same company's production of Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming." But the scramble for suitable properties cover a far wider area, and as a British impresario will not confine a Stateside visit to a fast o.o. of the Broadway scene, but will go out to the tryout areas in the hinterlands, so will a Broadway manager venture out into the provinces to gander what is on the road in the hope of getting first crack of the whip.

These are healthy and stimulating developments in a showbusiness area which has had an uphill economic fight, not just against ever-increasing costs of production but also a fight for an audience which is being lured away with ever-increasing leisure attractions.

Therefore, at a time like this, when the theatre needs the maxi-

mum of goodwill, press support and public patronage, it is hard to understand the motives of the so-called angry young men of the theatre, who burst into print at the drop of a bad review and seemingly go out of their way to attract the widest possible public attention to a critical panning.

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U.S.-USSR Exchange

Continued from page 223

phony Orchestra Chamber Players are scheduled to tour in May and June of this year. An additional tour by an American and a Soviet group remain to be arranged for 1967.

This is the current score-board of attractions for each country. But the last decade has seen many more. In just the preceding two-year exchange schedule, American audiences had the memorable experiences of seeing and hearing the Kirov Ballet, the Moscow Philharmonic, the Moscow Art Theatre, and the Raduga Variety Dance Group, leading examples of Soviet achievements in the performing arts. Similarly, Soviet audiences saw and heard the Cleveland Orchestra under George Szell, the Juilliard Quartet, and the New York Pro Musica, among other outstanding American attractions.

American audiences and reviewers have responded warmly to Soviet attractions, which have been presented under American sponsorship, including Sol Hurok, Columbia Artists, Morris Chalfen, and others. The similar groups over the last two years can be indicated by the following:

(A)

The Earl Hines Band performed before approximately 90,000 people in 11 cities, to sellout audiences, including 40,000—mostly young people—in Kiev alone. (The Kiev Sports Palace had capacity audiences of 10,000 each of four nights.)

(B)

On the New York Pro Musica, a Baku newspaper praised "the revival of the work of old masters, the recreation of the original sound, bringing to the hearer the traditional performance, opening the secret of interpretation..."

When Earl Hines visited this Bureau of the State Department after his trip, he reported in enthusiastic terms on the response accorded his unique and lively art form in the Soviet Union. He spoke of the rousing applause, the bouquets of flowers showered on his players, and the post-performance, informal meetings with young people to hear and talk about the jazz medium.

In addition to the professional groups, which have predominated in the American schedules, the list has included academic attractions in the last few years, among them the Oberlin College Choir and the University of Iowa Symphony Band.

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OBITUARIES

CHARLES WATTS

Charles Watts, a film and legit character actor, died Dec. 13 in Nashville, Tenn., after a long illness.

His films include, "An Affair to Remember," "The Big Circus," "Days of Wine and Roses," "Baby the Rain Must Fall," "Giant" and "The Wheeler Dealers." On the stage, he appeared in "The Music Man," "Bell, Book and Candle," and "The Seven Year Itch." During World War II, Watts was named "Mr. Hollywood" by the USO in recognition of his tours overseas.

DAPHNE VANE

Daphne Virginia Dane, 49, a dancer known professionally as Daphne Vane, died in New York Dec. 15. She appeared at Radio City Music Hall and was member of George Balanchine's American

duction of "Hogan's Goat" at Stage Society, died of a cerebral hemorrhage in L.A. Dec. 18. He was stricken on a bus en route to theatre and died a few hours later at a hospital.

Brother survives.

SUSAN WIERTZ

Susan Wiertz, 82, business agent for 20 years of the Chicago local of theatrical wardrobe dressers, died in that city Dec. 12. Mrs. Wiertz, who retired from her union post in 1955, was at one time personal secretary to actress Estelle Winwood.

Survived by two daughters.

ELLIOTT A. STEWART

Elliott A. Stewart, executive vicepresident and station manager of WIBX, Utica, died Dec. 26 in New York. Stewart, who joined the WIBX staff in 1936, was born

in 1963, died Dec. 14 in Albany. Widow, a son, brother and sister survive.

Nellie Briercliffe, operatic soprano, died recently in England. She first joined the D'Oyly Carte company in 1914, and returned for London seasons in 1919 and 1924.

Milton L. Nickey, 70, a film projectionist in Minneapolis theatres for 40 years, died Dec. 21 in that city. His widow, a son and daughter survive.

Husband of Lucille Gasaway, of "Lucy's Toyshop" on WBNS-TV, Columbus, O., died Dec. 16 in that city.

Father, 66, of Andy Stewart, comedian, died recently in Dundee, Scotland.

Play Agent's Advice

Continued from page 222

of the haberdasher who furnishes the neckties and the sports shirts. His name should be preceded in equal size letters by the description: "Suggested by an idea of (the original author's name)."

Remember that the first few moments of a play are not the most important. In Anglo-Saxon countries audiences have acquired the habit of arriving in time for the curtain. Not so in France. The owners of cheaper seats, yes, but not the affluent ones. Walking or taking the subway seems to be conducive to punctuality. Rich people have to wait for last minute long-distance calls from their oil-well managers or until the chauffeur finishes his dinner. On this crowd, the first lines of the play are lost. I recall one of Sacha Guitry's first plays (of course, before he became the expert playwright), when the curtain rose on an elegant and seemingly empty boudoir. In stepped through the French windows a dashing officer of the French Horse Guards. He said, "Are you alone, dear?" whereupon Sacha Guitry emerged from a deep armchair and said, "No—my wife is with me but I think it's nice of you to call me 'dear.'" This established the mood and the theme of the play but half of the public arrived 10 minutes later and the scene was lost.

So, in the first 10 minutes after the curtain rises, employ unimportant business and lines with the telephone, the radio, the tv set, but don't waste important dialog. If the writer of the original play does not know how to use his effects properly, correct him. Like Bonmarche Uniprix did with the Irish play. In the original, the maid rushed in immediately and said: "Mr. Engineer, the cable car just crashed!" Uniprix changed this so that it is the engineer who tells the maid in the first act that he is just about to finish his life's dream—the building of the cable car. Everybody in the audience knows that the cable-car will crash in the last act and this causes great suspense.

We have difficulties here in Paris with the "built-in-question jokes" of some American plays. I refer to the school of the "Who did you expect—Mrs. Nussbaum?" type. Even if they knew Mrs. Nussbaum, they wouldn't find her funny, and there are no Nussbaums in the local telephone directory. The General would object if it were changed to "Avez-vous attendu, Madame de Gaulle?"

Many French adaptors resent the crisp, short and incisive dialogue of English and American writers. They prefer to be more explicit and go into more detail. Sometimes this can cause headaches. There is a scene in Neil Simon's "The Odd Couple" in which Oscar tries to explain to Felix that he, too, was a lousy husband. He says that one day he came home from the office and his wife asked him when he would like to have his dinner. Oscar doesn't bother to answer. But at three a.m. he woke up his wife and said, "Now." In the first French version this came out like this: The wife asks him what he would like to have for dinner and when he wishes to be served. At three a.m. he woke up his wife and said, "I would like to have a well-done steak with string beans and French fries. Right away." Neil Simon's original big laugh was cut down, by the French text, to a small smile.

Local humor is the most difficult to adapt. Never, but never, try to adapt what is jokingly called Shakespeare's humor.

A Cat's Life on Stage

Continued from page 221

the part. In the play, the cat shares a scene with Coco (played by Miss Darvas, who prefers poodles). The very first time the "professional" cat rehearsed with Lili, it scratched her and ran from the stage. Poor Lili. I had the feeling she wanted to return the compliment.

Since, in a work of Colette, a cat has importance, Fanchette could not be deleted. Bobby Lewis, with customary total recall, remembered that I had an orange cat and asked me if I'd permit the chap to act in "Cheri." I warned Bobby that Ginger had seldom been out of our apartment and that, on stage, he might behave as outrageously as his predecessor. "Let's try," said Bobby, ascending into one of his Buddhist elevations which precludes further discussion. Lili groaned.

Passes At Lion

That night I brought Ginger to rehearsal at the Morosco. I let him out of the carrier in the wings. He stretched, sniffed at the curiously-contained air of backstage, strode proudly to the centre-line and flopped down like a tawny jungle lord surveying his private tundra. He had won his audition. He soon won every heart in the company, even Lili's, and it was apparent that he enjoyed playing his scene with Lili and Horst.

Only our business manager reacted with coolness. He had the opinion that since Ginger was the stage manager's cat, he should work for nothing. The stage manager felt that since the management was willing to pay a "strange" cat for acting, certainly a member of the family should be equally honored. The stage manager won this round of what has been an Odyssey of differences with this manager (boxscore available, but not one of the more interesting documents of our time).

Oliver Smith became one of Ginger's staunchest admirers. He was concerned that the red background of the scene in which the cat appeared would serve Ginger well, and he fussed a bit about Ginger's lights. When Lewis, who thinks of everything, mentioned the fact that Ginger might, perish forbid, need an understudy (the business manager paled), Oliver offered the services of his cat, Louis B. Mayer, the sage of Willow St.

Goes On Tour

Ginger took the move to Washington for tryouts in his stride. He was quartered (with me) at the Jefferson Hotel (an hostelry with what amounts to European appreciation of theatre people and their foibles). Here, Ginger was spoiled by the maids and the housekeeper, and even received a visit from the hotel's charming lady manager.

At the initial preview, Ginger faced his first audience. I was nervous. He had rehearsed well in an empty theatre. What would happen with the public out front? (I know actors who confess that they could play much more brilliantly if only "they" were not out there in the stalls!)

When the curtain rose on Coco's scene, it marked Lili Darvas' first appearance of the evening. Of course, she received a round of applause. This startled Ginger, but he held firm. The next night, I thought he inclined his head ever so slightly toward the house when the reception rang out. Rather like Jane Cowl when she acknowledged her audience. He didn't exactly try to take anything from Lili's reception. He was perfectly willing to let her share his!

For the entire Washington engagement and during our run in New York, Ginger was a responsible theatre individual. While he had his own dressingroom at the Morosco, he was not above a nightly paranda to visit other actors, and he gradually grew a bit stout from the goodies they fed him.

Julian Eltinge of Cats

Part of my agreement with the management, concerning Ginger, included cab transportation to and from the theatre for each performance. Ginger loved riding in cabs. Sometimes on rainy nights, however, I couldn't get a cab in 45th Street and I'd have to leap on a bus, cat-carrier in hand. Ginger hated buses, and howled all the way from Times Square to the Flatiron Bldg. I think he knew he was being cheated, and he prob-

ably suspected that I was making money on the deal.

When "Cheri" closed, the Julian Eltinge of American cats retired from the stage. It is not that Ginger is unwilling to consider another engagement. It is, rather, that he seems to feel that he has done all that. Now he is content to receive perpetual homage as he nestles among his laurels. He grows old gracefully; far more elegantly than his friend, the stage manager. He is gregarious, sympathetic, affectionate. If he is not the best friend I have ever had, he's in the running. If Ginger would deign to run.

He has been napping on this early winter afternoon, but now the fire has settled in the grate, and the clicking typewriter has lured him to my study. In a moment, he will be beside me on the desk, peering critically at my copy, and starting to tap the keys with a ginger paw. Like this, you know: Be aUTif u l me !!

Wodehouse on Grips

Continued from page 221

producer thought it would brighten things up if an upstage vase of artificial roses were moved to a down stage position. Long before the curtain rose for the evening's performance the thing was done. Superintended by the Giant Sloth, we Loungers—myself and my immediate superior, Cyril Muspratt—each grasped one side of the vase and moved it, and it would have been the same if it had been two vases. I am not saying it did not take it out of us. It did. But we do not spare ourselves when the call comes.

Bad Grammar

"Still, it does not come often, I suppose? As a general rule you have your leisure?"

"Oh yes. We have lots of time to fool around in."

"Never end a sentence with a preposition, Wilberforce," I said, and he blushed. I had spoken kindly, and I could see it stung. To ease his embarrassment I asked him how his crossword puzzle was coming along, and he told me he was stuck for a word of three letters beginning with E. I knew it could not be the Sun God Ra; then suddenly I got it.

"Emu!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"That large Australian bird you were speaking of."

"Of which you were speaking. Never end a sentence with a preposition, Wodehouse."

It was my turn to blush, and my face was still suffused when we were joined by an impressive-looking man in slacks and a sleeveless vest. This proved to be Cyril Muspratt, the Senior Lounger.

"And do you, too, do crossword puzzles, Mr. Muspratt?" I asked.

He shook his head laughingly.

"I am more the dreamer type," he said. "I like to sit and think . . . Well, anyway, sit. I read a good deal, too. What do you think of this bird Saul Bellow?"

"What do you?"

"I asked you first," he said with a touch of warmth, and seeing that tempers were rising I bade them good night and went on my way. So I still don't know how those Lilies of the Field fill in their time. Hide-and-go-seek, perhaps? The dark back of a theatre would be splendid for that. Or leap frog? Perhaps they just catch up with their reading, like Mr. Muspratt.

Malcolm Black to Leave Playhouse in Vancouver

Vancouver. Malcolm Black has resigned as artistic director of the Playhouse Theatre company, effective at the end of the '66-67 season. He has headed the fledgling repertory company, an Equity group, since its inception of 1963. The local group now has 5,300 season subscribers, an increase of more than 300% over 1965-66.

Black has not disclosed his plans following the termination of his tenure with the Playhouse company.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

HARRY and ALBERT VON TILZER THE FAMILY

Ballet Co. She attained prominence in 1936 as a last-minute replacement for a lead dancer at the Metropolitan Opera. She also appeared in the legit musical "Keep Off the Grass."

Survived by widower, Richard Day, an art director for films.

I. A. KALVER

I. A. Kalver, 88, an exhibitor in Decatur, Ind., for the last 40 years, died Dec. 15 in that city. He had been semi-retired since 1946. The firm, known as Kalver Theatres, has the Adams and Decatur Drive-in.

Surviving is his son, Roy L. Kalver, former president of the Theatre Owners of Indiana, who had been in the business with his father since 1936.

ERNEST FRIEDLANDER

Ernest Friedlander, 60, Austral-

In Loving Memory

Mabel Esmeralda EDNA ESMERALDA

lan-born cellist and composer, died recently in Vancouver, B.C., where he had settled in 1958. Principal cellist of the Vancouver Symphony, he had been preparing to return to the concert field. He had appeared as a soloist with many of the world's leading orchestras and under many noted conductors after joining the Vienna Symphony as a cellist at the age of 17.

ALBAN BLAKECLOCK

Alban Blakeclock, actor, died in his sleep Dec. 6, in London. He made his stage debut in a tour of "Welcome Stranger" with Harry Green in 1922.

He made many West End appearances and was a frequent

In Loving Memory

MAUD MARIAN BISHOP EDNA ESMERALDA

actor on radio and television from the pioneering days at Savoy Hill and Alexandra Palace, respectively.

DONALD N. COPE

Donald N. Cope, 59, music director of WVNJ, New York area radio station, died of a heart ailment Dec. 24 in N.Y. He had produced directed radio programs, many with top names, since 1931 and at one time was NBC production manager in San Francisco.

Survived by his widow, two daughters and six grandchildren.

JACK WILSON

Jack Wilson, 49, legit actor appearing in the Los Angeles pro-

in Utica into a family long prominent in musical circles there. He appeared in several Broadway productions, including "Desert Song," "New Moon" and "Student Prince."

Stewart managed and sang with the Merrie-Men quartet at WLW in Cincinnati for one year and at the NBC studios in Chicago for five years, under contract to Paul Whiteman. In 1961 and 1962 he was president of the Utica Chamber of Commerce and had been a member of the board of the Players Community Theatre since 1963. He had been secretary of the New York State Broadcasters Assn. since its inception. His wife died in 1962.

DOUGLAS FINCH WOOD

Douglas Finch Wood, 42, coproducer of the documentary "Battle of the Bulge," which won a 1965 Academy Award, died in New York Dec. 27 of an internal infection. Film was later presented on television as "The Brave Rifles."

Survived by widow, mother and sister.

MARTIN J. EGAN

Martin J. Egan, 41, one-time general manager of the Sombere Playhouse in Phoenix, Aug., died in that city Dec. 7.

He formerly operated a nitery and also was treasurer of the Phoenix Center for the Performing Arts.

Edwin Misurell, 54, who wrote TV Cameos for King Features Syndicate, died Dec. 13 while en route from his New Brunswick, N. J., home to his New York office.

Survived by widow, two sons and a daughter.

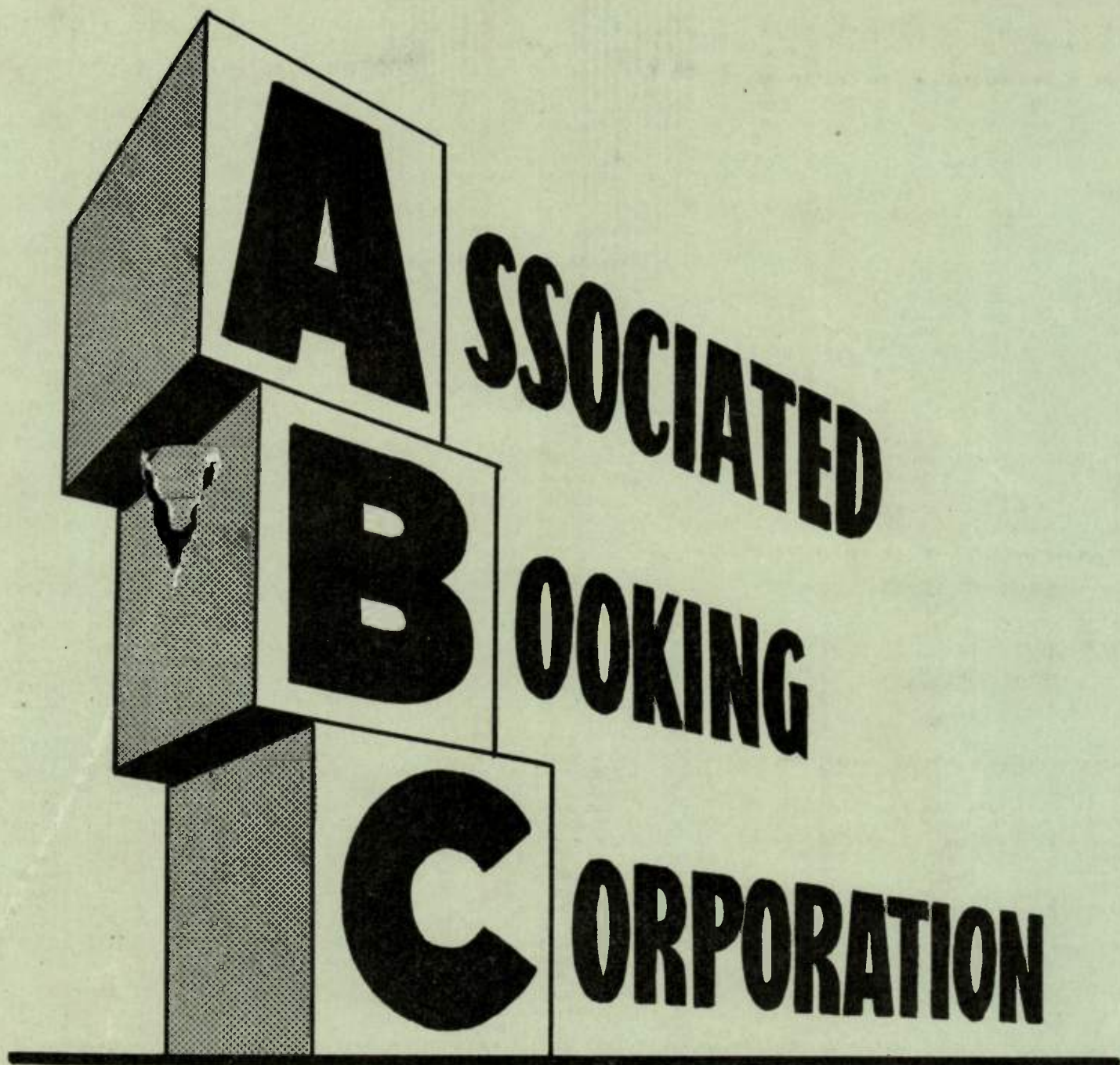
Herbert Glazer, 71, for many years a production exec at Metro and later associated with Ziv-TV, died in Hollywood Dec. 19. He started his film career in the '20s. Widow, son and two sisters survive.

Wife, 57, of writer Allan Scott, died of heart attack in her Beverly Hills home Dec. 20. Surviving besides widower are a daughter, actress Pippa Scott, and a son, Dr. David Scott.

Madame Evina (Mrs. Evelyn Stoll), who was in her mid-70s, died Dec. 16 in London. For many years she danced with the Diaghileff Ballet and later turned to teaching and producing ballet.

Chester Woodin, 80, a former professional magician and ventriloquist who became a businessman, died Dec. 16 in Schenectady, N.Y. He was honored in 1954 by the American Society of Magicians.

Milton Roth, 65, manager of Club Colony, Albany-Schenectady-Rd. night spot until his retirement



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